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VOL. LXXI

APRIL, 1941

No. 333

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# THE JOURNAL

## OF THE

# UNITED SERVICE

# INSTITUTION

## OF

# INDIA

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- Persian Twilight. By John Helland.  
Those Ill-starred Horns. By R. G.  
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Floating Down The Indus—A Suggestion for Ten Days' Leave. By  
Peter Armsdale.

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# The Journal

## OF THE

# United Service Institution of India

**Vol. LXXI**

**APRIL, 1941**

**No. 303**

*The views expressed in this Journal are in no sense official, and the opinions of contributors in their published articles are not necessarily those of the Council of the Institution.*

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**THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRACING ADDRESSES ARE NOW  
VERY MUCH INCREASED. MEMBERS ARE EARNESTLY  
REQUESTED TO KEEP THE SECRETARY INFORMED OF  
CHANGES IN THEIR ADDRESSES.**

## EDITORIAL

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Comment upon modern war is an occupation of singular difficulty because it demands an orientation of mind, and in war-time mental horizons are given to few. Even the bare recording of fact is an enterprise not lightly to be undertaken nowadays. In the wars of the past news was rare and dispatches enjoyed a remarkable prestige; nowadays news is everywhere and the mind is battered by an innumerable army of facts, and in addition directed or misdirected by a volume of conjecture and speculation. Comment or record therefore must perhaps yield to impression.

The first quarter of 1941 has produced events which are sufficiently astonishing. Most in the eye of the world perhaps has been the series of victories gained by British forces in Cirenaica, Libya and Abyssinia. The general story of these victories is familiar to all; the details as yet can be known only to the few. What emerges from the general picture as presented to us is that new methods of war are firmly rooted in old principles. Surprise, economy of force, offensive action, the acceptance of calculated risks—many phrases which in peace seemed so dull in the pages of military manuals, or which in preparing for war amidst peace conditions seem too obvious to demand detailed thought, take on now a life and force which should convince the dullest of their importance. Thought is everyone's business because upon thought depends intelligent and living training. For an example of the results of training no one need look further than Egypt or Abyssinia.

\* \* \* \*

We are almost too far from Europe, too much removed from opportunity of weighing the evidence to form any opinion of what may be happening there. The German attempt to invade England has not yet begun though the spokesmen of His Majesty's Government continue to place it before the public as an ever-present possibility. Germany has subdued a Balkan country and has been resisted, short of appeal to arms at the moment of writing, by Yugo-Slavia.

**Germany**

In her example alone Yugo-Slavia has deserved well of a battered Europe.

"Drang nach Osten" has long been a cliché of every survey of German policy during the early years of this century. It now appears possible that this cliché may become a strategic fact. If this should happen Russia's attitude is a matter for speculation. This word is used advisedly. Someone has spoken of the long winter of Russia's dark internal policy, and her foreign policy shows no summer clearness. Two speculations however may perhaps be made. The first is that Bolshevism and Nazism have nothing more in common than a superficial similarity of method. The second entails an anecdote. It was over a Black Sea question that Princess Lieven—according to Creevey—singularly failed to teach Metternich to talk Greek. It appears unlikely that Hitler, less talented than that charming lady though perhaps as loquacious, will succeed in teaching Stalin to talk German should a similar subject enter the conversation.

•       •       •       •

The position of Italy is peculiar in the extreme. There seems to be little doubt that the morale of her people is deteriorating but it is premature to expect any general collapse as long as there is any hope that Germany can restore the situation. It is reasonable to suppose, too, that Italian morale has received or will receive a stimulant (though scarcely a tonic) from the Gestapo. Italy at the moment seems to have sunk into a position of complete subservience to Germany. Her much-boasted colonial empire now seems to await a tawdry Gibbon; her troops in Greece suffer continuous defeat; one action with the Royal Navy has resulted in bitter losses to her fleet. It seems that only considerable military successes can bolster up Italian morale to the point of becoming an effective ally to Germany. Where their successes are to be sought is probably a matter of profound importance to Mussolini and a considerable factor in German planning for the late spring and summer.

It appears now that a certain number of German armoured units have arrived in Tripolitania. It is reported that large numbers of Germans have entered French North Africa. These happenings open an interesting field for speculation. To reinforce weakness is an un-Germanic proceeding, and yet the Mediterranean and the shores around it may yet be the decisive theatre of this war. The deciding factor may yet be sea-power.

•       •       •       •

Before the outbreak of the present war there was much argument concerning sea-power. The development of air forces, some argued, had changed all that. Some pinned their faith upon capital ships and some upon light craft; disputes raged, and on the subject of cruisers alone a whole literature was written.

The course of events in the present war has somewhat confounded the prophets who foretold the passing of sea-power based upon the heavy surface ship. Yet while the heavy surface ship still remains the pre-dominant element in sea-power our views concerning that conception have broadened. Sea-power means command of the sea, and that phrase means that he who possesses command of the sea may use it as a route for his armies and his trade and deny its use to the enemy. To do this demands supremacy not only on the surface of the sea, but also under the waters and in the air above them. It is this triple aspect of the meaning of sea-power that demands careful thought and it is this which makes so complex that particular phase of naval warfare upon which the Empire entered last February, and which has been called the Battle of the Atlantic.

The Prime Minister drew attention to the vital importance of the result of this conflict. That it will be successful none can doubt. That its successful issue may be the foundation upon which future great land offensives may be built is a legitimate forecast. And finally the course and methods of this long naval campaign may furnish a future Mahan with the point of departure for a fresh book upon sea-power and its relation to history.

\* \* \* \*

The passing of the Lease and Lend Bill may have incalculable consequences. Its passing was an astonishing demonstration of the fact that in America Government, Opposition and the mass of the people have decided that the cause of the Empire and her Allies is also theirs. It means that the U.S.A. has decided to accept the risk of being drawn into war. Few things show more clearly the importance of this action by the U.S.A. than Axis reactions. These admit the enormous aid which America now offers to the Democracies; they also claim that this aid will come too late. The conclusion is that the Axis fears that American aid may be decisive. This fear may powerfully influence German strategy towards attempting all means to force a quick decision.

\* \* \* \*



That the review pages in this issue of the *Journal* have shrunk to one indicates that books are now slower in reaching India and that reviewers, amidst a press of other business, have little leisure for reading. Yet the fact that new books are rarer should only set us searching again amongst the old, and the fact that leisure is rare should not encourage us to discard books altogether.

Reading indeed has a peculiar importance for those who are training for war. Training itself draws its most real vitality from the imagination, and imagination is best stimulated by experience or reading. Experience is not the portion of every one, and so military reading is of great importance. It is therefore the more unfortunate that military reading should often be so uncommonly dull.

That this is so is perhaps the fault of our approach. A desire to study the thoughts and doings of "Great Captains" so often leads to vast compilations of fact, written in many volumes, and apparently with a pen of lead. There is, however, an alternative and that is to forsake the Great Captains for a time in favour of the lesser Captains who served them, and whose knapsacks very often held surprisingly fluent pens if no Marshals' batons. The diarists of many wars are full of valuable material: descriptions of minor affrays, of administrative successes and failures, and of the atmosphere of war. They date, but they are valuable for while methods of war change, war and its chief instrument, the human being, change very little.

The diarists and novelists of the last war are familiar enough. It is perhaps in earlier wars that research pays best. The diaries and journals of Sir Harry Smith, of Kincaid of the Rifle Brigade, of Harris, and of Sergeant Bourgoyne are in most libraries. They are full of interest, and lead on to the campaigns of the Peninsular War. That campaign has nowadays a peculiar interest since the European situation at that time so strongly resembled that which confronts us to-day.

Other campaigns, which produced diarists whose works are fairly readily available, were those of Marlborough. To read of Marlborough's wars may seem to some to be unnecessary antiquarianism. Yet the methods of Marlborough have a great relevance to the situations of to-day. Strong places and flanks have re-appeared in Warfare, and Marlborough's methods of basing highly mobile manoeuvre upon strong points, and of besieging or turning those of the enemy have a strangely modern application.

. . . . .

The Far Eastern crisis has for the moment died down, and tension has to some extent relaxed. It should not, however, be assumed that the Japanese have abandoned their ambitions in the Far East. The reinforcement of British land and air forces in Burma and Malaya has left no doubt as to the attitude of Great Britain. It must now be clear to the Japanese leaders that Great Britain will fight if necessary, and has the means to do so. The realisation of this fact must give them food for thought. Not even the most ardent exponent of the new order in Asia can be blind to the fact that Japan is in no position to undertake an attack on British possessions in the Far East, with the added possibility of armed American intervention. Economically Japan is in a poor condition; the China War is by no means finished. The question must also arise in Japanese minds as to how far she is allowing herself to be used by Germany. The promised invasion of England has not yet materialised and the days of the Italian Empire are numbered. Perhaps Mr. Matsuoka has gone to Berlin to discuss these questions with the senior Axis partner. In any case whatever decisions are reached, an attempt at a "lightning blitz" against Singapore would seem now to be impossible, and on the other hand a deliberately staged attack on Burma after the occupation of Thailand would require large forces, and it is questionable whether these are immediately available.

During the last three months interest in the Far East has centred round the territorial dispute between Thailand and French Indo-China. The available French forces were unable to prevent the Thais from crossing the frontiers and Japanese mediation has finally imposed a solution on both sides, which contrary to all expectations, favours Indo-China. Whether the Japanese are "keeping something up their sleeve" remains to be seen, but it is difficult to believe that there is no ulterior motive behind this arbitrary settlement of the dispute.

Plans for British and American aid to China have gone forward. Mr. Matsuoka has hinted that this may lead to Japan invoking the third clause of the Tripartite Pact, which would automatically bring her into the war. This is probably bluff, but the fact should not be disregarded that the inability of the Japanese Army and Navy to terminate the China "incident" is an extremely sore point which, if irritated might lead to a situation where the extremists would obtain control, and in their rage turn on those who are supporting their bitterest enemy.

**The Articles in this Number**

**"PERSIAN TWILIGHT"**—Verlaine wrote a poem containing the lines; "If fit entiere La Campagne l'Egypie. Austerlitz, Iéna le Virent."

John Holland, it appears, has seen Persia amidst other theatres of war. He remembers, describes, reflects and comments.

**"THOSE ILL-STARRED HORNS"**—Refer to the Journal for January, 1941, Page 74, and balance the arguments.

**"FINANCIAL RAMBLINGS IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT"**—Policy was described by a 19th Century English Statesman as blackmail levied by a fool upon the unforeseen. Our contributor, in terms of domestic finance, disproves this statement.

**"COMMISSIONS FROM THE RANKS"**—A singular illustration of the Napoleonic principle "La Carriere ouvert aux talents."

**"LEARNING HINDUSTANI"**—An article which should be useful to many and interest all.

**"A BLIND MAN SAT DOWN"**—A story which has a beginning, an ending, a moral and much acute observation.

**"CAIRO CONVERSATION"**—"Malbrouch S'en va-t-en guerre." First impressions.

**"BURMESE DAYS"**—The author says, "the country and people are among the most fascinating I have ever seen." One may well believe him.

**"O'REGAN AT WAR"**—Further experiences of a character with whom readers will be familiar.

**"FLOATING DOWN THE INDUS"**—A Suggestion for Ten Days' Leave.

## PERSIAN TWILIGHT

BY JOHN HELLAND

The horizon boiled and trembled up in heat to the wan skies: the mirage, like a lake of purest blue water, dragged the parched traveller ever forward, forward to nothing; the scalded train gasped to uneasy rest beside the mud walls of Khaniqin. Passengers, faces grey with dust, hands grimed with soot, dropped from the train, turned their strained eyes to the hills and scanned the white road to Russia slapped down, it seemed, by the Great Provider, on the close-bitten grass of those Persian hills.

It was 1920; Persia was then a virgin field to us British for exploration. So the passengers were merchants and railway experts seeking concessions, with but one soldier, a British Captain, who stood now, on the border of Mesopotamia and Persia, gazing thoughtfully at the road, wondering how the little army fared as it dangled and swayed hither and thither about the Caspian at the end of that five hundred miles, that tenuous thread of road.

Our Captain spent a few days at Khaniqin, in tents dug four feet deep down into sandy earth, to escape the searing heat of May in Iraq, among clouds of flies and mosquitoes, and in company with snakes. He heard talk of concessions for a railway from Khaniqin, to scar across and across the faces of the mountain ranges, to dash straight along the plateaux and to drop into ancient Teheran. The speakers seemed to him callow: he wondered whether their serious purpose would outlast the climate and outface the wily, dilatory East. He pondered vaguely whether concessions depended on prestige and, if they did, then on what did prestige depend? He had an idea that money could not buy it, for he had seen a good deal of the wealth of the East to which no honour was paid. It seemed to him that with a nation, as with a man, respect was paid to honesty of aim and to the will and the power to achieve that aim.

Would these railwaymen get their concessions?

At 4-30 one morning he assembled a small band of odds and ends of British soldiers, signallers and mortar gunners, before a convoy of four lorries. He told them what to do if the Kurds descended on them to loot and kill. About all they could do was to



jump out, if they got the chance, and shoot--and, finally, be killed; but this last eventuality did not occur to them. It seldom does occur to a soldier as long as his belly is full and he has a football in his kit.

The lorries chugged slowly along the ribbon of road for a few miles over grassy downland towards the hills. The curse of day, the sun, rose and scorched the hoods and sides of the vehicles. After many halts to cool, the convoy reached the foot of the Paitak Pass. Ahead, the jagged hills rose sharply up before it.

With a loud, challenging roar the gallant old Peerless lorries charged at the newly made, stony track, their solid tyres crashing from rock to rock. Soon, like ants on the hillside, they were seeking their way back and forth on the slow, zigzag climb up the the first giant's stride on to the first great plateau of Persia.

To the Commander of the little convoy, the whole world lay behind, and nothing before. He felt that, once over this steep scarp with the flat, glittering deserts of Arabia hidden from him, he would have no more concern with humanity than have the inhabitants of the Moon. The air-castles of a British-Indian Army stood about the Caspian: unknown and unimagined creatures were all around in the vast hills and between his four lorries and those castles.

The road was wobbly, with large boulders sticking up out of its gritty surface: the lorries clattered and jerked till his teeth nearly fell out and the constant din almost deafened him. At last the convoy stopped at the top of the pass where, in the shade, there still lay a streak of winter's snow. The men plunged their hot arms shoulder-deep into it.

Onwards they bounced and jerked into Karind, a sparse enough, solitary enough little place, but in a glorious setting.

Looking over the grassy plains from Karind through a gorge in the black hills, the soldier gazed raptly at the Koh-i-Noor, sparkling white in its cloth of snow, immense, symmetrical and immaculate. It had revealed itself suddenly and he had gasped with surprise just as he had gasped at his first sight of the Taj Mahal through its big, red archway.

As day followed day, the little party chugged steadily forward, meeting here and there with a friendly welcome from a few British and Indian soldiers in small posts on the Lines of Communication. Bumping along the hard road, they came upon Kermanshah, menaced by a great black crag of a mountain, but a cool, fresh spot: white and green poplars rustling and winking like sequins in the

breeze: yellow roses all about: little streams hung with green, grassy banks and tortoises flopping in and out of the crystal water.

"And this delightful herb whose tender green

Fledges the river's lip on which we lean. . . ."

In the bazar, the shopkeepers in their gloomy shops looked hardly earthly from the contrasted pallor of their opium-dried faces. The felt hat trade was flourishing: everywhere men were pounding the loathsome seeming mass of liquid felt into stone or wooden moulds. I do not suppose that that trade goes on now with Shah Reza Khan's new orders for the people's headdress, unless the always unruly Kurds still wear their big, top-heavy, full-bellied black felts.

He stood before the great dark rock at Bisithun where Darius commemorates for ever, to eternal shame, his devilish cruelty, by having carved thereon his own brutal effigy and, before it, the figures of twelve kings, whose eyes he had caused to be put out. Darius, in his pride, set up a memorial so that all ages might wonder at his power: to this British soldier, Darius, of whom he had known but little before, had blackened his fame as a warrior by wanton cruelty to helpless prisoners. Only that had the carving at Bisithun achieved: only that will it ever now achieve, the revenge of blinded kings.

Piercing the next high range through the Aveh Pass they ran into Ab-i-garm, place of warm waters. Then on and on to Hamadan, much like Kermanshah, but in more open country. Here the gold dust glittered in the rills and tortoises bathed in precious metal.

These Persian towns are blessed things. One strives through the heat, the glare of the road and the monotony of the hills sparsely clad with grass, rounds a corner, and there is the "strip of herbage strown" and, beyond it, leafy and refreshing, the Persian town. Those who have not known the great heat, the torment of dire thirst, the *fear* of mortal thirst, can never realise the balm and safety of clear water and of green grass.

Thence they pressed on to cosmopolitan Kasvin, at the junction of the roads to the Caspian and to Teheran; its bazars enclosed and arcaded and thick with carpet shops.

The technique of getting a carpet at a reasonable price in those lawless days was to wait till the local merchants had heard of the imminent arrival of a regiment of Persian Cossacks, who would certainly have what they wanted at their own price. Then one went to the bazar and there bargained with the distraught

carpet sellers. As the Cossacks were always several months in arrears over their pay, the prices they paid for their purchases were sacrificial.

The Persians looked on the British as rather soft, for the British paid for what they took and gave what they promised to give. They said openly that the moment the Russians appeared on the south of the Caspian, both British and Indian troops would run like scalded cats.

At Kasvin, our officer first learned of the Red Russian landing the day before at Enzeli on the Caspian; of the evacuation of the town by the British-Indian force, and of its retirement.

The less one thinks of those hours, the better. That evening, with the threat before him of bombardment of an open town full of helpless people, the British Commander had marched out, leaving behind to the invader a good store of warlike material and the rusty ships of Denikin's White Fleet. His men had marched stiffly to their front, conscious of the shame of capitulation, between the ragged ranks of Bolshevik citizen soldiers.

Do statesmen never learn their lessons? Too often they must be told that policy can seldom safely outstep the military means to enforce it.

To the north of Kasvin lay the wild Elburz Mountains confused as a storm-tossed ocean suddenly frozen, black with pines and full of brigands. To the far east stood up the great peak of Demavend, its tip nearly four miles above the sea.

He left his men at Kasvin and made out along the open plain to join the little force on the shores of the Caspian. In a Ford van he passed through villages and vineyards, through vine-arboured Kuhim, towards the deep, sunless gorge of Yous Basi Chai that cleaves the Elburz in two and lets the stream of life flow between the highlands of Persia and the lowlands of Gilan about the Caspian, and across the sea to the Volga and Russia. Places in the deep gloom of fable and legend, wild and strange, to the north: this gorge led him there as the Ginnungagap led to shadowy Niflheim.

As the Ford van sped along the open highlands he saw like a speck before him a donkey and its Persian owner in the middle of the road. Jehu hooted and hooted and went faster and faster. The van approached; the quarry got into a trot, and then into a canter and outdistanced the man of Iran.

Jehu found his brakes at last and applied them, but the car slid into the donkey and stopped dead with brother ass looking up

at the passengers, tail in air, white belly pleated and bulging towards them, neck bent under, head upside down, balanced on his panniers. Jehu got out and pushed him up straight among a cascade of eggshells and a greasy stream of the yellow yolk of eggs.

The car plunged down into the deep gorge and sped through it, on into the giant's cup of Manjil. At Manjil, driver and passengers hopped out before the mud resthouse in a tearing, raging gale with a bright sunny sky—the normal daily and all-day hurricane of Manjil: a veritable curse, wearing to the nerves and searing to the eyes, for it carries clouds of dust and grit. Thick olive trees are all bent eastwards from its incessant labours; great tar barrels are overset and rolled across the flats.

They stood and watched those that fled before the Red Horror. Streams of wagons (*fourgons*), drawn by two or four horses abreast, cluttered up with the *lares et penates* of poor White Russians and other refugees from the Bolshevik terrors, rolled creaking over the long iron bridge that spanned the tawny Safid Rud. Many people with great loads: many women and many children: a motley column of apprehension and despondency. Manjil was soon a seething press of sweating and lamenting creatures who had lost their poor all.

He found the force at Resht, his own battalion beneath shiny waterproof-sheet bivouacs, a war-worn, veteran unit, under the dull, drizzly weather, in a green, open space with the woods to the south of it, paddy fields to the left, lush water-meadows and yellow iris to the right, and, ahead, the town of Resht across a broad, deep-banked, muddy channel.

Resht is now a memory of rich greenery and soft, still drizzle: of deep reedy water-meadows full of tall yellow iris: of dripping woods like our Sussex highwoods and of snakes slithering by scores off the little paddy banks into the shallow pools before his feet.

Soon the force, suddenly quitting Resht by night, was in retreat again on its sad pilgrimage to Manjil. In that first long night-march eye-weariness nearly overcame them. It was the monotony of tramping through those dark, dripping woods, all along a road, with only the occasional dim twinkle of an oil-dip in the *chai* (tea)-shop by the roadside.

Wherever one goes in Persia there is the inevitable, poorly found *chai*-shop where gossips meet, to do as gossips do.

In Imam Zadeh Hachen, in the incessant drizzle, they bivouacked on a green space to the east of the road with the roar of the brown, rain-gorged Safid Rud beside them. South, the white

shrine of Imam Zadeh on a little hill and to the west the woods and rising hills of Gilan.

Bit by bit the force withdrew with a little bickering about Manjil and at the crossing of the Shah Rud at Loshan, into the great sunless gorge of Yous Basi Chai, through into the daylight and up on to the Kasvin plateau, to await its enemy on the open plain. As the troops came into the town the grape harvest was in full swing, and in the huts that did for messes such a pile and spread of grapes that they never saw before or since.

Summer, with its apricots and peaches and its heat and flies, wore slowly on. In early autumn the Persian Cossacks gathered in Kasvin from Teheran and their outlying posts. To the chagrin of the British, this partially-disciplined mob, with its dandies of White Russian officers, marched straight down the road and pushed the Russian rabble back to Resht, a sore blow to our *amour propre*. But before long came news of dissension and indiscipline: boots were worn out and none to replace them, pay was months in arrears; rumours came up that the officers had pouched the men's money. The mob oozed back from Resht.

Our Captain's Gurkha battalion hurried out of Kasvin for Manjil as hard as it could put foot to ground and camped over the Cossack bivouac at Windy Corner, place of all the spare winds of heaven. Colonel Philipoff, asked to come over for a drink that evening, appeared spick and span in his white gloves. The Russian Colonel had his whisky, and the British Colonel had his information as to the early start of the Cossacks for the morrow. The next morning at dawn the Persians moved off. The Gurkhas were ready to follow, except for one subaltern who yet remained in the wind-blown wreck of a tent. The Adjutant sought him and found him breechless, too modest to appear and to march in that condition. Like Ajax, he sat within his tent: but he would not come forth, like Ajax, barelegged. The wind had thieved his breeches in the night and blown them to the Cossacks. He sat, a prisoner to his modesty.

After shadowing the Cossacks to Kasvin the battalion came north again to join the force in touch with the Russians about Manjil. On the oft-trodden old road, British and Indian troops were hastening forward to get to grips with the Russians again: the Chestnut Troop trotted fast down the winding road from Kuhim, through the dark gorge of Yous Basi Chai. For three weeks of constant drizzle the force was in and about Rudbar,

staggering round in gumboots, knee-high in the ordurous mud of a Persian village.

The steep khaki hills rose to the west, bare as the palm of your hand. The village was of single-storied mud huts with *chai*-shops along the road's edge, between the houses and an olive grove that runs down to the brown waters of the broad Safid Rud. The Rudbar stream, normally a bubbling streamlet six inches deep, was now dirty and swift and swollen. Ahead lay the wooded belt of Mazanderan and Gilan, fringing the Caspian.

On a brightish morning of yellow sunlight, with cold white pillars of cloud charging each other below the blue dome of heaven, the battalion waded the Rudbar torrent moving north to its enemy. The stallions in the Persian *fourgons* fought and bit and the wagons stuck axle-deep in muck, to be heaved out by sweating, overladen soldiers.

The rain came driving down: the force bivouacked along the road and in the streaming forests, to the occasional sound of a shot from some patrol "seeing things" among the boles of ghostly trees. Day came. The advance went on: the sun came out: three enemy lay on their backs side by side on the grass by the road, smiling up to heaven, precisely where the leading armoured car had dropped them. There was little fighting: only patrols pressing on and hostile patrols withdrawing along the road and in the woods towards Resht and the Caspian.

A Persian winter came on with all its rigour. The Gurkhas went into outposts for the winter at Rustamabad. Both sides sat tight, the forward posts a mile apart with a glorious playground of wooded hills between them and the great river on the eastern flank. It was not long before the enemy dared not put one foot beyond his outpost line: the playground was ours and only our games were played. In this arena light patrols kept up the fight till April came, when the British hitched their wagons and crossed the Safid Rud at Manjil, for home.

Food was good. The "general" among the men grew sick of caviare in their ration: there was *mast* (whey) to be got from villages: great combs of wild honey came in on donkeys: Persian nougat in lumps the size of a baby, decked meltingly the mess tables. Wild pig were to be got for the shooting, their chops a particular delicacy. "Swallow and Ariel," the firm with a fairy name and the best of jams, came to be blessed by everyone.

Refugees still came in, in spite of snow five or six feet deep. One night the Adjutant sat in his hut writing by a hurricane

lamp, snow softly falling outside, when a sentry appeared before him. He looked up at the word "Memsahib," and there was a Russian girl, tow-haired and rather pale, with a small Russian boy. Her tale was one of wandering for days in the snow in the hills trying to avoid the Bolshevik posts and finally dropping down into Rustamabad, the boy nearly exhausted. The Adjutant handed over his one and only spare vest, ordnance pattern, of the same texture as the shirt of Nessus. Whoever wore it either did not feel it or disguised his or her feelings. Other officers did likewise and threw in a pair or two of what the Army call "bull-wool" socks, also of ordnance pattern.

Winter turned to early spring in the Kizil Uzun valley. Of all the beautiful sights this valley and its hills on a sunny day, with their snowy mountains, are the loveliest. Across the river that laced its tenuous way through the frosty sand-banks, stood up the white cone of the Dalfak Daghi, pine-capped, pine-girt. Among the lower, leafless woods all about, the hills showed pure white, delicately tinted with blue. Nearer by, the trees bore their burden of snow, the grass showed green, the trees budded and the primroses and violets came to bloom, a playground for the brindled pheasants that roamed these hills.

In early April there was heavy rain and the snows melted above our valley: Kizil Uzun and Shah Rud came down in spate. Manjil bridge, which both sides had often partially blown, was in a death struggle with the raging torrent. There was haste to get the column and its miles of heavy wagons away and across the Safid Rud before the stout bridge gave up the fight. The Rudbar streamlet had become a menacing flood, waistdeep everywhere, in places head-high.

The Gurkhas laboured, soaked to the skin, in and about the Rudbar stream, and cleared the transport. One of them was washed down the flood and nearly into the Safid Rud, losing his rifle, and was for no reason ashamed of himself at the loss. There are Marys and there are Marthas in this world; the Marys may possibly be of some use to creation in general, to the Army they are a curse and should go unrewarded.

A last memory of Rustamabad comes back just as the battalion left it and the rearguard commander turned to look north towards Siah Rud, to see if the enemy was on the move and to hit him one last blow. Under the dull grey, windblown sky, he saw on the stony flats above the noisy Safid Rud a small, wooden cross where one of his men so quietly slept.

Striving onward, lifting wagons out of the deep mud, unhitching horses and manhandling loads, the battalion worked its way slowly towards Manjil. A staff officer rode back to say that the bridge was going: the last wagon, overtaken by the Safid Rud, washed fast into the slit, was abandoned, its driver leading his exhausted horses towards the bridge.

The men chased their transport to the bridge and started to cross. The rear guard commander arrived and stood on the north bank watching. There was still half the battalion to come. The transport was crossing. The river was licking at the roadway of the bridge and swirling widely round the tops of the piers. He wondered if he'd have to stay on the Russian side, swim the animals over and fight it out.

The bridge sagged again and up came the rest of the battalion. They skidded and slithered across the dangerously inclined roadway while the onlookers stood with their hearts in their mouths. At last the Infantry Captain and the Sapper ran for it, feeling like Horatius cursing at the too zealous and, surely, block-headed fathers when he knew he'd have to swim.

Soon afterward, the sorely-tried bridge, writhing in the agony of death, with one thunderous shout, gave up the ghost and plunged into the torrent.

\* \* \* \*

The railwaymen had left with nothing achieved.

For us this was the twilight after sunset: for Persia the twilight before dawn. It was we who purposely made modern Iran possible, no whit less than we made modern Iraq: behind the British shield Iran was born. She has forgotten this as Italy has forgotten our aid to Garibaldi.

You must know that the soldier is an idealist and builds his hopes too high, hitches his limbers to the stars and falls mightily if fall he must. In Persia for three full years he strove and endured, believing that he built for eternity and that the end must be that at least Persia must honour his race. Utterly and hopelessly he failed, his travail bore no fruit that was not rotted by fantastic policies.

Whatever else may contribute to prestige, it is certain that nothing helps more surely than the honour paid to our unconquered armies.

The heavy tramp of the retreating force along the squat white road beat out the last spark of British prestige and left behind a Persia grinning and mocking at our disappointments, hostile and contemptuous.



## **"THOSE ILL-STARRED HORNS"**

By R. G.

In the last issue of this Journal, the author of "Duffer in Assam" roundly condemned the employment of flankers in jungle warfare, and summed up their imperfections in the trenchant phrase "those ill-starred horns." There are, however, two sides to most stories. Consider, for example, the trespasser sprinting for the nearest hedge who, if capable of coherent thought, probably thinks that bulls would be much better animals without their horns—but, would any bull be likely to agree with him?

"Duffer in Assam" is presumably based upon personal experience in the field, and the writer's conclusions therefore merit due consideration. On the other hand, he is surely unwise to base a general tactical conclusion upon the outcome of a single skirmish. As a case in point, some may recall, for it was headline news at the time, how a column was badly ambushed some dozen years ago, in Northern Burma. The column commander, anxious to press on, and assured by "friendly" guides that there were no enemy in his vicinity, called in his flankers. Shortly afterwards the column checked, and the commander went forward to ascertain the reason. He found a tree across the path; at that moment volleys were poured into the halted advanced guard by enemy who, though invisible, were only a few yards off the path. The column commander, if he had lived, might well have sworn, in direct contradiction to the Duffer, to "see himself in blazes" before he ever again moved through jungle *without* flankers.

Jungle warfare, as British forces have often discovered somewhat late, is a highly specialized form of fighting; yet its minor tactics are largely a matter of commonsense. Flankers are simply flankguards which, in order to perform their normal protective functions, have to move very close to their parent bodies in country in which visibility is limited to yards, or even feet. Security must always be paid for, and though there are shifts and expedients for minimising the delay, flankers cutting or threading their way through jungle must always hamper mobility. A commander may, therefore, decide to dispense with flankers but, like his opposite number who, in mountain warfare, chooses to operate without route picquets, should have special reasons for doing so.

The Duffer's own reasons for operating without flankers were, we suggest, an example of these special circumstances. At the time, he was withdrawing over previously reconnoitred ground,

in face of an enemy whose characteristics, and particularly limitations, were known to him. Moreover his opposition, we are told, had got away with it time and again, and it was most desirable that they should be taught a sharp lesson. In other words, the Duffer took a carefully calculated risk in order to attain an important object, and deservedly reaped the reward.

If the Duffer had pointed this moral from his experiences we should have cordially agreed with him. We quarrel only, but most emphatically, with the conclusion he *did* arrive at—namely that flankers are useless in all circumstances.

It is not our present purpose to discuss details of jungle tactics, but it is worth remarking that a small column, such as the Duffer commanded, would seldom employ 60 flankers working, apparently, in conjunction with the advanced guard. The usual principles are to use as few men as possible on this exhausting duty, to quicken movement by changing them fairly frequently, and to throw out small flanking groups at intervals along the column, rather than trust to a few large parties, between which an enemy may more easily penetrate. Incidentally, there are several simple formations in which flankers may move besides the V-shaped horns mentioned by the Duffer. The horns may, for example, be reversed, or straightened out to move parallel with the axis of advance. The respective utility of these formations naturally depends upon such factors as the type of jungle, the habits of the enemy, and how much the route twists and turns.

A point of more general interest is the repeated suggestion in "Duffer in Assam" that night operations might have dealt effectively with the local tribes, if only the Assam Rifles of that day had not preserved "a wisdom which was untinged with imagination." That is as may be, but we suggest that the red-necked Captain who held that night work was d—d dangerous in the jungle had some justification for his views. The Duffer's contention that "Grant moved by night from Tammu to Thobal" and subsequently won a V.C., is hardly conclusive proof to the contrary.

The normal difficulties of military movements by night are well known, but in open country a commander may set against them the advantages of concealment from view and strike a favourable balance, especially when he wishes to attain surprise or save avoidable casualties. In the jungle, the potential margin of advantage which darkness may confer is whittled away by the conditions. On the one hand trees and dense undergrowth make

the maintenance of direction and preservation of silence exceptionally difficult; on the other, thick vegetation can provide almost as much concealment to troops by day as by night. Moreover, while unforeseen incidents, calculated to throw a carefully planned night operation out of gear may happen anywhere, they seem to happen oftenest in the jungle. This, at least, has been the experience of the present writer.

To give a few examples, a column under his command was charged while approaching a village in pitch darkness by a herd of semi-wild buffaloes. The tactical mules, somewhat naturally, panicked and it took till nightfall the next day to retrieve all their scattered loads. A few of the mules unfortunately met, and stayed with, tigers. On another occasion the column doctor, who was quite irreplaceable, met a tiger in the moonlight, and though he easily beat it to the nearest tree, the encounter was the final straw which finished him. Next morning he headed his own sick report, marked for "Evacuation to the Base." Another unusual incident occurred when the guides for a night advance, though secured against all ordinary eventualities, were collectively attacked and bitten by forest demons. As one consequence dawn showed that the column had surrounded the wrong village.

Such incidents may be amusing in retrospect; they are not so at the time, and are only the highlights of the series of lesser and more prosaic irritations and delays which, we believe, are a normal accompaniment to such ventures. We do not for a moment suggest that night operations in the jungle should be ruled out; we do urge that no commander should undertake them without considerable previous *personal* experience of the conditions to which he may commit his men. Even a well trained shrubbery, let alone the undisciplined jungle, is very different after dark. Like dispensing with flankers, it is all a question of *knowing* when accepted principles may be judiciously set aside.

A year or so ago most readers would have regarded "Duffer in Assam" as a readable yarn (which it is) about a type of fighting they were never likely to experience. To-day the situation has altered, and some who lack personal experience of jungle warfare may have given serious consideration to the Duffer's theories.

These words of warning regarding their whole-hearted acceptance may therefore serve a useful purpose. If they provoke further, and wider, discussion on the art of fighting in forests so much, we believe, the better.

## FINANCIAL RAMBLINGS IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

BY RS., AS., PS., IN ENGLAND

Our individual financial future prospect cannot be described as a thing of joy to behold; in fact it is all so vague that it is hard to see at all, and so there is all the more reason why we should face it and at least have some plan. I shall make no attempt to view this from a national aspect but rather from the point of view of each officer's personal plan to make life financially bearable for himself and his family in the years of peace to come.

One thing is certain in this uncertain world: when we have defeated our enemies, the war will have to be paid for. You may say "But that's the job of the Chancellor of the Exchequer." To which I reply "Pardon me, it will have to be paid for by me the writer, and you the reader." Visions, therefore, of a jolly leave to come with a little car, a little flutter in town and carefully selected schools for the children need to be tempered by the cold blast of post-war finance. Our families will need new clothes and we will want mufti to replace the uniform in which we now live all day, every day and (in raids) all night. If we just dream along with a pre-war financial outlook, we shall have a rude awakening.

The writer, regretfully, can provide no positive solution, but he is one of those funny people who have, for years, including the present war-time year in England, kept an exact record of all expenditure, apportioning each item to its appropriate head. Let us therefore turn the pages of this record and ponder on the actual pre-war costs of items, such as leave, clothes on leave, education, and the war-time present cost of living in England; then let us try to visualize the problem which will face us when peace comes.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The case taken throughout is that of an Indian Army Officer and his wife with two children, boy and girl, from prep. school to public school, with no home in England, thus involving the family in "holiday home" expenses except when the parents were on leave; in the last war-time year the boy becomes a medical student.

## THE SCHOOLS

The first carefully recorded pages over nine years include all prep. and public school fees and house bills, examination fees, a good deal of clothes (but not all) and the cost of holiday homes for about half of the nine years as the mother was home for approximately 50 per cent. of the holidays. The schools were public schools of repute but in both cases reduced fees for army officers' children were admissible.

The first entry (1930): "Children's initial school outfits and trunks, £72;" is worth noting. The prep. schools started in the first year in the region of £125 each per annum (no holiday home costs), but in the second year rose to £162. There was at this time a very cheap holiday home arrangement as the usual minimum is three guineas each per week; as there are 17 weeks holidays a year, this amounts to £53-10-0 each per year. In later years it rose to £190 each per year, the grand total for the nine years for the two children amounting to £2,712, a remarkably low figure due largely to considerate treatment on the part of the schools. This is a useful figure for parents with infants now in India to bear in mind as it is hardly likely to cost so little in the years to come. An interesting point is that though the girl's fees were less than the boy's, the total cost of her nine years was a fraction more than the boy's; this is because a boy's hair, for example, costs 6*d.* to hack while your girl's school has a glamorous young woman up to the school from the local beauty parlour to shampoo and cut the hair at a very different cost. Girls too, won't be satisfied with a pair of grey flannel prep. school shorts and stockings falling (invariably) half-way down their legs in wrinkles like their brothers. Even the youngest of girls are, like their mothers, slaves to Fashion with attendant reflex on school bills!

Before leaving the cost of schools, a few facts culled from brief experience of medical students' costs are illuminating. Oxford costs, they say, a minimum of £260 a year, an apparently preposterous sum. The fees for London University students were shown at £50 a year and so this course was chosen. The addition at the end of the first year, however, of fees, instruments, examination fees and coaching, amounted to £93. Rail fares cost £22, bus fares in London 4*d.* return daily (work it out, it's quite a lot), and even there the expense did not end for there were daily lunches and teas, pocket money and games expenses and, on top of all this, of course, the run of the boy's teeth at

home—a minimum of 15/- a week or say £40 a year. Taken all in all it does not appear that the Oxford figure of £260 is very high after all and naturally life at Oxford, with its organized activities, is infinitely preferable to life in London for a boy—sorry, very young man!

### LEAVE, HOME AND CLOTHES

However, we won't spend our all on education, so let us lick the thumb and flick over the pages to the much more interesting "record of expenses on leave." Take, for example, 1927, spent in cheap hotels with two very young children; nice clothes, dances, games and flutters in town, "very tasty, very sweet" as the modern radio has it.

Well, here are the costs:

April £75, May £55, June £107 (partly in town), July £76, August £90, September £130. Wife's and own clothes £190. Ah! those were the days—but I see a footnote which reads "spent on leave above my pay £310"! Average spent £90 per month *plus* £190 on clothes and no education costs in those young days.

Let's see if we had more wisdom in 1931; well, yes, a little; the average monthly expenditure had dropped to £77 a month and clothes to £158. Still, on the other hand, school fees had begun. The reason for the drop in the cost of living is clearly seen from the records for the months spent in a furnished house which were markedly less than the months spent in even a cheap hotel.

Now comes the period of short visits to the children in England; "2 months leave ex-India." Take 1934 for example when the passages were paid from the Lee Commission Account.

Well,—

	£
Rail fares in India and France cost ...	30
Cash on the boat took ...	10
Living expenses and the children's clothes for 5 weeks in England amounted to ...	120
While clothes for the parents cost ...	45
Making a total for the two months of ...	<u>205</u>

Not so bad as it roughly equalled my pay, but of course I had not to pay cash for the passages.

Details of later years would only be wearisome, but they increased as the children grew older as one finds that they are treated by hoteliers as adults and so one is driven (fortunately)

to the infinitely preferable and cheaper furnished house. The costs of these on leave in pre-war years when great attempts at economy were not allowed to override the joys of a happy leave home, were:

	£	s.	d.	
Seaside house: average: Rent	...	3	3	0 a week.
Two Maids (sybarite!)	...	2	0	0
Food, light, etc.	...	6	11	0
		<hr/>		
		11	14	0 a week.
		<hr/>		
Country house: average: Rent	...	3	3	0
Maid	...	1	5	0
Food, light, etc.	...	5	0	0
		<hr/>		
		9	8	0 a week.
		<hr/>		

Heigh ho! Pleasant years; may the future Indian Army officer have as good in the peace to come!

By the way, remember that Lee Commission passages are not endless; there comes a time when passages will have to be paid from one's pay.

### THE POST-WAR HOME

Before the writer gives details of the current actual war-time cost of living in England he will be so bold as to give his personal views on the type of home life the majority of us will be forced by circumstances to adopt when the war is over.

I had always hoped that the days of retirement would find me in a small house, not new, matured and purchased by cash payment. From this home I looked forward to going daily to the work which there was, in pre-war days, so good a prospect of obtaining.

Well, coming home in war-time, I found it impossible to "settle" and my guess is that in the post-war years it will be still more difficult till things stabilize somewhat. We will have "to look round a bit"—perhaps even consider going to a colony abroad. To this will be added the difficulty, even if one can settle, of finding a house; there is bound to be a shortage as so many of the nicely-matured houses will be demolished or burnt out—so many only fit for demolition. There will be a shortage, too, of building materials and wood and slate and even if we can get these, it is doubtful if we will have saved in war-time the money to build.

Excepting, of course, those fortunate enough to have read my article\* in the June issue of the *U. S. I. (I.) Journal*. I admit that there is the Building-Society-Hire-Purchase solution, a great boon in many ways but which has, I contend, two great disadvantages. Admittedly one is saving all the time one is paying, but the fact remains that one is paying out in hard cash each year an instalment which (including interest and "Property Tax") amounts to a good deal more than the actual cash which would be required to be paid out as rent of the house if rented. Secondly, the moment one starts hire purchase one acquires a number of sticks and stones which tend to anchor one and prevent a move one might otherwise make to better conditions.

Another factor which will make for the fleeting nature of our life in post-war years will be the difficulty of finding a job. Before the war, the army officer could find useful work comparatively easily as, say, an Area A. R. P. Organizer or Ground Officer in the R.A.F., and to-day these and manifold army and semi-army posts are available—one does not even have to seek them. But these, I fear (or perhaps I should say, pray), will cease and so we will have to move about a good deal to find work or to keep it.

The result, therefore, of these ponderings is that I feel, in the first post-war years, we will be forced, for a time, as I have been forced in war-time, to adopt a life in furnished houses while carefully keeping every blanket, knife, etc., which may be needed; property of any kind should, I feel, be husbanded. This prospect of living in furnished houses appalled me financially but, strangely enough, I find from actual figures it is not so uneconomical as one might expect. One may say, too, "I hate living in other people's houses; I like my own." I daresay, but there are many things in Europe just now and for a few years to come which are not of our choosing.

One small point which of course is only applicable in war-time is that in the furnished house we are saved from purchasing and sewing black-out curtains for every window in the house—a big expense—and get a fine air-raid shelter (in which we have already spent many hours by night during raids), which otherwise I could not have afforded to build.

Well, now for the cost: the house consists of four bedrooms, three sitting rooms beautifully furnished, and a garage. The rent is £3-13-6 a week, that is to say £180 a year. This may sound heavy, but when one considers that the house probably

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\* "How to Live in India on Your Pay," by Rs., As., Ps.



cost £2,500 and the furniture and fittings another £1,000, it does not compare unfavourably with either buying or renting a house. Remember, too, that there are no rates and taxes to pay and one not only avoids buying furniture but such innumerable household fittings as electric fires and lamps, gas fires and cookers, Frigidaire, Hoover, endless cleaning appliances, crockery and a vast variety of cooking requirements, lawn mower and a lot of garden tools while the cost of depreciation is not borne by me. So, taken all round, it does not appear uneconomical and has the great merit of giving greater freedom to move. Not to be the owner of a house and furniture in these days of bombs has decided advantages too.

Reverting once more to detailed costs, I do not find the cost of living very much increased yet (but the purchase tax will soon be operative). I got a very fine 16-h.p. Wolseley for £25 and petrol costs 2/- a gallon; a low-h.p. car would naturally have cost more owing to petrol restrictions. Cigarettes have gone up 50 per cent., the standard cigarette costing the equivalent of Rs. 2-8-0 for a tin of 50, while the cost of whisky makes me feel so bad that only a strong peg pulls me together. Still, in general, the cost of living is not impossibly high as will be seen from the following very exact figures for June during which every penny of housekeeping money was accounted for separately. The costs are for four adults and a daily maid:

TABLE I

	1st week	2nd week	3rd week	4th week	TOTAL
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	..
Rent ..	3-15-0	3-15-0	3-15-0	3-15-0	..
Maid ..	0-15-0	0-15-0	0-15-0	0-15-0	..
House keeping (see App. "A" at end) ..	3-4-8	3-16-8	3-14-2	3-7-6	..
<i>Total Cost of living</i> (i.e., what a hotel would give. ..)	7-14-8	8-6-8	8-4-2	7-17-6	32-3-0

Had we lived in a hotel at three guineas a week it would have cost a minimum of £50-8-0 for poor food, no sitting room, no garage and perhaps no garden. Should housewives be interested, fuller details are given in Appendix "A."

The above, of course, deals with household expenses and readers may be interested to know the total cost of living for all heads; these are given in Table II below.

TABLE II

	1st week	2nd week	3rd week	4th week	Total.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Household vide Table I ..	7 14 8	8 6 8	8 4 2	7 17 6	32 3 0
Cigarettes for two adults average ..	0 16 8	0 16 8	0 16 8	0 16 8	3 6 6
Wireless ..	0 5 2	..	..	1 12 6	2 7 8
Travelling ..	1 8 0	..	2 10 0	..	3 18 0
Cash (see Appendix "B") ..	3 8 3	2 0 1	4 18 9	2 11 9	12 18 10
Totals ..	14 2 9	11 3 5	16 9 7	12 18 5	54 14 0

As the sum spent on "cash" was a large sum, £12-18-10, I give details in Appendix "B."

This month or rather four weeks of June have been selected as it so happens that in this month accounts were particularly accurately kept but it must be admitted that the figure of £54-14-0 is the lowest for some months. Moreover, this was our first month of raids, day and night, and so the sum spent on amusements was negligible. The following also were not included: education, insurance, car tax and car insurance or clothes.

At the Staff College once, a student, famous for straying from the point, after addressing us all for 20 minutes, was asked by the Director "And to what conclusion, X, does that lead you?" Captain X looked blank and was silent! Well I too am very nearly as badly stumped after rambling through the pages of my little book; still, it *does* give some ideas.

First, we must budget now during war-time to meet all the expenses I have shown.

Secondly, once we try to "settle" even in a furnished house on retirement, we'll be able to live on much less than when on leave, largely because so much less is spent on clothes and moving about.

Thirdly, when next the time comes round for leave we must go straight to one place, e.g., a furnished house, and "stay put" till the day we sail.

## APPENDIX "A"

		1st week	2nd week	3rd week	4th week	
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Butcher ..	..	0 10 1	0 9 5	0 13 3	0 10 4	
Grocer ..	..	1 7 10	1 12 5	1 0 1	0 17 6	
Vegetables ..	..	0 13 0	1 1 10	0 13 3	0 18 2	
Dairy ..	..	0 7 4	0 7 0	0 6 6	0 6 2	
Laundry ..	..	0 4 3	0 3 2	0 4 2	..	
Baker ..	..	..	..	0 12 3	0 3 2	For three weeks.
Petty ..	..	0 2 2	0 2 10	0 8 0	0 10 4	
		3 4 8	3 16 8	3 7 6	3 14 2	

NOTE. — The standard of food was very high, each item being of the most expensive quality.

## APPENDIX "B"

*Detail of Cash spent in June*

	£	s.	d.
Postage .....	0	16	9
Hairdresser (for three) .....	0	7	6
Car, petrol and repairs .....	3	7	0
Golf, green fees and teas .....	0	16	6
Bus fares and meals out .....	0	19	1
Petty Clothes .....	1	7	6
Chemist .....	0	19	0
Knitting wool .....	0	13	10
Books and papers .....	0	7	6
Drink .....	0	5	9 1
Stationery .....	0	8	7
Unaccounted for .....	2	9	10
	12	18	10

## COMMISSIONED FROM THE RANKS

### A CONTRAST

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. C. R. MURPHY

In the days when purchase was the recognized method of military advancement, the difficulties of obtaining a commission from the ranks were of an entirely different nature from those which confront the young soldier at the present time. The way in which it was done during the Napoleonic wars, when there was some resentment against the principle of granting commissions to men "who had not put their hands in their pockets to pay for them honourably," can best be shown by examples. The two here chosen will enable the reader to compare the old system with the new, and at the same time to draw his own conclusions.

The first is that of an infantryman.

It is the story of a pauper boy, who enlisted at the age of 13 and became an officer. Though he never rose above the rank of lieutenant, his military career was one of the most remarkable on record. No army has ever produced a better soldier.

The hero of these adventures was a certain John Shipp, born in Saxmundham in the year 1784. His father was a soldier; but his mother died when he was very young, leaving him and his elder brother in utter destitution in consequence of which they became inmates of the parish poorhouse. He was then apprenticed by the overseers to a farmer, a cruel taskmaster who beat him unmercifully.

Early in 1797, Shipp enlisted in the 22nd Foot. After serving in the Channel Islands and at the Cape, he found himself, in the year 1804, a young sergeant in the Grenadier Company and attached to Lord Lake's army which was fighting the Marathas.

Here was his chance, and he made the fullest use of it. He was one of the stormers at the capture of Deig at the end of 1804, and he led the forlorn hope of the storming column in three out of the four desperate but fruitless assaults on Bhurtpore in the early part of the following year, receiving severe wounds upon each occasion. He was now a marked man. His leadership and daring were the admiration of the army, and he was promptly rewarded with an ensigncy in the 65th Foot. A few weeks later, he was promoted lieutenant in the 76th Foot.

With this regiment Shipp returned home in 1807; but he soon got into debt and had to sell out. Being a man of honour, however, he paid his debts with the money he had received, and then found himself in London without a shilling.

Determined not to remain idle, he now enlisted in the 24th Light Dragoons and returned to India; and so outstanding were his qualities as a soldier that before the end of 1812 he was promoted regimental sergeant-major. In May, 1815, he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 87th Regt. He had thus performed the unique feat of *twice winning a commission from the ranks*, and all before he was thirty-two years of age.

During the Gurkha war, Shipp again distinguished himself, notably in single combat at Makwanpore. He was on the staff of the army under the Marquess Hastings in the Pindari and Maratha wars of 1817-18, and showed high skill and courage at the capture of Hathras, where he was the first man to enter the fort. In 1821, he was promoted lieutenant for the second time.

Shortly afterwards, while stationed in Calcutta, he took up racing and this led to his downfall. Quarrels arose, in the course of which he impugned the character of his superior officer, who was also his racing partner; and in 1823 he was discharged from the army by sentence of court-martial.

Having laid down the sword, he now took up the pen and set about compiling his memoirs, which first appeared in 1829. This interesting book, written with great modesty, and in a quaint and attractive style, was so well received that it ran into several editions. For a man who, when he enlisted, was unable to sign the pay-sheet, this was remarkable achievement, and secured for him a place amongst English authors.

Two years later, he wrote a treatise on flogging in the Army. This was a powerful indictment against the use of the "cat," and a Member of Parliament thought so highly of it that he sent the author a present of £50. It was not long before the principles which Shipp had advocated were in the main adopted by the military authorities.

By this time, Shipp had caught the eye of the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Charles Rowan, who had been wounded at Waterloo while serving with the 52nd Foot. Shipp's first appointment was that of Inspector, but he was soon made a Superintendent. As a police officer he was a great success and liked by everyone. In 1834, when in comparatively easy circumstances and after a life of adventure, he died in his bed, leaving

behind him a widow, some children and many friends to mourn his loss.

The next example of promotion from the ranks, which the reader is asked to consider, is that of the cavalryman, John Elley; it affords a striking contrast to the one first given.

It is not certain where or when he first saw the light of day, but he is said to have been born in London, where his father owned a prosperous eating-house. The regimental records show that Elley, who, unlike John Shipp, had received a good education, enlisted in the Oxford Blues—now the Royal Horse Guards—near the end of 1789; and that seven months later he purchased a troop quartermastership in the regiment, such warrant rank being then procurable in this way.

In 1794, he went to Flanders with four troops of the Blues, who had been ordered there to join the army of the brave old Duke of York; and he is said to have particularly distinguished himself in the cavalry action at Le Cateau in the same year.

Very soon afterwards, he was appointed acting adjutant of the detachment, having in the meantime purchased a cornetcy in the same regiment.

Returning to England in the following year, he continued to purchase his promotion step by step; and, in the spring of 1806, became a lieutenant-colonel in the regiment he had joined as a trooper less than 17 years before! His rise, especially in such a regiment as the Blues, had been rapid indeed; but if the money for all this promotion had come from a prosperous eating-house, we may be sure that it benefited not only John Elley, but the Army at large.

In 1808, as A.A.G. of cavalry, he went to the Peninsula where he remained for six years and saw much fighting. For his services in that campaign he was created a K.C.B.

When Napoleon escaped from Elba and the allied armies were assembling in Belgium, Elley was appointed to the staff of the Duke of Wellington as adjutant-general of cavalry. At Waterloo, where he was again wounded, he served with great distinction, and laid low more than one cuirassier with his own sabre in single combat. On the eve of Quatre Bras, he was one of the guests at the famous Waterloo Ball.

In 1835 he was returned to Parliament as member for Windsor, and two years later was promoted lieutenant-general. At the beginning of 1839, he died, unmarried, at his seat in Wiltshire and was buried in the Chapel Royal at Windsor.

Other days, other ways.

## LEARNING HINDUSTANI

BY "KARSHISH"

It will be best to admit at once that Urdu and not Hindustani is the name officially recognised by the Board of Examiners. This is curious for the language most spoken in Government Services, and more particularly the Army, cannot by any stretch of imagination, be called Urdu. It would be far less incorrect to call it Hindi, though the use of such a word would obviously be unsatisfactory.

What is the difference between Urdu and Hindi? It is widely believed that Urdu is the language spoken by Muslims and Hindi that spoken by Hindus. This is entirely wrong for while it may be true that Hindi is only spoken by Hindus, some of the purest Urdu in Northern India is also spoken by Hindus. A better definition is that Urdu and Hindi are two versions of Sanraseni Prakrit. The basic grammars of both are the same, but while Urdu has enriched and still enriches its vocabulary from Arabic and Persian, Hindi has borrowed and continues to borrow extensively from Sanscrit.

The term Hindustani is unsatisfactory in that it implies the language of all Hindustan and this it most certainly is not. But it does usefully describe the *lingua franca* of Northern India which is spoken by Muslims and Hindus alike, and of which the vocabulary is determined by usage rather than by systematic borrowing from Arabic and Persian on the one hand or from Sanscrit on the other.

I am bound to admit that I have used the word Hindustani partly because, although I propose to write of both Urdu and Hindi (their literatures are, of course, strikingly different), I thought "Learning Urdu and Hindi" would be an awkward title and likely to be even more repugnant to my few forthright and soldierly readers than the present one.

The whole question of what should be the name of Northern India's *lingua franca* and in what character it should be written has become the object of considerable controversy in which communal feeling takes a regrettably important part. Precisely the same spoken language is often referred to by Muslims as Urdu and by Hindus as Hindi. There is, therefore, a great deal to be said for the somewhat loose expression "Hindustani" which, if it

does nothing else, does serve to emphasise the nationalist rather than the communal aspect.

This is not going to be a learned article and any scholar who tries to read it will probably be overtaken with something akin to nausea. Though I claim to be something of a polyglot I am no philologist. As in my other articles, I shall avoid learned disquisition and shall only try to draw oblique attention to the lighter side of learning Hindustani.

My grandfather spent forty years in India without learning to speak any Indian language, though he is said to have discovered a complicated Hindi expression for a corkscrew, an instrument which he sometimes used. My father told me this just before I went out to India for the first time, and to the awful revelation he added the information that he himself had endeavoured to learn "the language" but that being in the British service he had not made much progress. He advised me to make a point of learning it properly and accordingly I bought "Forbes' Hindustani Manual" and studied it on the journey out.

I extracted a good deal of information from Forbes who, however, introduces some expressions of somewhat doubtful utility such as "Pull the trigger strong with the middle finger." Like many other old language books Forbes' Manual and his Grammar display a thoroughness and scientific comprehension which is largely absent from more modern productions. It was my first essay at language study and I found it quite absorbing. It was somewhat disturbing, therefore, to realise that the men of the Gurkha Regiment, to which I was posted, scarcely spoke Hindustani at all and that in spite of all orders to the contrary, they considered it a point of honour to speak nothing but their own language.\* I soon realised, however, that Gurkhali sounded much more romantic than Hindustani and determined that as soon as I had passed the obligatory colloquial examination, I would give up Hindustani altogether.

As things turned out, my first association with India and Hindustani was to be of very short duration. After three years of active service in France, the easy, humdrum life of an Indian cantonment was sheer delight not unconnected with a welcome improvement in food and other creature comforts. Three months after the Armistice, however, I suddenly realised that I was extremely bored with life in a depot and jumped at the chance of joining one of the active battalions of my regiment at that time

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\*I understand that this state of affairs exists no longer.



serving in the Caucasus. Little did I foresee that I was fated never to join that battalion. After a remarkable journey from India involving no less than six ships, I arrived at the Indian Base Depot, then located at Chanakkalé on the Dardanelles, and learnt with disgust that I was to remain there as adjutant. This, I was told, was due to the fact that I seemed to know a little more Hindustani than the other officers who were also going to join the Army of the Black Sea, and I there and then decided to abandon my studies and take up Turkish and Greek. I did not open a book on Hindustani for another six years.

The work at the Depot was not uninteresting and, by bringing me into touch with almost every class of man enlisted in the Indian Army, gave me experience which I have since found extremely valuable. Our administrative problems in the Depot were often acute. In those days we paid far too much attention to so-called caste prejudice and I remember that on one occasion we had no less than twenty-nine different cook-houses for some two thousand men.

There were no Indian Army officers on the Brigade Staff or at General Headquarters, and we were constantly in trouble for failing to provide Mohammedan sweepers, refusing to send Gurkhas and Jhats on pilgrimage to Mecca and other similar misdemeanours. We were not troubled with the demobilization problem which was causing grave difficulties in British units, and I was full of admiration for the calm philosophy with which Indian ranks took the interminable waits in the depot to which they were subjected. The General Base Depot for British ranks was less patient, and one night some of the wilder and younger officers went so far as to burn down their mess tent. The first that we heard of this incident was the arrival by destroyer of a highly placed and very cross General. Misled by his staff he went by mistake to the Indian Base Depot and having summoned all the officers proceeded to deliver a tonic oration on discipline, playing the game, patience and other splendid subjects. It was some moments before the mistake was discovered, and after a handsome apology, the General departed on the track of the real delinquents.

After a few months with the Depot my Turkish studies were eventually rewarded, and I spent the next five years in various intelligence appointments in Istanbul, Smyrna, Malta and Palestine. While in London, before going to Malta, I was assailed with qualms about my future and asked to go back to my regiment. I

was persuaded to stay on with the War Office for another year, and though this did me much harm in the eyes of the Indian Army authorities, I had an amusing and instructive time and learnt a great deal of Italian in Malta.

In 1925, after four months bogus "language leave" in Italy, Yugo-Slavia and Greece, I returned to Palestine and found that I was at last to rejoin my unit which was now no longer a Gurkha battalion. I immediately wrote a manly but deferential letter to the adjutant explaining how out of touch I was with regimental work, and saying that I expected them to look on me with a very jaundiced eye. Actually the situation was reversed, for immediately afterwards I got jaundice extremely badly and still had a very jaundiced eye when I eventually joined my battalion in the Punjab.

I shall always look back upon the four months that followed as one of the most remarkable and instructive periods of my whole service. I had completed ten years service, three of which had been in France with a British line battalion and seven nominally in the Indian Army but in reality mostly spent in various Intelligence appointments. I had never been to the R.M.C., knew nothing of post-war training and methods and had entirely forgotten the little I had once known of Hindustani. My battalion, which was going through one of those periods of horrified stock-taking familiar to all units, naturally looked at me askance and did their best to get rid of me. The first move was swift. The day after my arrival I was told to go and see the Brigadier in his bungalow. I had known him slightly in Turkey and, in my innocence, expected the cordial handshake and the jocular reminiscence. I found instead a formidable Star Chamber consisting of the Brigadier, the Brigade Major and my C.O. In short, sharp, telling periods the Brigadier pronounced sentence: I knew nothing and was no use to the battalion. This was what he had decided: I was to be considered as a young officer joining from the R.M.C. and was to go for a year to a British battalion. Was this clear?

It was clear enough, but surprising and annoying. After a false start or two, I said that I realised what this meant. I was not in fact a young officer just joining, but had ten years service. If the Brigadier put his threat into operation, I had only one course open to me—to resign my commission. "Very foolish" was how this decision was described by the Brigadier, but the conversation seemed to take a turn for the better. Before I left I said

I thought I would write to Simla reporting what I had been told, and asking whether there were any more Intelligence appointments for me. I was strongly advised not to do this but I did it and learnt eventually that in a year's time I was to go to Iran. Meanwhile I was to stay with my regiment.

When I reviewed the position, I saw that life in an infantry battalion was not going to be easy. The Brigadier had spoken the truth when he said that I knew nothing. My military experience had been confined to active service conditions and was of no use in peace-time; I had never done any courses; I had never passed the Retention Examination. Almost worst of all was the revelation that I, an infantry officer, actually preferred walking to riding. The only ray of hope lay in the facility which I had in learning languages, for I saw that if I could acquire a good knowledge of Hindustani, the greater part of my work could be done by Indian officers who knew more about tactics, training and administration than I could hope to acquire at this late stage. Accordingly, I took a *munshi* and, reading rapidly through the "Khwab-o-Khayal," passed the Higher Standard in two months. My duties of Quartermaster, Transport Officer and Mess Secretary gave me greater practice in speaking Hindustani, but far less in peace-time tactics. Nevertheless, I managed to pass my Retention Examination. (I had already been "retained" for ten years under a misapprehension), and on the whole I was not unhappy, for after their first black looks my brother officers treated me with great indulgence and friendliness.

Looking back on my first serious Hindustani studies, I realise the grave deficiencies of the established method of teaching this language. I cannot speak with precision on the subject, but it seems to me that until quite recently, remarkably little progress has been made in this direction. Had it not been for the outbreak of the present war, sounder methods would most probably have been introduced, but it is astonishing that in the long lifetime of the Board of Examiners no regimented method of acquiring the requisite knowledge of Hindustani should have been evolved. The root of the trouble lies in the failure correctly to assess the extent of the knowledge of Hindustani which British officers should have, and then to provide standard works to enable him to acquire that knowledge. Let us examine these problems in some detail.

British officers in the Indian Army require a thorough colloquial knowledge of simple Hindustani with a range of between

1,000 and 1,500 words. As grammatically correct but simple Hindustani is much better understood than anything else, a study of grammar will greatly facilitate matters. In addition to being able to speak and understand, officers must be able to read and write Roman-Hindustani. *There is no need for officers to read or write the Urdu or Devanagri scripts.*

To acquire this knowledge, three types of books are required:

(a) A simple standardized Roman-Hindustani grammar with exercises; this grammar should have a range of a total of 800 words; (b) Graduated reading books, the first one introducing 800 words only and the last one 1,500—2,000. About seven such books would be required. They would all be provided with vocabularies and (c) A small Roman-Hindustani-English and English-Roman-Hindustani dictionary containing about 5,000 words with blank pages for additions.

This sounds simple enough but it is complicated by the fact that although the great majority agree about the extent to which Army officers should learn Hindustani, there is a formidable body of opinion which argues that Hindustani can best be learned through the medium of the Perso-Arabic or Devanagri characters, although these characters need never be used afterwards. I shall postpone discussion of this remarkable misapprehension until later.

After spending four months with my battalion, I was told that I had been selected to fill the post of Attaché to "Q" Branch at Command H.Q. This seemed to suggest either that I had been given up as hopeless, or that I was now considered to be up to standard as a regimental officer. My enquiries as to which of these solutions was the correct one met with a cold reception and I am still in the dark about the matter. I think it must have been decided that I was now such an efficient regimental officer that another 6½ years away from my regiment would do no harm, for that was the period which elapsed before I again joined my battalion. I had done no military duty in the interval and the intelligent and experienced reader will be able to judge of my efficiency on this my second appearance.

Oddly enough, though I had only performed four months regimental duty in 12 years, I was this time received with hardly any misgiving. I was myself considerably perturbed for this time my station was to be Quetta with its terrible reputation for military activity of every kind. A few days after my arrival I asked for a formal interview with my C. O. and explained how diffident

I felt at appearing in this busy military centre so miserably equipped as regards training. A roguish twinkle appeared in my C. O.'s eye as he replied: "I think you are worrying yourself unnecessarily, and I should like to tell you three things. The first is that there is very little to learn, the second is that I am sure you will learn it very quickly, and the third is that if you don't it won't matter the least bit." I took this with a grain of salt as no doubt I was meant to do, but it was agreeable to know that I was going to work under a man with a sense of humour.

With only one break, I had been employed in various Intelligence appointments for nearly twelve years and was a little taken aback when the adjutant told me he had put my name down for the next Intelligence Course. This was not due to begin for two months and I suddenly conceived the idea of trying to pass my "C" Promotion Examination in the meanwhile. It was mid-winter and no field training was being done. However, with one of Gale and Polden's little books and with some valuable advice from my brother officers, I managed to pass a practical examination on duties in the field entirely on theory. Flushed with this success, I "proceeded" on the Intelligence Course where I learned many strange things and that done, began to work for the Urdu Interpretership and for my "D" Promotion Examination.

The Urdu and Hindi Interpretership Examinations demand a higher standard of knowledge than that which the ordinary Indian Army officer need possess. The characters must be read and written with some fluency, and there are set text-books of considerable difficulty. On the whole, the test is a good one but certain improvements might be made. The text-books should have complete vocabularies and notes, but not translations. At present the Urdu text-books have translations and glossaries and no vocabularies, while the Hindi books have neither. Any one who has passed the Urdu Interpretership can pass the Hindi equivalent in a few months without employing a *munshi*. All he has to do is to learn the Nagri character which is easy, read the really interesting text-books and do some compositions. The reward of Rs. 1,200 is very easy money. What is really required is a *Hindustani* Interpretership in which candidates must have a knowledge of both characters and have a good range of Sanscrit as well as Arabic and Persian vocabulary. Pieces of translation would be set from both Urdu and Hindi, but composition and conversation would be in Urdu only. The same principle should

be applied to the Degree of Honour; both these examinations should aim at producing a general knowledge of the intellectual expression of Northern India, both Muslim and Hindu.

At the first attempt, I only obtained a Second Class Interpretership as I had to give up a good deal of time to Promotion Examinations, Company Training and other difficult matters. Six months later I passed First Class and found my increased knowledge of colloquial Hindustani invaluable. On Battalion and Brigade Training I found that I could explain the orders to my Indian officers in rapid detail; they usually knew by experience how they ought to be carried out, and I was thus saved from being caught out on many occasions. By concentrating on the higher form of the language, however, I partly restricted my intercourse to Indian officers and the better educated N.C.O.s, and frequently found sepoy difficult to understand. They seldom had any difficulty in understanding me for I spoke more or less grammatically.

To meet the need which I felt for conversation with civilians as opposed to soldiers I asked the advice of Mr. Beatty from whose incomparable knowledge of Hindustani I had profited on more than one occasion. With unerring skill, Mr. Beatty put me in touch with a gentleman, a Test Auditor in the C.M.A.'s office and a Kayasth who had a superb knowledge of the language. I went to his house three or four times a week and talked at length with him and his friends who included pundits, lawyers and doctors. They all knew English thoroughly, but made a point of speaking nothing but Hindustani. Apart from the language I learnt many things from these excellent people, among others that education is the only thing which can bridge the communal gulf, that the average Indian civilian is completely ignorant of conditions in the Indian Army which he believes to be a body of mercenaries groaning under a system amounting to slavery, and that almost all differences between Europeans and Indians could be settled by mutual sympathy, or what my friend simply, and somehow embarrassingly, described as "love."

In 1934 I went to command the detachment in Hindubagh. For the first few months I spent my leisure in studying Pushtu, but I found the acquisition of this virile language through the medium of artificially compiled text-books, a laborious and boring process and soon gave it up in favour of Hindi.

I have already said that although Urdu cannot be described as the language of the Muslims, Hindi can truly be called the

language of the Hindus. There is, moreover, an atmosphere about Hindi which is essentially Indian. The Devanagri character represents a perfect system of phonetics and is essentially Aryan in that it is written from left to right and uses symbols for both short and long vowels. The Arabic character, on the other hand, by virtue of its being written from right to left and of its lack of symbols for short vowels, has an atmosphere which is essentially Semitic, for these characteristics are only found in Semitic languages. When I began my Hindi studies, I became aware of a remarkable fact. During my efforts to learn Urdu none of the Muslim Indian officers or men of the battalion had taken any interest in my studies, nor did they display any interest in discussing matters of Muslim law or history. Directly I began Hindi, however, the Hindu officers and men took a lively, at times almost embarrassing, interest in my work. They were ready to discuss Hindu mythology and theology for hours on end, and sepoys constantly brought me their copies of the Ramayan and other books to look at. At one time practically every man in the detachment who could write regaled me with specimens of his calligraphy. I also found to my great surprise that my knowledge of Hindi made it much easier to talk to Punjabi Muslims for, generally speaking, the *common* words of Hindustani are Hindi.

But these gratifying revelations were accompanied by another of a more disappointing kind. I found that "*theth*" Hindi is a more or less artificial growth. It is hardly spoken at all by educated people, except in literary circles. Many Hindi newspapers make a point of never using any word which is not of pure Hindi or Sanscrit origin, and thus produce a language which is forced and takes no account of usage. A number of Arabic and Persian words have been finally accepted into Hindustani and are used by Hindus and Muslims alike. An instance of this is the word "*kitab*." It is merely pedantic to use the word "*pustak*" unless a religious book is referred to. There is, however, a growing body of opinion which regards usage as of paramount importance. It is well known that Tulsi Das used many Arabic words and so, much later, has that great writer, Prem Chand.

Generally speaking, I found Hindi incomparably more interesting than Urdu. I would even go so far as to say that it is impossible to understand Northern India without a knowledge of Hindi and of Hindu philosophy. The student of Hindi cannot fail to imbibe something of the spirit of "*Bharat-varsh*" which is so different from the "*Hindustan*" of the Moguls. If he reads

Tulsi Das' Ramayan and the Hindi version of the Mahabharata, he will begin to see that India "means intensely, and it means good." He will understand the essential beauty of Vedic India and will learn that Hinduism is something more than a jumble of superstitions about a thousand hideous gods. He will learn the meaning of Brahma and Paratma, and he will learn the virile nobility of the character of Krishna.

I well remember an interesting discussion during dinner in a very average Officers' Mess. The talk had turned to the subject of what interest was uppermost in the Rajput sepoy's mind. Some said hockey, some said his piece of land and some promotion. I ventured the notion that what really lay nearest his heart was the Ramayan of Tulsi Das. There was an awkward pause. Then someone asked if Tulsi Das was not a *bania* in the bazaar. I explained briefly who he was and one and all said that the sepoys would never have heard of him. At their own suggestion, I called in a Rajput orderly on duty at the Mess, and asked him who Tulsi Das was. When he had made sure that he had heard aright, the man's face cleared. At last he had been asked a question to which he really knew the answer. He told us who Tulsi Das was, and it took him about ten minutes.

I put the finishing touches to my Hindi in the United Provinces where I obtained the services of an Almora Brahmin who knew no English. I was, indeed, the first Englishman he had ever spoken to. Another of my *gurus* was a S.D.O. in the M.E.S., who was an able exponent of Yogi philosophy. Under his direction I learnt to "think about nothing" for about two seconds. It is extremely difficult and it had the effect of making me feel very ill.

When I had qualified as a First Class Interpreter in Hindi I began to read for the Degree of Honour in Urdu. My reasons were, I fear, largely mercenary, for the reward offered was high. I found "*Taubat-i-Nasuh*" interesting and "*Fasáná-i-Azád*" amusing, but the poetry I could not stomach. My teacher, though painstaking, had the wrong idea. He corrected my rendering "the gleaming bosom of my beloved" to "my friend's white chest." I struggled on through the middle of the hot weather and would, I think, have given it up even if a reprieve had not come in the shape of a summons to Simla. That was the end, for some years, of my Hindustani studies, but I do not, like some others who have taken up non-Indian languages, affect to despise Hindustani, and I am still convinced that in a knowledge of Hindi lies the key to the knowledge of India and her problems.



In the early part of this article I referred to the mistaken notion that Hindustani is best learnt through the medium of the Perso-Arabic or Devanagri scripts. The theory expressed is that while Latinization may be all very well for those who know the language already, it gravely complicates matters for those learning it for the first time. The reason given for this is that the student, if his own language is one written in the Latin character, will be inclined to give his own phonetic values to letters which are the same as those of his own tongue. This apparently formidable theory requires closer analysis before it can be accepted. It is generally admitted that similarities or differences among languages must be fixed rather by *sound* than by *sign*. That the French *ch* is pronounced like the English *sh*, and the German *ee*, *j* and *æ* like the English *ay*, *y* and *r* are merely a few illustrations among thousands of a very common linguistic phenomenon. Another common phenomenon is that one language may contain several sounds unknown to two or three others. Ignoring the finer nuances, it may be mentioned that French has no equivalent for the English *th*, *ch* and *j*; the Modern Greek cannot pronounce without difficulty *b*, *j*, *sh* or *ch*. English itself is very weak in gutturals. There is, therefore, nothing new or exceptional in the fact that oriental languages have certain sounds which do not occur in the languages with which we are most familiar. The Turkish phonetic Latin alphabet gives 28 symbols for all the sounds used in Turkish. Of these sounds only two, the nasal *g* and the hard *i* (written in Turkish as undotted *i*), are not found in English, French, German or Italian. Of the remaining 26 sounds, 24 are found in English and the other two, *ö* and *ü*, in German, and are very easily acquired. Without addition of the Persian letters *pe*, *chim*, *zhe* and *gaf* the Arabic alphabet can only express 20 of the Turkish sounds.

In Urdu a greater number of unusual sounds can be found. The Arabic sounds of *ghain* and *qaf* (still approximately pronounced in Urdu), the hard *t*, *d* and *r*, the hard and soft *th*, *dh* and the aspirated *k*, *p*, *g*, *b*, *j* and *ch* cannot be found in the more common European languages. Nor, with the exception of the first two, can they be found in Arabic, which also lacks *p* and *ch* and adequate means of expressing *o*, *ai*, *au*, *g* and nasal *n*. Indeed, easily to express all the sounds of Urdu in any known alphabet (Devanagri excepted) is a matter of extreme difficulty, and the solution of this difficulty which seems to appeal least to the imagination is the use of a character inseparably bound up

with a system of phonetics as foreign to Urdu as it is to the great majority of the world's languages. All that can be done with the Arabic alphabet to indicate the sounds which it lacks is to add new letters by means of dots, a device which can as easily be employed in the Latin alphabet. Aspiration is unknown in Arabic phonetics, whereas it is common in Aryan languages. Finally, the Arabic method of indicating vowels and diphthongs is totally inadequate to meet the demands of Urdu. To all this must be added the collateral difficulties of the initial, medial and final forms of the Arabic characters and the fact that they are written from right to left. As in Persian, a foreigner wishing to obtain a complete knowledge of written Urdu would have to learn the Arabic character to which literature is at present confined, but those whose wish or duty it is to learn the language colloquially and to read only Romanized Urdu would, it is my belief, do much better to study the language through the medium of a suitably modified Latin alphabet.

What, it may be asked, of the Sanscrit or Devanagiri character which has existed in India for countless centuries and is still widely used by Hindus all over the country? Is it suited for the writing of Urdu? The answer is that it is admirably suited. It represents what is probably the most perfect system of phonetics ever known. Besides expressing all the Aryan sounds of Persian and Hindi, it can exactly express all the Arabic vowel sounds and all the Arabic consonants (as sounded in Urdu) except *kha*, *fa*, *ghain*, *qaf* and the *z* sounds, and these are all easily expressed by under-dotting the Nagri aspirated *k*, *g* and *p* and the simple Nagri *k* and *j*.

Unfortunately, however, there are many serious objections to the universal application of the Nagri script to Urdu. The Arabic script was arbitrarily introduced during the despotic rule of the Moguls. The very suggestion that Indian Moslems should now write Urdu in Nagri would open up a whole range of problems even to visualize which is quite outside the scope of this article.

I shall not here give a list of books as I have done in previous articles. There are many grammars, dictionaries, reading books, manuals and books of idioms. The best advice available on this subject can be obtained from the Secretary to the Board of Examiners and I do not want to complicate his already difficult task by making suggestions with which he might disagree.

One word of advice on syntax. The key to Hindustani syntax is the adjectival use of the relative. When an Indian wants to say: "The letter which I wrote did not arrive," he never begins, like most Europeans: "Wuh chiṭṭhī . . ." It is always "Jo chiṭṭhī main ne likhī thī, wuh nahīn āyī."

## "A BLIND MAN SAT DOWN"

BY "ZARIF"

*"Ani chhur lam tál táh kashih dyuthus náh."*

*A blind man sat down behind a pile of stones and thought  
that nobody had seen him.*

—Kashmiri Proverb.

"He cannot be very far ahead of us now, Ram Lall."

Henderson halted at the top of the pass and sat on a rock to study the pineclad hills falling away below him. At the bottom of the valley, four thousand feet below, flowed the river Beas like a silver snake. To the left stood the gaunt line of the Chamba snows, cold, grim, forbidding; a jagged outline clear-cut against the brilliant blue of the sky. Above were a few vast fleecy clouds, immense tufts of cotton-wool dabbed on the blue blanket of Heaven. Vultures, minute specks at some immeasurable height, wheeled still-winged, keen-eyed, aloof from the earth.

"Hán, Huzoor!" The Dogra orderly smiled, a flash of teeth beneath a fierce black moustache. "Not so very far now. And when we find him—," he spat contemptuously, and quoted the native proverb, "he will be beheaded like the bitter end of a cucumber."

"Yes!" Henderson lit a cigarette slowly. "When we find him."

For five days Henderson and his orderly, with two coolies carrying their meagre baggage, had been travelling swiftly on the trail of Sher Ali Khan who had murdered Sir Urquhart M'Ilwraith, Inspector-General of Police. It was a dastardly outrage, as undeserved as it was cowardly. A wild figure darkening the doorway of the bungalow; a flash; a deafening report—and the fine old man had fallen forward over the polished table. Henderson, his assistant, who had been dining with him, had whipped out his revolver and fired. It was too late. The murderer had gone.

Sher Ali Khan fled to the hills from Lahore, and Henderson followed swiftly, determined to bring him to trial, and to avenge his chief. Past the Shalimar gardens at Moghalpura led the trail; down the Grand Trunk road where the Emperor Jehangir had ridden a splendidly caparisoned elephant between the ranks of

several hundred of his errant son's supporters, whom the Emperor had impaled on stakes, compelling the miserable Prince to ride beside him and tell him the names of the writhing victims. Past Amritsar, the site of whose Golden Temple was granted by Akbar to the fourth *Guru*. Up to Pathankot, the railhead at the foot of the Himalayas.

Here the trail switched right-handed into the Kangra Valley to the little village of Goler with two adjacent wells, a glass of water from one of which is said to weigh twice as much as a glass from the other. Up to Kangra Fort, "the Fort of the Ear," where the legendary Jalandhara, son of the Ganges by the Ocean, was struck prostrate by the jealous goddess Devi; he fell with his head in the Kangra Valley, his ear under the fort, his mouth at Jawalamukhi, his back at Jullundur, and his feet at Multan. On again past Jawalamukhi, where the marble temple on the hill has no idol, but enshrines a perpetual flame of iridescent gas, which, tradition says, the great Akbar tried to extinguish by building a conduit from a neighbouring spring into the temple. On and on led the trail, up the mountainside to the pass whence the track drops down to the village of Bagani.

While Henderson sat waiting for the panting coolies to reach the top of the pass, he took a police circular from his pocket. "*Sher Ali Khan, son of Gulab Khan.*" The photograph showed a Muslim with a thick, black beard, a strong, evil face; but otherwise there was nothing distinctive about him. The slightest disguise would make him unrecognisable from a thousand other Muslims; but, it was stated, he had a star-shaped mole on his left shoulder. Henderson grunted. It would be easy enough to identify the man once he was arrested, but it was impossible to examine the left shoulder of every Muslim in the foothills of the Himalayas. It was unlikely that Henderson would get a glimpse of that damning blemish until he had caught his man; and Sher Ali Khan was cunning.

Frowning thoughtfully, Henderson folded away the circular, pulled out a map, and examined the landscape in front of him. "That," he observed, pointing to a tiny collection of houses some five miles off, "must be Bagani; and, two miles further on, on top of that sugar-loaf peak on the far side of the river, should be Bhambla Rest House." Ram Lall nodded his head in agreement, and gazed at the spot through puckered eyelids. Henderson stood up and began the descent, following the narrow goat-track which twisted among the rocks, dropping steeply down to the

pine forest below. It was difficult country, but they had covered a steady thirty miles a day in their pursuit. Ram Lall's eyes flickered constantly over the countryside. He knew Sher Ali Khan to be a skilled shot, and he had no wish that either he or his Sahib should be "shot like a rabbit in a ride." Down they dropped to the warmer and more cultivated regions of terraced fields of wheat and rice, with hardy little cultivators squatting amid their crops performing mysterious rites with iron tools and pieces of gaudy rag. Down to the valley-bed, where they drew aside for a moment to watch some women worshipping Vasudeva-Krishna in the form of a *pipal* tree, pouring water on its trunk, walking round it a hundred and eight times in the course of the sun, and laying at its roots a copper coin, a Brahminical cord and sweetmeats. Ram Lall volunteered the prediction that it would be a new moon that night; it was only when the new moon fell on a Monday that this rite was performed. "Presently," he said, "an old woman will recite the tale of Satyavati, whose mother was a fish, and became, by Parasara the Rishi, mother of Vyasa who compiled the Vedas. But who wants to hear that tale again? These old women are full of tales. They try to make one believe in the *bis-cobra*, whose bite is fatal even to a man's shadow. And they say that the "Did-he-do-it" bird sleeps on its back with its legs in the air lest the heavens should fall upon it during the night." So they two went on together to the village of Bagani.

Here Henderson called another halt: there might be news. He went up to the raised stone platform which surrounded the largest tree in the village, the *thayri* where all the village gossip is to be heard while one rests in the shade. From this point of vantage every passer-by could be seen and engaged in conversation.

Henderson hoisted himself up and sat on the edge of the *thayri*. He lit a cigarette and smoked for some minutes in silence. Ram Lall cuffed a small boy and told him to call the *lambardar*. A collection of curious villagers gathered, standing round Henderson to stare unblinkingly, mouths agape.

Close-by, a sleepy-looking individual sat huddled in a dirty cotton sheet, pulling rhythmically at his *huqqa*, gazing straight before him. He was an oldish man, a Hindu, with a dirty shirt, ill-fitting cotton pantaloons and a small lace cap. His forehead was deeply lined with caste-marks. He looked as though he had not moved from his position for some hours. "Ho, brother!" said Henderson, "You look very wise and observant. Hast thou

seen a Muslim, a stranger, passing through this village, perhaps six hours gone?"

The man slowly removed the mouthpiece of the *huqqa* an inch from his lips, gazed uncomprehendingly at Henderson for a moment until he seemed to realise that he was being addressed. "Hán-jí?" Henderson patiently repeated his question. The man smiled toothlessly, and wagged a hand, palm foremost. "*Angrezi nahín jántá, Sáhib.*" Henderson assured him that he could well believe that, but that he had not been addressing him in English; he had used a most fluent vernacular.

On hearing the question for the third time, and after it had been repeated to him by several of the onlookers, the man thought for some time, spat reflectively, and shook his head. "Nahín, Huzoor!" "Think again, brother," said Henderson softly. The *huqqa* bubbled furiously. The man expelled a puff of acrid smoke, wiped his mouth on the back of a horny hand, and addressed himself to Ram Lall; the *Sáhib* obviously could not understand. "Nahín! All day have I sat on this *tharri*, but it is too high to see anyone."

Ram Lall snorted, and looked keenly at the man's bloodshot eyes. "Oh worthless son of a noseless mother!" he mocked, "it is not the height of the *tharri* which has made thee blind, but the depth of the *tharri* (strong liquour) which thou hast drunk!" The ripple of laughter from the villagers which met this sally was interrupted by the arrival of the headman, who came bowing and scraping in an agony of apprehension. The arrival of a Police *Sáhib* in the village must surely mean trouble. Could it be that the Police had heard about his very natural confiscation of Masti Lalita's savings, or—but what was the *Sáhib* saying? A Muslim *badmásh*, passing through the village? He broke into voluble speech. "Oh, but yes! It must have been just before midday that the pig of an outcaste had passed through the village and showered curses upon us. He answered none of our enquiries.

When we offered him food and rest—not knowing who he was, of course—he spat upon us and went his way. After he had passed, I said to my wife's cousin's son "Surely that is an evil rascal." Had I but known that your Honour wanted him, I would without doubt have detained him."

"Without doubt!" agreed Henderson, heaving himself off the *tharri* to put an end to the chatter of this garrulous old man.

Calling to his coolies to follow, he strode out of the village, crossed the river by the crazy wooden pile-bridge which was swept

away every year by the spate, and began the steep ascent to the Rest House on the sugar loaf peak. His path was cut into the face of an almost sheer cliff. Half way up the track, he noticed, lying in his path, a piece of paper wrapped about a stone. Picking it up, he smoothed out the paper. It was a copy of the very Police circular which he had in his own pocket. On it was written a message in the vernacular: "*Let not the will of courage be muddled with the stick of foolhardiness. Go back, Sher Ali Khan.*"

"Our friend seems to be finding the pace a little too hot for him," thought Henderson. This message, combined with the news which the *lambaridar* of Bagani had provided, showed that the man was somewhere near. It remained now but to find him. Henderson did not mind whether he caught him dead or alive, but he was determined to have the man's body, and he would search unceasingly until he found him. He continued his climb up the steep path, and arrived at the little plateau on the top where the small Rest House had been built. The bungalow was locked, and there was no sign of life anywhere. "Go and call the *chowkidar*, Ram Lall," said Henderson, as he sat wearily down on the stone verandah, his legs dangling over the edge. He pulled out his notecase and examined a list of all the *chowkidars* of the various Rest Houses in the district.

Then he gave himself up to the contemplation of the landscape. The sun, a great crimson globe, was sinking down behind the majestic hills in a blaze of glory. The shadows of the evening had lengthened, making the green tones of the pine forest even richer than before. It was very lovely, very peaceful.

A soft step behind him brought Henderson to his feet.

There stood the *chowkidar*, a middle-aged Hindu of sturdy aspect. "Hullo, *chowkidar*!" said Henderson cheerfully. "Can I spend the night here? Good!" He pulled the list from his notebook and consulted it. "Let me see . . . Bhambla Rest House. . . I suppose you are *chowkidar* Shib Ram?" "Huzoor!" The *chowkidar* made a deep *salam*. "Well, Shib Ram it's a grand spot here. Open the bungalow for me, will you, and let my coolies dump my kit inside. I've got all my food with me, so I shan't want anything except a lamp. I've got to go on again early to-morrow morning, so I want to get *dossed* down to-night as soon as I can. By the way, I suppose you haven't seen an unpleasant-looking Muslim *badmash* round here

to-day, have you? He's got a penchant for committing particularly foul murders." The *chowkidar* shook his head, and assured Henderson that no one had been to the Rest House for nearly three months. "Yes," thought Henderson, "and you've been asleep all day, I'll bet!" "Well, never mind," he added aloud, "Get me that lamp, will you, and get the bungalow opened up."

Henderson sat down again on the verandah, watching the last passionate glories of the sunset. There was a tall mountain ash growing beside the Rest House, a blaze of vermilion blossom which the richness of the evening glow warmed into flame. Henderson, gazing at this tree, marvelled at the beauty of it. It was perfect; almost too perfect to be real. Suddenly he cocked his head on one side and listened. There was a rushing sound, the sound which teal make coming down to the water, the sound which a shell makes as it tears through the air. The next instant a vulture alighted awkwardly in the tree and folded up its wings. It cocked an eye at Henderson, and then gazed away over the roof of the bungalow. It was very early for vultures to come down to roost, thought Henderson; and anyhow, did they come down as low as this at this time of the year? He walked out of the verandah, and stood staring up into the sky.

A fat yellow planet winked slowly at him; was it Venus, or Saturn?—he could never tell. Another vulture joined the first; then two more came, alighting directly onto the roof, and walked out into the middle of it, out of sight.

He could hear their talons scratching on the corrugated iron as they walked with that peculiar stiff-legged hopping gait. "Odd!", he thought.

He went back into the bungalow, where Ram Lall was arranging his luggage. The *chowkidar* came in, bearing a bundle of firewood and tinder which he thrust into the hearth and kindled with much puffing and blowing. The first feeble flicker soon gained courage, and presently there was a roaring blaze of sweet-smelling pine-logs, making the whole room more cheerful. "That's better," said Henderson, pulling a long cane chair nearer to the fire, and settling himself down comfortably.

'Does the Sahib want anything more?' asked the *chowkidar*.

"Nothing, thanks very much, said Henderson, giving him a wave of dismissal. The *chowkidar* salaamed and turned to go.

"Oh, Shib Ram!" said Henderson, "Sher Ali Khan..." The *chowkidar* stopped with his hand on the door and looked back.



"... Sher Ali Khan is the name of the man I was telling you about. Let me know if you hear anything about him to-night. That's all. Good night!" The *chowkidar* salaamed again, and shuffled out of the room.

Presently Henderson got up, told Ram Lall to go to bed and to call him at six the next morning. Then he sat down to supper.

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Ram Lall sat down in the *chowkidar's* hut.

"Ho, *chowkidar*!" said he, in his loftiest tone. "Fetch me some wood, some water, some flour and butter instantly."

The *chowkidar* glared at him. The insufferable insolence of these underlings! The obsequious manner which he had used before the Sahib was gone. "Fill your belly with what you can, Loady! I give you nothing!"

Ram Lall stared in astonishment. Was that the way to speak to a foot constable? He budled. "Do as I order at once!"

The *chowkidar* walked over to Ram Lall and stood in front of him, his face close to the other's. "Understand this, policeman! I am not *your* servant to be ordered about by any dog of an un . . ." He checked himself suddenly as Ram Lall's hand closed over the butt of his pistol. "I go to get thee food," he said in a voice which was dull and toneless. "One cannot rebel against such tyranny as this." He bent his head and left the hut.

Ram Lall, very satisfied with the obvious impression his high-handed manner had made, squatted on his hunkers and lit a cigarette. Lifting his *pagri* carefully off his head, he hung it on a nail, unbuckled his belt, and prepared to enjoy himself. The *chowkidar* returned, bringing food, which he put on the floor at a little distance from the orderly.

"The price of these things is annas three, policeman. Pay me the reckoning, and I give thee the food."

Ram Lall chuckled, rose to his feet and picked up the food himself. "Let the sum be added to my Sahib's bill. He is rich." He laughed carelessly. The *chowkidar's* eyes narrowed. He retired to his corner of the hut, where he lay down on his charpoy and rolled himself up in a blanket.

Ram Lall busied himself with his cooking, and in a short time he had made himself a steaming *chappatti*, which he stuffed into his mouth in great handfuls.

"Ho, brother," he said more graciously, when his stomach was filled, "from what country dost thou come?"

The chowkidar grunted. He was clearly resenting the former high-handed manner of the orderly.

"Dost thou come from Gurdaspur?" persisted the constable.

"Nahin. I have been to those parts, but the water is bad and I do not like the heat," grumbled the other at last.

"My brother's wife's father comes from Gurdaspur," prattled the policeman, lighting another cigarette from a glowing ember of wood and breathing in a strong mixture of smoke and air. "I went up there once; but it was a poor country. Where is your village?"

There was no reply. The *chowkidar* was lying on his bed, staring at nothing. "Ho brother! I asked thee where is thy village?"

"I come from Goler way," growled the man.

"Ah, I know not Goler. But I went once to the fair at Narihana in the course of my official duties, and I believe Narihana is very close to Goler."

There was a short silence.

"There is a very good temple at Narihana," continued Ram Lall presently, "a temple to Shivaji. Knowest thou the pundit there, one Pír Jaimal Nath?"

The *chowkidar* grunted. "Without doubt. It was he who invested me with the *janeo* (sacred thread)." He laughed shortly. "Yes, he gave me the *janeo*." He chuckled away to himself.

Ram Lall washed his hands ceremoniously in a pannikin of water, muttered a prayer to Shiva, and rolled himself up in his blankets. "Ah, Pír Jaimal Nath is a good man," he continued. "So he performed the *upanyana* for you, did he?"

The *chowkidar* grunted. "Peace to all this chatter. The night was made for sleep." He turned out the lantern.

Ram Lall rolled over in his blankets so that he faced the other man; but the hut was so dark that he could only just see his outline. He began to breathe heavily; but he did not sleep, for just then Ram Lall was thinking harder than he had ever thought before. "Now all this is very strange talk," he said to himself. "Here is a man who says that he comes from Goler. He also agrees that the Pundit of Narihana is Pír Jaimal Nath, and that this pundit had invested him with the *janeo*. But Pír Jaimal Nath is my own *parohit*, whose name I merely gave to test him. *Brahmchári* Kirroo, my wife's uncle, is Pundit of Narihana since the last forty-three years. Now how can this thing be?"

He lay there, turning this problem over in his mind.

"What was it the man said to me in his anger? What was it that he said when I very rightly ordered him to get me some food?"

Surely he said, 'Understand this, policeman, I am not *your* servant to be ordered about by any dog of an un...!' Now what was that word he was going to say? Could it—could it have been 'Unbeliever'?"

Ram Lall's brain stretched almost to cracking point. Could it be that Shib Ram was not a Hindu at all, *but a Mohamedan?*

But this must be nonsense. He had said that he had undergone the ceremony of the *upanyana*, and no Mohamedan would know of that. But *had* he said so? No, he said that he had been invested with the *janco*, which every Mahomedan knew about. It was he, Ram Lall, who had mentioned the *upanyana*, and the man had made no satisfactory reply.

"Policeman?"

What was that? Had the *chowkidar* whispered to him? Or was his imagination playing tricks? Where was his police training?

He must breathe, breathe, breathe regularly.

"Policeman!" There it was again. So the *man* had called!

Well, he would not answer. He would watch. And he would pretend to be asleep. He must breathe, breathe, breathe regularly.

Ram Lall strained his eyes to watch. Although his breath came with the slow rhythm of a sleeping man, his heart was pounding madly against his ribs.

A shadow slipped out of the door. The man had gone.

Quickly the orderly rose to his feet, flitted silently through the doorway, and paused outside, uncertain which way the man had gone. With every nerve strained he listened, but he could hear nothing save a lone dog barking down in the valley. The new moon, the merest slip of silver in a pitch-black sky, had already sunk very low. The night was absolutely dark save for the pale pin-points of early starlight.

There! Surely a shadow had moved! Away up towards the bungalow! What did that man want up there at this time of night? The house was in darkness. Henderson Sahib was asleep. Ram Lall decided that he must go up there at once to investigate. That man was up to no good.

Keeping in the deeper shadows, pausing every few paces to listen, the orderly crept along the path. His heart was pounding

loudly; his breath coming in such snatches that his ears buzzed when he swallowed. Desperately he fought to listen.

What was that in the doorway of Henderson Sahib's room?

Was it a man? Ram Lall stared and stared. Could he see a vague suggestion of a man's outline in the doorway, or was his imagination mocking him?

And then his heart missed a beat; the back of his mouth arched and became suddenly dry. He had seen a glint, just the merest moving glint for a fraction of a second. The man *was* standing in the doorway of Henderson Sahib's room. And Henderson Sahib was asleep. The man's heavy revolver crashed in the night, shattering the silence.

Ram Lall rushed forward as the man came running swiftly away from the house. Instinctively Ram Lall put out his foot. The man tripped, and fell heavily, the revolver flying out of his hand to skid away in the bushes. The orderly flung himself on the prostrate figure, and tried to grapple with him. But the man was too strong. In a trice he had twisted out of the orderly's grasp, and was gripping him round the throat, choking him, throttling him. Ram Lall wrenched his head away, and yelled with all his might. "Sahib! Sahib!!!" And then, in an agony of despair, he remembered that his Sahib had been murdered, and that he was now all alone at the mercy of this same murderer.

A dark figure dropped down from the roof of the verandah and ran towards them. There was a click, and the man was securely handcuffed.

"Bring him into the house," said Henderson brushing the dust off his coat. Gasping, Ram Lall kicked the figure to its feet, and dragged it into the room.

"And now let's see what we've caught," said Henderson, lighting the lamp, and turning to look at his captive.

"Ah! Our friend the *chowkidar*!" Henderson strode up to him, seized the man's shirt and ripped it back from the left shoulder.

There, on the brown skin, was a livid star-shaped mole.

\* \* \* \*

"Yes, it was the vultures who began it," said Henderson, reclining in a long chair at Headquarters some days later. "I couldn't think what they were up to on that roof, so I went up to have a look. There I found the newly murdered body of the real *chowkidar*, poor old Shib Ram. He had been shot through the head, and his clothes had been taken away, leaving him a stark

corpse for the vultures to dispose of. Then I recollected that the man who had claimed to be the *chowkidar* had got a blotchy complexion, just such a one as a man has after he has shaved off a thick beard. And then I remembered that when I had addressed him as Shub Ram he had not seemed to hear; but when I called the name "Sher Ali Khan" he jumped as though he had been stung. It was a clever idea, murdering the *chowkidar*, taking his clothes and impersonating him. Who would expect a Muslim to impersonate a Hindu? He'd have probably got away with it if he had not been in such a hurry. And so he was like the man in the proverb, "A blind man sat down." But the vultures saw him. It was certainly lucky for me that I happened to be up on the roof when the blighter shot at my rolled up valise on the bed—drilled it clean through. He always was a fine shot. I should probably have had another long chase after him if my orderly hadn't been there to trip him up.

I still cannot quite understand how Ram Lall came to be in just the right spot at the right moment. He's pretty thick in the head as a rule, but I've put him in for a medal for this."

## CAIRO CONVERSATION

BY "ZAMALEK"

The stone-flagged terrace between the Continental Hotel and the street was dotted with chairs and small tables. Most of them were occupied by parties of officers, with some of whom there were nursing sisters in their grey uniforms. Here and there sat parties of civilians; they might have been of almost any nationality but English—and probably were. In the street below passed the usual unending crowd of Egyptian men and women. Many of the latter still wore the veil, which might have been invented by Norman Hartnell, for it hides their ugly noses and over-large mouths and lets only their eyes be seen; their eyes are sometimes pretty. In this crowd was a number of khaki-clad soldiers from all parts of the Empire, wearing serge or battle-dress. A few were sun-burnt deeper than brown, and these had come in from the desert. They were fit—and more than fit, hard—because of the climate and conditions of the desert. Some were pale and looked weary; they worked in military offices which had once been flats inhabited by the professional classes. The offices did not all work in the afternoon, so at this hour they too were able to see the sun for three or four hours.

At a table in a corner five officers sat and talked. Four were burnt brown, the fifth looked like the sub-stone slugs that gardeners meet when they dig new soil. He wore an arm-band and had ink on his fingers. His trade was as apparent as those of his companions.

"I wish I was allowed to waste my youth driving a 'waddling fortress' or whatever you call your vehicle, into enemy camps." He spoke to one who held a beret on his knee. "It is a job that requires nothing but infinite patience and belief in the English manufacturer, and in both I excel."

"I realise that you're paid to reduce everything to its lowest terms, chiefly so that you can then understand it, but actually in this case you're not very far wrong."

The beret-holder thought for a moment. "We are much more skilled at the mechanics of our business than you could appreciate, but beyond that we're dependent on three things: the man who chooses our road into the enemy's camp, as you call it; the sapper who clears that road, and the infantrymen who follow

behind, or wherever they do follow. I reckon they come in about that order of importance too. The road in must be the least obstructed and the least expected, which is rather hard to spot sometimes though it is easier if they have tanks, as then they must have a road out for them, which, of course, is a road in for us if it can be found. The sappers who clear the road are the objects of my deepest veneration." One of the party bowed and smiled. "Oh, I didn't see you were here, still the others of your crowd are really quite good." He who had bowed took up the tale: "It is the worst job I know, going out before breakfast—long before too, which I hate—and behaving like a poacher surrounded by game keepers, trying to find mines which don't hurt me personally amongst a lot of other mines which were invented solely to destroy me. In addition to all that I have to keep looking up to see that no one is stalking me through the night with a Bowie knife. I won't do it again unless I have an infantry escort, and even then I'd have to buy them some rubber shoes to keep them quiet."

"You forget that we're the Queen of the Battlefield" (the infantryman didn't look like one). "I know we are because I read it somewhere, though I can't remember where. You wouldn't expect a queen to go through the stealthy night felonies you're describing. We do our work openly and unashamed; we have to for the sake of history." He changed his tone: "As a matter of fact we're getting on, and I see signs of murderous work at night coming in quicker than it did in the last war. My C.O. even encouraged night training in peace time and wasn't thought very "gauche" on that account. I believe that in quite a short time we could produce some quite useful guardians for you during your horrid work; but it would need a lot of training to get most of our men to work quite so gingerly at night. Also you'd probably touch off all your destructive works before we got clear, so that we'd get caught when everything opened up. But everyone regards us as an expendable store instead of the queen I read about." He sighed.

The last member of the quintet looked at the infantryman: "I don't regard you as an expendable store, in fact I've recently taken great trouble blowing a way for you into several enemy towns. Each time it was exactly like practice camp except that there were no safety precautions and I didn't have to stop as soon as I'd got on to the target. It's been a gunner's paradise so far to me and mine. In fact I've only met one man who seemed to

enjoy it more. He was an infantry soldier—shot through the hand—which hurts. He had obviously not slept, shaved or washed, for some time. He was sitting in a ditch with a certain amount of stuff going off all round him. I said, in the hope of cheering him up a bit, 'Its a pretty awful war, isn't it?' He smiled all over his face and said 'Yessir, but it's better than no war at all.' So I'd hate to think of him as expendable. But I was telling you about practice camp. . . ." The pale and ink-stained officer turned quickly to the sapper. "Your third factor—the infantry who go with you—well?" "Well, they vary," he said. "What we want is men who are devilish quick to follow and take over or help. We can't talk to them once we're on the move, and in any case they're usually too far behind, but you'd think it was pretty simple reasoning to reckon that if we stop or turn out of our course then we want something done. Now some infantry are wonderfully quick to come up and help, and others will wait till we've worked it all out for them. After all they've got carriers that can keep some sort of touch between us and their naked bodies behind. We don't expect them to go ahead of us, but if we have to change course to avoid something, we don't want to have to wait about whilst they decide to take over as far as we've gone. Then if we run into some unforeseen obstruction they can only help if they are there. It's flattering, of course, to be regarded as capable of doing everything unaided, which is what some of them do, but it's not the right view to take."

"I won't quarrel with that," said the infantryman, "but I think some of you are apt to get a wrong picture of what's going on outside your box. In fact I heard that several of your men have opened up because they thought it was all over bar the cheering, and then found that they've let in quite a little shower of bullets. There's so much British industry between you and the outside world that you're apt to become a bit detached from the facts of life."

The pale and inky officer pulled up his arm-band, a gesture that meant that he was going to say that he'd got to go back to work, but the former forestalled him.

"Back to it!" he said. The others laughed and went off—to get down to it, leisure and "coffee-housing" forgotten.



## BURMESE DAYS

BY OFFICER CADET NO. 209—J. M. GRANT

From 1935 to 1939 I had the good fortune to be stationed in Burma. I call it "good fortune" advisedly, as the country and people are among the most fascinating I have ever seen. My work took me over the entire country at frequent intervals, and brought me into contact with all types; and, as the Burman is invariably happy to tell the enquiring European all about the customs of the country, I was thus enabled to gather a considerable amount of information about peoples, manners and religion.

Though geographical descriptions are apt to be tedious, I might just mention that the country—until three years ago, incidentally, not a country at all, but a province of India—is some 1,300 miles long from north to south and about 600 miles wide at its broadest part. This represents an area considerably greater than that of France—before the war, of course. The frontiers of the country are Tibet and Assam in the north, Yunnan and Siam in the east, Malaya in the south, and the Bay of Bengal in the west. You will readily appreciate, therefore, that a country of this considerable extent will be exceedingly diverse in character—and so it is. In Upper Burma there are great dry zones of stunted scrub, wet zones of thick jungle, cultivated plains and slopes and, in the extreme north, a wilderness of frontier hills. Lower Burma consists largely of the rich, flat valley of the Irrawaddy, heavily cultivated; with the Delta, flat as a billiard table as far as the eye can see, and with a labyrinth of channels, which used to make me wonder how on earth the launches and steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company found their way about at all. As we go further south we find thickly wooded hills stretching Eastwards to Siam, and off the western seaboard, there are the thousand-and-one islands of the Merqui Archipelago. A leisurely sail through these in the little steamer which plies between Merqui and Rangoon is an experience one does not readily forget.

The peoples, too, are as diverse as the country, although they are all markedly Mongolian in type; and an ethnologist travelling from the Talaings in the South, through the Burmese of the middle country to the Karens, Shans, Chins, Kachins, Was, Arakanese and a dozen others, would find sufficient material for study

to last a few lifetimes. But over all this diversity there is an atmosphere which has an irresistible appeal for anyone who has ever been in Burma! An atmosphere of gaiety, of kindly tolerance, of hospitality, and, above all, of colour. For the Burmese—and by the term I now include all the races of the country—are essentially a colourful people. The imagery—I might almost say the fantasy—of their customs and legend, are reflected in their daily round, even in their dress, and nowhere will you find a more likeably colourful scene than at a Burma festival, however small and unimportant. To anyone going to Burma from India it is specially striking, for gone is the universal white of Indian clothing, to be replaced by all the colours of the spectrum. The bright yellow robes of the priests mingling with the crowd of gay loongyis (or skirts) worn by both sexes, make a constantly shifting kaleidoscope of colour which is in complete harmony with the gold of the pagodas, the intricate gilt carvings of the many-roofed buildings, and the brilliant reds and yellows of the flowering trees.

I have mentioned the imagery, the thread of fantasy which runs through Burmese life and customs, and nowhere is this better to be seen than in their religion. Although the Burman is nominally a Buddhist, there is even to-day a very strong strain of animism or spirit-worship closely interwoven with the "official" religion of the country. The number of these spirits or *Nats* as they are called is legion. There are the *Nat* brothers Shwe Byin Gyi and Shwe Byin Ngi, who are the most powerful of the spirits; there is the child *Nat* Ma Nemi who lives in the cradles of babies and makes them laugh; there is the Yin Gyi who was stolen away by nymphs because of his exquisite playing of the harp; there is Maung Tint De, the blacksmith of Tagaung: and about thirty others who are universally known and venerated all over the country. In addition, there are hundreds of lesser *Nats*, each with some particular fame in his own locality, for when anyone dies who has been celebrated during life, he generally becomes a *Nat* and his shade is venerated accordingly. There is one *Nat* to be found in the Southern Shan States, unique for the reason that he is an Englishman—or rather the departed spirit of one! This is a Mr. J. C. Greer of the I.C.S., who was so much liked and respected by the Shans during his life that on his death in 1915 they built a statue of him, and to-day he is one of the leading *Nats* in his district. I do not think his fame extends to other parts of the country, as I have only heard of him in the S.S.S.

The *Nats* I have mentioned are all of the fairly benevolent variety, but there are others which require to be very frequently propitiated if ill luck is to be avoided. There is one in particular who is very fond of giving his victims a stomach-ache, and he must be very carefully propitiated. Indeed, the propitiation of the various unfriendly *Nats* is a daily affair with the unsophisticated villager, while his attendance at the pagoda is only a weekly one, or, rather like ourselves, even less often.

Another respect in which the imaginative nature of the Burman is apparent is in the place names of the country, many of which are very intriguing to the European. For instance, Hanthawaddy—"The district of the duck;" Shwe Nyaung Bin—"The Golden Banyan Tree Town;" Wa Sein Taung—"Green Bamboo Hill Town;" Myitkya na—"Near the Big River Town;" Yen ang yaung—"Smelly water creek." Yen ang yaung is of course the main oil field of the Butmah Oil Co., but long before they came on the scene the Burmese were collecting the oil by means of crude shafts dug in the ground, and even before that by skimming it off the surface of pools where it exuded from outcroppings. One could go on mentioning these names by the score, for almost every place name in Burma has its meaning, but I shall mention only two more. First Rangoon itself, which is really a corruption of the two Burmese words "Yangon" meaning "the end of the war." It was christened in 1755 by King Alaungpaya, who was rather pleased with himself at having driven the Talaungs into South Burma where they are to this day. Actually, it was by no means "the end of the war" as far as Rangoon was concerned, as some seventy years later there was very bloody fighting in the first Burmese War. And the last place-name I propose to mention is one which has never failed to amuse one. This is Pyin-mana, a thriving town in Upper Burma. The name means "Lazy people don't stay here!" I must say that on arriving there to stir up a sub-agent of my former employers, I was rather struck by the singular inappropriateness of the name.

As well as place-names, various times of the day have been rather originally christened. There is the time just before the dawn "when there is light enough to see the veins in the hand." Although of course the ordinary times of the day are used in the towns, even to-day in the country districts an hour of the day is indicated by a phrase giving some vague approximation only; such as "monks' begging time," about six or seven in the morning; "monks' returning time," about eight. "Sky-closing time," about

six P.M.; "brothers don't know each other time," just after dark; "lads go courting time," about 9 P.M., and "heads laying down time" about 10 P.M. in the country. It seems difficult to believe that phrases of the kind are actually used to-day, but such is the case. Burma of the country districts is a country singularly untouched by what we are pleased to call the march of progress. Duration of time, too, is measured in this manner. Thus "the length of a betel-chew" denotes about ten minutes, "The boiling of a pot of rice" about twenty minutes; so that if one is told that a certain event will take place in about "two pot-boils and a betel-chew" it does not require any great effort of mental arithmetic to work out the time. Measures of distance show this picturesque phraseology. Thus the phrase "a stone's throw" is as familiar to the Burman as to the Englishman; "the sound of a shot" indicated about half a mile, and rather a complicated one is "morning meals distance," i.e., as far as a man could walk between sunrise and breakfast time, say about six miles. So when any one asks what time you get up in Belgaum, tell him "when there is light enough to see the veins in the hand." If he has ever lived in Burma, he will understand!

It is rather interesting to follow the daily round of a Burman, and we might begin by taking an imaginary character whom we will christen "Maung Sein." Let us look first at his name itself. There is no such thing as a surname in Burma, and every male Burman is "Maung" something, the feminine equivalent being "Ma." The names actually used are comparatively few, and one sees, for example, in the *Burma Gazette* that some official who is designated as Maung Sein (35) has been transferred from Mandalay to Rangoon. The "35" does not refer to his age, but means that there are 34 other officials all called Maung Sein! Thus you might quite easily have, say, the D.C., the D.S.P. and four or five of their subordinates in the same station all called Mg. Sein, which must make official correspondence a trifle difficult at times. However, let us take our mythical Mg. Sein and consider him as a typical Burmese up-country youngster of quite poor-class parentage. He is of school age, but, unlike his Indian counter-part, he really does go to school. The Buddhist monks, as part of their religious duties, act as teachers, with the result that the standard of literacy in Burma is unusually high for the East. It is, as a matter of fact, 80 per cent., in sharp contrast to India, which, I think—although I am not quite sure of my figure here—is about 30 per cent. literate. Well, our young friend re-

ceives a good solid grounding in the Buddhist scriptures, and he learns to read and write, so that by the age of eight or nine he has received quite a decent primary education. Lots of the poorer class lads stop here of course, but the art of writing, once learned, is one that is not easily forgotten and, as for his reading, there are all the innumerable books of Buddhist lore and tales of the *Nats* and the heroes of olden days at his disposal without any charge whatsoever. If he stays on in school, as he is perfectly free to do, he receives a somewhat meagre grounding in arithmetic and secular learning generally, but always the bulk of the instruction in the monastery school is, of course, religious. We will suppose, however, that he has attended school for the minimum period necessary to learn to read and write, and that he has now gone back to help his father tend whatever patch of land he has. His work in the fields will never be strenuous, for no Burman will work any harder than is necessary to feed his family and leave a little over for a new *loongyi* and something to gamble with at the next festival. It is because of this attitude of his that we find most of the paddy land owned by Indians and worked by Indian labour. The Burman takes rather a poor view of this, but is much too lazy to do very much about it! Our young friend, then, has plenty of leisure and, as he is now growing up, he begins to think of becoming one of the lads of the village and particularly of making himself attractive to young Ma Shume Chi down the road. To this end he must get himself extensively tattooed, and, although this custom is not much observed in the town nowadays, it is still carried on extensively in the districts. The Burmese tattooing is none of your simple affairs of an anchor on the forearm, but a most elaborate effort indeed. When finished, the whole body from the waist to below the knees is a mass of intricate figures, the effect being rather that of a pair of skin-tight pants. In some parts of the Shan States, the tattooing is even more extensive and I have actually seen a Shan tattooed from neck to ankle—a somewhat unusual and intriguing sight.

He will pick out the girl of his choice and the courtship will run on lines more European than Oriental, for according to the Buddhist Law there are three ways in which a marriage may be brought about: When the parents of the couple give them to one another; when they meet through the good offices of a go-between; and when they arrange the matter between themselves. So there is little excuse for incompatibility in a Burmese marriage. The three sections seem to cover all possibilities. The

actual marriage ceremony is very simple and is purely secular. In fact, the celibate priests would be scandalised if asked to take any part in it. In most cases the mere presence of the marriage parties is enough to make the union "official," though nowadays some sort of simple ceremony is generally performed by the village headman. Polygamy is recognised and permitted, but is seldom practised now. Divorce is easy, and highly practical. For instance, the wife may obtain a divorce if the husband is poor and unable to support her; if he is always ailing; if he refuses to work, or if he cannot carry out his marital duties for any reason. And a man may divorce his wife if she has no male children, if she has no love for her husband, or if she persists in some course of action of which he disapproves. One would think that with divorce so easy it would be a frequent occurrence, but actually it is remarkably infrequent. In my opinion Burmese law on divorce is a deal more sensible than our own, and certainly seems to work well.

To return to our friends, Mg. Sein and Ma Shwe Chi. Their domestic life is simple. Their little patch of paddy supplies their needs. There is seldom any occasion for either to exert themselves unduly, and never any occasion for them to worry about the future. Their greatest excitement is a jolting journey in a ramshackle bus to some pagoda festival, their greatest ambition to see the village boat successful at the Tha-ding-gyut races, or the champion fighting cock defeat all comers. And so an uneventful life drifts along. Our couple will care nothing for the European assertion that they lead a lazy, aimless life. They have enough to live on, and the writings of all their philosophies say that wealth only brings new cares. Who shall say they are wrong?

I have tried to give you some slight idea of the Burmese character and probably the chief impression you have got is that it is singularly deficient in the martial qualities. At the same time, the Burmese Army before and up to the time of the British annexation of Burma had many a campaign against the Chinese, Arakanese, Shans, Talaungs, etc., and despite a marked lack of discipline and bad leadership gave many a good account of itself. What it was capable of under good leadership I shall presently try to show, but first, by way of contrast, let me quote from a contemporary account of a review of the Burmese Army at the time of King Thebaw in the 1880's. The troops mustered at an early hour between the inner and outer stockades of the Palace at Mandalay. They fell in in a vague formation of fours, and talk-

ing, smoking and chewing betel went on *ad lib!* The Commander-in-Chief and other officers meanwhile assembled in the inner court and after some three or four hours waiting the King appeared on his balcony and "inspected" his forces for about three minutes through a field glass, the forces being then in the somewhat unmilitary position of grovelling on their stomachs! This over, the officers mounted their elephants, the N.C.O.'s said "He!" and the men started off in some sort of a procession. The various officers wore whatever uniform took their fancy and all were either smoking or chewing betel. Behind the C.-in-C. came his umbrella bearers. Then came the minor officers on ponies, each with a sunshade borne over his head and a score or two of spearmen on the flank. Mingled with the spearmen was a motley crowd of cheroot bearers, spittoon carriers, betel box holders and similar functionaries. At last, bringing up the rear came the actual fighting men. It was just possible to make out that they were marching in a column. They were extremely gorgeous chaps. All had red tunics with facings of yellow, green, blue, etc., but their trousers were very various. Some would be blue with a broad yellow stripe down the side—or, occasionally, for variety, down the front or back. Others blue and green, yellow and brown and so on *ad nauseam*. All had helmets with spikes but, as it is difficult to wear a helmet on the top of a "bun" of long hair, the helmets were as often as not carried on the end of their muskets. You will say—and you would be right—that such a rabble would not stand for a moment against a trained army. Nor was the Second Burmese War, which resulted in the annexation of Upper Burma, a very bloody affair. But there is, as I have mentioned, another side to the picture. In the first Burmese War, not so many years previously, the Burmese Army occasioned considerable loss to our forces and, indeed, under their leader, Bandula, isolated and immobilized the British Force around the Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon for no less than 10 months, during which time conditions became so bad for our troops that no less than 45 per cent. died of disease, the total British losses in the first Burmese War being 72 per cent. of all troops engaged.

To illustrate what the Burmese Army could do under a really capable leader, let me again quote a contemporary account of the investment of the British troops around the Shwe Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon. I quote from the actual account of Major Snodgrass, Military Secretary to the Expedition: "On the 1st of December," he says (this was in 1824), "we found ourselves completely

surrounded. . . . The line of circumvallation obviously extended a very considerable distance . . . . and as far as celerity, order and regularity are concerned, the style in which the different corps took up their stations in the line reflected much credit on the Burmese Commander. When this singular and presumptuous formation was completed, the soldiers of the left columns laying aside their spears and muskets, commenced operations with their entrenching tools with such activity and goodwill, that in the course of a couple of hours their line had wholly disappeared, and could only be traced by a parapet of new earth, gradually increasing in height. The moving masses had sunk into the ground; and by one who had not witnessed the whole scene, the existence of these subterranean legions would not have been credited—and to us who watched it seemed the work of magic and enchantment.” And that is how the work of a Burmese Army impressed, not an imaginative writer, but a hard-headed soldier. Writing later, Major Snodgrass says: “The trenches were found to be a succession of holes capable of containing two men each, and excavated so as to afford shelter both from the weather and from fire: even a shell lighting in the trench could at most kill but two men. As it is not the Burmese system to relieve their troops in these approaches, each hole contained supplies of rice, water, and even fuel for its two inmates: and under the excavated bank a bed of straw or brushwood was prepared, in order that one man could sleep while his comrade watched. When one line of trench is completed, its occupiers, taking advantage of the night, push forward to where the second is to be opened, their place being immediately taken by fresh troops from the rear.”

All this savours much more of 1914-18 than of 1825. The Burmese attacks continued fiercely for a week, and use was made of fire rafts two hundred feet long containing earthenware jars of petroleum and earth-oil which were floated down among the men-o’war at anchor in the river. One cruiser was severely damaged by this means. At length, however, fierce British counter-attacks were successful in breaking the Burmese line and Bandula withdrew to Donabyn on the Delta, where he had previously provided a fortified position and reinforcements. When the population of Rangoon began to filter back, he managed to introduce his own agents, who succeeded, on December 12th, in burning down half the town, the magazine only being saved by luck. (Note the 5th-column touch here.) The British forces were in no state to march against Donabyn for a further two months and they



then set out painfully, covering only about five miles a day. The bombardment of Donabyn began on April 1st and, unfortunately for the Burmese, Bandula was killed by a stray shot. His army could be induced to serve under no other General, and in the night they melted away—a complete illustration of the value of leadership in an Oriental Army.

I hope I have shown by these illustrations and quotations that the Burman could fight fiercely under a leader he knew and trusted. The same holds good to-day. A Company of Burma Sappers and Miners did well on the Tigris during the Great War and four battalions of the 70th Burma Rifles served in Egypt, Mesopotamia and India.

When I left Burma in 1939 the Burma Rifles were in an extremely efficient state, being composed chiefly of the various indigenous tribes *plus* the low country Burmans themselves. The low-country Burman excels in anything mechanical and makes an excellent bomber, machine-gunner or signaller. Burmese battalions will, I am sure, give a good account of themselves if called upon in the present war.

I hope I have succeeded in giving you some idea of the Burman: irresponsible, yes, but a very lovable type; cheery and of a remarkably set purpose when he is at a congenial task; not easily driven, but easily led. I have heard the Burman described as the Irishman of the East, and there would seem to be a good deal of truth in the description. He is at any rate fiercely proud of being a Burman. So we can perhaps appreciate his feelings when we hear him say with immense conviction, "Ba-ma pve' lak'pve' ma htu bu"—"There is no other country like Burma."

## O'REGAN AT WAR

*[Being letters from Captain Michael O'Regan of the  
1st Bolton Irish (Territorials) to his brother Pat]*

MY DEAR PADDY,

I'm sorry for the delay in sending you my news. But all my letters were returned by the censor because I wrote about the war. It was difficult to write about anything else, as I've been so busy knocking old Jerry.

However, I've been told that I can write anything I like now and, as everyone else seems to have written his experiences and most of them have been broadcast, I'm going to tell you what happened to me.

A few days after we'd completed our training, we suddenly got orders to pack and embark. This we did and, at once, I found a bit of our training had been omitted. You know what a bad sailor I am. Well, I hadn't been taught how to retain my dinner when the ship was heaving up and down! "Tiger" sent for me and I sent him a message back that I was "otherwise engaged." But he insisted on seeing me and so I staggered up to him and . . . nearly ruined his best coat! "Mr. O'Regan," says he, "I was just going to tell you that I had decided to give you command of a company. But you are obviously unfit to command anything." Which seemed a bit hard, Paddy, because, after all, I had joined the Army and not the Navy.

Well, we all thought we were bound for France. But, when we sailed on and on, we realised that there was something queer happening. Eventually didn't we discover that we had got to Norway. We landed "midst the cheering mobs," so, the paper said. But actually I saw nothing of them, as we landed in the dark.

Then we marched and marched and dug and dug. We were told to expect Jerry any day and so we waited for him. I'm glad he arrived on the fourth day, as Micky had lifted every penny I had by then, playing Poker.

Our position was on hills above a nice little village, in which I established my Headquarters, as I had discovered a homely family, with a very pretty daughter.

"After work, a little pleasure does us all good," was what old Tiger had taught us. So, the minute I had my company nicely dug in, I went to have a chat with my hosts.

"Parlez vous Francais," says I.

"Mais oui," says they, all in chorus.

"That's just too bad," says I, "as I can't speak a word."

Then I tried German.

"Sprechen ze Dautch?"

"Ya . . . Ya," they replied.

So of course I was stymied again.

Then it struck me they might speak English.

"I suppose you don't speak English," I suggested.

And the lovely little girl replied: "I do, but my parents do not."

"That's perfect," says I. "Shure me darlin', we can say what we like and they won't understand."

Oh, Paddy, she gave me such a wicked look. I knew I was going to like Norway.

However, I must tell you about the war.

On the fourth day, up comes Murphy, dragging a half corpse with him. Says he: "Excuse me, Master Frank, Sir. But can you tell me if this is a German?" "I caught the varmint near the rum store and, as he showed considerable resistance, I had to knock him out."

Murphy is so impetuous! I soon discovered, from my Guide Book, that he was an innocent Norwegian and I had to give him half my flask, to bring him round.

When he had recovered, he explained that he had been coming to warn us that the Germans were moving across the hill on our left. Now, this was serious, as that hill was higher than the one we were on. So I moved a platoon up there as quickly as I could and, of course, went with it myself, in case I missed any of the fun.

We had hardly arrived, when we saw the enemy approaching not two hundred yards away. They were just like flies crawling on the window pane. "Hold your fire," I whispered to Murphy, as I wanted to wait until we simply couldn't miss.

When they were about fifty yards away, I shouted "fire" and we let loose at them. They were taken completely by surprise and we got quite a good bag. They ran like blazes and I went back to Company Headquarters, as soon as it was dark.

On the way down, didn't I slip and sit down so hard that I tore a great hole in my pants.

When I got to the inn, I found supper waiting for me. However, I put business before pleasure and asked the little darling to do a little sewing for me. The awkward part was to know how to take my trousers off and give them to her, as the only room, other than bedrooms, was the dining-sitting room. However, these foreign girls don't seem to mind. "Don't be so foolish," says she. "Give me your trousers and get on with your meals."

As she hadn't finished mending them by the time I went to bed, I asked her to give them to me in the morning.

At about 5 A.M. I woke up to hear shooting all round. I leapt out of bed and . . . of course . . . no trousers. I shouted and shouted but got no answer. In rushed Murphy yelling "Come at once, the . . . Bosche is in the village!" There was nothing for it but to bolt as I was and we were soon so busy shooting that I forgot all about not having any trousers on. That went on all day. We fought a Rear Guard action and my company was Rear Party. We gave Jerry something to remember and it was only after he had stopped following us and I suddenly felt mighty cold about the middle that I had time to think about me trousers—or rather the lack of them!

By then, of course, I had no idea where the little girl or my trousers had got to. Neither of them was in the house, as Murphy and I had found every room empty before we left.

I saw some of the men looking at me and I felt so ashamed that I handed over command to Tim and retired to the rear.

I was passing Battalion Headquarters and hoping to find the Adjutant, to borrow his spare pair of trousers, when I saw "Tiger" White standing roaring laughing at me. "Since when have ye joined the Highlanders, Mr. O'Regan?" says he. "Come in here, there is someone anxious to meet you."

He then ushered me in to his room and there I found the little girl holding up my trousers and laughing. You can imagine my embarrassment. I seized them from her and went outside to put them on. Old Tiger followed me out and, with a broad wink said, "I admire your taste, Mr. O'Regan. Go in there and thank her. But don't take more than half an hour doing so, as I expect your company wants you."

Well, Paddy, that was the end of our first battle. The second engagement was a triumph for Murphy. Between casualties

and sickness I was forced to promote him and then didn't his Platoon Commander go sick? So he marched out at the head of a platoon and he knows no Tactics at all. When I asked him about the Principles of the Attack, he replied "I don't rightly know, Master Frank, Sir. But me orders to the men are . . . 'Obey me orders and follow me wherever I go or be heaven I'll cut the tripes out of ye!'" Now that's not the way a commander ought to talk to his men and I explained to him that he must realise his position as a Platoon Commander.

The next week one of my platoons was taken to be taught how to ski. Murphy went in command and I did not see him for a fortnight. When he came back he was just able to stand up on his skis and not much more! The first time he saluted me he fell down heavily and I could not help laughing. "Oh ye may well laugh," says he, "but these were not included in the normal equipment of a soldier when ye made me join up." Poor Murphy! I think his feelings had been quite hurt the way he went away rubbing his backside!

My company was holding two hills that formed a sharp angle and I had one platoon on one hill and another on the other. My third platoon, Murphy's, was in reserve, being nominally more mobile than the others.

Jerry attacked on the third day at dawn and it was just a matter of numbers. We shot and shot, but more and more came on. They had guns and we had none. So by 3 p.m. things were not looking too good. Then I decided it was time to hit the enemy hard. My plan was to suddenly counterattack with Murphy's platoon the next time Jerry's attack was well under way.

The slope was fairly gentle on the right and I thought most of the men would remain standing up coming down it. The slope on the left was awfully steep and ended with a cliff about fifteen feet high.

I sent for Murphy and he could not be found. He and his platoon had gone off to practise ski-ing in the early morning and had not returned. That was a sad blow. Just before Jerry attacked again I got orders to withdraw and I just didn't know what to do about Murphy. I waited until the last possible moment and by then Jerry was on the move. The company on my right had already gone and I knew that it was going to be difficult to get back at all, with Jerry following us up closely. I managed to withdraw the left platoon but the enemy then concentrated everything on wretched Tim's platoon. It was fair

hell and Tim himself had already been wounded and was carrying on with difficulty. Jerry advanced shouting "Hochs" and "Heils" and thought he had a soft thing. It was then that there was an extraordinary noise in the trees on the hill on the left. I couldn't see anything for a few seconds.

But then, in a cloud of snow, down came Murphy's platoon, travelling at about a hundred miles per hour. My heart stood still, as I knew the slope was so steep and I remembered that cliff at the bottom.

But the Germans were far more surprised than I was and they halted. From the cloud of snow there might have been thousands of men coming down. Thank heaven the hill was a small one and most of the men arrived down either on their skis or on their bottoms.

The enemy didn't wait. They beat a hasty retreat and I sent Owen's platoon back to help Murphy to collect his platoon and get it back. I went with them and there I found Murphy sitting on the top of a fat Boshe, with both his skis broken and the point of one half way through another Jerry. He was rubbing his eyes and seemed a bit dazed, so I brought him to himself by speaking roughly, "Sergeant Murphy," I said, in a stern voice, "collect your platoon at once and take it back to that hill." "Right, yer honour," says he, "but anyone can have these flaming slides. Ye can shoot me if ye like, but I'll never put them on again, not for anyone." With that, he undid his skis and pushed off to get his men back.

Later in the evening I heard the rest of the story. Apparently they were practising hard, when they heard firing. So they came towards the noise and reached the top of the hill, just in time to see Tim's predicament. They had already decided they could not possibly get down such a steep slope as they were on, safely. But Murphy saw there was no time to get back and round to the other side. So he extended the platoon, put himself at the head and said, "follow me." So that he would be there, to lead his platoon, Murphy had a man on both sides of him holding him up and that was how he got as far as the cliff. At the cliff they let go and he turned a complete summersault before he landed in the exact position I found him in. His unexpected attack saved a difficult situation and he certainly has plenty of guts, even if he is a poor skier!

I told Tiger what had happened. He sent for Murphy and told him that he was recommending him for a decoration. "That's mighty kind of ye, Sir," replied Murphy. "But ye can roast me before ye ever get me back onto them invintions of the divil."

## FLOATING DOWN THE INDUS: A SUGGESTION FOR TEN DAYS' LEAVE

BY P. F. M. ARMESDALE

To most of us in India, ten days' leave constitutes a problem, though it is often the problem of when we will get it rather than where we will go. Even so there must be many officers, both bachelors and married, who feel they would like a real change of scene and a good rest, but cannot think of anywhere to go. To them the Indus trip is offered as an ideal solution, a really lazy ten days spent floating down a big river, free from dust and noise, seeing a part of India that is probably new to them and offering enough occupation in the form of rifle and shotgun shooting to add that spice of excitement without which any leave is dull.

There is the choice of three trips: From Attock to Mari Indus, from Mari to Dera Ismail Khan and from D. I. K. to Dera Ghazi Khan. Any of these can easily be done in ten days, and all offer good sport and interesting scenery. The further south you go, the less attractive the country becomes, but the duck, geese and *gharial* are more plentiful and less wary. Let us assume you have chosen to start at Mari Indus.

First, you have to engage a *shikari*. The spot man for that stretch of the river is Anár Khan, who is the Station Staff Officer's gardener at Mari Indus. He has been organising shooting trips for the last fifteen years. If he can be spared you should get in touch with him a few weeks in advance, letting him know the numbers of your party and the date you propose to start. He will need an advance of forty rupees or so, which he uses to hire the boat and her crew and make everything ready on board.

Mari Indus has the advantage of being accessible to any one stationed in Northern India. A train leaves the main line at Rawalpindi every evening about nine o'clock, and gets you to your destination in time for breakfast the next morning. You are met by a small, wiry and very sunburnt man on the platform. Tremendously excited, he produces a letter of identity and is eager to be off. After eggs and bacon in the station refreshment room you spend an hour or so buying flour, vegetables and drink in the Rest Camp bazar. You next call in to see the S. S. O., who wishes you *bon voyage* and loans you a large-scale map of

the river. By half-past-nine you are on board what will be your home for the next week. While the boat is rowed across the river to collect firewood from Kalabagh, you have time to take stock of your surroundings.

The boat in which you are travelling is one normally used to take salt from Kalabagh downstream. It has a room rigged up for you in the centre, whilst Anár Khan and the four boatmen sleep below deck at the stern and your bearer lives and does your cooking in the bows. Small rowing boats, one for each gun, trail astern, ready to take you after duck, geese or *gharial*. The boat leaves Kalabagh and drifts gently downstream, controlled by one enormous oar-shaped rudder. It will not be long before Anár Khan pokes his head round the doorway and says "duck hein," the signal for you to go off in the little boat to try to get near the brutes—you'll have called them worse names than that by the time the trip is over, for they are extremely wary.

Crouched in the bottom of the *dinghy*, you drift near enough to the duck to see them rise and fly off in derision upstream where you cannot follow them. By now it is time for your morning beer, so you wait for the big boat, which comes drifting down with the four-knot current. After lunch you arrive at a village where your big boat ties up and the *shikari* asks a local whether there are any partridges. The answer to this is always "bahut" pronounced "bhoon" so you enlist the services of one or two locals, take your dog and Anár Khan and go off to shoot your next day's food. If the shooting is good, the boat stays there the night. You sleep on board and go after the birds again the next morning. This procedure can be varied by letting the big boat go on whilst you shoot along the bank and then catch up with your home in the evening by means of the *dinghy*.

By travelling from dawn to dusk D. I. K. can be reached in five days, so if you have ten days in hand when you start you will have plenty of time to try your luck wherever you like. There are *jheels* near the river at Mehan Shahwali and Germanwali Kuchchi which give you a chance of fighting the duck. If you wish to send game off by train, or even to abandon the trip owing to rain, the railway from Mari Indus to Darya Khan runs parallel to the left bank of the Indus and there are stations within six miles or so of the river.

It is best to arrange your trip so that you get to Dera Ismail Khan fairly early in the morning. There you say "Goodbye"



to your *shikari* and boatmen and go off to Darya Khan, the nearest railway station, either in tongas or by lorry. The distance is eleven miles and the road consists of a series of bunds and bridges on one of which you have to pay a toll. Thus you reach Darya Khan in time to catch the up train, which gets you back to Rawalpindi early the next morning.

The best months for the trip are December and February. I have actually been in November and more recently in February. I went alone on both occasions, but for shooting purposes a party of two or three would have been better. There are a great many duck on the river during these months, but they are very wild. Geese and *gharial* are also plentiful and I shot as many partridges each day as were required to feed the boat's complement. *Sis* are plentiful at Kahr Kot, while quail and hare can also be found. The boat itself was extremely comfortable and would have housed two people with ease. A larger party could have taken a tent and slept on shore each night, or hired two boats. The crew were always willing to act, as beaters, and their cheerfulness was only matched by that of Anar Khan, who was excellent in every way. The villagers I met *en route*, though they spoke a weird kind of Punjabi which completely defeated me, were, on the whole, helpful and pleased with their *backsheesh*. The weather during November was perfect, but the February trip was spoilt towards the end by rain.

As regards expense, the whole trip on the first occasion cost me 270 rupees, made up as follows:

	Rs.
Rail and tonga fares from Rawalpindi to Mari Indus, and from Darya Khan back to Rawalpindi	40
Hire of boat	130
Daily expenses (beaters, eggs and milk)	25
Cartridges	30
Stores, drinks, tobacco and firewood	45
Total	270

The railfare item included tickets for me, my bearer, dog and my excess luggage. The hire of the boat included the pay of the boatmen and of the *shikari*. This seemed expensive until I remembered that the boatmen have to pull her back upstream to Mari Indus, which means a further ten days' hard work.

The hundred and thirty rupees, too, was quite inclusive; neither Anár Khan nor the boatmen asked for another anna and were inordinately pleased with their tips at the end of the voyage. Eggs and milk were, curiously enough, not easy to come by and I had to fall back on tinned milk. I used 250 cartridges, over 200 sevens and a few of numbers four and two shot. To sum up, for a party of three the whole trip, exclusive of railfare, could be done very comfortably for 300 rupees.

Apart from the shooting, I saw what was to me quite a new part of India. The old Kafir fort at Kafir Kot is extremely interesting and almost puts Attock Fort in the shade. And what could be a more delightfully restful way of travelling than gliding gently down a big river, away from dust and noise and knowing that one can stop when and where one likes? If I add that this trip is done on the average once a year and that the course of the main river changes every year, you can realise that there is little likelihood of the shooting becoming scarce.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### MESSES AND CLUBS

DEAR SIR,

The article on Messes and Clubs in the October 1940 number of the Journal of the U. S. I. of India is open to criticism for a number of reasons.

Before making proposals of any kind, the writer draws a picture of intolerant grouching senior officers who, by implication, regard the young entries as "bumptious young pups," etc. Is this a true picture of anything but a bad regiment or battalion? And if it is untrue or only partially true, the impression conveyed of Mess life to those unacquainted with it is misleading and unfair. There are a great many units whose messes are efficient, economical and comfortable and regarded with justifiable pride and affection by all the officers. It is safe to say a good unit never has a bad Mess any more than it has a bad Quarterguard.

There are also other objections to the article in that it is far from accurate and deals with the administrative side of the proposal made for abolishing messes in a very sketchy fashion, and by mere assertion lays claim to the achievement of a means of living more economical than a mess, without a reasonable examination of the many factors which cannot be lightly disregarded.

Before considering the question further, it is conceded that there are many modifications that can, with advantage, be introduced into mess life, particularly as regards making the mess cater for things hitherto beyond its province—for instance, it can easily provide means of entertaining private guests of members to meals and other entertainments. This is being done in some messes, just as even the most conservative of men's London Clubs have started ladies' rooms.

The writer admits he has made his proposal on the ground of expense, and goes on to say that Mess subscriptions vary according to the number of officers in the unit and their tastes.

All officers pay a "mess subscription" fixed by Regulations at Rs. 8 per month. All other subscriptions or monthly charges under various heads are fixed by the members of the mess themselves, presumably as a means of pooling expenses and of living on a communal basis. It is misleading to describe as unnecessary subscriptions the money paid for such things as furniture, books,

papers and lighting, because they are necessities and might be included in a comprehensive charge for messing. Entertainments and Band subscriptions are different. It must be assumed that enough *esprit de corps* remains to require even a unit, permeated with the democratic spirit, to give occasional entertainments, so some form of entertainment fund with a subscription is desirable in order that the cost may be spread over the year. It is doubtful if the officers of any unit in India pay as much as one per cent. of their pay into an entertainment fund, and it is worth pointing out that in the vast majority of entertainments the host as well as the guest gets some return for his money in concrete (or liquid) form.

Your correspondent deals with station messes, and falls into the mistake of calling the Frontier Force Mess at Kohat one. It is a station mess only in the sense that R.A. messes at certain stations are station messes and is reserved for the officers of one corps. He is apparently unfortunate in not having acquaintance of any well-run and tolerably comfortable station messes. His description of the objections to station messes, if exaggerated, is in reality an argument in favour of unit messes which he is out to abolish.

The proposal put forward is found at the end of the article "to abolish all but field messes and to permit unmarried officers to live in residential clubs or chummeries."

Mess "discipline," to use a wrong term, may be irksome to some, but need it be any more strict than the code of behaviour one expects of officers in their parents' homes; in other words, manners, punctuality and consideration for others, including the servants.

Mess organization is another matter. Government gives a liberal monthly grant towards a mess. Mess buildings are specially designed and provided in all new constructions—a staff is available to help in the running of the mess, in the shape of an N.C.O., etc., and everything designed to enable officers to live a communal existence as economically as possible. That the senior officer present in mess is responsible for the behaviour of those junior to him is no departure from the military code, which applies everywhere, and it can be said without fear of contradiction that of the cases where a senior officer has to intervene only the very smallest fraction arise in messes.

Those who say light-heartedly, "scrap the mess," cannot have considered what a great deal the mess does for them. A field

mess, as advocated, is presumably an affair that only comes into being on active service, on the frontier and during training. There can be no question of a Mess house or office, though presumably camp furniture would be stored somewhere.

Does the author realize how expensive it is suddenly to establish a mess and then to close it? Overhead charges and waste are alarming and the poorest of messing in discomfort costs at least double if not treble of what a regular mess can feed officers on, even on manœuvres.

It might be argued that the cooks and staffs from chummeries would be co-opted. A possible solution but not a happy team. As for chummeries within a regiment or battalion, they would either be highly inefficient or very expensive, probably both, because officers have not the time to run them, and young and inexperienced officers lack the knowledge of how to do so. Government quarters are not designed to permit of chummeries springing up so there is the expense of housing them to be shared by various cliques. How are young officers, freshly joined, to be catered for until the various Soviets decide where they are to live, and what happens when the members of a chummary are sent away or reduced to one person? To quote the example of officers of the I.C.S. or police is entirely misleading. They are looked after on first arrival by their seniors, and because they have to go out into districts and work alone, must learn to cater for themselves. They live a different life and can arrange their hours of work more or less to fit in with their domestic habits.

The assumption that Clubs will sink money in order to provide residential quarters for officers is far from the mark. The average Club charges Rs. 90 a month for a single furnished quarter; the junior officer who would occupy it draws in cash from Government Rs. 25 to Rs. 50 lodging allowance, provided no Government quarters are vacant—and during the hot weather there are generally plenty vacant. A Club cannot provide a quarter for much under Rs. 3 per day, unless it can be assured that every room will be full all the year round.

Another point that has been completely overlooked is that with the free admission of Indians into the officer cadre of the Indian Army, there is the absolute necessity for a common meeting ground in the mess. With the Chummary system you would foster racial and caste cleavages that would make mess life in a field mess (which the writer admits is necessary) an impossibility.

The writer may, perhaps, have no experience of the War, 1914-1918, in which the normal mess system was regimental or battalion headquarters and Squadron or Company messes. It was a well recognised fact that, whenever units were far enough from the Line to do so, the first essential as regards officers messes was to get back to the system of all officers messing together again. Not long ago a very fine soldier who earned a decoration as an officer in 1918, and who, on demobilization re-enlisted, and is now a Regimental Sergeant-Major, made the following remark: "You can tell the tone of a Battalion from the Officers' Mess and the Sergeants' Mess." (He might have added the Quarterguard.) Would any one be so bold as to say you can tell the tone of a battalion from a number of chummeries substituted for a mess?

G. P. B.

## REVIEWS

### "MEMORY HOLD-THE-DOOR"

By JOHN BUCHAN

*Hodder & Stoughton - 12 6 nett.*

John Buchan's last book is writing that grows upon one. The first chapters fail—not because of their matter which is singularly gracious *but* because one is conscious of a style which has begun to parody itself. It was perhaps Buchan's misfortune that his usage of words smelt of the tweed of the tailor's shop rather than of the Tweed which flows amongst the hills.

This impression, however, is brief. The change comes when Buchan describes himself as a young barrister, making his way in a metropolitan world unfamiliar to him, and later observing, and living in a world no less strange—South Africa—at the close of a war. From this point his style, like his thought, deepens and broadens, and both present a picture of a life—foreign to modern ways of thinking—to be admired, and since that way of life has passed, to be regretted. It was the life of the man of affairs, and yet related in all its moments to a scholarship easily worn and an experience of life which is never overemphasized.

And so his book draws on—through the war, public life and a brief period of the full, quiet existence of a minor English country house, to a really remarkable analysis of modern America—fruits of the observation of a dual personality: that of John Buchan and Lord Tweedsmuir.

A remarkable autobiography ends with two chapters (entitled "Pilgrims Rest") of a book on fishing, projected but never completed. Here the standard of comparison is with Izaak Walton. One is left with the conclusion that the philosophy of both these masters of the contemplative life is summed up in Walton's concluding words. These are "Study to be quiet."

C. M.

## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA

1. The United Service Institution of India is situated at Simla and is open daily including Sundays from 9 a.m. to sunset.
2. Officers wishing to become members of the United Service Institution of India should apply to the secretary.
3. The reading room of the Institution is provided with the leading illustrated papers, newspapers, magazines, and journals of Service interest that are published.
4. There is a well-stocked library in the Institution, from which members can obtain books on loan free. Members not resident in Simla may have books from the library sent to them post free. (See Secretary's Notes).
5. The Institution publishes a Quarterly Journal in the months of January, April, July and October which is issued, postage free, to members in any part of the world.
6. Members and the public are invited to contribute articles to the Journal of the Institution for which payment is made. Information for the guidance of contributors will be found in the Secretary's Notes.

### Rules of Membership

1. All officers of the Defence Services, whether they belong to the Imperial Forces, to forces raised by the Government of India, by an Indian State, by a British Dominion or Colony, and all gazetted officials of the Government of India or of a Provincial Government shall be entitled to become members, without ballot, on payment of the entrance fee and subscription.

Other gentlemen may become members if proposed and seconded by a member of the Institution and approved by the Council.

2. Life members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of a lump sum of Rs. 160, which sum includes entrance fee.

3. Ordinary members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of an entrance fee (see para. 4) of Rs. 10 on joining, and an annual subscription of Rs. 10 (or 15s.) to be paid in advance.

The period of subscription commences on the 1st January.

An ex-member on rejoining the Institution will be charged a second entrance fee of Rs. 10 if since the date on which he ceased to be a member he has served or resided in India. In other cases no charge will be made.

4. British Service, Dominion and Colonial officers serving in India shall pay an entrance fee of Rs. 7 only.

5. Members receive the Journal of the Institution post free to any part of the world. Members in India may obtain books from the library which are issued postage free; the borrower will pay the return postage.

6. Government institutions and offices, military libraries, messes and clubs wishing to subscribe for the Journal shall pay Rs. 10 per annum. Non-members shall pay Rs. 10 per annum plus postage. Single copies of the Journal will be supplied to non-members at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy, plus postage.

7. If a member fails to pay his subscription for any year (commencing 1st January) by 1st June of that year, a registered notice shall be sent to him by the Secretary inviting his attention to the fact. If the subscription is not paid by 1st January following, his name shall be struck off the roll of members and, if the Executive Committee so decide, posted in the hall of the Institution for six months, or until the subscription is paid.

8. An ordinary member wishing to resign at any time during a year in which one or more Journals have been sent to him must pay his subscription in full for that year and notify his wish to resign before his name can be struck off the list of members.

9. Members who join the Institution on or after the 1st October and pay the entrance fee and annual subscription on joining will not be charged a further subscription on the following 1st January, unless the Journals for the current year have been supplied.

10. Members are responsible that they keep the Secretary carefully posted in regard to changes of rank and address. Duplicate copies of the Journal will not be supplied free to members when the original has been posted to a member's last known address and has not been returned by the post.

11. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla,



**I.—NEW MEMBERS**

The following new members joined the Institution from 1st December, 1940 to 28th February, 1941:

Lieut.-General C. N. F. Broad, C.B., D.S.O.

Colonel K. B. S. Crawford, R.F.

Major W. H. FitzMaurice

Major D. H. Mudie

Major F. H. W. Ross-Lewin

Captain C. J. Tobin

Lieut. M. F. Cooke

Lieut.-Qmr. C. Cutting

2 Lieut. J. D. Hamilton

2 Lieut. W. H. H. Young

**II.—CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE JOURNAL**

Preference is given to articles dealing with naval, military or air force matters likely to be of topical interest to the majority of readers of the Journal. Historical articles should have a direct bearing on the present war. One entirely non-military story and one article of financial interest to officers is included in each number of the Journal. The latter may be concerned with travel, sport, housing or any other subject which affects officers' pay and expenditure.

Articles may vary in length up to ten thousand words. They should be submitted in duplicate and typewritten, with double spacing between lines, on one side of the paper. Manuscript articles cannot be considered. Payment up to Rs. 150 is made on publication according to the value of the contribution.

With reference to R.A.I. Paragraph 333, and K.R. 535, the Executive Council of the Institution will take action, when necessary, to obtain the sanction of the Chief of the General Staff to the publication of an article in the Journal.

Members who wish to remain anonymous will inform the Secretary of the fact and include a pen-name if they so wish. In such cases the real name of the author is known to nobody except the Secretary, who has been instructed to divulge it to no one.

The Committee reserve to themselves the right to omit or amend any matter; if such alterations affect the sense of the article, it will be referred to the author before publication, unless the author has stated that the article may be edited as thought necessary without reference to him.

The July number of the Journal goes to Press on May 25th. Editing and selecting articles takes about ten days, so, as a general rule, articles should be submitted to the editor by May 15th. An article which may not be edited without reference to the author should arrive at least ten days earlier. From the Editor's point of view, May 1st is about the ideal date on which to receive articles. All these dates apply equivalently to the other numbers of the Journal.

### III.—READING ROOM AND LIBRARY

(1) The library is only open to members, who are requested to look on books as not transferable to their friends.

Books are only issued on loan to members who are resident in India. Members borrowing books from the library in person must make the necessary entry in the register and record their address in India.

(2) Applications for books from members at outstations are dealt with as early as possible and books are sent post free by registered parcel post. They must be returned, carefully packed, by registered parcel post within two months of the date of issue, or immediately on recall.

(3) A member may not have on loan, at any one time, more than three books or sets of books without the Secretary's permission. Papers, magazines and works catalogued under the headings of "Works of Reference," "Not to be taken out" and "Confidential" may not be removed from the Institution.

(4) No particular limit is set on the number of days for which a member may keep a book, the Council wishing to make the library as useful as possible to members. This rule is, however, subject to the following limitations:

(a) If, after the expiration of three weeks from the date of issue, a book is wanted by another member, it will be recalled.

(b) A member wishing to retain a book for a period over *two* months from the date of issue must notify the Secretary to that effect, otherwise the book will be recalled.

(5) If a book is not returned within fourteen days of the date of recall, it must be paid for, if so required by the Executive Committee. Lost and defaced books shall be replaced at the cost of the member to whom they were issued. In the case of lost or defaced books that are out of print, the value shall be fixed by the Executive Committee and the member will be required to pay the cost so fixed.

(6) The issue of a book under these rules to any member implies the latter's compliance with the rules and the willingness to have them enforced, if necessary, against him.

(7) The revised 1930 catalogue is available at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy plus postage.

#### **IV.—OLD BOOKS AND TROPHIES**

The Institution is in possession of a collection of old and rare books presented by members from time to time and, while such books are not available for circulation, they can be seen by members visiting Simla.

The Secretary will be glad to acknowledge the gift of books, trophies, medals, etc., presented to the Institution.

#### **V.—HISTORICAL RESEARCH**

The U. S. I. is prepared to supply members and units with typewritten copies of old Indian Army List pages, at the rate of Rs. 2 per typewritten page.

#### **VI.—THE MACGREGOR MEMORIAL MEDAL**

1. The MacGregor Memorial Medal was founded in 1888 as a memorial to the late Major General Sir Charles MacGregor who founded the United Service Institution of India. The medals are awarded for the best military reconnaissances or journeys of exploration of the year.

2. The following awards are made annually in the month of June:

- (a) For officers—British or Indian—silver medal.
- (b) For soldiers—British or Indian—silver medal with Rs. 100 gratuity.

3. For especially valuable work, a gold medal may be awarded in place of one of the silver medals, or in addition to the silver medals, whenever the administrators of the Fund deem it desirable. Also the Council may award a special additional silver medal without gratuity, to a soldier, for especially good work.

4. The award of medals is made by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India, as Vice-Patron, and the Council of the United Service Institution of India, who were appointed administrators of the Fund by the MacGregor Memorial Committee.

5. The following are eligible for the award, whether at the time of the reconnaissance they were in military or civil employ:

- (a) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and of the Dominion Forces, while serving on the Indian establishment.

- (b) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Indian Navy, Indian Army, Indian Air Force and of the Indian States Forces, wherever serving.

Note.—The term "Indian Army" includes the Indian Auxiliary and Territorial Forces, Frontier Militia, Levies, Military Police and Military Corps under local governments.

6. The medal may be worn in uniform by Indian soldiers on ceremonial parades, suspended round the neck by the ribbon issued with the medal.\*

7. Personal risk to life during the reconnaissance or exploration is not a necessary qualification for the award of the medal; but, in the event of two journeys being of equal value, the man who has incurred the greater risk will be considered to have the greater claim to the award.

8. When the work of the year has either not been of sufficient value or notice of it has been received too late for consideration before the Council Meeting, the medal may be awarded for any reconnaissance during previous years considered by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India to deserve it.

#### VII.—GOLD MEDAL PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION

The Council has chosen the following subject for the Gold Medal Prize Essay Competition for 1941:

"The Defence Organisation of a Dominion India."

The following are the conditions of the competition:

- (1) The competition is open to all gazetted officers of the Civil Administration in India and to all commissioned officers of His Majesty's Forces including Territorial Forces, wherever those forces have been raised and to officers of the Indian States Forces.
- (2) Essays must be typewritten and submitted in triplicate.
- (3) When reference is made to any work, the title of such work is to be quoted.
- (4) Essays are to be strictly anonymous. Each must have a motto, and, enclosed with the essay, there should be sent a sealed envelope with the motto written on the outside and the name of the competitor inside.
- (5) Essays will not be accepted unless received by the Secretary on or before the 30th June 1941.
- (6) Essays will be submitted for adjudication to three judges chosen by the Council. The judges may recommend a money award, not exceeding Rs. 500, either in addition to, or in substitution for, the medal. The decision of the three judges will be submitted to the

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Council, who will decide whether the medal is to be awarded and whether the essay is to be published. The name of the successful candidate will be published in the October 1941 number of the Journal.

- (7) All essays submitted are to become the property of the United Service Institution of India absolutely, and authors will not be at liberty to make any use whatsoever of their essays without the sanction of the Council.
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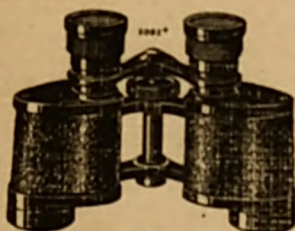
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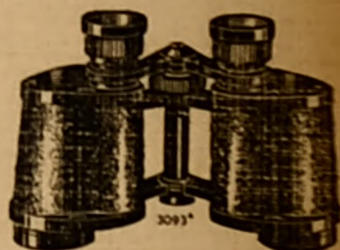
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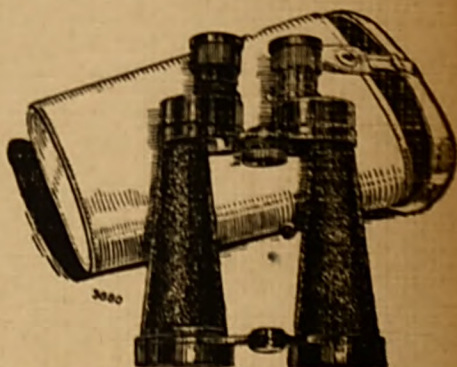
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**Vol. LXXI**

**JULY, 1941**

**No. 304**

*The views expressed in this Journal are in no sense official, and the opinions of contributors in their published articles are not necessarily those of the Council of the Institution.*

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## EDITORIAL

---

Dated from the "Victory" off Cadiz, on a certain 9th October, there came a memorandum which has great value for us nearly a hundred and thirty-six years later. The memorandum was written by Lord Nelson whose strategical and tactical ideas and methods left a legacy of the spirit to all fighting men—something that has been called "The Nelson Touch."

Just what was the "Nelson touch?" The answer seems to be found in these three sentences of the Memorandum:

"Thinking it almost impossible to bring a fleet of forty sail of the line into battle in variable winds, thick weather and other circumstances which must occur . . . . I have therefore made up my mind. . . ."

\* \* \* \*

"Something must be left to chance."

\* \* \* \*

"But in case signals can neither be seen nor perfectly understood no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

\* \* \* \*

The thought in these sentences is as clear as the voice is unmistakable. First hard thought, imagination and foresight work out an answer to difficulties which seem to be insuperable. Nelson having done this, takes one of the hardest and least common of decisions—the acceptance of calculated risk—and dismisses it in six words: "Something must be left to chance." And, finally, to clinch the matter and as a superb solvent for the fog of war in a situation which admits of no delay, enounces the last golden rule—engage the enemy.

\* \* \* \*

It was evident early in this year that the spring and summer would bring about a tremendous increase in the war's intensity. Only the few however who, in war, can be singularly well informed, or those with extraordinary gifts of imagination and foresight, could have imagined the enormous increase in the geographical area involved, or the speed at which this increase has taken place. Speed and extension are the two characteristics of modern war which are hardest

to grasp: the mind accepts them as an impression but is slow to work out the hard train of new thoughts which follow.

The history of the last four months is simple enough to follow in outline, for it centres on the German thrust to the South-East. History will decide whether the attack upon the Balkans and upon Greece was strategically an offensive or a counter-offensive. Our concern is that it happened, and that it was a success. Then followed the hard fought battle of Crete—notable as the first major action of parachute and airborne troops in the history of war. During the same months occurred the German offensives in Cirenaica.

That, in a paragraph, is an objective account of Germany's Spring offensive. The details are known to all and we do not propose to recount them here. It is interesting now to reflect upon the achievements of the British Empire's forces and to attempt to compare them with those of the German machine.

*First*, Britain is still uninvaded. In this fact perhaps lies the core of the whole problem. It means that Hitler has not yet felt able to embark upon such a direct means of achieving his end. *Secondly*, the Battle of the Atlantic—perhaps the most vital that in this war has been waged—has turned in the Empire's favour. Sea power has kept open the Empire's vital communications, and sea power's invisible and iron hands are closing round German throats. Never has Mahan's famous sentence concerning those distant and storm-beaten ships upon which the Grand Army never looked, but which stood between Napoleon and the dominion of the world had such a powerful application to contemporary events. *Thirdly*, there is the growing weight of the Royal Air Force's assault upon whatever military targets Germany and a German-ridden Europe may offer to superb audacity, determination and skill. It is notable that each day's broadcast news brings increasing mention of daylight attacks upon the enemy wherever he is to be found within our aircraft's range. This is perhaps one of the most heartening signs of the times—a determined offensive ruthlessly pressed home.

If we look further Eastward we see much that may fill us with pride and confidence. Mussolini's five-year-old Empire has ceased to exist (Cheren may yet be classed among the world's decisive battles), and the Italian navy seldom seeks the waters of what once was called (by Italians) an Italian sea. The German-inspired coup in Iraq has failed and the Germano-Vichy forces in Syria, after hard fighting, have asked for and been granted an armistice.

Germany, meanwhile, has embarked upon a Russian adventure of which the results remain to be seen. It is as yet premature and dangerous to draw any parallel between 1941 and 1812.

The mention of the year 1812 draws our thoughts, by association, towards America. In that year Britain and the United States were at enmity; one hundred and nineteen years later it seems that these two Democracies have found an understanding closer than ever before. America has realised her dangers and has, in effect, entered this war upon our side. The Lease and Lend Act has become a reality of daily life; and the inhabitants of Iceland in years to come may find a profitable mine of reminiscence in the arrival of American troops. More significant perhaps than any other pronouncement is a sentence in a recent speech by the Prime Minister. It runs: "Every month as great bombers are finished in our factories or sweep thither across the Atlantic Ocean, we shall continue a remorseless discharge of high explosives on Germany." The meaning is plain. In 1941 as surely as in the 18th Century the New World is assisting to preserve the balance of the saner elements of the Old.

Historical parallels are dangerous things unless rightly drawn. Nevertheless it is interesting to compare the state of the war to-day with that phase of the Napoleonic Wars which preceded the landing of the British Army in Portugal. The European situation was then very much like that which exists to-day. The predominant land power and the predominant sea power of the world were at grips. The great part of England's army was held in Britain as a defence against invasion, while the French armies dominated all Europe. The British Fleet was master of the seas, but it is scarcely ever realised how strained our naval resources were in maintaining that mastery, and with that difficulty, matched with what strategical insight, Barham at the Admiralty and St. Vincent, Nelson and others at sea applied comparatively meagre forces to their enormous problem.

Behind the fighting fronts economic warfare in terms of British blockade and French Continental System was fiercely waged. Tension was acute and the balance between defeat and victory was most delicately held for both the combatant powers. This state of affairs continued for years and not perhaps until 1812 could certainty, as distinct from confidence, of ultimate victory enter the mind of any contemporary Englishman.

Thus inevitably there appear the similarities between the Napoleonic and Hitlerian bids for world domination. The first

is in the object itself. The dominion of the world is a madman's dream which has only two ends—awakening in exile or dissolution in death.

The second similarity is in the means. Both Napoleonic France and modern Germany enjoyed at their chosen moment an enormous material superiority and the land space in which to employ it. In each case the results of these advantages were quickly apparent. It has been said, however, that Napoleon's power, like that of the Devil in Medieval legends, stopped short at the water's edge. The same is true of Hitler's power. It lacks the long-term element and the endurance which sea power alone can give. It is true that air power to some extent now overrides protecting seas but as yet it cannot bridge them. Modern warfare demands for success the constant and closest co-operation of three powers—land, sea and air. The vital link is sea power and this Germany does not possess.

Finally, there is the matter of morale. Napoleonic France was united by the Revolutionary tradition and its armies found a close bond and an individual stimulus in fanatical devotion to one man. But it was the union of slavery and the devotion of slaves. Neither survived the blood-tax demanded year by year nor the cold and hunger which increased as food and fuel diminished. The same weaknesses are apparent in the German façade and the same slow weapons attack them. The result of the attack cannot be different.

. . . . .

The perplexing puzzle of the relations between Germany and Russia has at last been solved by the outbreak of war between these two countries. Up till April of this year a Russo-German war seemed, at least, to be unlikely; and both countries appeared to stand to each other in the relations of a pair of sharp and unscrupulous business associates. Germany apparently acquiesced in Russia's possession of half Poland and of the Baltic States and in her dominant position in the Balkans and the Dobruja, in return for the provision of oil and certain other supplies.

The setback to the German time-plan occasioned by the resistance of Yugoslavia and Greece and by the bitter struggle for Crete must have made it necessary for Germany to seek with Russia some more definite and intimate understanding than that sketched above. What proposals were made, what refusals were encountered, we shall not know for some time. It has, however,

been said of the German that he is apt to begin a conversation by stamping on the listener's foot in order to attract attention and thereafter grows angry if the conversation continues on lines other than those which he had foreseen. There are signs of the technique having been applied by Germany in her wooing of the U.S.S.R.

Words presumably having failed, the process of intimidation (or the "war of nerves") began. Rumours were put abroad in Sweden of impending invasion. Separatist intrigues were pursued in the Ukraine and German spectacles flashed covetously as they glanced towards Baku. Russia's position was difficult in the extreme since it may be supposed that she had learned the lesson that with Germany one cannot be an ally but only a lackey, tattered or gilded as circumstances dictate. On the other hand, a natural self-interest may have made Russia unready to accept the alternative course of war. The Russo-Japanese Pact of April may have been designed to leave Russia a free hand in the West—despite the curious assertions of the Russian Press that the Pact meant nothing at all—and in May there were strong rumours that many of Russia's Far-Eastern troops had been massed against the German frontiers. From that time onward one may guess at the increasing military pressure applied by Germany until, suddenly, invasion came.

There have been several explanations of the German motives and none of them have been entirely satisfactory. It seems almost certain, however, that their attack was not born of motives which were short-term or purely economic. Germany has perhaps realised that she faces a war which will end only with her destruction. Her failures in Cirenaica, in Iraq and in Syria and her terribly expensive successes in Greece and Crete may have convinced her that it is not, after all, in her power to win quickly. The only solution of her problem lies in the destruction of Britain and nothing less than the possession of all Europe affords her any hope of so doing.

It is not profitable at the moment to attempt any comment upon the new campaign. The quality of the German forces is known and that of the Russians can, at this distance, be but surmised. It seems, however, that the Russian forces are fighting stoutly and under able direction. One thought is interesting—mechanised armies have always clamoured for space in which to develop their powers but with extension of space there has always been assumed a corresponding extension of supply. This

assumption may not be true when dealing with Russia's bewildering extent and there the space which fighting vehicles devour may also be their grave.

It is unfortunate that certain of the leaders of Vichy France have adopted an attitude of bitter hostility to the Allies. But it is by no means certain that this attitude is fully representative of French opinion either as regards the people themselves or those who now control their interests. M. Laval in a broadcast at the end of May said: "We owe our failure to Democracy. We do not want to fight for it. France cannot go back. She must fulfil two tasks with the great powers of Europe, get peace first and then overcome unemployment, poverty and its disorders to constant socialism." Some days later it was reported in the Press that France had considered a reversal of her policy of alliances.

It is possible for a nation to be defeated in the field and yet to retain its spirit and its ideals. Germany is a case in point for, after defeat in 1918, she preserved these things though the German spirit is bestial and German ideals are obscene. The rulers of Vichy France in adversity have shown no quality which commands the admiration or respect of sane and free men. They have boasted and grovelled, whined and ranted, and now seem to be passing to open betrayal of their late Allies.

The time seems to have come when we must harden our hearts and cease to regard the present rulers of France with only such emotions as pity and contempt. We must look at them with the eyes of enemies and expect from them nothing but hostility. But it is unreasonable to suppose that the democratic spirit of Republican France can be obliterated in a few months or years and we should prepare for a reversal of her present policy and a return to friendship with the democracies.

It is probable that the future historian who takes up his work at the point at which Colonel Lloyd, in his *Review of the History of Infantry*, left off, will describe the present period as one during which infantry entered upon a Renaissance. The Great War of 1914-18 was fought in the main by foot soldiers but it produced nothing that could be called an infantry method or tradition. Thought and imagination alike failed to surmount the mental barriers whose counterparts in the field were interminable trench-systems, innumerable machine-guns and miles of barbed wire. It is true

that the Germans in 1918 produced the idea of infiltration, probably the most germinative idea in infantry tactics that had appeared since the days of Fredrick the Great. Yet this idea did not much colour our training and tactics which were based on a conception of the infantryman burdened like the White Knight and capable only of determined plodding in the wake of an artillery barrage or of a tank.

During the post-war period interest and thought centred largely upon the other arms; and the problem of how the infantry could get forward to their objectives was discussed in terms of anything save the infantryman himself. A bewildering amount of armament was bestowed (largely in theory) upon battalions and later removed from them. There was at one time much talk of Sir John Moore and of the Light Division, and at another of the Tartars and Mongols who for a time were fashionable military models. The infantry as a body tended to busy itself with the drill books and with target practice, and would on the whole have welcomed back again its red coats. Probably only on the various frontiers of the Empire were the realities of infantry training and fighting kept at all alive.

It is the peculiarity of the present war that thought as regards infantry seems to be ahead of the times. British infantry have fought in France, Norway, Libya, Abyssinia, Greece and Crete. The warfare and its lessons have varied in each case, yet there has been no attempt rigidly to cut the infantryman to whatever particular patterns have been evolved by facts. The central conception is one which looks forward and sees infantry, as an arm, both mobile and protected, flexible and capable of application together with other arms. That this is a true conception has been proved by ourselves in Libya and by Germans in France. That it is a new conception is proved by a moment's reflection on the past.

With this new approach to infantry as an arm has come a new approach to the infantryman as an individual. The emphasis on training is now laid upon individual instead of mass characteristics. It appears to be our first aim to produce the hunter and killer of men and machines, and after that groups of hunters working under the direction of a single will. A new technique and discipline are appearing and yet both seem to be rooted in a principle enunciated three centuries ago. We must now demand that our infantry are, and try to train them to be, men who "make some conscience of what they do."



Few who have boxed have not at some time entered the ring with a professional. The experience is often **Reminiscence from the Ring** distressing but invariably illuminating. It is a study in the technique of battle, immediately applied. The characteristics of the professional which strike the amateur are these: cunning, adaptability, aggression, foresight and speed. To link the first characteristic with the fourth is the initial stage in the game. The professional studies his opponent and plans his battle in those curiously cold seconds which follow the order to box. The second stage is the mixture of aggression and adaptability—from the secure base of foresight and cunning the professional develops a terrifying ability to punch from any angle and with a strange fore knowledge of the measures likely to be adopted by the defence. And, finally, there is speed—a quality quite unlike haste which gives to the assailed the impression of being attacked by seven separate men in three minutes. Military training can learn much from the methods of the ring.

•       •       •       •

By the courtesy of the Royal Artillery Institution there have been presented to the Library the three **The History of the Royal Artillery** admirable volumes of *The History of the Royal Artillery from the Indian Mutiny to the Great War*. The completion of the pre-Great War history of the Royal Artillery was entrusted originally to Major-General Sir Charles Callwell and to Major-General Sir John Headlam. The death of Sir Charles Callwell prevented him from completing more than two parts of Volume I and the remainder of the history has been written by Sir John Headlam.

Volume I deals with the organisation, armament and training of the Royal Artillery between 1860-1899 while Volume II carries on the story to 1914. Volume III describes Campaigns between 1860 and 1914. This treatment of the subject is as effective as it is ingenious and results in a narrative which is a model of lucidity and straightforward historical writing. Gunners who read this book will naturally base their judgment of it upon grounds somewhat differing from those of a layman reader. Whatever the grounds, however, there can be no doubt that Sir John Headlam has written a book worthy in every way of the splendid history of the great Regiment which it records.

## A BRIGADE AT DUNKIRK—AND AFTER

BY BRIGADIER J. G. SMYTH, V.C., M.C.

Several books have recently been published on the operations leading to the re-embarkation of the B.E.F. at Dunkirk. These have mostly been written by journalists who were either with the B.E.F. at the time or who were following the situation from Press and B.B.C. reports. Much has also been written in the Press on the subsequent "Battle of Britain"—the great air battles over England, the bombings and the counter-bombings and the probabilities and possibilities of the invasion of the British Isles.

Lord Gort's despatches on the operations in France and Belgium have not, however, yet been published, and there have been very few accounts of the Dunkirk operations by Commanders or Staff Officers.

As I happened to be the only officer of the Indian Army in command of a Brigade at Dunkirk, I thought a short account of the operations from a Brigade point of view might be of interest to U.S.I. of India readers and to old comrades of the Indian Army who fought with me in the last war over much of the same ground.

After four months as G.S.O.I. of a Division, I assumed command of an Infantry Brigade in England on 5th February, 1940. The Brigade formed part of a first-line Territorial Division with a very distinguished Great War record. The Division was commanded by one of the youngest major-generals in the British Army and was under orders to go out to France to join the B.E.F. within a fortnight from the day I arrived. The Brigade proper consisted of three North country battalions with the usual additions in the Bde. Gp. area of a Regiment of Field Artillery, R. E. Coy., Anti-Tank Bty. and Field Ambulance.

All three battalions were billeted in and around one town with Bde. H.Q. in a large country house about four miles away. The Mess billets were very poor, most of them being in vacated stables, barns and very old houses which gave little comfort against the really bitter weather. England had just been undergoing a very severe spell of snow and frost which, in this particular area, had caused widespread devastation. The countryside looked as if it had been swept by a tornado. The telegraph lines had been unable to bear the extra weight of snow and ice, which

had caked upon them and were broken and strewn all over the roads and the roadside, with the telegraph poles snapped off. There was not a telegraph post intact for miles.

The forest near-by had also suffered severely, and was a mass of broken branches and broken trees. The main road between Bde. H.Q. and the battalions was cracked and broken up by the severe frost and was full of dangerous clefts and cavities which made motoring in daylight difficult, and in the black-out dangerous, and anything but pleasant.

My predecessor had departed prior to my arrival and the Bde. Major was due to go within a few days.

The hot-water supply had broken down, there was a coal shortage due to the extreme weather conditions, and what with one thing and another the general depression was somewhat acute.

The Bde. Intelligence Officer with the Bde. advance parties was already in France. As is the case with most Indian Army Officers, I had had little experience of the Territorial soldier before the present war. I very soon found that the men were splendid material, tough, hardy, North country men, many of them miners and agricultural labourers. A Bde. boxing tournament held after my arrival was an eye-opener to me. I have always been particularly keen on Army and professional boxing, both at Home and in India, but never, in any boxing competition had I ever seen more whole-hearted fighting, with no quarter given or asked combined with more than an average amount of skill. They were also very keen on rugby and cricket, and had some very good performers at both games.

The officers were young and keen, but of course very untrained and inexperienced.

Since embodiment just before the war started, training had been carried on under the greatest difficulties. It was one thing to double the Territorial Army on paper, but quite another to produce the equivalent number of trained units within a reasonable time.

The B.E.F. had been despatched to France with all speed at the beginning of the war, taking with them most of the trained personnel in the country. The Territorial Divisions had to fit themselves for war with a very small proportion of regular officers and N.C.O.s to guide them. Add to this the shortage of arms and equipment, and particularly of ammunition for practice purposes, heavy anti-sabotage guard duties, frequent moves, shortage of adequate training areas and the particularly severe winter,

and you may get some idea of the difficulties which faced those first Territorial Divisions which had to fit themselves for active service in the early Spring of 1940.

The question of vehicle driving and maintenance alone was an enormous problem. Battalions, with a minimum of trained drivers, had not only to take over a large number of mechanical vehicles, but to maintain them and keep them on the road in winter weather with very small facilities as regards garages, workshops and tools. All this was of course the price we had to pay for unpreparedness in the years before the war. I return to India with a profound admiration for the Territorials and the way they got down to their problems, but with an equally profound hope that the system will never be reintroduced into Great Britain and that some form of conscription will remain in force after the war.

It is in many ways much more difficult to teach a half-trained man than one who has nothing to unlearn. Drill, for instance, on which much importance was stressed, was a constant bugbear to the Territorial soldier who had a rough and ready method of sloping and presenting arms, which did not commend itself to inspecting officers. It took far longer to get their drill correct than it would have done if we had had time and opportunity to give a few weeks to it and start afresh from the beginning—or, of course, if we had had a simplified form of drill.

Time, however, was just what we hadn't got. I reckoned we wanted a minimum of six weeks' intensive training, chiefly section, platoon and weapon training before the Brigade could be brought to a satisfactory standard—and we were due to leave England in 10 days. True, if given the opportunity, we could continue our training over the other side—and that eventually was the intention. The keenness and fighting spirit of all ranks, their cheerfulness under all conditions and anxiety to improve, more than made up, however, for the gaps in their training which had to be filled as opportunity offered. Before I left the Bde., both Territorial battalions beat a regular Bn. in a drill competition in which the drill was of a particularly high standard.

Although the country in the immediate vicinity of the Bde. area was eminently suitable for the training of all arms, there were many obstacles to the movement of troops. There were areas containing livestock of all sorts, which suffered from being disturbed and, worst of all, from a training point of view, there were large stretches of racing gallops which were not allowed to be crossed. These were of course the early days of the war, when

the training of race horses was still given priority over the training of troops. Suitable ground for digging was particularly hard to get. There was one bleak area known as "Snap" where all Bdes. of the Division dug in turn. Movement to this area was up a narrow track which soon became a foot deep in very clinging mud. "Snap" was a place of ill omen to the Bde. as it always snowed when we had to go there and we did our practice of trench reliefs and trench duties in one of the worst blizzards I have ever experienced. Nevertheless, "Snap" gave us some very realistic practice in digging and wiring under conditions which might have faced us if this war had been fought on the same lines as the last.

There was so much to be done that it was difficult to know where to start and what to concentrate on.

We first had to get our house in order at Bde. H.Q. The Divisional Commander produced an excellent Bde. Major for me and the commander of my old Division gave me a head clerk. Efficiency followed automatically. The training of clerks both at Divisional and Bde. H.Q. was a big problem. There was no Army reserve of trained clerks, and now that the bulk of the typing in civil life is done by women, it was difficult to find male clerks of any experience from the new entry.

In the Division of which I had been G.S.O.I. we had had some excellent A.T.S. women typists and shorthand clerks. They were, however, suddenly removed and we were left in a worse position than if we had never had them.

Fortunately, I knew one of the partners in a well-known London firm of business organizers. He volunteered to give six weeks of his time and that of one of his assistants to the organization and training of the Divisional Clerks. His labours soon bore wonderful fruit and I got him in again to do the same thing for my Bde. and passed him on to my new Divisional H.Q.

The improvement in the Bde. Office was remarkable, and our chief difficulty afterwards was in preventing our clerks from being pinched by higher formations. Three of them got commissions during the year I was with the Bde.

To cope with the present-day flood of paper, a good office staff, with at least one first-class stenographer, is essential if the Bde. Staff are not to be tied to their office stools for too many hours each day.

Another solution would be to cut down the paper, the floods of forms in triplicate, the certificates, the signatures and counter-signatures, etc. Perhaps this will come in time—but that time was certainly not yet.

The Bde. A. Tk. Coy. had been formed by each Bn. supplying one Pln. We were not to get our 25 mm. A. Tk. guns until we got to France. Bns. had evidently regarded the A. Tk. Coy. as a Heaven-sent opportunity for off-loading all their bad hats! This was obviously poor policy in a war in which tanks were almost certain to be our chief enemy. The personnel of the Coy. had to be weeded drastically and replaced with picked men.

As regards training in the Bns., we concentrated on weapon training whenever we could get the ammunition and took particular trouble over the training of fighting patrols and pln. leadership generally. The Bosche had already proved himself a master in the art of his conduct of fighting patrols by night. Lack of efficiency in this particular is apt to result in loss of confidence and lowering morale. In theory, of course, every pln. should be able to find a first-class night-fighting patrol. This, however, demands a high standard of training and a great deal of practice. We concentrated, for a start on training two really good fighting patrols in each battalion. These consisted of picked men. They specialised in night patrolling and also gave demonstrations to Coys. This paid us well later on as, the first night we were in contact with the Bosche, units sent out their picked patrols into No Man's Land as soon as it was dark, with the greatest confidence, and they gave a very good account of themselves.

The Divisional Commander held several Bde. exercises to practise us in the very important problem of M.T. movement, and we marched hard and far to get the men's feet thoroughly hard. Meanwhile, however, our move to France had been cancelled.

On February 13th we were told confidentially that we were to form part of a force earmarked to go to Finland, to the assistance of the Finns.

Our advance parties were recalled from France and we started to think in terms of fighting in conditions of snow and ice, for which the existing weather conditions in England were a not unsuitable preparation. We had another severe snowstorm that week-end. The newspapers were now full of the fighting in Finland and the possibilities of a British Expeditionary Force being sent out there. By March 2nd the Finns, after putting up splendid resistance to very superior Russian Forces, were being gradually beaten back. The political negotiations for the despatch of

our force to Finland fell through and the capitulation of the Finnish armed forces was then inevitable. Once more we were ordered to proceed to France and advance parties were again despatched. On arrival at the port of embarkation, the Staff Captain, who was in charge of all the Bde. advance parties, went down with measles and had to be replaced by another officer of the Bde. Staff at an hour's notice. Our "Q" learner on the Bde. Staff took his place. We were thenceforward never without him, and he proved his value time and again.

The Bde. I.O. is always available to act as B.M. but, on the "Q" side, one is much handicapped if there is no officer to take the place of the Staff Captain.

On March 29th, H.M. The King inspected the Bde. On Tuesday, 9th April, came the sudden German invasion of Norway and Denmark.

On April 11th, Comd. Warburton-Lee (who had been one of my pupils at the Camberley Staff College) carried out his gallant and successful attack with his destroyers at Narvik, in which he was killed, but was later awarded the first V.C. of the war.

By Saturday, 13th April, the Divisional Comd. and about half the Division had gone across to France. I was left commanding what remained. That night we received a telephone message from the War Office to tell us to stand fast and be prepared to proceed on a special mission—obviously Norway.

We remained at immediate notice until the 16th, when I was ordered to despatch one Field Regt. and go up to the War Office for orders.

At this time the situation in Norway was somewhat confused and at the War Office conference it was eventually decided that we were to continue our move to France as originally ordered. At this time there were very strong rumours that Italy was on the point of declaring war against us.

On April 23rd, in exceptional heat (such are the vagaries of the English climate) the Brigade Group, less the Field Regt., which never joined us again, left its billeting area for France. With my car at the door loaded up with my kit, my wife and I leant out of our hotel window in the main street and watched the battalions march by on their way to the station. The men, although heavily laden and wearing their greatcoats and full packs, were in great heart. They swung along singing "Roll out the barrel" which somewhat unaccountably changed to "Tipperary" just as they passed our window and reminded me forcibly of similar scenes in the last War.

The move went like clockwork, and in the early hours of the morning we drew in at Cherbourg and started to disembark. The troops spent the day in rest camps and myself with the Base Commandant, who had been a Major-General at the beginning of the war but, like so many others, had been judged too old for an active command in modern war. Now, wearing a Colonel's badges, he was running a most excellent show at this busy port. He complained bitterly at being so far from any possible scene of action—little knowing that, within only a matter of weeks, the Germans would be at his very doorstep and he himself would only escape death or capture by the skin of his teeth.

We entrained that evening for Fresnay, whence we were to proceed to a concentration area to complete our training. All the wheeled and track vehicles had preceded us on separate ships and were due to meet us there. On arrival, however, we found that our orders had been changed and that we were to proceed by rail and M.T. to Roncq and take over a sector of the defences on the Franco-Belgian frontier. I went on ahead by car, stopping *en route* at G.H.Q. and to have tea with the Corps Commander at Bethune.

My route took me through the middle of the area so well known to the Indian Corps in 1914-15 and names such as Richebourg, Neuve Chapelle, Picantin and La Bassee on the signposts brought back vivid memories of the last War. I took over an interesting sector of the frontier defences on which the B.E.F. had been working assiduously all through the winter.

The Chief Liaison Officer, the Duke of Gloucester, visited the Brigade on May 1st and went all round the defences, which he knew inside out as he did most of the other portions on the front. The men had quite good billets and were kept busy improving the defences and doing as much training as we could fit in. The weather was extremely hot and airless. On May 3rd, Lord Gort, the C-in-C., saw all Bde. Commanders at Div. H.Q. Meanwhile, the campaign in Norway was not going well for us. The Germans had gained too great an initial advantage and, by May 4th, we had had to evacuate Southern Norway.

On May 6th one of my three Territorial Battalions was ordered off to another sphere of action and I was given instead a regular battalion of a famous Highland Regt. which had been brigaded with the 15th Sikhs in the Sirhind Bde. in 1915. There was still one officer left in the battalion who had been with them then and whom I remembered.



On May 7th we had an E.N.S.A. concert for the troops and there appeared to be no indication that the German attack on Holland and Belgium was so soon to materialise. We had a full programme of training and inspections and the C-in-C. was due to inspect the Brigade within a few days. I had a large and comfortable Bde. H.Q., which was reputed to be the best in France. With French interpreters, attached officers and liaison officers, the Bde. Mess seldom consisted of less than 15 officers which meant a big job for the billeting and messing officers. The French people in the vicinity could not have been more friendly and helpful to us in every way.

In the early hours of Friday, May 10th, large formations of German bombers were heard overhead and some heavy crumps were heard in the vicinity. This could only mean one thing. I switched on my wireless and heard that the Germans had invaded Holland and Belgium at 0300 hrs. The frontier barriers were pulled down and, by midday, the Bde. was on the march across the frontier. Our first job was to give A.A. protection and to piquet the roads for another formation of the B.E.F. moving through our area. The atmosphere was electric and everyone very much "on their toes." During the next few days, the forward divisions of the B.E.F. moved up in support of the Belgian Army on the river Dyle and on May 14th the Bde. Gp. moved up by M.T. on to the R. Escaut in support, to be followed shortly afterwards by the remainder of the Division.

Thenceforward, throughout the operations, we fought almost always in Bde. Gps., the Brigadier having under his command a Regt. of Field Artillery, a Battery of A. Tk. guns (2-pounders), a Coy. R. E. and a Field Ambulance. The Brigade thus became a fighting formation of all arms. All that was needed to complete it was a battery of A.A. guns, which has now become part of the Bde. establishment. This arrangement is to my mind the only sound one in very mobile operations. The Bde. Gp. occupied anything from 26 to 30 miles of road space and, with such distances and with the congestion on the roads decentralisation from the start was essential. Then, if the situation stabilised (which it didn't) the Div. Comd. could withdraw such units as he wanted under his own control to gain the greatest effect possible from the fire power of the supporting arms.

The Bde. A. Tk. Coy. only took over their 25 mm. guns on May 13th and half the Coy. only had an opportunity of firing with them once on an improvised range before we went into action.

They were tremendously pleased with the accuracy and handiness of the guns, but it was, of course, a very severe handicap that only half the men should ever have had an opportunity of firing them—and then only once. The portion of the river line allotted to us was from excl. Tournai to incl. Pecq, a very long line which it would obviously take all of three battalions to hold. The position was complicated by the high feature of Mont St. Aubert, the other side of the river, which completely dominated our whole position and our back areas. We decided to hold it with one complete battalion. On the 15th and 16th we were busy digging in and organizing the position. The R. Escaut was a good tank obstacle and we started making an artificial one with mechanical excavators for the forward battalion. We had our first experience of the refugee problem, about which so much has been written, during these two days, the roads becoming almost impassable with the solid stream of humanity.

On May 16th Tournai was very heavily bombed with the intention of destroying the important road and railway bridge. I watched a succession of bombers swoop low on to their target until the whole area was one cloud of smoke and flame. We then motored into the town to see to what extent the communications had been interrupted. Not a bomb had hit the bridge, although the bombing had been carried out at low level and under the most favourable conditions. Many heavy bombs had, however, fallen in the town and in the absence of any A.R.P. or civil control, the inhabitants, with one accord, took to the roads to swell the ever increasing stream of refugees which was to prove such a handicap to our subsequent operations.

The next morning I received a message that the Corps Comd. wanted to see me at Div. H.Q. immediately. He was considerably delayed by the congestion on the roads and did not arrive until mid-day. He informed us that formidable German mechanized forces had broken through the French on the R. Meuse and were advancing rapidly in a westerly direction. My Bde. Gp. was to proceed forthwith to take up a sort of right flank guard protection to the B.E.F. and was to form the nucleus of an improvised force to be known as Mac Force under the command of Major-General Mason-MacFarlane. General Mason-MacFarlane and I had been G.s. together at Simla and Delhi and were old friends. The Corps and Div. Comdrs. returned with me to my Bde. H.Q. where General Mason-MacFarlane arrived shortly afterwards. The situation was, of course, very nebulous and the

progress made by the German Panzer divisions not exactly known. It was decided that General Mason MacFarlane should proceed to Orchies where the H.Q. of a French Corps had been situated before the breakthrough and try and ascertain the situation whilst I brought on the troops as soon as they could be collected and troop-carrying lorries provided for them.

The battalions were working hard on their defences, the gunners busy with their emplacements, all on a very wide front, and it took some time to collect them. They were, however, all ready, and orders for the march issued long before the M.T. arrived. We got off just before dark and had to chance our area and drive with our lights on as speed was so essential. The move was rather a nightmare from my point of view as I had no idea where the Bosche columns were and whether General Mason-MacFarlane had got through to Orchies or not. Any form of reconnaissance was impossible if we were to get there, as ordered, before daylight. We just had to push on at our best speed and hope for the best. The move showed how good units were becoming at any form of M.T. move by day or night and how good the Bde. Staff were becoming in getting them on the move and controlling their movement by means of the simplest of orders. Not a lorry broke down or lost the way, although the route was not easy and quite unknown. We started to arrive in Orchies by 0300 hrs. The town had already been bombed and not a light was showing. I had no idea where to find General Mason-MacFarlane but knew that he would leave me some indication. As I marched along the main street, I saw a blackboard propped against some railings with MAC scrawled on it in white chalk. I was extremely glad to see him and to find that the situation was better than might have been expected. Parts of two French Corps were still south of the R. Scarpe and the German Panzer divisions seemed for the moment more concerned with pushing straight on to the west, which they were doing with alarming rapidity, than with working up north behind the right rear of the B.E.F.

By 1130 hrs. the Bde. was in position behind the R. Scarpe, in touch with a French Moroccan Division on our left and with our right in the air. As usual, we had an enormous front to hold, over 21,000 yds., which precluded any depth or any reserves.

Mac Force was to consist of my own Brigade Gp. and two other Brigades of another Territorial Division. These two brigades had come out to France in April to work on the roads,

They had no signals, no carriers, no anti-tank guns or rifles and, of course, no artillery. Force H.Q. was an improvised affair with no office, no communications and no mess.

General Mason-MacFarlane and I, therefore, shared a H.Q. Bde. Signals provided the communications for the Force, my R.A. Regimental Comdr. became C.R.A., we lent the other two brigades some of our A. Tk. weapons and generally made do. I acted as Deputy Force Comdr. which set the G.O.C. free for the vital work of liaison with the various French formations in the vicinity and with British G.H.Q. under whose command we came directly. This distinctly improvised arrangement worked splendidly from the start in spite of the somewhat severe strain put on my Bde. H.Q. and signals. General Mason-MacFarlane was an inspiration to work under—tremendously energetic, cool, resourceful and immensely cheerful—often in the most uncheering circumstances.

On the evening of May 18th and on the 19th, the Bosche started extending the break-through further north and some of their armoured cars got as far as one of the main river crossings held by my Highlanders. They were, however, only bent on reconnaissance and withdrew at once when they found the bridges held.

On the 19th the situation deteriorated somewhat. The French troops to our front and flanks started to withdraw and the situation became distinctly obscure. We could get no touch with French Corps H.Q., so the General and I, each in a separate armoured car, went to seek them out. In modern war, it is essential that all Comdrs., from Brigade inclusive upwards, should have some form of mobile protection. I always had a section of carriers at Bde. H.Q. and could then always exchange my car for a protected vehicle if there appeared to be any likelihood of being way-laid by the odd patrol. We were glad we were not in an open car as, in a somewhat mixed situation, everyone was very light on the trigger. I took care to keep our Union Jack unfurled to the breeze. We found the French Corps Comdr. but he could tell us very little except that his troops were falling back everywhere in face of the mobile German advanced columns.

On our way back we saw a large force of German bombers dive-bombing the road just in front of us. We pulled in to the side and concealed our cars behind some houses. After an intense attack lasting only about five minutes, the bombers cleared off and we proceeded on our way. We found their target had been a French horsed transport column and they had made a terrible

mess of it. The French, always careless about march discipline of men and M.T., were particularly so as regards their cavalry and horse transport. On this occasion the carts were in a solid block head to tail with no spacing or intervals whatever. There was a deep ditch by the side of the road which prevented them getting off. The sudden air attack had taken them completely by surprise and the road and its vicinity was strewn with dead men and horses and shattered wagons.

The day was a memorable one for the Bde. as, in the space of 24 hours, we shot down 11 German aircraft, mostly by small-arms fire. They were very nervous about their northern flank and were flying very low for reconnaissance and also doing some dive and low level bombing. All Bns. had souvenirs of iron crosses, German weapons, etc.

One of the pilots, a wounded officer, was brought in to Force H.Q. Whilst General Mason MacFarlane was interrogating him I looked through his pack. Every single item of his equipment was of the highest quality, even down to his pencil and india-rubber. The Germans certainly made certain that their fighting men had the best equipment possible down to every detail. That evening the General and I motored to St. Amand, the H.Q. of the French Corps and Division on our left. We went in my Humber brake, a grand type of utility car which is roomy, will stand any amount of knocking about and yet will do go if required. As soon as we debouched on to the main road we became engulfed in the refugee traffic, which had now become simply appalling. They were going in all directions. Many going north to get away from the westward push of the Panzer divisions—others going south from the path of the retreating Belgian Army—others going west in the path of the B.E.F. and French armies of the North and some even going East, having run into the Panzer divisions when they turned North East towards the channel ports. This flight of refugees was the most pathetic thing I have ever seen—far worse than anything of the same nature in the last War. Young and old from whole villages and towns at a time suddenly took panic from the bombing or from rumours of the approach of German columns, piled a little luggage and some food into a car, a farm cart or even pram and took to the roads where hunger and exhaustion and the German bombers daily took toll of them. As the roads became more congested, their movement became slower and the pace became a slow shuffle. The French civil authorities appeared neither to try and stop them from refugeeing in the first case nor to try and control them

or divert them once they were on the roads. They were the greatest handicap to our movement, were fertile soil for rumours of alarm and despondency, affected the morale of the French troops very adversely and were a material factor in the final capitulation of France.

My English north country driver, good as he was, gazed appalled at the mass of humanity, carts, cars, etc., in front of us. General Mason-MacFarlane, with a glint of battle in his eye, got out from the back and took the wheel, and I got in the front seat beside him. We put the driver in the back. I had often driven with the General before and had vivid recollections of one very hairy drive from Delhi to Simla when our lights went wrong and we went up the Simla Hill in the dark. He drove very fast but always seemed to have a spare inch where you didn't think one existed. We had got to get to St. Amand and the refugees had got to get out of the way. We got there after a most hair-raising drive, sometimes trying the right of the road, then the left and sometimes running up the bank or on to the grass.

The Commander of the Moroccan Division had the reputation of being one of the coming French Generals. He was the youngest of the French Divisional Commanders, fit, hard and full of energy. Of all the French Comdrs. I met during those hectic few weeks, he impressed me the most. I wanted him to take over a bit of my very extended front. As soon as he heard the number of men I had and the length of Front I was holding, no time was wasted in arguing or wrangling. The whole thing was settled in a matter of minutes, and we were on our way home. It was now getting dark and our drive home, with the General again at the wheel, was even more difficult than the drive out. By this time in the evening the refugees were so weary that they were practically asleep on their feet and they were past caring whether they were machine-gunned from the air or run down by a car. No amount of hooting would make them budge.

We arrived back at Force H. Q. very weary in time for a late dinner. We were all beginning to feel the need of some sleep of which we had had little for several days; the situation was comparatively quiet on our front and it looked as though we were going to get some. After dinner, however, a code message was received from G.H.Q. saying that my brigade was to go back to our division on the R. Escant immediately. This was a bad blow for the Force Comdr. as we were the only one of his three brigades that had weapons, equipment and, above all, signals and D.R.s.

He got through to G.H.Q. by telephone, but they replied that the situation on the Escant was not good and that we must try and be back there by early next morning. In spite of the darkness, the very scattered line being held by the Brigade and the total unexpectedness of the order, we were on the move by midnight. I went ahead with one staff officer to Div. H.Q. at Toufflers, where I arrived at 0200 hrs. and found the Divisional Comdr. waiting up for me. He informed me that, since my departure to Maforce the forward Divs. of the B.I.L. had withdrawn through the Escant position and that we were now part of the rearguard. Yesterday morning the Bosche had attacked and got a footing over the river—which was the reason for our recall from Maforce. However, a counter-attack had just been put in by one of the forward brigades which had been completely successful and the situation was restored. I was to be in Div. Reserve.

We just had time to put in an hour's sleep before the Brigade arrived.

Bde. H.Q. was established in a lovely little house in Bouvines which, curiously enough, had been used by my brother as his Bn. H.Q. As soon as the Bde. had arrived, got into their billets and breakfasted, battalions started to reconnoitre approaches to forward brigades. I was called to a Div. Conference and received orders to take over from one of the leading Brigades that evening. Orders were issued and all arrangements made accordingly. Later in the afternoon, however, I was called again to Div. H.Q. where the Corps Comdr. was due at 1500 hrs. In view of the progress made by the German push to the Channel ports round our right rear and bad news from the Belgian Army, all previous orders were cancelled and a general withdrawal was ordered to the line of the Lille defences. The Lille defences were similar to those we had been holding on the Belgian frontier and consisted of an A. Tk. ditch, barbed wire and concrete pill boxes. The Brigade had to occupy them soon after dark to cover the withdrawal of the two forward Brigades. As may be imagined, it took us all our time to cancel one operation and put into effect another and we had very little time to spare.

Lack of sleep was now becoming a really pressing problem. At Bde. H.Q. we had been on the go for several nights on end, and the days were full of recess., conferences and other vital matters. In the units C.O.s and seconds-in-command were made interchangeable, the second-in-command automatically attending a C.O.s conference at Bde. H.Q. if the C.O. was sleeping. In Bde.

H.Q. we had two-day sleeping hours—1000 to 1200 and 1400 to 1600—and members of the Bde. Staff, clerks, signals, etc., were detailed to sleep during one of those periods whenever we were not on the move. Sleep for the Brigadier was, however, not so easy, with frequent and necessary Divl. conferences as well as the working of the Bde.

The forward Brigadiers expected to have difficulty in breaking away but the counter-attack had shaken the Bosche and they came away at their leisure without being followed up. The morning of May 23rd found us working on the defences and watching for the Bosche advance. I spent the morning walking all round the forward posts which would be impossible to visit again once contact was gained.

During the late afternoon German patrols, making very clever use of the ground, gained contact all along the front. As soon as it was dark, out went the picked fighting patrols on the fronts of both Territorial battalions. They had varied adventures, gained much experience and confidence, and sustained no casualties either from the Bosche or our own side, which was satisfactory. Early in the morning the Bosche put in a heavy raid supported by mortars and infantry guns. They were extremely good at getting their heavy mortars and forward guns into action quickly. There was a great deal of noise, which is definitely part of the stock-in-trade of the modern German soldier—Tommy guns blazing, rockets, flares and shouting with the idea of causing demoralization and confusion. They failed, however, to cross the ditch anywhere. Our casualties were slight.

Every day, of course, German reconnaissance aircraft were over early, followed by the bombers, if targets had been located. The strictest discipline was required to conceal Bde. H.Q. No sentries paraded at the gate, nor were there any conspicuous flags hung out. All transport was parked at least half a mile away and no cars, except those of Brigadiers and over, were allowed to draw up at the gate. At the approach of aircraft all ranks got under cover and stood still; all this was very irksome and needed continual attention. It paid, however, hands down and Bde. H.Q. was never deliberately bombed. Battalion H.Q. took similar precautions; they were easier to conceal from the air and only one of them was deliberately bombed.

During May 24th there was a good deal of hostile air reces., and a certain amount of bombing. Enemy artillery were ranging and started harassing fire on roads and bridges. On the 25th we



were put on half rations and started to live on the country. The position of the B.E.F. now appeared distinctly grim. All mails from Home had long ago ceased. The refugees were a great nuisance and made movement very difficult. They did, however, give one some indication of the approach of German aircraft which were very active. The R.A.F. with all their advanced landing grounds and installations in the hands of the **Bosche** were operating under a great handicap. One would be struggling along a crowded road in the Bde. car when suddenly one would see the refugees scatter in front all over the countryside. The driver would pull up sharply at the side of the road and into the ditch we would all go as the aircraft swept down the road bombing and machine gunning. Then into the car and on our way hoping that we should not find broken lorries or other obstructions blocking the road.

May 26th still found us holding the positions we had taken up on the 22nd and we were nowhere seriously pressed. Owing to further French withdrawals, however, we readjusted our position in places and I formed a joint Bde. H.Q. with my neighbouring Brigadier in an old and very strong French fort. This was a dark chasm of a place and very conspicuous, but it was very strong and proof against anything but the very heaviest bombs and shells. The only snag in it was that it was approached by a narrow and vulnerable bridge. However, the other Bde. had been shelled out of its H.Q. and it was only a matter of time before ours was also discovered in view of the complete German local air superiority.

We found this principle of a combined Bde. H.Q. an excellent one in this type of operation. It ensured close liaison and when a withdrawal had to be carried out at short notice, in the absence of any but the shortest orders, it proved of the greatest value. Such an occasion arose the next day, May 27th, when a staff officer from Div. H.Q. arrived at our fort with a verbal order that the division was to withdraw that night to the R. Lys around Armentieres. He heaved a sigh of relief when he found both rear Bde. H. Q. together and in half an hour we sketched out together the plan of withdrawal. The other Brigade had had its main road bridge destroyed the night before, which left it only one improvised bridge and a difficult getaway. We arranged to continue our joint H.Q. and that the other Brigade should start withdrawing as soon as it got dark, covered by my Bde. which should hold on for another three hours and then act as rearguard to the Div.

Both Bdes. had to pass through Lille which had been very heavily bombed and was ablaze. We pressed for very strict traffic control through the town and for our road to be kept clear and the Div. Staff Officer went off to arrange this. As always, in these operations with all bns. on a wide front and with very congested roads the difficulty was to get orders out to the troops in sufficient time for them to make their arrangements before dark. There could be no question of written orders. Whenever possible C.O.s were called in to Bde. H. Q. and the plan explained to them verbally—this was far the most effective method as they were then in a position to act intelligently in the spirit of the order if things went wrong, as of course they often did. Failing this, orders in note form with marked maps were sent out by liaison officers. We had three liaison officers permanently attached to Bde. H.Q. and they were invaluable. They had to be good on a motor cycle, intelligent and of strong physique as their duties were extremely arduous. It is useless for units to detail officers for this work in whom they have no confidence and who merely act as D.R.s. Before dark the Staff Capt. and I.O. went back to Le Bizet to open our new H.Q. and get in touch with Div. H.Q. We got away soon after dark, better than we expected with the usual contretemps which always occur in such an operation. Here again the joint Bde. H.Q. proved its value. The other Bde. Staff checked their own units through, whilst my staff controlled the preliminary moves of the rearguard. Half a bn. of the other Bde. failed to appear. How long should we delay the rearguard for them? We settled half an hour, which was the limit we could do with safety. Actually they had missed their way and fetched up on our route later.

Our rear party consisted of the carriers of all three bns. brigaded under one of the seconds-in-command with a certain number of A. Tk. guns. The latter were essential—the only trouble being that they were very immobile and clumsy in the dark as they were towed by lorries and they could not, therefore, go where the carriers could. The night was pitchy dark and the position an extremely difficult one to get away from undiscovered as our bank of the river was low and bare and the Bosche side high and wooded. However, all battalions got away splendidly. The carriers did their job well and imposed another two hours' delay, giving us a good, clear start. In the distance the fires of Lille lit up the night sky. We hoped that the traffic control through the bottleneck would prove effective and that the bridge over the river was still intact. I pushed ahead in the car to see. The road into

Lille was clear and the Divl. Provost, though there were not nearly enough of them, were piquetting it. I told them to block the side roads with some carts and went on to have a look at the bridge. The Bosche aircraft had, we knew, been making a dead set at it. It was still intact but a French Cavalry Bde. which had somehow come in from a side road, was halted right on it, completely blocking the road. Men and horses were dead beat and some of the men were asleep on the horses, others lying or sitting by the roadside. We left the car and found our way through to the front where we found the French Cavalry Bde. Comdr. explained the situation and got him to get his bde. on the move. Then we went back into Lille and met the first bn. of the Bde., marching along in good order. Behind them, however, instead of the rest of the Bde., came a solid mass of French troops. The worst had happened and a whole French Division had cut across on to our road. It was quite impossible to get past them and we could only turn the car and try to get on to our new H.Q. French troops and refugees were, by this time, pouring in from the side streets and we progressed at a funeral pace in a solid block of men, horses, M.T. vehicles and French horsed transport. We had lost touch with the other Bde. H.Q.; with all bns. and with the rest of our Bde. H. Q. After a bit we caught up with a British M.T. Column halted and unable to get on. Everything came to a full-stop and we were still 10 miles from our destination. We left my driver and batman with the car, telling them to come along later if the road cleared and, if not, to leave the car and come on themselves. Myself with my B.M., French interpreter and Asstt. Staff Capt. took to the road and started to thread our way through the mass of halted lorries, horses and cars. Occasionally they moved forward a few hundred yards and then stopped. At 0900 hrs. we arrived at our new H.Q. at Le Bizet, discovered the line we were to hold and went off to reconnoitre it.

By 0900 hrs. all units of the Bde. Gp. had arrived more or less intact, the infantry having marched the best part of 30 miles under extremely difficult conditions. The rear party was completely lost, having found a bridge down and been compelled to take another road. After many wanderings and one or two encounters with Bosche Armcd. Cars they turned up later in the day.

There was no question of rest, and, after a hasty breakfast, bns. took up their positions and started digging in. Fortunately the Bosche were even more tired than we were and followed up slowly. The German bombers got some good targets on the congested roads.

I visited bns. and found all ranks in splendid heart. The Staff Capt. and Bde. Supply Officer, as usual, achieved the seemingly impossible and produced rations and petrol from nowhere.

In the afternoon my car, complete with driver, batman and kit, rolled up intact and I went off to Div. H.Q. to see if there were any orders for the next day. The roads were a solid block of troops, mostly French, and refugees, and movement was extraordinarily slow and difficult. Div. H.Q. had been out of touch with Corps since mid-day the day before and could not get touch with the Div. on our left, which should have been in touch with the left of my Bde. The G.I. went off to try and find Corps whilst I went to try and find the Div. on our left. Eventually we ran them to earth. The G.I., killed a few days later, had been a fellow student of mine at Camberley. He had just received orders that the withdrawal was to be continued at 2200 hrs., his Div. and ours withdrawing together. It was then 1700 hrs. and there was no time to be wasted as I knew our Div. H.Q. knew nothing about it. I marked my map from the G.I.'s, took a brief note of the orders and started back to Div. H.Q. as fast as possible.

Just as we were entering a town some two miles from Div. H.Q. the Bosche started shelling us. There was no way round and we had to make a dash for it. Compared with the last War, the shelling we had experienced had been negligible but I still retain a good idea of the sound a shell made that was going to fall fairly close. As we approached the centre of the town, I heard one such and told the driver to stop and everyone to take cover.

The Bde. I.O. thought I was being rather fussy and was somewhat leisurely in his movements; the rest of us darted into the nearest house which had quite a good cellar. The I.O. then realised his danger, but was just too late—he fell down the steps of the cellar with a nasty wound in the leg. The shell burst right over the car, killing two British soldiers. One nasty jagged fragment went clear through the near front door of the car and out at the driver's door. We got to work on the I.O. with a first field dressing and some morphia which I always carried on me.

The Bosche had now got the main square taped and was pumping in shells at regular intervals. The situation was unpleasant as we had to get the I.O. away and ourselves get to Div. H.Q. We spotted a couple of ambulance men—grand fellows who, in spite of the shelling, produced an ambulance, brought it right up to the door and evacuated our casualty. We then made a dash for our car, which we found to be undamaged except for

the one splinter which would have removed myself and the driver. The G.I. had not returned and the Div. Comdr. and Staff were getting a bit of well earned sleep. I woke them up and we started to make a hurried plan of withdrawal, which had to be of the simplest as time was very short. My Bde. was again to do rear guard. We were several times held up by bombers on our way back to the Bde. H.Q.

In the middle of getting out orders there was some fairly close bombing and a whole French cavalry squadron galloped into the farm where we had been at considerable pains to try and conceal the vehicles of Bde. H.Q. The place bristled with horses and men and was a target a bomber might dream of. This was too much. I addressed the squadron commander in a few honeyed words of bad French mixed with Urdu and he removed his command to a place less vulnerable to all concerned.

These withdrawals from river lines always involved many bridge demolitions which were magnificently carried out by the Div. R.E. for which the C.R.E. and his senior Asstt. got well-deserved D.S.O.s. They also entailed some difficult decisions on the part of Brigadiers as to when to give the order to blow—particularly when Bosche advanced parties were seen approaching a bridge whilst some of our troops were still on the other side.

It was now, of course, generally known throughout the Bde. that the Belgians had ceased fighting, that the Bosche had got most of the Channel Ports and that the B.E.F. was to attempt to re-embark at Dunkirk.

Once again, in spite of necessarily sketchy orders, battalions got away splendidly soon after dark. There was a tremendous burst of firing and at zero hour one bn. was delayed over an hour but again the Bosche failed to maintain contact and did not press us unduly. The march, which was again nearly 30 miles for the rearmost units, was even worse than the night before. The roads were completely blocked by troops, transport and refugees. Again we had to abandon the Bde. car and take to our feet. At 0800 hrs. we were still walking and still five miles from the place I had to meet the Div. Comdr. for orders. A most intelligent D.R. then nosed me out with a note from him telling me to get on the back of the bike and come along as soon as possible. Amid waves and cheers from the Bde. Staff, we set off on a journey which was almost as precarious as that we had had at St. Amant with General Mason-MacFarlane. The D.R. had been a dirt-track rider in

civil life and was in his element. We darted under horses' necks, skidded round lorries, butted people in the back and eventually fetched up at a small pub where I found the Divl. Comdr.

The Bde. was to be collected on arrival into a rest area in the vicinity of Rexpoed village, behind another division. All kits and surplus equipment were to be destroyed, and orders were to issue later from Div. H.Q. for a further withdrawal during the night into the Dunkirk Salient. The difficulty was going to be to get these orders out to units and for units to collect their men who were now spread over many miles of road. Our invaluable liaison officers had stuck to me like glue and they went off to contact C.O.s and give them their Battalion R.V.s which we chose off the map. The B.M. and I set off on foot to find a suitable Bde. H.Q. and to try and collect information of the whereabouts and progress of battalions.

In the midst of our wanderings, to our joy, we came across the old brigade car, complete with driver and my batman, both tired and dirty and full of oaths, but smiling and cheerful, as is the way of the British soldier in adversity.

By 1300 hrs. the bulk of the Bde. had been collected in their areas, having been marching continually since 2100 hrs. the previous night. The men got a meal, lookouts and A.A. sentries were posted, and by 1500 hrs. the remainder got down to some well-earned sleep. Each bn. had a pln. of the A. Tk. Coy. with them.

The Highland Bn., which had been doing rearguard to the Bde., was practically complete, the other two bns. which had been mixed up in the worst of the traffic jam had still a good many missing. One Bde. of the Division was entirely lost and we never saw them again until we got back to England. They missed their way somehow, failed to connect up with the remainder of the Div. and got back to Dunkirk on their own.

There was a conference at Div. H.Q. at noon, and I lunched there afterwards and met the Div. Comdr. whose Div. was holding the line in front of my Bde. He had been one of my Instructors at Camberley, and is now commanding a Corps in England. He said he would call on me if he was pressed and wanted assistance, but that nothing of the sort appeared likely as everything seemed quiet on his front. Except for the presence of Bosche aircraft at frequent intervals and for a certain amount of bombing, very few noises of battle could be heard.

I returned to Bde. H.Q., found everything settled in there and dropped my batman and my kit with instructions that he was

to sort out one or two of my cherished possessions and burn everything else. The Staff Capt. and Bde. Supply Officer went off to arrange for rations and petrol and the Bde. Major and the head clerk, not without a certain amount of relish, set about the destruction of every book and manual, every Army Form and bit of paper we possessed at Bde. H.Q. The typewriters were broken up and we were left with such maps as we needed, and with notebooks and message pads. We carried on like this quite happily for many weeks.

As may be imagined, the reply to every awkward query for months afterwards as to why we had not complied with such and such a document was invariably: "It is much regretted that all reference to the matter in question was destroyed at Dunkirk." As we had not got orders for the next move, I sent the Asstt. Staff Capt. to Divl. H.Q. to wait there until he got them. My car driver was in need of a rest, and I left him behind. About 1530 hrs. taking the Bde. Transport Officer with me, I set off to visit bns, which I had not been able to do since they had got in. They had by now all had instructions that our next move would take us inside the Dunkirk Salient and that only essential transport, such as carriers and wireless sets, could be taken and that all other transport was to be systematically and thoroughly destroyed forthwith.

With the Bde. Transport Officer driving we made for Rexpoed. We saw two of the C.O.s and were on our way to the third when we heard sounds of firing and two very excited soldiers ran up and said that German Tanks had broken through the Div. in front and had just entered Rexpoed. I thought this unlikely as we had only just left the place, but we turned to get back to Bde. H.Q. to see if any information had come in. We had not gone 100 yds. before we saw German tanks coming out of Rexpoed and going in the direction of Bde. H.Q. Our road in that direction was blocked. We turned again and made for the H.Q. of the Highland Bn. which we had been on our way to before, but saw two German tanks coming down the road. Only one road was now possible—the one that lead to the other Bde. of my Div. Never had the Bde. Transport Officer turned a car on a narrow road in such a quick time. We sped along at racing speed and got clear just in time as German tanks debouched on the road behind us.

On the way to the other Bde. H.Q. we warned a Fd. Bty. of what was afoot and they soon spotted some tanks and started shooting at them.

On my arrival at the other Bde. H.Q. the Brigadier had just had information from his battalions that they were engaged with German mobile forces. I borrowed his wireless set and explained the situation to the Div. Comdr. We then set off for Div. H.Q. which I knew my Bde. H.Q. would try and contact if they could.

Meanwhile the German troops, consisting of tanks and mobile infantry, after leaving parties to mop up my bns., had gone straight on to my Bde. H.Q. where they arrived about 1700 hrs. The B.M. was in the office and my batman had the whole of my kit laid out on the grass trying to make out what items he should try and save and what he should destroy. The problem was solved for him by the tanks which destroyed the whole lot and Bde. H.Q. into the bargain. The B.M., with my batman driving, leapt into a car and got into action two 2-pdr. A. Tk. guns which were only a few hundred yards away. They stayed with them directing their fire and encouraging them, with my batman doing runner and odd job man as casualties became heavy. The guns fought splendidly and knocked out two or three tanks before they were knocked out themselves with almost every man of the gun crews killed or wounded.

The B.M. got a M.C. and my batman a M.M. for this very gallant little action.

The B.M. then got away what he could of Bde. H.Q. and tried to get through to Div. H.Q. where he hoped he might get news of me if I had managed to avoid the German tanks.

I arrived at Div. H.Q. just as he called up on the wireless. He had established another H.Q. in a village further back, but had lost all the other officers of the Bde. Staff with the exception of the Signal Officer. Div. H.Q. was becoming distinctly unhealthy, and the Div. Comdr. decided that he would move to my new Bde. H.Q. and form a joint H.Q. with me. The next decision was how to get there? My Asstt. Signal Officer had just blown in. He was certain that the left-hand road was clear as he had just come that way, but suggested he should do a bit of preliminary scouting on a push-bike. He set off and never returned so we took the other road. We learnt later that he had walked straight into the Bosche and been taken prisoner.

All went well with us on the other road until we came upon a troop of A. Tk. guns to which my Staff Capt. had attached himself. They had been having, and were apparently still having, a little private battle, with some German tanks up the road. They appeared quite pleased with the way the battle was going, but



the trouble was it was right on the road we had to take to the new H.Q. and very close to it. We got on to the B.M. on the wireless and moved him to a more suitable spot where we eventually joined him about 2100 hrs. The night was as obscure as the situation, the only bright spot being that all bns. knew the general intention and would, I knew, conform to it to the best of their ability if they were able. Liaison Officers and D.R.s had been sent out to try and gain contact with battalions.

At 2300 hrs. I held a conference at Bde. H.Q. which was attended by the C.O. of one battalion, the 2nd in Command of another and the Intelligence Officer of the Highland Bn. The latter had got through with the greatest difficulty as the battalion was closely surrounded by the Germans. The story of the afternoon's happenings was briefly as follows:

All Bns. had been attacked by tanks and mobile infantry in their rest areas about 1645 hrs. The attack broke through the troops in front of us so suddenly that they were unable to give us any warning. The battalion H.Q. of one of the Territorial Bns. had been heavily attacked and set on fire. Both Territorial Bns. had withdrawn a few miles and had had a number of casualties but both had managed to knock out a few tanks. They were not being pressed, although German forces were about between them and Bde. H.Q. They anticipated no trouble in continuing the withdrawal and I ordered them to get on with it immediately and aim at being within the Dunkirk defences at given R.V.s as soon after daylight as possible.

The Highland Bn. were in much worse case. They had been attacked and surrounded about 1645 hrs. by German tanks and Infantry.

Before bns. went into their rest areas, I had detailed to each of them a platoon of the Bde.—25-mm. A. Tk. guns using the 2-pdr. Anti-Tk. Bty. to give depth to the A. Tk. defence and to protect Bde. H.Q.

The Highlanders had put up a grand fight, resisting strongly every time the Bosche tried to close in. All their 25-mm. guns had been knocked out, but they employed their A. Tk. rifles with good effect and spoke very highly of the hitting power of this weapon. The Adj't., an extremely good shot with any weapon, had fired 40 rds. himself—and the German tanks didn't like it. Eventually, they had ceased their attacks but the bn. was now closely surrounded with all the roads blocked. Casualties had been heavy both in Officers and men.

I sent the I.O. back and also another officer by a different route with orders that they were to split up into small parties and break through under cover of darkness and join me at a given R.V. early next morning. The successful extrication of the bn. was in a large part due to the Bn. Intelligence Officer who wormed his way through again with the orders. He got a well-deserved M.C. and later became Bde. I.O. and then O.C. A. Tk. Coy. His sudden death later, after a short illness, was a great loss. Both Divl. Comdrs. were in the room whilst the conference had been going on, the other division having started its withdrawal through us as soon as it got dark.

In the Bde. our casualties in A. Tk. weapons had been heavy. We lost all our 25-mm. guns in the action and most of the 2-pdrs. Although heavily outnumbered they gave a very good account of themselves but would naturally have done better if they (the 25-mms. especially) had had more previous practice in firing their guns. We could have done with many more of them.

After "dinner"—a sandwich and a whiskey-and-soda—at 0300 hrs. the Divl. Comdr. held a conference. He had still no news of the missing Bde. but the other Bde. which had been behind me had not been pressed after dark and was withdrawing according to plan.

The conference was attended by the Div. Comdr. and the G.I. and myself and my B.M. Its object was to decide on the next move of Div. and Bde. H.Q. German mobile forces were now well inside the Div. area and might well be already astride our road back to Dunkirk. We had only a handful of soldiers with us, the remains of my Bde. protective pln. and a couple of 2-pdr. guns. If we waited where we were until daylight we could be of no further assistance to the troops and might well get both H.Q.s captured. We decided to move back inside the Dunkirk defences at 0300 hrs. (May 30th).

The conference had not been going five minutes before loud snores came from my B.M. who had fallen asleep in his chair. We decided to call it a day and get an hour's sleep. My Bde. H.Q. was sadly reduced. The Bde. Supply Officer, Asstt. Staff Capt. and both Signal Officers were missing, but all but one of them, who had been captured, joined up next day. The Intelligence Officer had been wounded the day before and was one of the last of the casualties to be evacuated to England. Both French interpreters had been taken prisoner, but escaped by

crawling down a sewer and both joined up with me again next day.

I felt confident that the bulk of the bns would get back all right during the night. They had a lot of practice in night movement and the Bosche force which had attacked us appeared to be split up and disorganised and had suffered considerable casualties.

At 0300 hrs. we got on the move and established another H.Q. with Div. H.Q. just inside the Dunkirk defences. All bns withdrew successfully, the Highlanders having a sharp engagement in the early morning. Although very weary, they were in great spirits and longed to have another go at the Bosche. The C.O. got an immediate D.S.O., the Adj. an M.C. and a number of men in all battalions got D.C.M.s and M.M.s. It was very hard to ascertain the number of casualties we had suffered, particularly as a large number of men had got separated from their units in the dark and marched through to Bray where they automatically came under the control of the embn. authorities and were not allowed to rejoin the Bde. Actually our total casualties in the Bde. were under 500, and in the Bde. Gp. about 700.

As soon as bns had reported in, Bde. H.Q. moved back and the B.M. and I motored and walked down to Bray with the idea of trying to collect any of our men who might be there. We found large parties from all three bns, but the Embn. Comdt. (quite rightly) refused to relinquish them as he wanted to embark as many troops as possible as soon as shipping of any sort became available.

The scene on the beaches and in the Salient has been described by better pens than mine. The beaches were a mass of men and it is amazing, in view of the determined efforts made by the Bosche air force to prevent our embarkation, that there were comparatively so few casualties there. Behind the beaches there was a scene of widespread devastation caused by the German bombers and by our own wholesale destruction of our transport and equipment.

Dunkirk, incessantly bombed and badly battered, was ablaze a few miles to the West. In the afternoon I was called to Div. H.Q. and ordered to reconnoitre a final position at Dunkirk for the rear parties of the B.E.F. to hold immediately before embarkation. The Bde. car was almost on its last legs and made a loud roaring noise like a badly broken-winded horse. It was dark when I got back with my report and, whilst going through it with

the Divl. Comdr., orders came through from Corps that the Div. was to be prepared to embark at Bray at 2300 hrs. We ran the old Bde. car right on to the beach before we smashed her up. The embarkation was run entirely by the Embarkation Comdt. and his Staff and was most efficiently done considering the numerous difficulties he had to face. At the last minute, owing to shortage of shipping at Bray, the greater portion of the Bde. was moved along to Dunkirk. The remainder, with my Bde. H.Q. and Divl. H.Q., embarked at Bray. We filed down on to the beach and then along a narrow plankway jutting upwards of 100 yds. out to sea. We stood there for two solid hours—almost the most wearisome two hours we had had, and then marched back again as the tide was too low for the ships to get in.

About 0230 hrs. a Bosche bty. started shelling the beaches with the greatest accuracy. We burrowed into the sand and the shooting stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The casualties were carried up to the dressing station and we again sat down to wait. At first light the German bombers started to appear and we could then see the mass of craft of all descriptions from destroyers downwards standing by to take us off. A young naval officer pointed out to me a large 16-oar ship's boat lying well up the beach and asked me to get 20 men into it and pull out to any ship we liked. My B.M. and myself, driver, batman, D.R. and 15 private soldiers started to shove it into the water. Except for my B.M. and myself none of the others had ever been in a small boat before. As soon as it started to bob about on the water, everyone jumped in with the result that it settled hard on to the sand again. We tried again with the same result. Eventually, after wading chest-high in water, we got her afloat. Our troubles, however, had then only started. The tide was low with a choppy sea and the ships had to stand some way out. I settled my crew down to their oars with the B.M. as stroke. No one except the B.M. had ever handled an oar before. It was not exactly a propitious moment to learn rowing but they soon learnt that the description I read once in a novel regarding the mighty doings of the hero in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, "All rowed fast but none so fast as he," was undoubtedly an unwise method of procedure and resulted in a tangle of oars and little progress. I stood in the stem shouting "one, two—In, out" after the style of the commentator of the boat race and eventually, with many painful lapses, we started to move. I steered for the longest and narrowest destroyer which was lying furthest out, regardless of the suggestions that we should board some of the fatter, more

comfortable looking craft lying nearer in. My crew stuck nobly to their oars and, after a bit, we got on terms with the Divl. Comdr.'s boat, which was being regally towed out, and finally passed her.

Climbing on board that destroyer was almost like setting foot on England. The sailors from the Comdr. downwards were simply marvellous. Our R.A.F. fighters made the most gallant efforts to keep the bombing down but, operating as they were from aerodromes in England, they could only spend a very short time in the battle area before they had to go back and refuel. The ship did not weigh anchor until 0600 hrs. by which time they had taken on board as many men as it would possibly hold. The Comdr. gave the Div. Comdr. and myself his own cabin and, in a few minutes, the Div. Comdr. and G. I. were fast asleep. I was somehow too tired for sleep and lay listening to the din of the bursting bombs and the battle of the ship's A. A. armament as we zigzagged our way across the channel.

We arrived at Dover at 0600 hrs. on the 31st of May. Train after train drew in at the station; we were bundled in without any attempt at sorting out the different units and departed to an unknown destination. The whole of the train arrangements were excellent. Kind voluntary helpers at various stations supplied us with all the food and drink we could possibly want and, at 1800 hrs., we arrived at one of the B.F.F. sorting depots which I found to be commanded by an old friend of mine, who made me extremely comfortable. The remainder of the Bde. were scattered in similar depots all over the country. Two days later I was informed by the War Office of my Brigade's concentration area in the North of England and went up there immediately.

So ended this amazing campaign which lasted in all 22 days from the time the Germans invaded Belgium until we arrived in Dover. During this short time the French, Dutch and Belgian armies had been decisively defeated. The Dutch and Belgian armies had laid down their arms and it appeared unlikely that the French Army would put up very much further resistance. The B.F.F., never defeated in the field, and always able to hold their own when attacked, had been forced into retreat by the sudden German break-through of the French on our right, thus exposing our right flank, the whole of the L. of C., aerodromes, supply depots, etc., and giving the Germans access to the channel ports. Our Air Force were compelled to vacate their forward aerodromes, leaving the German Air Force in a very strong position of which they took full advantage. The B.F.F., in addition

to suffering a large number of casualties in men, lost the whole of their guns and equipment and were driven into the sea. There is no doubt that we had suffered a major military disaster. Nevertheless, the whole weight of the immensely numerically superior German Army and Air Force had failed to break the small British force and was unable to prevent it from re-embarking. This in itself was a stupendous military operation reflecting the greatest credit on the British Navy and Mercantile Marine and on the R.A.F. as well as on the British soldier, who had shown that 20 years of peace and prosperity had not dimmed his fighting qualities.

The British soldier felt that he was at least the equal of the German whenever they had met on anything like level terms.

For the above reasons Dunkirk will always remain an epic in the history of British Arms.

As regards my own Brigade, I felt extremely pleased with the way they had stood the test. Scarcely more than half trained when the operations started, they had marched and counter-marched, moved long distances on foot and M.T. by day and night and finally carried out a series of difficult rearguard operations in contact with the enemy with considerable credit. They had gained confidence in themselves and had learnt more about war in three weeks than in many months of training under peace conditions. There were, however, still large gaps in their training which would have to be filled before they reached the standard required.

It would be as well to pause here to consider some of the lessons we had gained from this short but very decisive campaign.

We must give full credit to the German Army for their devastating offensive. They had been allowed years of preparation and training for it and they had made full use of them. Personally I have no patience with those who belittle the Germans or who try and make out that the thoroughness of their methods, the rigorousness of their training, their insistence on efficiency and the determination with which they press home their attacks are not in accordance with British characteristics and that we should search for other methods. Success in modern war is not obtained without efficiency and completeness of preparation and ruthless drive and determination on the battlefield. We should examine all the German methods and those we consider admirable from a military point of view we should adopt or improve upon.

The chief factor in the German success was their realisation of the power of the tank and how to use it in large numbers and for deep penetration or wide flanking moves. This was merely the teaching of our own soldiers who had originally developed the tank. General Fuller never ceased to advocate a higher and higher degree of mechanisation. The Germans merely worked on these ideas and put them into practice. In suitable tank country the only real answer to the tank is the tank or a very large number of mobile A. Tk. guns, which then become really very akin to an inferior type of tank themselves. Once they had achieved a breakthrough, the German Panzer divisions met with little real opposition as the French tanks, quite good in themselves, were not organised or trained to operate in large numbers and were distributed about the place in penny packets.

The second big factor in the German success, to my mind, was the way in which their bombers co-operated closely with the ground troops on the battlefield. This demanded a high standard of training and a policy of decentralisation and trust in comparatively junior commanders. A Bde. Comdr. was empowered to call bombers on to a target without his demand having to go through several other channels. It is of little use bombing to influence next week's battle when the result of this week's battle is still in doubt. Our Army and Air co-operation on the battlefield did not appear to me to have reached anything like such a high standard. The R.A.F. were, of course, soon operating under such disadvantageous conditions that this comparison may hardly be a fair one.

This decentralisation to and trust in junior commanders is a feature of modern German leadership and was a big factor in the speed of their advance. Young commanders, well forward in the advance, encouraged to use their initiative; short verbal orders and the free and commonsense use of wireless, were all factors in the German success which we can copy with advantage.

The use of wireless is a point worth mentioning. The Germans used their wireless with the greatest freedom in mobile operations, seldom bothering to use code in a fluid situation. We suffered constantly from enforced wireless silence and from having to encode practically everything. We can, and have, learnt much from the German use of their wireless.

To turn for a minute to the French Army, of which my Bde. saw more than most. Several extremely interesting books have been written on the subject of the sudden and dramatic collapse

of what had been considered by many people the finest army in the world. It struck me on first arrival in France that the French soldier had carried his sloppiness of bearing and turnout to extremes. I am sure that our insistence on good saluting, good turnout and carriage and on drill pay dividends in times of stress. The first French soldier I saw at Cherburgh was on sentry duty; he was smoking a cigarette, hands in his pockets and his rifle leaning against the sentry-box. He saluted very perfunctorily officers of his own army but took not the slightest notice of those of other nationalities, whatever their rank. True he was not in the front line, but it gave an impression of apathy and indiscipline. When active operations actually started, one noticed at once their lack of any sort of march discipline and A.A. precautions which laid them open to heavy casualties from the low bomber. They realised early on that their weapons and equipment were far inferior to the German and they appeared to lose confidence both in themselves and their commanders. The latter, particularly the Divl. Comdrs., appeared in most cases to be much too old to stand up to the racket of modern war. There were, of course, notable exceptions in the commanders, as there were in the troops. Some of the latter we came across fought most gallantly after enduring incredible privations in the way of long marches and lack of sleep. They were undoubtedly very much affected by the state of the mass of refugees on the roads and troops and refugees appeared to affect one another with a virus of apathy and defeatism.

In the British Army the C.-in-C. was determined that commanders of active formations should be young and fit men. Having been attached to a Bde. Staff in France for a short time in the last war I could compare what an immensely greater strain there was on a Brigadier in this war. I worked out roughly that in the first 18 days of the operations, I got an average of three hours' sleep in the 24 and, in the last four days, an average of only half an hour. This was in itself a big strain and I personally—and I know many other Brigadiers say the same—have had to do far more walking both on the road and across country in these days of mechanisation than I ever did in the days of the horse.

Our arms and equipment were first-class in almost every particular. I should have liked a heavier mortar in the Bde. as the Bosche had, and some machine-guns and Bofors guns as part of the Bde. also. The Bde. Comdr. also badly needs a section



of carriers which he can use to get about in with a certain amount of security against odd patrols in this war of no fronts.

Absolute physical fitness of officers and men is an essential in modern war—fitness of a far higher degree than we have hitherto regarded as adequate.

My wife joined me on the 1st June and we had two quiet days before I went to reform the Bde. in our new area. In those critical times there was no question of leave beyond 48 hours as, if ever Hitler had a chance to invade England, now was the time before the B.E.F. could be re-equipped.

I found Bde. H.Q. starting to assemble in a delightful little English village with the battalions in excellent camps in the vicinity. The weather was hot and rainless. The Bde. Office was in the village hall; the officers and their wives lived in the village pub next door and my wife and I were given a lovely cottage, fully furnished and completely modernised and equipped.

Officers and men gradually started to rejoin from the various sorting depots to which they had been despatched. At that time we could not tell exactly the extent of our casualties. People we had thought to be killed or prisoners suddenly rolled up from nowhere. Three subalterns, who had been taken prisoner on May 29th, escaped shortly after we had re-embarked, made their way to the coast, got away in a rowing boat and were picked up in the Channel. I lost only two Officers of my Bde. Staff—the Intelligence Officer wounded and signal officer a prisoner.

We had not a form or a typewriter in the office and functioned with note-books and carbon paper—which resulted in everything getting done so quickly that the clerks were able to get some exercise instead of staying in the office until all hours. The men rolled up with nothing but their gas masks—their rifles, mostly affected by sea water, had been taken from them at the sorting depots. There was an imminent threat of invasion and there was not a weapon or a round of ammunition in the Bde. On June 17th, the French Army laid down their arms. It was a depressing time from every point of view.

The Bde. now went through its lowest period. After the strain and strenuous days of Dunkirk the men were suffering a reaction. They had been treated as heroes on arrival Home and it had been somewhat overdone. We had lost a good many N.C.O.s and the Territorial Battalions particularly were very short of trained instructors.

I had hoped that we should be made up to strength with trained officers and men but all bns. got large drafts of less than half trained men with no N.C.O.s. In addition, all B.E.F. bns. had to send off four officers and a large number of N.C.O.s to newly forming battalions and there was a constant drain on officers and N.C.O.s for every form of job. If the bns. had been fully trained, with trained N.C.O.s and instructors before we went to France, they might have competed with this situation—as it was, it needed a hard and sustained effort on the part of all ranks to pull the show together. It was long and uphill work but the Army, Corps and Divl. Schools for officers and N.C.O.s effected a very marked improvement. I never allowed a bn. to refuse a vacancy and always asked for more. They protested and groaned and we got many a raspberry for sending insufficiently prepared people on courses. There were just not the instructors available in the Bde. to train them.

After a time, however, the policy started to pay dividends and, by the time I left the Bde., nearly every Coy. Comdr. and a proportion of the subalterns had been through a platoon or Coy. Commander's course at a school and large numbers of N.C.O.s had been trained.

I had all my original C.O.s which was, of course, a tremendous help in getting things going again. My Bde. Staff had once again to be almost entirely reconstituted. The B.M., having had his M.C. duly presented by H.M. The King at Buckingham Palace, went off as G. II to the Division and later as an Instructor to the Staff College. The Staff Captain, who had survived Dunkirk in spite of being far from fit, had to have a rest and was replaced by the "Q" learner who had been understudying him for four months and was all ready to step into the job. The Bde. Transport Officer went as second-in-command to one of the new battalions.

During the summer we were detached from the Division and came into command reserve. We got some excellent training in splendid training country.

Mid-September, when the air battle over Britain hung in the balance, found us all ready for the expected invasion. The winter found us on the coast—and I think we left it considerably more unpleasant to land upon than we found it. In March we got some useful training with tanks and had got ahead of us a strenuous summer's training programme. The Brigade was fit, hard, cheerful and ready for anything, but still with some gaps

in their training that would be filled as time and opportunity offered.

Suddenly the cable arrived ordering me back to India. A year is a long time to be with one formation in war-time. We had been places and seen things together, shared our triumphs and disasters and I left them with the greatest regret.

And now, for the battle of the Atlantic—and having survived that, the war in the East. The news that reaches us on board is scanty but we hear sufficient to realise that big things are afoot which will call from India every bit as high a war effort as is being undertaken so wholeheartedly at Home.

## COMBINED OPERATIONS—SEA, LAND AND AIR

BY AUSPEX

The object of all combined operations must be to further the interests of all, of two, or of one of the three services. In the last case, it may be any one of the three, and the methods of furthering the interests of all or any are legion. It does not seem that we have really examined the whole problem. At present we think in terms of a navy operating on the oceans and even in the narrow seas covered by its aircraft carriers and covered by shore-based aircraft whenever it is possible to maintain shore-based aircraft in position in sufficient force. If we now at last accept, as we must, the fact that ships cannot move safely outside the range of their own shore-based aircraft and inside the range of the enemy's shore-based aircraft, then we have to satisfy ourselves that we are fully aware of the occasions when ships, whether naval or mercantile, can take the risk. We must also fully understand how we are to instal our own shore-based air forces so as to cover the movements of our ships. This, anywhere away from our home land, is in itself a combined operation of the two services and may well be one involving all three.

There are many other aspects and here is one. If ships must move within range of the enemy's aircraft, then they may well be attacked. The best operation for us in this case is that they should be attacked at the time and at the place where we wish them to be attacked, and that time and that place will be when and where we can meet that attack with a far superior air force. The chances are that the attack will not be delivered if the enemy knows that the superior air force is within range. That will deter him and we will have won before the action starts, because it will never start. On the other hand, he will attack if he does not know that the superior air force is ready for him. We have, therefore, the big problem of putting the superior air force into position without his knowing it. Owing to our sea power we may well be able to do this. It will be a part of the whole operation.

We will admit now that land forces are unable to maintain themselves against a greatly superior enemy air force for their depots of supply and their convoys will be gradually whittled down by enemy air action. In addition, although well entrenched, continual air bombardment must have a demoralising effect

after a time. In fact, we know it has. We cannot expect always to be superior in the air, but we can expect that if we have not too great an inferiority, our ground and air tactics will be so designed as to make the enemy waste his superior air forces until we can take a sufficient toll of them to enable us bit by bit to reach parity and to obtain the upper hand in time. This may well be done by the interplay of our own land and air forces which will lead him to apply his bombers, for instance, at a time and place when our fighters can get at them successfully. We have our definite major and minor air tactics but we have no real knowledge of major and minor air and land tactics which, successfully applied, may make up for air inferiority or even for land inferiority. I will give two examples.

The first is that by the continual hammering by armoured forces at the enemy's L. of C. we may reduce his ability to supply his forward landing grounds and so we may keep his aircraft grounded. We may also force him in the same way to supply a considerable forward land force from the air, thus reducing his available bombers, and his air transports for shifting troops. At the same time, by moving forward our fighter aerodromes, we may get them into range of these same supply aircraft and take a heavy toll of them.

The second example is of aircraft bombing an enemy's forward land concentrations and forcing him to disperse them in such a way that our land forces get the opportunity of beating each dispersed part in detail.

The above are only two examples of a very wide and interesting range of combined sea, air and land operations.

For instance, a land operation by mobile armoured forces may well be staged solely with the purpose of driving an enemy's air force off its most effective aerodromes and for rendering it ineffective to help the land operations or to oppose our air force; or forcing it to concentrate on cramped or less well defended aerodromes where it can be destroyed by our own air forces; or, at any rate, driving it to distant aerodromes to render it innocuous. As the importance of the air arm grows, so will the importance of such operations increase.

There is a general attitude about that the land forces ask for air assistance solely for their own ends. If one examines the examples above, one sees how wrong this attitude is. A land operation may well be staged solely in the interests of the air forces and so may a land-and-sea operation.

Combined land and sea operations are pretty well known to us and we at this late date understand that they cannot well be conducted without effective air defence, both ground and air, and this probably means effective offensive as well.

During the past 20 months of war we have seen chances missed of taking a heavy toll of enemy forces by the effective use of combined operations and we have seen our land forces denuded of air assistance and, in retreat, almost forced into complete disaster. An amphibious nation, we possess no fast seaplane or flying-boat fighters, so badly needed for operating from the seadromes of the calm lagoons and little harbours that dot the coasts of the world, and whence we could deny the enemy's airborne land power.

In these same amphibious operations we have seen heavy losses inflicted by enemy aircraft on our naval and mercantile shipping. We do not seem to be very clear as to when and how we should undertake these operations. Whether we should put all we have into them or just put in enough to inflict severe damage on the enemy but not so much that air attack will prevent our re-embarking virtually the whole force and its equipment.

This war will be won by the German people tiring of the losses inflicted on their power and the date of victory is postponed whenever they know that they have inflicted heavy losses in either men or material on us.

We must never allow ourselves to be driven against the ropes by a heavy-weight opponent at any time. The B. E. F. was saved by the fortuitous circumstance that the enemy thrust it back to a place where the R. A. F. could give him a straight left with its fighters. We have to balance what is worth holding against the chances of our holding it with great eventual loss to ourselves.

Many in the Army have long urged that we must have our own air arm for our own direct purposes so that we can use it to full effect as the Navy have used theirs to break Italian sea power in harbour and at sea, and to spot and hamper the raider. Until we have this air arm, neither we, nor anyone else, will ever fully grasp what we can effect with its help or what we, and others, now miss without it.

We will win this war: let us win it with as little loss to ourselves in men, material and prestige, as we can manage.

No commander to-day can be allowed to think only in terms of his own service. Air operations spread across land and sea:

land operations shift in a matter of days from coast to coast. The three services in their higher branches are really one service and might well be made one now with three closely related arms—sea, land and air.

Actually, to give this type of operations a special name, "Combined Operations," is clear proof that we still classify them as something abnormal. We need a doctrine of "combined operations" in the widest sense and that doctrine can only be produced by a "Combined Staff" with one man at its head: but it must be a clear and definite doctrine and not merely a set of plans for a particular operation or for this or that eventuality. Combined tactics spread over hundreds of miles and strategy over thousands.

## WHEELS OVER ERITREA

By LT.-COL. G. S. R. WEBB, M.C.

One of the most interesting aspects of the present war is the speed with which large forces cover what would hitherto have been considered impossible distances. In this is implied the flexibility of modern infantry. A force, firmly established in a carefully prepared position, must be ready to move with all its impedimenta at very short notice, perhaps for some hundreds of miles. Here is an example which occurred recently. It may be found lacking in interest owing to the necessity for avoiding reference to units and places but the spectre behind my shoulder menacingly brandishing his blue pencil forbids such embellishments.

Picture to yourself a Brigade Group facing long-prepared enemy positions and keyed up to the last pitch in readiness to attack on a large scale. For months dumps have secretly been built up; ammunition, petrol, engineer and other stores, all are ready to hand. The last telephone cable has been laid, the last reconnaissance made. It is ten o'clock in the morning and to-morrow at first light we shall make our attack.

There have been indications that the enemy may be thinning out preparatory to a withdrawal, though we can hardly believe it. He is very much stronger numerically than we are. Patrol reports begin to come in, a trench empty here, a hill evacuated there. It seems that the enemy really is going; that all our plans are wasted. Telephone wires hum, conferences are held; this and that plan is considered. Then comes news that the Divisional Commander is arriving at 1200 hours. A C.O.'s conference is ordered for 1300 hours. At 1200 hours the Divisional Commander appears. He wastes no time but explains that news from the whole front confirms that the enemy withdrawal has commenced. A general advance has been ordered. His pencil traces a roundabout route on the map.

"Your Group, Brigadier, will go round this flank. I hope to cut off the enemy at this point. You must be off at once."

He goes on to speak of difficult country, the unreliability of the map, of steep *khors* and dense jungles, and the almost complete absence of water. He promises a good supply of Army



Track. Then he turns to other administrative problems. Meanwhile the brigade-major beckons to a liaison officer. "Warn all units to be ready to move in an hour's time," he whispers.

At 1257 hours the Divisional Commander leaves. The battalion commanders are waiting. The Brigadier has exactly three minutes in which to make his plan. After a hurried conference with his staff he sends for his commanders. Calmly, as if dictating from a long-considered plan, he gives out his verbal orders.

In the meantime every unit in the group is hurriedly packing vehicles with the equipment which had been prepared for to-morrow's attack. Water containers come in for particular attention. At 1330 hours Brigade Headquarters are on the move led by those practised pathfinders, the motor machine-gun companies of the Sudan Defence Force. Behind come the leading lorries of a column that will be forty miles long. A great wall of dust rises up from the cotton soil of the Sudan as the long line of vehicles winds its way, regardless of enemy bombers, towards the distant hills of Eritrea. One thought animates our minds. "Will we be in time?"

At 1700 hours the head of the column halts; the tail, of course, has not started yet. But the light has almost gone and we are in a country that has seldom known a wheeled track; progress will be terribly slow if we attempt to go on in the dark. But there will be a moon later on so we will get some food and what rest we can. The sun drops behind the horizon and the tropic night settles over the sea of dried elephant grass. Despite the rich cotton soil there is never a sign of habitation for there is no water here except in the short, fitful rainy season. Over on our left we could discern clusters of low hills where but this morning the enemy had his outposts. Hills familiar in outline to us who had watched them for so long yet strangely unreal in the fading light. Hills which when tenanted by armed men had seemed to frown mysteriously but which now, abandoned in a headlong flight, had become once more just age-old heaps of soil and rocks. Away to our front, out of sight, were the armoured cars and machine-gun vans of the S.D.F.; our only reminder of their presence had been an occasional returning car from which stepped a dusky warrior with a message reporting "all clear" on such and such a bound.

At long last the moon rose and soon it was light enough to go on. Hour after hour we ploughed our way through that sea

of grass, peering over steering wheels for the ill-defined camel track through clouds of dust. Moonlight gave place to sunshine and presently we crossed the border into Eritrea, a feeling of exultation in our hearts. The country changed too, for soon we were twisting through scrubby jungle with only the wheel marks of our leading troops to guide us. We could see that they had sometimes been at fault. We crossed a road that led to the town whose garrison we were attempting to out-flank and with which we were now abreast. So far so good.

It was soon after this that news came back that leading vehicles were held up by an impassable nulla. Officers were despatched to find harbours for the long column that came endlessly into the area for the whole of that day, while the Brigadier went forward to investigate. Sappers were driving up and down the tree-lined nulla that impeded our progress. They were not hopeful. "It means Army Track," they said, "and even then there will be a lot of digging." Regretfully we decided that no further advance was possible that day. Troops set to work digging at the great cliffs of hard mud while lorry loads of Army Track were brought up. Scouting parties went off on foot to investigate the far bank and, later, these returned to report that it was almost impassable owing to dense masses of thorn bushes 10 to 15 feet high. So carriers were brought forward to blaze a trail and even two of the "Spiders," powerful four-wheel drive tractors which pull the guns. "They're turning us into tanks now," chuckled the gunner officer in charge. Meanwhile drivers were hard at work on maintenance of their vehicles. The gruelling country over which we had passed made a keen scrutiny necessary. Light Aid Detachments were working all-out to put damaged vehicles back on the road before the advance was resumed for we had no L. of C. behind us—there was no likelihood of the "rearward services" coming round this way.

At length the crossing was finished. With a battalion leading the way—for the enemy might be met with in force any time now—we pushed on through the scrub with only the sun or a compass to guide us. Long branches armed with fierce-hooked thorns clawed at our clothing as we forced our trucks through them or drew themselves caressingly across our throats, leaving bright red lanes to mark their passage. But it was all in the day's work and the real obstacle we knew still lay ahead. This was a sandy river bed lined with Dom palms, probably dense and possibly up to a mile in depth. Scouts came in. "No track this

way." "The palms are very thick over there," they reported. Others frankly confessed that they had lost their way. But presently a way was found, reaching the river bank at a point where the palms were thinnest. Five hundred yards of soft sand faced us, sand that would bring a wheeled vehicle to a halt in the first ten feet. Once more the head of the long column was directed into harbours while sappers went off to reconnoitre and a company of infantry plodded across the sand to secure the far bank which was within a mile or so (we reckoned) of the main road by which the enemy was withdrawing. Carriers were then ordered up and, to our relief, the caterpillar tracks made light of the powdery sand. Off we went to the far bank to investigate. Here we found that we had nearly a mile of dense palm jungle to hack our way through. It was seldom possible to see more than a few yards owing to the undergrowth and more than once we had to shout to each other in the cool silent glades to avoid being lost. For hours we paced to and fro, the Brigadier leading one party, the sappers another and the S.D.I. a third. In some places we used the carriers to hack a way through for it was of paramount importance to find a route where the palms need not be cut down as this would take many hours of work. By 1100 hours the reconnaissance was completed. Not a palm had to be cut down though we used carriers on several occasions to tow fallen trunks out of the way. When we got back to the river-bed the broad coils of wire mesh were already being unrolled and the steel ribbon was nearly half way across. The company which had pushed across the river reported that they had reached the road; no enemy in sight but there were some snipers about. By 1400 hours the column was rumbling and jolting on its way again, over the secure foothold of the Army Track and then through the unaccustomed green of the palm forest.

As the advanced guard got on to the road and turned south towards the highlands, came word that the enemy had gone 24 hours ago. We were too late! Our own troops had followed him up by a direct route and had even traversed this very road we had struggled so hard to cut.

Despite our dismay at the news it was decided to push on as far as possible that night. The greater part of the column had not yet emerged from the Dom palms and soon after it got under weigh again an unexpected halt occurred. Unable to find any reason for the delay the Brigadier went forward on foot for there was no room for vehicles to pass. Arrived at the road he com-

mandeered a truck and drove to the head of the column. To his astonishment he discovered that the advanced guard had been cut in half. The leading battalion commander had gone sailing up the road at the head of a bare company of embussed infantry, blissfully unconscious that most of his battalion and all the guns under his command were halted miles behind! No need to point the moral there.

It was now quite dark and we were forced to halt again, strung out as we were. Once more we waited for the moon and at 0030 hours continued our advance. The road on which we found ourselves was built up on an embankment with a ditch on either side; it would go ill with us if the enemy air caught us in daylight for there was no means of scattering. The last vehicle got into its allotted harbour just as the sun rose.

That morning we were ordered to remain in our harbour while certain adjustments were made in the dispositions of troops to meet the divisional plan. We spent the time in studying possibilities for our further advance. Late in the afternoon the Brigadier and artillery commander went forward to have a look at the country. To our dismay news came back an hour later that they and their escort had been shot up by two enemy fighters and both the Brigadier and his senior gunner had been wounded, together with seven others. We got them back; fortunately their wounds were not severe. But it meant evacuation and the Brigade Group was left without its leader.

That evening orders came in for a renewal of the advance at first light the next morning. The next senior officer was away forward with his battalion and a liaison officer had to be sent out to find him in the dark, in unknown country. Meanwhile orders were prepared for the mechanised column to resume its thrust. Our information was that an enemy brigade was stoutly resisting others of our troops in a strong mountainous position away to the west and we were to outflank him and cut off his retreat by a route of which nothing was known than that it was "marked on the map." Late that night our new Brigade Commander arrived and took charge.

The journey started well enough but we soon found the country narrowing into a gorge which was only too reminiscent of the N. W. F. and lightly defended by the enemy. After a brisk encounter he gave us best and made off but we found he had cunningly rolled an enormous boulder on to the track at its narrowest part. It was many feet thick and required explosives

to break it up which all took time. It was some compensation to find a well in the gorge, a welcome sight in this waterless country. We pushed on through the gorge and into the open country beyond. We were now, we hoped, behind the enemy and a cordon of troops was pushed out to intercept him. To our joy we found he had not eluded us this time for a whole brigade was actually in process of withdrawal. The rest of the day we played a sort of game of hide-and-seek, the enemy breaking up into small parties which had to be chased and roped in. One officer drove over the crest of a hill in his truck and found himself confronted by the enemy brigade commander and his staff. Much to his relief—for he was alone—they decided to surrender. A battalion captured a battery of guns in action ready to fire against the direction of withdrawal, complete with mules. From all parts of the battlefield came reports of hundreds of prisoners, most of them demanding water. The whole of the next day had to be spent in mopping up (for many of the enemy had taken to the hills) and in collecting and despatching the many hundreds of prisoners. We needed some collecting ourselves after that! The enemy brigadier *was* glum when we offered him the hospitality of our mess the evening of his capture. He admitted that he had never thought we should be able to get up that way; had we not appeared so suddenly he would have held on to his strong position a good deal longer. The importance of this statement will be seen later. During our enforced halt we connected up a telephone to the excellent permanent telephone system which ran close to our headquarters. An Italian speaking officer kept watch on the instrument and some interesting and valuable information was gained. Most of the conversations heard were between the commanders of the garrisons of two Italian towns that lay ahead of us.

But more work was to hand. This time we were to cut the road that connected the two towns I have mentioned. There was no direct road from where we were, not even a camel track. So we had to strike across country not knowing what might be in store for us in the way of obstacles. But by this time there wasn't much we were afraid to tackle in that way.

That journey was a trying one for the vehicles; the country was certainly not that for which they had been designed. Army Track again had to be used. But we reached the road that night with our leading troops and made sure that it no longer served the enemy. The remainder of our force was scattered behind us

for we had been denuded of some of our M.T. which was needed for urgent maintenance purposes and we had to resort to a combination of marching and ferrying.

Once on the road we turned towards the town on which we had been directed and the advanced guard had not gone far when it met opposition from machine-guns and pack artillery. The ensuing engagement which terminated in a four-day battle among tremendous features deserves a description to itself. It was on a full mountain warfare scale and was complicated by the fact that the enemy had blown two hundred yards of solid rock road on a steep hillside. Some ten battalions with several batteries of guns held the town we were facing but another of our brigades was approaching it by another road. The enemy were cut off from their line of retreat and were expected to put up a stiff opposition, which indeed they did. The tide of battle flowed back and forth for those four exhausting days and then, just as our pincers were about to close, the enemy decided to take a chance and bolted for the hilly, trackless country behind him. Here our mobile troops hotly pursued him and denied him any opportunity for his engineers to make a road fit for M.T.

In this engagement two brigades and a Blackshirt battalion suffered so heavily that they can no longer be considered as fighting units and in addition they lost almost every vehicle and certainly every gun and tank they had with them. Apart from this another brigade further south whose communications lay through this town and also three battalions further south still were compelled to leave their positions and make the same desperate bid to get back to their L. of C. but with the same fate. Their transport and guns were discovered later abandoned in the most impossible country. Though the enemy made attempts to provision them by air large numbers of them must have died of thirst or hunger while a great many Abyssinian levies deserted to their own country there to take up arms against their late oppressors.

I make no apology for this somewhat breathless description of what, to us at least, was a thrilling adventure. My object in writing it is to emphasise the versatility of modern infantry. At one moment they may be practising the most up-to-date methods of frontal attack, at another they may be rushing headlong across unknown country to a far distant objective. Then they may have to turn themselves into road engineers, hewing a way through stiff masses of baked earth or cracking and pushing aside great

rocks, or cutting their way through dense undergrowth. Without warning they may be required to give up their vehicles and march with their old-time endurance. And, finally, to have to fight under full-scale mountain warfare conditions, often unexpectedly thrust upon them, for this country is full of surprises. Conditions which are gravely complicated by the fact that the enemy has masses of machine guns and excellent pack artillery which he uses with great skill. He is an adept at selecting and preparing a defensive position among his native crags and at his best at defending it. Let there be no misconception about the fighting ability of the Eritrean Askari or the Abyssinian warrior. In the attack or defence he will often fight to the end; he has in this campaign been known to continue firing his machine-guns while a tank crushes him and his post.

In these encircling movements we travelled over 200 miles. That does not sound much on a good road but it is vastly different over the varying types of country I have described. The measurement was taken from the map and we must have done a great deal more by the speedometer. With water at a premium and rations and ammunition matters to be considered deeply, the scope of operations possible in any given circumstances was considerably limited. Few of us looked like soldiers at the end of the journey. Shirts and shorts were torn almost to the point of indecency while bearded faces were encrusted by layers of many days' dust. But the experience was one never to be forgotten and we were thankful for the hours we had spent in India on road discipline and vehicle management. And well did those vehicles repay us. Out of that long, long column only six had to be sent back as third-line repairs due to other than enemy action. We have come to regard our vehicles with something approaching the affection with which the cavalryman regarded his horse, something upon which his life might depend.

Of the lessons which we can learn the chief is, I think, the one of impetus. The Brigadier *led* his brigade group the whole way. He was seldom further back than the advanced guard and was often with the advanced guard mobile troops. The reason for this is that with a long column moving under such conditions, the delays due to waiting for information will be endless; he must be up where he can give instant decisions. He has a long, vulnerable tail and the less time he keeps it on the road the less likelihood is there of its being attacked from the air. However reliable the leading commander he is not the man to decide the

problems which will continually arise. He cannot, in justice, be expected to take grave risks on behalf of his brigade commander. It may be only a question of whether to try this route and possibly be faced with an impassable obstacle, or whether to delay while Army Track is laid on that route; it is the brigade commander who must take the decision.

Orders were practically never written in the accepted form; the brigade office seldom opened as such. Moves, harbouring, operations were carried out with a map (save the name), a message pad and liaison officers, the need for whom was never more apparent. A battalion liaison officer should be specially selected; nothing less than the best is good enough. The training is excellent and he will return to his battalion in due course twice the soldier he was.

The happy feeling of being on the move after months of stability and chasing a retreating enemy out of British territory into his own was, of course, a powerful aid in providing the impetus for such an extended move but the result was not accomplished without continual attention to vehicle maintenance often to the point of weariness during the previous months.

There has been no space in this short article to devote to such items as Mechols which proved invaluable on many occasions for small cutting-out expeditions where the more cumbersome battalion column would have been too unwieldy. Mechols, we have proved time and again, will always repay any amount of time and trouble spent on them. Nor has it been possible to dwell upon the extensive administrative arrangements necessary to prepare and maintain a column such as this. Petrol supply alone was a continual anxiety. But always it arrived; the full story of how our forces were maintained during this advance will, some day, make interesting reading.

Finally, the Brigade "Group," condemned after the last war, has proved itself again. Gunners, sappers, doctors, R.I.A.S.C., we all knew each other; we had fought together at Gallabat. We knew each other's capabilities and limitations. We were a fighting force, not a list of units. Therein lies great strength.



## DRAWING THE MORAL

BY 2ND LIEUT. M. E. COOKE

Most of us don't "read and re-read the campaigns of the Great Captains," because most of us think the Great Captains are out of date. Most of us are wrong, but no matter about that, for we shall all agree to "read and re-read the campaigns of the Recent Captains," because in them is to be found war's judgment on our weapons and theories.

The fog of war is not seen only on the battlefield, but must needs spread its unwelcomed blanket over every form of preparatory activity. While, then, with a new car true tests are available, brakes can be screamed, wheels skidded and a cartoon of every imaginable ill-usage inflicted upon it; with a new gun or a new tank we can do the counterpart of none of these things. The only true test is war, and D.P. wars are not a practical proposition; thus when a war does come it behoves our tactical research chemist to bring out his microscope.

But tactical research is skilled business. A campaign's lessons are never so clear as is believed; since unlike an exercise war cannot be "set" to bring out definite teaching. Only a corner of the fog is lifted and the beyond emerges only a little more clearly than before. Thus a new gun succeeds in the Spanish mountains, but would it have succeeded on the steppes of Russia? Used in tens our tank fails, but what if two thousand had struck the enemy? Our new fighter shoots down the Italians, but perhaps it will prove fruitless against the Hun. As in law it is not enough to cite the judgment; we must analyse the facts.

War, moreover, is the province of emotion, of loyalties to country, regiment, comrades and arm; loyalties which cement the military building and without which it would be so much rubble, but loyalties that are out of place in chemist or judge. Thus tactical research has been too often whimsical and hasty. Judgments have been born of heat and not of science. Let us examine some instances.

In 1870 chaos paralysed the force of France. Her armies, hard put to it to move, were in less condition to attack. So they defended, and their defence was a failure. Then out of red shame was born a theory which mocked at facts and spat at history; a theory which they christened the attack *à outrance*, and which

demanding aggression everywhere and always. The price was paid. 1914 saw history and facts take their revenge, saw defeat, but saw also defeat conceive the devil. Blind theory begat blind reaction; attack à outrance became defence à outrance; élan became concrete; bayonets faded into holes, and the whole spirit of France was fortified away.

If the event disclaims a new telling, the future must produce no third cycle. We, I believe, are too sane a nation to resume the follies of 1914 and to fling our recreated strength into fresh Balaclavas. But of the French one is less sure. When that erstwhile great nation takes the field once more, one can almost hear the spirit of Grandmaison climbing from its tomb.

So much for hot thinking; now for lazy thinking; and, as an illustration, we will choose the machine-gun. For the machine-gun is a case over which the critics have frothed. "Why," they have asked, "were the war offices so blind? Why could they not see the power of this fierce weapon? Why did they say with Haig, 'An overrated weapon'?" The answer is close at hand; they were slipshod in drawing the moral.

In 1870 the machine-gun was not the precise weapon of 1914. It stood upon a high-wheeled carriage. It was clumsy and multi-barrelled. It was worked by hand. Its effective range was a mere five hundred yards. Yet so far from being dull and cloddish, the French General Staff swallowed this defective weapon with gusto. It was manufactured in great numbers. Crews were trained in elaborate confidence. The artillery gave it place. The Parisian press loaded its columns with "Our Wonder Weapon." It was the secret of France, the secret that was to sweep von Moltke out of fame. And it failed; utterly, miserably, it failed. So, when 34 years later, Germany again invaded France, when the machine-gun was destined within twelve months to pile more skulls than Ghenghiz Khan, it stood discredited.

Yet the mistake was not excusable. The *mitrailleuse* failed because it was deemed artillery. It sprayed bullets and was used with guns. It ranged in hundreds and was placed against those which ranged in thousands. A surprise weapon, it was linked with a mass weapon. A front-line ambush, it was placed with the supports. The *mitrailleuse* failed because it was abused; its lessons failed because research was abused. As soldiers we have paid too much attention to results; what matters is that which causes the results.

In proof of this last fact the tank stands our good friend; for had the military mind kept its pre-war content, had Crimean tactics still appeared as perfection's acme, then the history of the tank—had it been allowed to have a history—would have been written somewhat as follows: "At the Somme it broke down; at Passchendaele it sank; in a score of battles its success was not spectacular; at Cambrai what it had gained, unaided infantry re-won; never, even on August 8th, did it attain a penetration equal to that of Ludendorff's weapon."

Now the fact that the tank was not so written was due to Ypres, and Loos, and Arras, and the Somme, and Passchendaele. Those ghastly butcheries forbade complacency. They vetoed content. They compelled thought. So what was seen was not the tank's failure but the causes of that failure, with the result that measures for removing those causes were continually tried until success came so near that the 1919 campaign was to have been a tank campaign.

The tank made history in more senses than one. Unlike the machine-gun it was not a civilian invention which soldiers had adopted; nor like the aeroplane a civilian machine they had transformed; but a soldier's answer to a soldier's problem. The machine-gun grew from a weapon which required a use, the tank from a need which required a weapon. Thus while so often invention has been the seed of tactics, here tactics had become the seed of invention. Invention, too, obeys the rule of thought. We are not to wait for the new, but to seek in our limitations the parentage of the new.

But if the tank was born of the Somme it has long since left home. That which was adduced as an aid to the other arms, now threatens to turn cuckoo and hurl them from the nest or, more literally, to force them to conform to its own needs. It was the great pre-war problem of land warfare—was the tank or were infantry the master weapon? Abyssinia shed little light, for though tanks were used the conditions were too peculiar, the scale too small, the enemy too ill-equipped. Events in Spain also shed little light. The tank was no marked success; but was this due to the weapon itself, or to its handling, numbers or design? The Germans made one judgment, the French another. It was catastrophic for the French.

There followed the Polish and Finnish campaigns with opposite apparent lessons. In the first mechanised force swept forward, in the second it gained tardy and expensive success. What

was the moral? France backed the Finns. "Like us," they said, "they had a Maginot Line." It was catastrophic for France.

But if war experience has been as often misleading as helpful the fault has been largely our own. Preconceptions and hot verdicts bespeak their own fate. The Germans bent on avoiding a second error ("there must be no mistakes this time") left no cobwebs in their search; the Allies, full-fed with victory, brushed whimsically. Not for them the full report; they were satisfied with headlines. Yet in research as in the field none can throw away the will to victory and live.

Failure is not inevitable. Tanks in the last war, German achievements in this prove the fact. And we, too, are not without our successes. The anti-tank gun has required few amendments either in design or tactics; and the carrier, that untried weapon, has emerged triumphant. The task of the tactical research chemist is not insuperable, but the old ways of carefree judgments will not do. Trained minds must tackle this problem, specialist minds with both the background and the leisure, and minds helped by full, and, where needed, expensive equipment. Economy in thought rarely proves economy in battle, for mistakes are the dearest teachers the world can know.

Now with our method clear let us glance at modern problems; not that we might solve them—for that we have neither space, judgment, nor knowledge—but that we may discern a few of the traps yawning for the unwary. Unfortunately in the flurry of preparation they are likely to receive a compromise answer, yet if they are not solved quickly, titanic efforts must be wasted, while if they are not solved rightly they may bring us close to the dread retribution of a Nazi triumph. Tactical thought has so great a responsibility to-day.

The first problem is the form of a modern army, and here at once an old fallacy tempts us. We must not think that, because the Germans are in Paris, all that they have done is truth, nor because the French are at Vichy, they have wrought nothing but the tactical lie. We know now that Sedan and Gravelotte were appalling in their misconception of modern weapons, yet victory sublimated them. Only half a century later were reaped in the Flanders' trenches the bloody fruits of error. Viewed from the absolute German tactics were far from faultless.

It is a fact which requires little study to ascertain that the decisive element in German success was the combination of mechanised troops with air support. Yet if we study the composition of the German army we find but 13 armoured, seven

motorised and three airborne divisions—a total of 23 modern—compared with 160 conventional divisions. Thus seven-eighths of the German army had no other function than that of providing the screen, the guard and the police for the mechanised troops.

Was this economy of force? Is there any parallel in history for it? It is like tacking to the hoplites of Xenophon the hordes of Cyrus. Granted they fulfilled a function. So do men pushing a broken lorry. But they are not efficient. Moreover, it was these "followers" who sustained the enormous casualties. "When they did advance it was like slaughtering cattle," was one report; and, while in the bright flush of conquest, such sacrifices are lightly made, to-morrow, when victory is still far off and the war still exacts its increasing toll, the old wounds will reopen. Napoleon learned long ago that the blood tax will not be paid for ever.

Compared with the German triumph the Western Desert victory seems far more perfect. Here infantry had a proper function, their numbers were not just factual but bore a logical proportion to their task. There was no futile mass of footsloggers to tax the supply system and swell the casualties. It was not weakness of opposition alone which made the cost of victory so light. Here, then, is what research should examine—What proportion of infantry do we require, armed for what duties? Is not the day of the P.B.I. over?

But clearly examination of France and Libya is not merely inadequate but may be actively misleading, for the war going on will bring new theatres, and it is to these that the new army must be suited. Napoleon made the like mistake when he attempted in Spain and Russia what had brought success in Italy and Central Europe. In defence of an island tanks may play a lesser part; perhaps in the Balkans, or Spain, or Norway, we shall need a mountain infantry. These, too, are problems of research, and here its decisiveness rears stark naked. Our reverse in Norway had one single cause. We had not thought; the Germans had.

But it is the air which is the vital question, for in the air lies the possibility of decision. But concerning the air our danger is to deem our experience greater than it is. Just as on the Continent the Luftwaffe served as auxiliary to the advancing tanks, so against Britain it has been crippled. London's experience has not shown that morale can defy the air, for the quality of the R.A.F. has saved it the test. If to-day London stands with British firmness against the raiders, our admiration must not blind us to facts. A German mastery of the skies was not achieved and, therefore, perhaps the real test of air power is yet to come.

But it should not be on the German side, for a turning of the tables is all but inevitable. Technical superiority is ours. Moral superiority is ours. Only numbers remain, and in the swelling of factories in our homeland, and in the stream that must rise to a mighty current athwart the Atlantic, the numbers will come. So the Luftwaffe's failure shall be our success, and the R.A.F. will not hurry in ones and twos by darkness to their targets, but in broad, full daylight will strike in thousands. Will Germany stand that strain? Will she bear pain to which she can see no end? For it is the hope of victory which gives courage and, for Germany, superiority once lost is lost for ever. When hope is gone, surrender already hammers upon the door.

But dogmatism is not our purpose. The above are questions, not facts. It is research that is needed, deep research, which shall form the base of the decisions which in turn shall direct Imperial effort. When Clausewitz wrote, "Plainly the activity engaged in these appliances (arming and equipping) is a different thing from the fight itself; it is only preparation for the combat, not the conduct of the same," he was thinking of a warfare whose technique was relatively static. To-day arming and equipping may be half the battle, for in the whirl of tactical revolution and in the infinitude of weapons, a country may lose its balance, grasp at the wrong rails, and tumble helpless into the abyss.

Generalship on the field is not enough. To-day the general, like the modern artist, must devise his technique, and if his technique be bad it will try his art to the utmost. Give him the wrong army, the wrong training, the wrong weapon and not Napoleon himself shall escape the wreck. Thus a need becomes clear, for just as in the field the general can decide nothing but upon information, and just as that information comes from his intelligence staff, so the authorities to whom these questions are to be submitted need information, and that information also can only come from an organised staff.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE YOUNG SQUADRON AND COMPANY COMMANDER

BY JOHN HEFLAND

Since you have only recently taken command of your squadron or company and are naturally probably feeling a little diffident about your tactical knowledge and your ability to beat an enemy in battle, especially one who has already seen some fighting and who may be an older soldier than you are, you will be glad of some guidance and advice to make fighting look a bit more familiar to you and from that to give you encouragement and confidence. These notes are written for you from the actual experience in war of older officers, but do not think that because they are older they are necessarily deadbeats.

First of all, it is just as well to face squarely the fact that the German officer opposite you may be better drilled to battle but certainly lacks two big advantages that you possess. The first is that he lacks the cause for which you and your men fight, so he will not display the determination in battle that you and your men will display. Your second advantage is that you have played games for a great part of your life: he has never played games—nor have his men. Because of this you and your side are used to studying an opponent, seeing where his weak spots and strong spots are, and making up your method of play, your tactics, and your plan accordingly so that you may beat him. He has not had all this experience and will find it a slower process to devise his plans to surprise you. Next, since these Germans are not game players, they cannot really play all out for their side once their first fanatical zeal has worn off. It is one thing to parade about Berlin in fine uniforms and to pose and posture as a thing of admiration for children and girls and to shout vain and defiant pagan cries: it is another to fight on when it seems impossible to beat a staunch enemy or when one is driven against the ropes and the sponge and surrender seem the only alternative to being knocked out. German morale will not stand up to a hammering when there is only a glimmer of a hope of success unless their men are *en masse*. That is the usual characteristic of the fanatic. It is mass fervour that takes them into battle and this soon burns itself out in the individual. This is not so with us: we are more steadfast as we now see from the staunch courage of our people

in England, men, women and children, and from the determined conduct and bearing of our Indian soldiers in Eritrea. So you see that you start with a great deal in your favour before you meet the German on the battlefield. As a keen games player, you will press these advantages.

Most of us, some time in our lives, have been bitten by one team game or other and we have sat down and studied it and have talked it over carefully with our team and have built up a technique of our own, a method of play a little different from the methods of other teams. And we have kept our methods strictly secret: the more unorthodox they were, the more secret we kept them. We changed our methods a bit from time to time so that other teams would not come to know them and so be ready to counter them.

Whenever we were about to play off a match against another team, we set to work and found out all we possibly could about that other team, even down to the type of boots they wore if it was a foot game. We went further than that, for if we got a chance we went and watched our future opponents playing a game and spotted their technique and their tactics and then devised means of upsetting both. We also looked for and watched their strong and weak players and we arranged to mark (or hold) the strong ones with those of our players who were good "spoilers" and to attack and rattle the weak ones with other players suitable for this role.

In fact, we were very intelligent and very thorough in the way we got our team trained as a whole for, say, football: and equally thorough in training them and planning their tactics to meet and beat any given opponent.

Now we have never been anywhere near as thorough in training and preparing ourselves for fighting. However, let us put that behind us and look to the present and to the future. We are going to meet the German in the game of fighting and we are going to beat him. Sometimes we will have more and better weapons: sometimes he will have more and better weapons. But whatever the situation may be, we must use the two advantages we have already spoken of—his low morale and his lack of games sense and team spirit.

That is, we must firstly try to depress his morale by continuously damaging him till he gets the "jitters" or gets fed up, or realises at last that he is not as clever a soldier as you or me. When he realises that, it will be a great shock to him for he be-



believes that, of all things, he is at any rate good at soldiering. He's been brought up on that idea so show him it's wrong and he's got little left to fall back upon. It means that you and your men must always be more self-reliant and have more initiative than he has. Keep him on the hop.

And, secondly, we must use our better knowledge and experience of how to get a team ready to beat an opponent. What did we do in order to prepare our team for the game? What will we do to prepare our team, our squadron or company, for fighting?

1. *Football*.—We started off with the general and usual training for the game much in the same way as anyone else; for basically, the training is roughly the same for all teams taking part in the game.

*Fighting*.—We leaders learn our business at various schools and we study the training pamphlets and memoranda. We first train ourselves till we know we can impart the usual instruction to those under us and we thus give them the general, the basic, training which the German officer is giving his men. Perhaps ours is a little better: we hope it is and we must try and make it so.

2. *Football*.—After this, we study carefully the attributes of our men: which man has a good, strong, left leg: which can kick hard with both legs: which are fast and which slow. We then get them into their proper positions on the field. In other words, we are studying the nature of the weapons at our disposal and their characteristics.

*Fighting*.—The first part of this is done for us because we are given the weapons: they are put into our hands. We examine the weapons carefully, we get to know them, we study their characteristics so that we know how to get the best use out of them and in what place in the team to put them.

3. *Football*.—Now we practise all our men individually, giving all the same basic training, learning to kick, to run, to mark, to take their place on the field, etc.

*Fighting*.—We give our squadron or company their basic individual training, teaching all to shoot a rifle, to march, to take up their place in the section formation, etc.

4. *Football*.—And now we put them together on the field of play and teach them to combine, to play collectively, to work together, each in his usual place, all playing to a code known to all and playing under us—their captains. And we go on and on at it till they and we go like clockwork.

*Fighting*.—Next, we get the sections together and then the platoons and, lastly, our squadron or company, and we put them through constant practice on the ground under ourselves, the captain, until we see them all playing in together, combining perfectly; until our battle procedure is perfect and they and we go like clockwork.

5. *Football*.—And now we are ready to take off our coat, roll up our sleeves, and try ourselves out against an opponent. We will start with a “friendly” so that our chaps don’t lose confidence at the outset. We “cut our teeth” on these opponents, and we go on with these “friendlies” till we are ready to enter for the district, company or squadron shield.

*Fighting*.—Now we look round the battalion or the regiment for another company or squadron to fight. We go to the C. O. and ask him to set an exercise so that our opponent and ourselves can have at each other. We want to “cut our teeth” on that opponent. We do so and we go on and on fighting our friends with blank in harmless battles. We “cut our teeth” on them.

6. *Football*.—And now we come to business. We are ready for the district shield and we are to play “A” Company of the Bunwarries. They are playing a practice game on Saturday against their “B” Company. Let’s go and have a look at them. We go with one or two selected sleuths of ours—no more or we’ll excite suspicion, and we mix with the crowd and we watch and we come back and report. Then we make up our plans to wallop that “A” Company.

We go on to the field the following Saturday and before he knows where he is he finds his best men being “spoilt” and marked and bit by bit he is mastered and we are on the offensive, surprising him and banging the ball into the net.

*Fighting.*—And now we're ready for war so we study carefully, from every source that the adjutant can find for us, all about our German enemy and his tactics and where it hurts him most to be hit.

We sail overseas and soon we have a real German in front of us. We have studied him from our War Information Circulars and from everything the adjutant could find for us.

We want now to know a good deal more about him, so we do it by sending out our sleuths—our patrols—to study him stealthily, to find out how he lives, what he does, whether he is windy when patrols shoot him up—in fact, we want to know all his ways, habits, morale and weapons so that we can get our methods of play settled when we finally decide to play a match against him or if he tries to play one against us. But we keep our methods and our dispositions secret for he must not know what we are going to do to him, and how we are going to do it, till we actually do it.

Football and fighting are not so very different; only there are practically no rules to the latter—it is just a ruthless game. As such, it is worth far more application of our time and our energy than is the game of football or any other game. The idle and the escapists of our profession have branded as "shop" all intelligent talk out of hours of the theory and practice of training and of war. They should be quietly smothered for the harm they do.

It was Jorrocks who said of hunting, "Hunting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt and only five and twenty per cent. of its danger."

So is football and so is hockey, though kings may not play them.

## OLD ARMY RECRUITING POSTERS

BY J. PAINE

Recruiting for the Regular Army has always proved something of a problem for the military authorities, and in the none-too-easy task of obtaining the right material recruiting posters have played a very important part. In the posters displayed outside taverns over a century ago the wording often left a good deal to be desired and the message conveyed usually struck the bombastic note. In those so-called good old times recruits invariably took the oath at a public house named in the poster. Here is an example: "Fourth Regiment of Foot, or King's Own. His Majesty having been graciously pleased to order a Second Battalion to his own Regiment, there is no doubt our young heroes will lose no time to show their affection for our beloved Sovereign, by immediately applying at the Coach and Horses, King Street, Westminster, where they will be received and paid the Royal Bounty agreeable to the order of our brave Commander-in-Chief." This particular poster was circulated in 1804 by the regiment now known as the King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster). The second battalion mentioned therein was disbanded in the year of Waterloo.

The fear of invasion by Napoleon and the renewal of hostilities in 1803 was the signal to several other regiments to raise second battalions. Among the regiments reviewed by the Duke of York at a camp near Eastbourne on the 27th of August, 1804, was the 8th Foot, now the 1st Battalion, The King's Regiment (Liverpool). Four months later, after extensive recruiting in the West Riding of Yorkshire, that regiment found itself the proud possessor of a second battalion. The usual poster was duly exhibited and this is how it was worded, "160 guineas Bounty will be paid to 10 young men of good character who will come forward to complete Captain Smith's Company in that respectable Corps the VIII, or King's Regiment of Infantry, laying at Eastbourne in Sussex. Now my lads is your opportunity. The King's Regiment are to have an augmentation of a second battalion, which will want upwards of 100 non-commissioned officers. Lose no time in applying any day this week, to Captain Smith at 24, Greenfield Street, near Whitechapel, or Sergeant Johnson of the above Regiment at 54, Whitechapel Road, near the church, where every encouragement will be given." The poster terminated

with the information that bringers of good recruits would be liberally rewarded and that Germans would be accepted, provided they could speak English. The substantial bounty promised, even if not always given, is strangely at contrast with the Queen's shilling handed on enlistment to recruits of a later era.

The poster just alluded to is an interesting document in the history of a battalion whose career was of short duration. After five years' soldiering on both sides of the Tweed, its flank companies embarked for Holland on an abortive expedition. The year 1810 found the battalion at Jersey, from where six companies left in the same year for Nova Scotia, where they were stationed for four years. Then followed their long and arduous march of several hundred miles in snowshoes to the great lakes; the crossing of the frontier; and their part in the unsuccessful attack on the American town of Plattsburg. The battalion was disbanded in 1815 and forty-three years elapsed before The King's had another second battalion.

Of interest in the recruiting annals of The Royal Marines is an advertisement which appeared during the American War of Independence, 1776-83. It was published on the 26th of February, 1780, in the now defunct *Ipswich Journal*, a newspaper which had a wide circulation in Suffolk and Essex. Twenty recruits under the age of forty were asked for to complete a company of the First Division of Marines, the sergeant's headquarters being the "Marlborough's Head" at Colchester. After the information that applicants would "make their fortune by capture from the enemy," this advertisement sets out the advantages of service in the following manner: "Marine soldiers have every advantage of His Majesty's royal bounty; excellent clothing, arms and accoutrements, with the addition of provisions found them *gratis* when on board ship, besides their full pay; and when in service, they share in prize-money equal with able seamen; these are advantages well known, and can be testified by many in this country, who have made their fortunes in the last, but more particularly in the present war." The Marines at this time were without the title "Royal," that much-prized designation not being granted till 1802.

A poster circulated in 1756 by the "52nd Regiment, commanded by Major-General Abercrombie," concluded with these words, "All such persons who have their country's interest at heart, and are ready to exert themselves in defence of their religion and liberties, are desired to apply to the Earl of Sandwich at Huntingdon, where they will meet with proper encouragement, and, in his

absence, to Major D'Ebrisay, of the said regiment, at his quarters at the Crown Inn at Huntingdon." In 1895 a transcription of this poster was erroneously included in "*The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry Chronicle*," the regimental annual of the old 43rd and 52nd Regiments. But the latter regiment at the time of the circulation of this poster was numbered as the 54th and was not renumbered as the 52nd till the year following that in which the poster appeared. This juggling with regimental numbers was brought about by the disbandment of two regiments. The regiment named in the poster was raised in December, 1755, as the 52nd Foot, the recruiting rendezvous being at Norwich. A Royal Warrant was issued in the following month authorizing Colonel James Abercrombie "By beat of drum or otherwise, to raise men in any county, or part of our kingdom of Great Britain, for this Regiment of Foot." In 1757 the regiment was renumbered and became the 50th Foot, the lineal ancestor of the present First Battalion, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.

In a somewhat lengthy recruiting poster issued on behalf of the present 2nd Battalion, The Welch Regiment in 1811, when it was the 69th Foot, the then recent achievements of the regiment at Mauritius and Java are praised in glowing language. The certainty of accumulating untold prize money in future military operations was, of course, impressed upon the would-be recruit who perused this particular poster and who, reading on, would have read these words, "Such, my fine fellows, are the advantages of a soldier's life, independent of the honour of serving the King, whose indescribable virtues render him an inestimable blessing to the country. Besides all these advantages, young men and lads shall receive a bounty of sixteen guineas for volunteering into this fine regiment, and may make application to me, Lieutenant G. James, at my quarters, next door to the George Inn, High Street, or to either of my sergeants, at my rendezvous, the Flying Horse, Watergate. An early application by young men of any education will ensure immediate promotion."

From the foregoing posters one sees how the Government obtained its infantrymen in the grand old hand-to-hand fighting days. Other branches of the Service were kept up to strength in the same manner and, by way of conclusion, an extract will be given from a recruiting poster launched by the 16th Light Dragoons at the time of the regiment's formation in 1759. This is how it ran: "You will be mounted on the finest horses in the

world, with superb clothing and the richest accoutrements. Your pay and privileges are equal to two guineas a week, you are everywhere respected, your society is counted, you are admired by the fair which, together with the chance of getting switched by a buxom widow or of brushing with a rich heiress, renders the situation truly enviable and desirable. Young men out of employment or uncomfortable—"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," nick it instantly and enlist."

Who wouldn't join the cavalry after reading that? The regiment for whose benefit this alluring poster was printed in due course became the 16th The Queen's Lancers, a title it retained till 1922, when, on its amalgamation with the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, it became the 16 5th Lancers. The 16th had more battle honours on its drum banners than any other cavalry regiment in the Service and it was the only Lancer regiment to sport the scarlet tunic. One of its recruits in 1877 was Trooper William Robertson, who forty-three years later found himself a Field Marshal and a Baronet.

Another recruiting poster circulated as an inducement to men to enlist in a regiment of the mounted branch is that of the Midlothian Light Dragoons, dated 1798, which, like the previously mentioned poster of the 16th Light Dragoons, was not included in the present writer's discussion on "Old Cavalry Recruiting Posters" published in the January 1937 issue of *The Cavalry Journal*. The poster of these Midlothian cavalrymen was displayed in the streets of Edinburgh and contained the following extraordinary paragraph: "The Regiment has been one year and a half in Ireland, constantly employed in exterminating the Croppies, who are now—damn their bloods—about finished. So much so that these gallant light dragoons are at present eating their beef, bread and potatoes (which by the way are not got for nothing) in peace and comfort, in one of the most delightful, plentiful and cheapest counties in Ireland." The "Croppies" were the Irish rebels of the period. As a sign of sympathy with the French revolution, they were in the habit of having their hair cropped short. The poster continued in the following fashion: "This is not the place (for want of room) to talk of honours acquired by the regiment; suffice it to say they have received the thanks of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, of the Parliament of Ireland, for their spirited conduct, and are now entitled to wear the Royal Colour, on which account their clothing has been changed from red to blue."

From the concluding paragraph of this recruiting bill one learns that the regiment was "so famous in performing the sword-and-carbine exercises on horse-back, that the very name of Midlothian has been known to strike terror into the hearts of the Rebels." The poster then winds up with the following rather gruesome details: "At the battle of Hacketstown one of the Dragoons at full speed, with a single blow of the sabre, cut the head of a rebel clean off, and at the battles of Ross and Vinegar Hill, two of the rebel leaders were shot by the Midlothian Marksman." The magic words, "God Save the King," terminated this remarkable recruiting notice. The Midlothian Light Dragoons had been raised as a Fencible unit in 1794 and with the rest of the Fencible Cavalry was disbanded in 1800. Fencibles comprised cavalry and infantry and were regular regiments liable for home defence only. They were maintained for the duration of a war and were not liable to drafting.

So much for the recruiting posters launched on behalf of infantry and cavalry regiments in the days when war was a chivalrous undertaking and the business was done by professional soldiers in all the glory of full dress. The remaining arm, the artillery, are deserving of mention too, since a poster printed for their special benefit ninety-three years ago is one of the longest and most informative ever issued. The rendezvous of the recruiting sergeant of the Royal Artillery on this occasion was at a tavern in Taunton. The poster stipulated that apprentices would not be accepted and that applicants must not be married. The poster continued in these words: "They must measure 5 feet 8 inches in height and be between eighteen and twenty-two years of age. Growing lads not more than seventeen may be admitted. They will receive the same liberal bounty of £5-15-6. On their arrival at Head Quarters they will be taught the art of riding, driving, fencing, gunnery and the mechanics. The making and use of gunpowder, sky rockets, and other fireworks, and by the power of a lever to move a 42-pounder battering gun with the same facility as a penny whistle. The cannon used in the field are called **FLYING ARTILLERY** from the astonishing rapidity of their movements. The Gunners (for so Artillerymen are styled) wear a **SPLENDID UNIFORM** and are well mounted on taking the Field." All of which goes to show what artillerymen were expected to master in the "roaring forties."

From the real soldiering side of the profession one passes straight on to the distinctly lighter side as expressed in the same poster: "They are lodged in the finest barracks in the world.



They have light work and good pay, the best **Beef** that **Kent** can afford, and a comfortable place in the barracks called 'The **Can-teen**' set apart for them to see their friends in and take a cheerful glass; also a splendid library and reading room; a park and pleasure grounds, with a select number of horses for their instruction and amusement. After their 'Education' is completed they will have an opportunity afforded them to travel to foreign countries, where they may drink their wine at two-pence per bottle by the new tariff!! If well conducted they will be promoted to **NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS**, from whom the **Quarter-masters** are selected who are the best paid in the army, and return to see their friends with money, manners, and experience!!"

This recruiting poster is indeed an interesting and historic document in the annals of the **Royal Regiment of Artillery**, even if the picture is somewhat overpainted. The poster concludes with a list of the daily rates of pay of quartermasters and the various non-commissioned grades down to those of lower status such as gunners, drivers, collar makers, wheelers, etc. The pay in all branches of the service is, of course, higher to-day, food and accommodation are better and the life generally has improved in every way. But the soldier no longer gets his wine at "two-pence per bottle by the new tariff."

## THOUGHTS ON PROPAGANDA

BY MAJOR THE HON'BLE C. B. BIRDWOOD, M.V.O.

In a previous article in April, 1938,\* a writer in this magazine subjected the technique of propaganda to scientific and lucid analysis; and it is not here intended to go over the ground which was then covered. It is, alas, late in the day to start tabulating the subject according to a text-book layout and I have, therefore, sought only to record a few thoughts on the application of propaganda in the war.

In the first week of September, 1939, some 40,000,000 pamphlets were dropped on North-West Germany, a line of attack which perplexed many members of the fighting forces and came in for no little comment throughout the country. Was such criticism justified and is the power of the pen to be dismissed merely as a matter of the weight of words in contrast to bombs?

The effect of a bomb can be seen and accurately recorded while the effect of a leaflet is intangible. Yet because that effect cannot be seen, it is hardly logical to deny its existence. In many other spheres we believe what we cannot see and faith in the power of the leaflet is but an extension of a sense of warfare to appreciate the unseen, in a manner which has been understood by the scientists and psychologists for many years.

But the leaflet needs to be used with discrimination. Just as a commander likes to hit his enemy in his weakest link and exploit success, so should a leaflet be dropped on soil with promise of fertility.

In its practical application, this would connote that bombs must for a long time be far more effective over Berlin than paper, while paper will always be effective over Vienna, Prague and Warsaw.

The study of the psychology of the enemy has of late years been frequently stressed in all our teaching. The correct use of the leaflet, or indeed any form of propaganda, is but the extension of that study in its general application to the whole population of the enemy countries.

A knowledge of psychology is then the essence of good propaganda. Thus, it would surely be useless at the present juncture to drop caricatures of Hitler, as Charlie Chaplin sees him in "The Great Dictator," over Germany. Similar pictures of Mussolini

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\* "Propaganda," by Lieut.-Colonel H. L. F. Dimmock, O.B.E.

in Italy might have some effect. But from the point of view of propaganda, pamphlets ridiculing Mussolini dropped in Germany, or exposing Hitler in Italy as responsible for her sorry plight, would be far more profitable.

It is natural that propaganda based on truth must ultimately have a greater chance of success than that based on opportunism. If, as we believe, our cause is right, the whole of our propaganda assumes a background which the enemy cannot enjoy. His is the task to be continually thinking out verbal expedients and justification for fresh plans of aggression. He must adjust his propaganda to his own changing strategic conception. With us, the background of our propaganda is secure and later we can afford to develop our strategy in the safe knowledge that whatever we may tell the enemy is founded on the rock of the simple justice of our cause. Were it otherwise, we should not be fighting.

Subject to the above principle, our propaganda technique would seem to leave room for much development and imagination. It is not enough to say "We are right. Therefore we shall win." The impression the layman receives is that there is a redundant amount of propaganda wasted in developing our own morale and not enough spent in attacking the enemy. Great Britain is united and needs little medicine from the microphone. The major portion of our broadcasting machinery should be concentrated on getting our propaganda across to the continent of Europe.

Propaganda for enemy consumption may take two forms. It may (a) place our own case before the enemy, or (b) attack the weak points in enemy propaganda. While Mr. Churchill has stressed that it is early days to start defining war aims, we cannot go wrong if we continually confirm that our cause is the freedom of all countries under domination. There is no need to go into detail of either minority or boundary. The principle is sufficient.

It is perhaps here appropriate to touch on the question as to whether we are to regard our war effort as concentrated against two nations or two parties. In the case of Italy, the issue is clear. We know that a great proportion of the nation is ready to welcome a collapse of the Fascist rule. In the case of Germany, one frequently hears heated discussion on such lines. But ignoring all ethical considerations, from the propagandist point of view there can only be one answer. By stressing either in the press or in public speech that we are fighting to conquer a nation of eighty

million villains, we are playing into the hands of the enemy. These are the very words which the German minister of propaganda wishes to hear. With such material at their disposal, the Nazi party can shelter behind their nation indefinitely. They have but to tell the people that the enemy has declared that Germany is fighting for its existence and they, the leaders, will retain their power behind the armed forces for years to come. Our object must surely be to drive a wedge in between the people and their leaders, so that the latter may be the first rather than the last to fall. It is good propaganda which fosters this object and conversely poor propaganda which tends to push Germany further into the power of its leaders.

In considering the second aspect, that of our attack on the weak points of enemy propaganda, a factor of great importance is that retort must be immediate and complete. Too often it seems that the Führer is allowed to get away with a naked lie; and the verbal gymnastics of Goebbels are so surprising as to warrant our contempt rather than our denial. Yet the wildest statements are drunk in by the German public and, as such, should be vigorously and immediately challenged.

In illustration, Hitler has repeatedly made capital of the theme of "Lebensraum." It has been the German people's fate, he tells them, to suffer for years a stifling confinement within the boundaries dictated by the Capitalist powers. So far as the writer is aware, there has never yet been a serious effort from our side, to tell the German people that a glance at any book of pre-war European statistics would show that both England and Belgium suffer a far greater concentration of population per square mile than Germany. At the beginning of the year Mr. Churchill made a brilliant appeal to the Italian Nation. The speech was seized upon by the Fascist press and reissued to Italians in a completely unrecognizable form. Here was surely a case for swift and determined action. Leaflets, many thousands of them, with the true text of the speech, could effectively have been dropped. Apart from the incontrovertible argument of Mr. Churchill's attack, the fact that the Fascist party were, on the evidence before their people, completely altering the text of an appeal, could only have reacted to the great discomfiture of the party.

Another aspect of the propaganda technique is the treatment of prisoners. Loose comment on the lines of "Charity begins at home" is frequent. Those who would see prisoners in comfort are regarded as sentimentalists. Such an attitude fails to trace the

result of action to its logical conclusion: again it believes only that which it can see.

If Italian prisoners receive *maccheroni* (I am unaware if they do or not), sooner or later the people in Italy know, a factor of definite propaganda value and calculated to undermine enemy resistance in a manner which, though subtler and less direct than the tactical success, is nevertheless real in its more indirect method.

It may not at first be apparent as to how the application of propaganda interests the military command. At the most it would seem but a matter for co-operation between the Ministry of Information and the Royal Air Force with occasional reference to the War Cabinet.

In all the training manuals and in the many war training pamphlets issued, I have been unable to find a reference to the direct use of propaganda.

And yet a moment's reflection will bring to mind many an occasion calling for its resourceful application by a Commander.

We may consider an imaginary situation. An Empire, Saxonia, is at war with two great powers, Nordania and Romania. At heart these two have little in common, their liaison being only one of expediency. Nordania we may suppose to be Saxonia's real enemy whom she keeps at arm's length while she concentrates her main effort on land to defeat the weaker Romania. We see at first the gradual investment of Romania's colonial Empire. Attached to the Saxonian General Staff and as an integral part of their intelligence is the propaganda branch, with their powerful transmitters ready. They have managed to engage the services of Romanians hostile to the present regime; for, alas, they have too few of their own officers trained in the Romanian language! Their machinery is complete. They can jam the broadcasts from the Romanian Capital across the water and replace them with their own story of the war. The pamphlet section is ready to supplement the microphone. Finally Saxonia effects a landing on Romanian soil. Saxonian mobile armoured forces are sweeping across the Romanian countryside. The Propaganda Branch have made straight for the broadcasting stations and the newspaper offices. They have shown, too, that they are not devoid of imagination; for fluttering from every Saxonian vehicle as it rattles through the Romanian villages are little cloth Saxonian and Romanian flags flying side by side on the same staff. Many of these are thrown to the silent peasants who gather in frightened indecision at the street corners. Further ahead, Saxonia's planes

are circling over the Romanian cities and behind them message pennons flutter bravely out in the manner in which we are bidden to read *The Daily Chronicle* on Derby Day or at the Cup Final. To-day, however, it is to tell the people of Romania that further resistance is useless, that the Saxonian forces are here, there and everywhere; and that, above all, they will free the Romanians from the foul insidious exploitation they have suffered at the hands of that other enemy, Nordania! The Romanians are rather shy at first. They recall orders threatening imprisonment for reading pamphlets. Still they can hardly fail to read a message towed across the sky in front of them and a man cannot be sent to prison for looking at an aeroplane.

Such is the picture. But it needs enthusiasm and not a little imagination from the commander and his staff.

There is yet one more aspect of this complex business which needs to be considered. It has been stressed that the background of our propaganda to-day rests on truth. To what extent is departure from the truth justified in its daily application through the various media of propaganda? In the story above, would the Saxonian Commander broadcast to the people that his forces had reached the Romanian Capital and captured the power station and the water works when in fact they had done nothing of the sort? The answer seems to be that if a deliberate lie is told and later discovered before the capitulation of the enemy, the whole effect of subsequent propaganda becomes innocuous. In contrast the magnification of a small truth out of proportion to its real value will frequently have far-reaching repercussions.

There is a subtle difference between a clumsy lie and the creation of a false situation to deceive the enemy. Thus to publish that General *Y* had flown from *A* to *B* to consult with General *X* when in fact he had flown from *A* to *C* to take over a secret force in the process of formation is but the kind of ruse which comes within the normal sphere of the Intelligence Branch and is hardly a matter of propaganda.

A vast subject has here been treated lightly. The intention has been only to overcome indifference. As a nation we are shy of methods with a flavour of the melodramatic. Yet we can hardly afford to neglect any agency which will assist us to victory in the days to come.

## "NORPERFORCE"

BY JOHN HELLAND

There is many a tale, true and false, that is told of "Norperforce," that body of British and Indian troops who spent three years in North West Persia and only pulled out of it for home and rest in the summer of 1921. Comedy comes most easily to mind.

Surra, that dreaded disease, broke out among the local camels. It was hard to control, for the Persian preferred to work his animal till it dropped rather than to kill it. He was something like the Indian in that way.

The transport people were finally compelled to offer a reward for each camel tail brought in. This led to the desired result and evidence of the willingness of the people to destroy infected animals came in wholesale with the growing tale of tails. But this great slaughter had no effect on the epidemic. It still raged.

Efforts were redoubled, rewards increased and the tally grew.

Finally, there came a shortage of camels to carry commissariat loads, so hiring prices were raised. This, in turn, led to a surprising diminution in the intake of tails. The shortage of load carriers grew worse: demand sent prices still higher.

The atmosphere became tense with speculation as the tussle between demand and supply raged furiously on.

Bursting point came when a herd of camels was driven in by some innocent from a far place to pick up a big load of rice for a battalion many miles away. As they filed off into the desert, it was seen that not one owned a complete tail.

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Some things made one a little bashful.

One remembers a Russian lady of fairly ample figure, with her baby, coming into a *sarai*\* where a Gurkha subaltern and his orderly were staying for a few days when on a reconnaissance into the hills. The officer asked her if she would like some lunch and she readily accepted.

His orderly went out to tell the cook to pour some more hot water in the soup and to mince the chicken leg instead of serving it whole.

\* Inn.

The *sarai* table was rough and rather high. The visitor sat chatting away for a bit in broken English, then opened her bodice and laid her copious breasts upon the table to give her infant a more stable firing platform from which to operate.

Her child's meal over, she put him aside and remained thus chatting and gesticulating, her bust still rested upon the table.

Soon the Gurkha orderly returned, head bent down, intent over the two plates of hot soup that he carried. All unconscious, he approached the board and placed the plate in front of the lady or, rather, on the lady's front.

I have only once seen a Gurkha blush and only once heard a Russian lady utter in pained surprise.

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Winter came and snow lay six feet deep on the mountains. Softly the myriad fat flakes floated to earth. Night settled down and still the flakes fell white about us.

By the light of a candle the Adjutant on his camp bed sat writing before a wood fire in his billet. The little warmth of his fire melted the snow on the roof and the water dripped, then dribbled through, to turn the mud floor into a slippery bog.

*Memsahib chha.* (Here's a lady.)

Turning, he saw a sentry at the open door with a girl of twenty holding a small boy by the hand.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" he groaned, "You here again!"

[Enter the interpreter.]

"Where's she come from *this* time, Alexander?"

"Over the mountains from the Caspian, Sair."

"Gosh! In this snow? What's that with her?"

"Her younger brother, Sair."

"She's produced three sisters already—and an aunt, too, I think. . . Is the boy a Russian?"

[Gabble gabble.]

"Yes, Sair."

"Then I suppose out of the eighty million males in Russia I've got to believe he's her brother. Right ho!"

He picked up the receiver of his field telephone and buzzed for half a minute,



"Doctor," he said, "the tow-haired Kuddlybobski girl's here again. Clear out of your hut like a good chap and doss down in mine. . . . Shut up. . . . You're very fortunate to have the chance of being unselfish again. . . . She's got a little brother with her this time. . . . Stoke your fire up before you leave; they're soaked through. I'll collect some dry clothes for them. . . . I didn't bring any feminine clothes with me on service, did you? No? Odd! Thanks! Take some of those pictures off your wall before you leave."

"Alexander, take her to the Doctor's hut as usual, will you? And tell her never to come back again if she can possibly help it. We've run out of female clothing."

*[Exit the party.]*

He scribbled a note to all his officers, asking for contributions of clothing.

As time went on, the various officers' orderlies brought in a fair heap of woollen garments.

"Here orderly, chuck those ordnance vests and pants of mine on the heap."

He continued his writing.

"Let's see what you've got. . . . Lord! Eight ordnance vests and pants. Nothing else?"

"No, Sahib. None of the other officers have any more clothes than you have."

"Gorea, do these damned bullwool vests and pants make you itch too?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Yet you can wear them, you noble creature? . . . Well, well . . ." reflectively, "they'll keep her warm and . . . I don't think she'll come here again. Take 'em along to the Doctor's hut, Gorea, and knock before you go in."

At eight the next morning, with the sun glittering across the snow, the Adjutant walked to the Doctor's hut to tell her that the Column Headquarter "flivver" had arrived to take her and the boy to civilisation, a hundred miles away.

They emerged and he looked at them curiously. Both seemed very fat. So they'd got on all eight pairs between them; they weren't missing anything. As they walked past him they wriggled their backs.

Awkwardly, with one hand they said goodbye to him scratching ardently with the other.

"They'll get into practice before they reach Teheran," he thought.

He banged the door on them and they were off. As the open car receded down the road, he saw the boy rubbing his sister's back with both hands, wriggling as he did so.

"She won't come here again, Alexander. You and I know what it is, don't we?"

"Yes, Sair?"

"Four vests and four pants each; all worthy of Nessus! A mixture of thermogene wool and hayseeds. I wonder how Ordnance discovers these things. Wonderful people, wonderful."

## SALIENT AND SOMME

[THE BATTLEFIELDS OF 1916-17 REVISITED]

BY "JEBB"

In the twenty-one years between 1918 and 1939, the idea of a visit to the battlefields of France and Flanders was probably considered at one time or another by every officer who took part in the war in the West. It certainly passed through the minds of four officers—let us call them *I*, *B*, *G* and *D*—late of a pioneer battalion of a famous city regiment, who had managed to keep in touch; but owing to circumstances such as failure to synchronise leave, it was not until April, 1939, that they were able to put the idea into practice. And though France may not be a very popular subject at the present time, an account of their tour and impressions may not be without interest to those readers of this journal who themselves knew the Salient and Somme in the years 1914—1918.

When a suitable date had been fixed, it was left to *B*—the only member who had turned "pro" and who, by reason of his present appointment and station, was the best qualified to undertake it—to carry out the preliminary staff arrangements. These consisted mainly of correspondence with the A. A. on the subject of facilities for *B*'s car which was chosen to conduct the party, of working out the itinerary and programme, and of obtaining maps; fortunately, *B* had free access to a large and varied stock.

And so it was that at about 10.30 A.M. on the morning of the 11th April, 1939, the party rendezvoused at the gangway of the "Isle of Thanet" at Folkstone. *I* and *G* had travelled overnight from Chester (where both were in business—the former as school master and the latter as deputy bank manager), breakfasted at Euston and proceeded by tube to Victoria for the "leave train" (9 A.M.). This, according to *G*, was all quite like old times, but the absence of khaki on the familiar platform and of a slight sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach suggested it was not quite the same as the *status quo in bello*. *B* and *D* had meanwhile arrived by road, *B* having shortened his journey by staying overnight at *D*'s.

Punctually at 10.30 the "Isle of Thanet" cast off; the sea was calm (to the intense relief of at least one member—and there was

no escorting destroyer! The weather, too, was glorious and clouds there were none, except metaphorically, for only four days before Mussolini had celebrated Good Friday by invading Albania and *B* had an uneasy feeling that military reactions to this move might result in his recall. However, all was well and the party settled down to enjoy themselves as only old friends can who meet again after many years and have much to discuss. The time crossing the Channel was spent, first, in allocation of duties, settled after some ineffective modesty as: *B*, car and photos; *A*, cash; *G*, maps and *D* billeting and coping with natives; the latter duty, however, was gradually taken over by *A*, who showed that he was one of those Englishmen who can cope with *any* foreigner or native. *D* also had to exercise general supervision over maps when *G* showed signs of losing the way, and over the car when *B* showed signs of confusing the left and the right of the road and doing other things *interdits* to *autos*.

This done, we had to try and get up-to-date with each other's history. (We may as well use the first person plural as it is quite obvious that the author was one of the party.) In things essential we stepped back quickly but externally at least were hardly the gay young things we once were, witness *A* greying on top, *B*'s baldness and uncertain leg, *G*'s uncertain interior. *D* alone belied the general impression of increasing senility, his youthfulness and ringing laugh taking us immediately back to the days, 23 years before, when we had been boys together. Incidentally, the advantages of doing a tour of this nature with those who had served in the same unit were soon evident; where one memory defaulted, there were others to supply the deficiency.

Boulogne Harbour—entered gently backwards—seemed much as ever as also the town or what we saw of it on a short stroll before lunch. It was easy to determine the exact position of the one-time R.T.O.'s Office and Officers' Club; so familiar indeed were the old landmarks near the quay that I think none of us had much difficulty in painting a mental picture of the last stand at and evacuation of Boulogne when it took place a little over a year later.

After lunch, when *A* insisted on our drinking each other's health in champagne cocktails, we collected the car which had followed us on the cargo boat. The A.A.'s excellent arrangements greatly simplified the whole car business and particularly that of getting it across frontiers, a process in which we were involved no less than four times in the space of three days.

We left Boulogne at 2.30 p.m. by the St. Omer road for Ypres. *B* is still not quite clear why, in planning the tour, he did not elect to visit the Somme first and return *via* the Salient, for each member of the party had in fact seen the fighting in that order; but it didn't seem to matter in the end, and one advantage of the method chosen was that we were able to celebrate our last night together in an entirely suitable place—the Restaurant Golbert in Amiens: of which more anon.

An attempt to find the convent at Wisques which had housed the Second Army School (*B* had done a course there in 1917) was only partially successful. The place was there all right, but now appeared to be a monastic institution; and at the sight of a brown-frocked brother at the lodge we decided that our French was insufficient to cope with the situation and passed on. A cup of tea at St. Omer was pleasant, for the weather was astonishingly warm and *B* felt that thick plus-fours and cardigan, suitable for springtime in England, were overdoing it. Incidentally, the arrangement had been that we should each bring one suitcase with one change of suit for the evening. *G*, however, scorned this liberal allowance, contenting himself with an ancient rucksack and a change of shirt only.

From St. Omer, after a glance at the ruined abbey, we proceeded to Cassel—very pretty on its hill; trees and hedges seemed more forward than in England. It was as we wound our way up the twisty pave road into the little town that we supposed that we should shortly come across some signs of a continuation of the Maginot Line to the North, for we were then rapidly approaching the Belgian frontier. But when we emerged from the town on to the Eastern slopes of the hill, from which stretched a wide panorama extending from North of Ypres to Armentieres and Bethune, no warlike evidence of any kind was to be seen. Not a gun, not a pill-box, not a strand of barbed wire; nor did we see anything of the sort throughout our tour. It was all a bit puzzling, and a little disturbing too. After all, it was six months after Munich and various countries, even including our own, had been pretty busy in the interval. But France...?

And so, still puzzled, we came past the frontier post at Adele, to Poperinghe. Here we visited the "old house" once headquarters, now museum and sanctuary of *Toc H*: absorbingly interesting as museum and beautiful as sanctuary, especially the original chapel under the roof rafters. What of it now, and of the devoted concierge in charge, who must be known to thousands of *Toc H* enthusiasts who have sheltered there during their visits to

"Pop" and "Wipers"? My own impression is that Toc H "old house," likewise the many memorials and cemeteries, stand above enmity and strife, and that the caretakers and gardeners are being given every facility to continue their good work.

The Pop—Ypres road still had a slightly grim feel for us, and the proportion of young trees to old increased significantly as we approached Ypres. We stayed at Skindles Hotel by the station: comfortable enough but rather anglicized and catering too much for the likes of us.

Next day, the 12th, again broke fine and warm, and we spent the morning exploring the Salient. To get to Passchendaele one has to pass through the square and under the Menin Gate; the former now contains a new Cathedral and Cloth Hall, and one can at least be thankful that in the rapidity of the retreat in 1940 they are unlikely to have suffered destruction a second time. The Menin Gate is wonderfully impressive. While G looked for his brother's name, B stood in pride and pleasure in front of the panel on which are inscribed the names of those of his Indian battalion who fell in the defence of the Channel Ports. The P.M.s of the A.T. Companies of 1940, though involved in very little fighting, were worthy successors of those units who came from India to France in 1914.

From the Menin Gate we went first through Zonnebeke to Tyne Cot cemetery. There is an old German pill-box in this cemetery and the memorial cross is mounted on a second. Surrounding half the cemetery are panels of names, an appendix to those at the Menin Gate; together they name 90,000 British, who have no known grave in Belgium alone. Then back to Zonnebeke and the 7th Division Memorial (our Division); thence to the Buttes Cemetery, magnificently placed in Polygon Wood, and a spot of bother along the soft earth track on the North side of the wood before we hit the Menin Road and carried along it as far as Gheluvelt. Returning we had the Boche view of Hooze and Ypres—distinctly the better view of course; in fact it was not really until this moment that we appreciated to the full what our troops in the Salient had to suffer in those grim four years: from any O.P. on that ridge one could have spotted a rat moving, let alone every man and gun and wagon. West of Sanctuary Wood is a small patch of ground preserved as a genuine antique. At 2 fr. 50 a head one could walk along duckboards in fairly respectable "tranchees," well decorated with bits of wire, "obuses" and other (non-human) remains, including, true to life, a trench pump

that wouldn't work. The adjoining café had a good little museum and a kaleidoscope which could well have been used in the further education of those who think war funny.

Returning *via* Zillebeke Lake—marvellously peaceful—to Ypres for lunch, we afterwards made enquiries of the Imperial War Graves Commission Office of the whereabouts of the grave of *D*'s brother, killed in 1914. This office was admirably organized, as are all and, in a couple of minutes or so, not only gave *D* the information he wanted but also enlightened *B* regarding a missing cousin, whose name he was told was commemorated on the Somme Memorial at Thiepval. All through our tour we were immensely struck by the trimness and beauty of the cemeteries themselves, and of the care lavished upon them by their British gardeners; an impressive point being the reverent care and appropriateness shown for remote peoples such as Indians and Chinese, as well as for the few German graves to be found in many of our cemeteries. But, as *G* feelingly remarked, it was curious that governments should be so careful of their own and others' dead and often so careless of their own and others' living!

The afternoon we spent pottering round Dickebusch looking for various haunts of the battalion in the autumn of 1917, before it was whisked off to Italy with the 7th Division to bolster up the fleeing Italians (whose habits don't seem to have changed much in spite of Mussolini); we then went on to Bailleul for tea. This meant crossing the frontier again into France and *I* remarked that he didn't think he had ever crossed the frontier into another country and re-crossed it just to have tea. We returned to Ypres *via* Loere, Reninghelst and Ouderdom, in time to accompany the English chaplain of Ypres to the Menin Gate to hear *Retreat*, sounded nightly by two Belgian buglers. There was something particularly moving about this; and indeed, without being in the least *psychic*, one could not help being deeply conscious of the "atmosphere" of Ypres and of a feeling that the town was still being watched over and guarded by an unseen host. Returning to dinner, the chaplain told us that bodies were still being discovered on the battlefields, and he himself had read the burial service over three that very afternoon. Every effort was made by the War Graves authorities to identify them, even after that immense interval and, curiously, the best clues were apparently not identity discs or personal effects but boots, which still often retained their W.D. numbers.

Our plan for the third day, the 13th, gloriously hot again, was to make for the Somme battlefields and Albert roughly by

way of the old British front line, stopping at places of interest *en route*. Leaving Ypres by the Lille Gate, where the battalion had lived in the ramparts on its first visit to the Salient in 1917, we drove *via* St. Eloi and Messines to the East end of Hill 63. Here were some nice bits of old trench and a glorious view—North to Wytschaete and the Messines ridge, South across “Plugstreet Wood” to Armentieres. *B* and *D* were reminded of the days in August, 1916, when they lay on the top of this hill, after delivering their platoons to assist the 1st Australian Tunnelling Coy. in the construction of a vast dugout in its interior. We could find no traces of the dugout, however, nor had we time to visit our old home in Oosthove Farm.

It was an odd coincidence that, while we were thus revisiting scenes of the old war, rumours and threats of the next were at a maximum. The customs at Armentieres had it that most of Western Europe was actually mobilising at that moment, but, fortunately, they were anticipating the event by some five months.

The Indian Memorial at Neuve Chapelle, just North of the industrial area, was a notable stopping place, and, of course, of particular interest to *B* whose present battalion's mess album contains photographs of its unveiling. Near-by was a Portuguese cemetery, equally well cared for.

Our road then took us past Loos and, though the place had no more than an academic interest for us, we stopped to take a photograph of its ugly chimneys and scattered “fosses,” reflecting on how uncomfortable it must have been to battle in such a congested area. Our next objective meanwhile was Vimy Ridge; a post-war “drive” of about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles runs along the top of the ridge from the main road to the Canadian Memorial, which is magnificent; we were impressed also by its wonderful position and by the dominance of the ridge over the surrounding country. Much of the woods on top of the ridge are *defense d'entrer*, but there is a good section of old front line, with craters, wire and trenches; the concrete imitation sandbags were perhaps a necessary artificiality. We came away feeling anew the futility and insanity of man having lived such a life, and preparing to live something like it again. But evidently the German General Staff felt the same about it and took steps to ensure that we should not live that particular life again, at any rate in France.

Arras was reached punctually at 1 o'clock for lunch at the Hotel Brasserie Moderne, just outside the station; and so we came at last to the Somme, our own country indeed. It had



been interesting to watch the countryside gradually changing from the unexciting yet strangely attractive "wet Flanders plain" to the open rolling downs of Picardy—grimly attractive too, at least to us who had known them so well; though *B*, who had spent the previous six weeks in an intensive study of modern defence, with its insistence on anti-tank obstacles and localities, was much worried at the complete lack of same in this part of France. No rivers, no canals, no woods, no railway embankments; villages widely scattered; the whole countryside resembling a vast gently undulating patchwork quilt. And as no effort had been made to supplement the lack of natural obstacles by artificial means, the outlook wasn't too rosy. (Nor, in the event, was reality. There literally was nothing to stop the Huns between the Meuse and the Somme, not even—as one might have supposed—a few Frenchmen.)

But to return. A fortunate trench map helped us to fix precisely the environments of Bullecourt—a Bullecourt so new and trim and snug, looking on us as though to say: "War? Did you say there had been a war?" *D*'s Pelican Avenue and the whole of the battalion's Bullecourt Avenue (one of the more notable of the many communication trenches we constructed); the spot on Ecoust Road where the C.O. and his runner had been killed by an unlucky shell on the 4th May, 1917; all were located. This was a great hour—made more so by the discovery of Mills bombs and other souvenirs right on top of where had been our Bullecourt Avenue. Souvenirs, we noticed, were much more frequent on the Somme than in the Salient, indicating perhaps that the Flemish are tidier by nature than the French. We finished at the old camps fore and aft of Mory Village; part of the Abbaye barn here seemed miraculously to have survived the war.

And now we must not pause too long but take the reader rapidly to Ervillers (no signpost in the brick heaps now: "This is Ervillers") and Courcelles Halt; through Logeast Wood (an old camp site) and Bucquoy to Puisieux, which yielded tea. It was at Puisieux, during the withdrawal of the Boche to the Hindenburg Line that *B* had had his first glimpse of Indian cavalry. Refreshed, we carried on by the main road through Serre (not much bigger than in 1917) to Mailly Maillet, and thence down through Auchonvillers to Beaumont Hamel. *A*, *B* and *D* here recalled the feeling of nakedness when taking parties to the line, apparently in full view of the Boche. The surroundings of Wagon Road were peaceful enough that evening, but its surface

was a trial for the Vauxhall. Sites of various jobs were fixed approximately; just hereabouts Nobby Clark collected his 25 German prisoners with a sergeant and two men. We missed the Newfoundland memorial but noted "Y" Ravine appreciably on our own way down to Beaucourt, and remembered that somewhere near here General Freyberg had won his V.C. Our weather was failing us at last and we ran through Aveluy Wood in rain down to Albert. Here we noted with pleasure the restoration to the perpendicular of the Virgin on the summit of the cathedral—that golden figure, so well known to thousands of Empire soldiers, which for years had defied in its perilous poise all the laws of gravity—and so came to the Hotel de la Paix, a small place but kindly. The climax of their efforts to give us really English fare was a dish of bacon and eggs in the middle of dinner.

The morning of the 14th, grey and threatening, saw us re-tracing our way up the Ancre Valley to Authuille, crossing the river at Aveluy. Authuille Bridge seemed not to exist and we went on to the Mill Bridge. "The river's clean where the raw blood flowed," but the mill had not been reinstated. The village is confusing and G took us up Campbell Avenue which degenerated into a soft earth track, so that to reach the Thiepval Memorial we had to go back to Authuille. This memorial, though impressive and wonderfully sited on the Thiepval ridge which dominates the bloodiest portions of the Somme battlefields, we thought not so fine as the others; its primary object, however, is to record the names of 73,367 who fell on the Somme and have no known grave, and B found with comparative ease the names of his cousin and also a school friend, both of whom died on the 1st July, 1916.

By this time the weather had completely collapsed and a pitiless rain had set in which, while being annoying for photography, at least helped old associations and gave that Somme countryside a much more familiar appearance. Driving past "Mucky Farm" (no longer "site of") we joined the Alber-Bapaume road at Pozieres (no longer "in ruins"), and here fixed the site of our October 1916 camp, so attractively placed between 60-pounders and 8-inch hows. On the main road none could remember the exact position of Canadian Avenue and other choice jobs of that commendably brief period; but, proceeding further, we recognized Courcelette and Martinpuish (hereabouts had been many derelict Mark 1 tanks) and the familiar hulk of the Butte de

Wariencourt. The five miles on to Bapaume had of course, been in Boche territory in those days, and it seemed odd now to be coasting down the road at 45 M.P.H.

Stopping only for petrol in Bapaume, we turned South through Thillois and Hiers to Longueval, thus approaching from the Boche point of view that grim area where we had worked in Aug.-Sept., 1916, from our camp in Ericourt Wood. The map makes it just four miles straight from Ericourt Wood to Waterlot Farm: it was a long four miles those nights.

Skirting the West and Southern sides of Delville Wood and stopping for a moment to admire the South-African memorial, we came to Ginchy—taken at what cost to the 7th and other divisions and worth what when taken?—and Guillemont; then round and by Waterlot Farm to Longueval. Here was a marked example of the shrinking which appeared to have taken place everywhere. The triangle Longueval—Ginchy—Guillemont is about half a square mile in area; yet, except for the corner of Delville Wood, it contains all the ground of the twelve days' operations, given 16 pages in *Atkinson's History of the 7th Division*, where the 22nd Brigade, in the line only six days, alone lost 1,100 men. Our own jobs—laying tapes and what not—in and near Ginchy Avenue, Stout Trench and Porter Trench, were all in the same triangle—and now it looked like a couple of fields.

And so to Bernalaf Wood and Montauban. B here took a photo in pouring rain from the crest where, going up in the dusk, one got the first view of the said little triangle and tried to decide whether "the barrage was as bad to-night" across the entrance to those jobs. It usually was; and, incidentally, B and D had their first experience of gas in this selfsame triangle. A jolly spot all round.

Following the ridge which formed the pre-July 1st, 1916 German support system (how they did appreciate the value of observation, those chaps), we came *via* Dantzig Alley cemetery outside Mametz to Ericourt. Here G's mapreading (map corrected to 2-6-16) and B's determination "to go somewhere even if it is wrong" sent us to Contalmaison, whence a road which fulfilled its promise brought us back to Bottom Wood in the valley North of Mametz. Here the old track up the East side of the valley seemed as if it might function and it just did, though requiring clearing of barbed wire and other obstacles from time to time. And very pleased we were, for we were able to reconstruct July 14th, 1916 (second phase of the Somme Battle)—a thrilling hour. Stopping the car at the head of the valley we

walked back along the very track which *B* and *D*'s platoon helped to repair on that day, and found almost the exact spot on the bank under which *B* and *D* had consumed a lunch of biscuits and sardines, to the accompaniment of the rat-tat of indirect M.G. fire from somewhere Bazentin way and with the bullets kicking up the dust on the far side of the track.

It was remarkable really how, after all these years, one could still locate spots like this with almost complete accuracy. The orientation of landmarks that the Huns had failed to obliterate, a twist in the road, a familiar bank—all helped; and an interesting example of how, having found the spot, one instinctively looked for further landmarks, was shown here below Bazentin when *B*, turning to *D*, said: "From what I remember, we ought to be able to see High Wood from here." *D* agreed, but the wood remained invisible until, leaving the track and strolling a few yards up the hill, it suddenly appeared over the horizon. In July, 1916, High Wood *had* been visible from the track; in April, 1939, it had ceased to be so because the new trees had not yet grown high enough!

Fricourt! *B* and *D*'s first view of this village (so-called), in April, 1916, had been obtained through a periscope from the old British front-line trench. Now, busy and prosperous in its new coat, it produced not only a most friendly estaminet where we obtained a superb lunch of omelette, café, rolls and butter for 2 fr. 50, but—better still—a little shop where could be purchased the most succulent Camambert cheeses, eventually to be much appreciated by the old folks at home. We then walked up the hill to the Bois Francais craters, part of the battalion sector in April, 1916, before we were converted into Pioneers. Here, by some freak of nature, both British and German front lines were still easily discernible in the chalk, though filled in many years before, and *G* said they would remain so, after the fashion of "barrows" in England. Of souvenirs again there were plenty, and *D* testified to his eternal youth and irresponsibility by picking up a Boche "pineapple" in remarkably good state of preservation and casually casting it from him onto the road "just to see if it was all right." It was, luckily for us, and now adorns his mantlepiece in Claygate (or did). All *B* was able to bring back was an entrenching tool head, which later did good work in the garden, but in the rush of departure under India Office orders in late August it was, I fear, forgotten.

Back in the car, we were arrested. *G* seemed rather pleased, as it maintained his tradition of never going abroad without

getting arrested, but the delay was a nuisance to us though pleasurable for the crowd. After lengthy explanations, the youthful poilus let us go, smiles and compliments all round: "C'est pour la rire." All the same we should have liked to know what all the excitement was about. We suspected it must have been the presence, higher on the hill, above the Bois Francais craters, of new defensive works or perhaps an A.A. battery. Had we misjudged the Daladier Government after all?

Many other Somme spots had to remain unvisited, but on the Maricourt Road we found the grandstand seat from which *B* and *D* had watched the great attack start on July 1st, 1916, later to follow up the attackers and assist in consolidating the ground won; we looked across too at the country near Carnoy where *A* started his war in 1915. Then to Suzanne and Bray-sur-Somme, where *A* used to fish for spies during one peaceful period, and on past the Bois des Tailles to Morlancourt, the battalion's base of those early 1916 days. Here a new war seemed to be starting as billets were being fixed while *B* and *D* talked with Madame of their old farm. So instantly recognizable was it that both declared it must be the original "B" Company Mess. But no: Madame stated emphatically that "les sales Boches" had razed the village, farm and all, to the ground in the Spring of 1918.

We paused at the top of the hill above Corbie to gaze down upon the wide marshy valley of the Somme (yes, here, at last, was a fair enough anti-tank obstacle if it could be made use of), had tea in the town, and then continued *via* the Australian Memorial at Villers Bretonneux to Amiens. It was fun to be back in this nice old town, to savour again something of the joys that made it the local Paris of 1914--1918, haven of all who could snatch 24 hours' leave from the Somme front. Among these joys a good bath, a good dinner and the ability to shop were at least as important as any; and though we had not been without baths we had had only one really good dinner (at the Excelsior in Ypres). We therefore decided by unanimous agreement that our farewell dinner must be at The Godbert, our one regret being that it could not be preceded by cocktails at Charley's Bar in the little street near the cathedral. The kindly staff of the Godbert, at which business did not seem to be too flourishing, metaphorically fell on our necks when they heard our halting French and recognized us as one-time "officiers Anglais," and if business was slack there was no falling off in the standard of cuisine for which they were famed. What a meal they gave us! It was one of those

notable dinners which are long remembered, not only by reason of the occasion and its associations, but for a particular item on the menu. The item on this occasion was *Soufflé à Grand Marnier*—a luscious foaming masterpiece, each portion being cooked and served in a silver dish about the size of an average finger bowl.

As to shopping, no visit to Amiens, however brief, would have been complete without a stroll up the Rue des Trois Cailloux, wherein subalterns in a burst of duty had been wont to purchase lace handkerchiefs, bon-bons and what-nots for their girl friends at home. On this occasion *B* and *D*, being now long married and domesticated, confined themselves to one coffee percolator apiece.

The Cathedral must be revisited too, of course, a place of dim cool beauty as of yore, and then, with a guilty sense of having spent too long in Amiens, we set off for Abbeville and Calais. Fortunately the routes-nationales are fast (German motorised troops must have appreciated this too, in May a year later), and we were able to stop for a moment in Montreuil (G.H.Q.—what a war!) and turn aside from Etaples to sniff the sea breezes at le Touquet; more fashionable, but not thereby more pleasing, than the Paris Plage of the last war which it seems to have replaced, and we missed the silly but delightful horse-trams.

It seemed stupid to have to go beyond Boulogne, but Calais gave the advantage of being able to cross the Channel in the same vessel—s.s. *Autocarrier*—as the car; though from the point of view of completing the mental picture we were able to form of the events of a year later, it was a pity that it could not have been Dunkirk. The crossing caused us all to be more thoughtful and was followed by a long wait at Dover for the Vauxhall to be disembarked. *A* and *G* were to have gone on by train, but *B* suggested taking all to London; he nearly didn't owing to the obstinacy with which a lorry, coming on to the quay as we drove off, not only came round the corner on the left-hand side of the road, but refused to change from the left-hand side—*B*, meanwhile with equal obstinacy refusing to move from the right-hand side. But we got past (that lorry driver was a marvel of self-control) and so, through pleasant Kent to unpleasant Waterloo (for *D*) and Euston (for *A* and *G*). Thus ended a memorable holiday—well, no, hardly a holiday.

To attempt to produce lessons from a rambling reminiscent article of this nature seems out of place, but one might perhaps bring it to a close with the following observations:

*As to the Tour.*—If the reader feels like doing one himself, Hitler eventually permitting, he is advised to do it with a pal, to do it by car and to leave all arrangements in connection with the car to the A.A. or R.A.C. He will then find it quite easy, surprisingly inexpensive (assuming a reasonable rate of exchange) and extremely enjoyable and instructive.

*As to the Government of France.*—What can one say—except, perhaps, “Alas, my poor brother”—of a mentality that spends millards on the defence of the common frontier with the age-old enemy, but completely ignores the frontier across which that same enemy invaded his country and as near as anything defeated him 25 years before?

*As to the People of France.*—From the kindly, even affectionate manner in which we four musketeers were welcomed by all sorts and conditions of people on that short tour—porters, customs officials, hotel and restaurant servants, estaminet and shopkeepers, villagers and farm workers—one can be quite convinced that in spite of their own apathy and the defeatism of their present leaders, the common people of France still cry “Vive l’Angleterre” in their hearts, and pray fervently for a victory of British arms.

## IS FEDERAL UNION POSSIBLE?

By "ALEX"

*"We are not fighting to preserve an old world but to build a new.  
We are not straining resources to foster the greatness of a  
state, but to win for men and women everywhere  
the first benefits of civilisation."*

—Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.P.

We are fighting for security so that all nations will be free to live their own lives without fear. How can this security be obtained in the world after this conflict? Many of us must have asked ourselves this question and discussed it with others. In England now people from the highest to the most humble positions are discussing it every day. The Government are already dealing with this tremendous problem—a lasting peace. Some international system for the prevention of wars will have to be created. Whether it will take a rejuvenated but different form of the present League of Nations or of a federation, remains to be seen.

In this short article I am going to attempt to give an account of Federal Union (an organization which has been started at Home) and what its aims are. I should like to say at the very beginning that I am only writing this article as I think the subject is of topical interest and not because I am necessarily a believer in Federal Union.

At a time when we are engaged in a great European struggle, which has the appearance of becoming an international maelstrom, it may appear to some that the moment is hardly with us for fashioning the world of the future. I feel that view is mistaken. The present government is not leaving anything to the future and has already set up a committee of experts to prepare plans for the relief of unemployment after the war. The government is looking ahead and appears to believe in the proverb "Forewarned is Forearmed."

A clear vision of the better world that we wish to see emerging from our struggle will give us heart to endure to the end the bitter sacrifices that may be necessary for success. If lasting peace is to be established throughout the world, the nations of the world must be ready to form one society. They must be prepared



in one way or another to surrender that **absolute sovereignty** which now makes each nation state the sole arbiter of its rights and actions. The time has come when national sovereignties should be replaced by the application of federation across old-established national boundaries.

The aims of federal union are:

1. To obtain support for a federation of free peoples under a common government directly or indirectly elected by and responsible to the peoples for their common affairs, with national self-government for national affairs.
2. To ensure that any federation so formed shall be regarded as the first step towards ultimate world federation.
3. Through such a federation to secure peace, based on economic security and civil rights for all.

For the Allies victory is certain, but this time they must not lose the peace. Some form of New Order in the world must be constructed which will give the peoples of the world security, freedom and confidence. If it is not, then no peace will be made but only an uneasy truce.

Such an international order cannot be designed overnight. Just as we had to be prepared for total war, so we shall have to be prepared for total peace.

Federal Union believes that so long as each individual nation retains the unfettered right to be judge in its own cause, there can be no security and freedom in this world. In this way international agreements are made to be broken. Hitler has given us enough examples of treaty-breaking. He is not the only one either. Will any one feel secure at the end of this conflict if Germany promises to renounce aggression but keeps control of her armed forces, however much they are temporarily reduced? In the same way, will Germans feel confident of just treatment if the Allies do no more than promise it but keep a preponderance of force? Will the small nations ever again feel confident if their security depends on guarantees by the great powers?

Federal Union believes there is only one solution. Nations which wish to obtain that freedom and security behind which they can develop their own culture and institutions must have a common foreign policy and a united defence. It means that they must have a common government elected by the peoples of the different nations to regulate those affairs which they have in common. The decisions that are made may be good or they may be

bad but provided the electorate are free to criticise and oppose they can always be altered.

In this way the citizens of different nations unite in one great commonwealth under a federal government, which they freely elect. These nations form a united front to those remaining outside the federation by their single foreign policy and a single defence policy, with a single government regulating their tariffs, currency and migration in the interests of them all. At the same time each nation preserves its national government to control its own internal affairs. Such a federal government would also have power to ensure that colonies, dependencies, etc., are administered in the interests of the inhabitants and not for the benefit of any particular country.

In broad outline this is the system that Federal Union is trying to create. It provides security by pooling power to cure power politics. It means an end to wasteful economic rivalry. It provides laws which can be enforced in Courts of Justice and which can be amended constitutionally as changing circumstances demand. It insists on the freedom and equality of man and is based on the principle that the state is made for the man and not the man for the state.

If such a Union is to be formed the first nucleus would be the British Empire and the United States. This would be a formidable front even at the start and would without doubt command the respect of all nations no matter how great and would soon find peace-loving nations only too ready to join.

If the League of Nations is revived, it will have to be on an entirely new basis—a federal basis. National Sovereignty in international affairs must be done away with. Let us think what National Sovereignty means and why it must go. It means that:

- (i) Each national government is responsible for making laws for the welfare of its own people without consideration of the effect these laws may have on the people of another nation.
- (ii) Each national government has the right of deciding what are the vital interests of its own people without consideration of the vital interests of other nations.
- (iii) Each national government has the duty of securing and protecting these vital interests.

Because each nation is sovereign, the people of State *A* have no direct redress if their interests and welfare are damaged by the

laws and decisions of the government of State *B*. They can only protest to their own government *A*, which in turn can only protest to the government of State *B*. If State *B* ignores the protest, government *A* can only submit or resort to threats of economic or military retaliation.

Therefore, national sovereignty leads to:

- (i) Imperialism—to secure vital interests.
- (ii) Trade Restrictions—to protect vested interests.
- (iii) Armaments and War—to protect vital and vested interests or to obtain economic or strategic advantages which have become vital owing to changed circumstances.
- (iv) The Organization of the state for military purposes and, therefore, the restriction of individual liberty.

The League of Nations of yesterday was based on National Sovereignty, i.e., the only guarantee of the observance of the covenant was the signature of the member states. Therefore, it depended for its effectiveness and authority on the good faith of governments which knew that, in the last resort, they could not rely on their fellow member states because every question would be judged from the angle of the immediate self-interest of each member state. The League could not make laws, it could only pass resolutions and rely on each government to pass laws ratifying the resolutions. It could not do more than recommend positive action to bring about peaceful change. Its decisions in major questions had to be unanimous. It was composed of delegates of governments who had always to seek their national and party self-interest. Finally it had no economic side.

The Federal Government, on the other hand:

- (i) would have power to make laws which would bind individual men and women in the same way as the laws of national governments;
- (ii) would raise its own taxes and loans;
- (iii) would act as authority to which all international boards and institutions would be responsible. It could use them to administer its laws; and
- (iv) would have its own police force to enforce the observance of Federal Laws and to arrest individuals, who are responsible for a breach of these laws.

The Federal Government would control:

- (i) the foreign policy of the Union;
- (ii) the pooled fighting forces of every nation within the Union. Thus there would no longer be separate national armies and no national government would have the power to challenge the Federal Government's authority; and
- (iii) such other matters as were defined in the constitution to be of common concern to every nation within the Union, e.g., trade and currency restrictions and colonial administration.

I have enumerated above the ideals for which Federal Union is working. These ideals may never take effect in exactly the same way as the Union would wish. But it is quite possible that these ideals may be partly or wholly incorporated in some other form of international government after this conflict. Federal Union is doing research work and compiling data which would undoubtedly be of value to any form of international settlement. An international government, if it is to be successful, must have the power to enforce its laws. This power is the dominating factor.

## ARMoured LORRIES

By MAJOR D. H. J. WILLIAMS, O.B.E.

### I

In the issue of the Journal for April, 1940, an article appeared on the armoured lorries of the South Waziristan Scouts. A year has passed since then and naturally alterations in construction owing to the war and alterations in design owing to experience have taken place.

The alteration owing to the war has been the abandonment of construction with proper bullet-proof plate which has not been obtainable. The last half dozen vehicles have been built entirely of mild steel of sorts. The change has proved quite satisfactory for our purposes and the resulting body is strong, simple in construction, cheap in cost and sufficiently light in weight.

The principle of such bullet proof construction is that of two or more thin plates with air spaces in between them or in certain cases "sandwiches" of wood or both. The thickness and the number of plates which must be used depends on the projectile to be kept out. In general, two 1/8th inch mild steel plates with an air space of two inches between them will stop a .303 bullet at point blank range though the inner plate would be bulged at the point of impact. This remark is only intended as a very rough guide to the stopping power of such plates. The design of the South Waziristan Scouts lorries lends itself readily to strong and rapid body construction by this method, using material obtainable everywhere in India.

The alterations in the design of the lorry body have been firstly, a considerable increase in the protected areas and, secondly, the introduction of a gun ring for an automatic weapon in the roof by the driver's seat. With the exception of the major portion of the roof, the top of the bonnet and the tyres, the whole lorry is now protected. The major portion of the roof is the part which normally carries a load and thereby gets some fair protection. The accompanying photographs show the general appearance of the vehicle and the position of the gun ring. All earlier lorries have been altered to give the same protection as the new ones but have not been given a gun ring.

With regard to weights and loadings the detail for the Chevrolet Chassis in use is as follows:

Maximum permissible weight ...	15,900 lbs.
Unladen weight, chassis and body ...	7,200 lbs.
Maximum permissible load (therefore)	8,700 lbs.

The last figure, therefore, permits a load of about 109 maunds, though in actual fact we do not load to that limit. When men are being carried the total load is probably more like half that amount.

It was not mentioned in the previous article that these armoured bodies are easily lifted "in one piece" from a chassis for transfer to another one. Removal of some 24 bolts enables the body to be lifted clear. Another chassis can then be run underneath and the body lowered and bolted down. This does not apply to the armour round the engine and bonnet, radiator, shutter, etc., which are all separate articles.

The first batch of lorries turned out have by now covered 15—20,000 miles apiece on the roads and have given no trouble. The material cost of building a body in our own workshops comes to about Rs. 700 without painting at the present time. Not a very high figure which, of course, excludes labour.

The Mahsud has spent an amusing year testing out these lorries as a sideline to other activities. He has scored some sixty hits on vehicles and four men have been very slightly wounded. It is interesting to note that, despite the nature of the country, no bullet has so far hit a roof from above. No tyres have been hit.

## II

Another vehicle which has been in use here for eighteen months but has not so far been described is an armour-protected gun-truck.

In 1939 this Corps was issued with some Post guns for the first time. The number issued was not, of course, sufficient for all Posts and, consequently, movement of guns between Posts was, and is, frequently necessary.

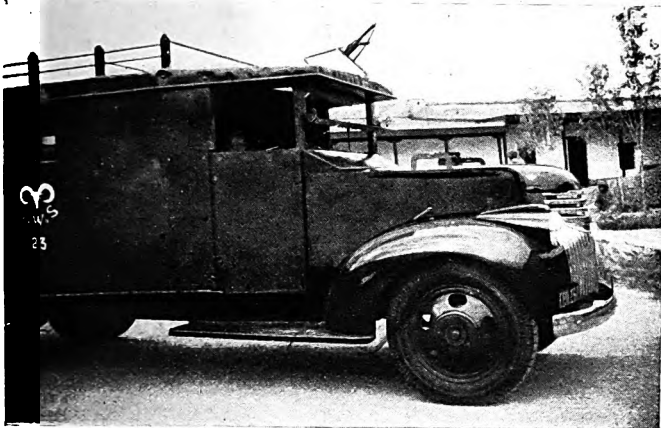
The spectacle of a gun being dragged on its iron tyres behind a lorry (maximum towing speed 5 m.p.h.!) for distances of 20 to 60 miles was not one which could be endured for very long.

Some sort of gun-carrying vehicle, capable of moving with M.T. convoys at their ordinary speed, had to be produced. The accompanying photographs illustrate the result. The truck

is protected to a point behind the driver's seat in a manner exactly similar to the other armoured lorries. The back of the driver's seat is armoured above his head-level, giving full protection from the rear. The remainder of the truck is open. Fitted ramps are provided for loading or unloading the gun and one of these also forms the tailboard of the lorry when on the move. There is room for the carriage of a limber as well as the gun in the lorry though in practice we never do that. The protected portion of the vehicle is fitted for ammunition in any case.

These lorries have proved very satisfactory in use. The guns are loaded, unloaded and secured in the lorry with their drag-ropes. The system employed makes any further tying down when on the move unnecessary. A trained crew can unload the gun illustrated (a 13-pounder), bring it into action and get off the first round in less than 90 seconds. Getting out of action and loading up takes much the same time.

The lorry is suitable as regards size, weight, etc., for carriage of 4.5 Hows., 13-pounders or any smaller gun.



Armoured lorry open  
with automatic  
mounted on gun-ring.



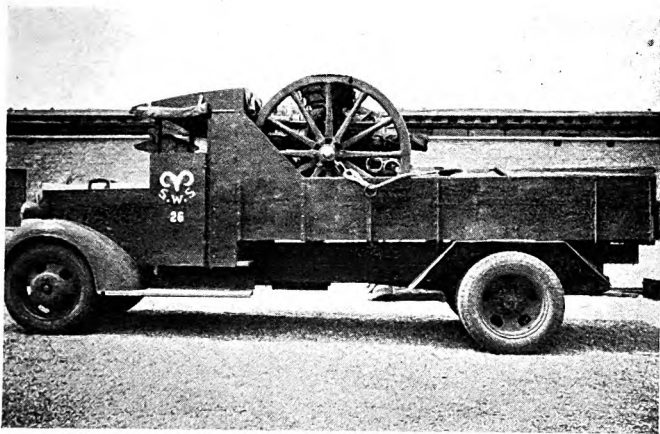
Armoured lorry clos-  
ed, with automatic on  
gun-ring. Front half  
of gun-ring top in  
use as protective  
shutters.



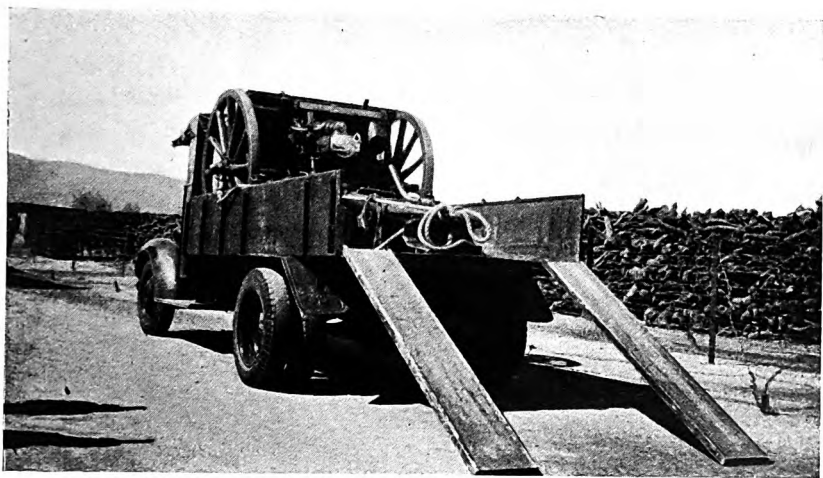
Armoured lorry clos-  
ed, with automatic on  
gun-ring. Bullet-  
proof top of gun-ring,  
used as protection in  
Photo 2, has been  
lowered for all-round  
fire.







Armour-protected gun-truck.



Armour-protected gun-truck, showing loading ramps which also form tailboard of lorry.



## A SIDELIGHT ON RECRUITING

BY MAJOR E. A. HAMLYN

In view of the large numbers of officers who have entered the Indian Army from civil life, and the equally large numbers of young officers pouring in from all sources, it seems an opportune moment to explain how the recruit is transplanted from the tranquillity of his fields to the hive of activity which the modern Training Battalion has become. In this connection, it is as well to be frank and admit that, when the author went for a tour on the Recruiting Staff he had but a hazy idea as to what the actual system was.

Although the greater part of this article refers to the piping times of peace (1918—39 vintage) the remarks on the system hold good to-day except for the expansion of the organization and, as will be seen, it was only the change of system introduced in 1932 which enabled the organization to expand so rapidly and so smoothly on the outbreak of war.

A discourse, written or verbal, on the subject of recruiting threatens to bristle with comparative statistics—man-days forecasts, wastage and a host of figures reminiscent of the six-inch to one mile return submitted annually. Every effort has been made to eliminate such detail from this article.

The Indian Army List will show, even nowadays (!), where the Recruiting Officers of various districts have their central offices. These R.O.s work by districts and not for one particular regiment or group. Consequently you have one R.O. and his assistants dealing with several Training Battalions and one Training Battalion dealing with several R.O.s according to the class composition of the group it serves.

For obvious reasons, it is considered an advantage for a regiment to be represented on the Recruiting Staff of some district from which it enlists and postings of R.O.s and A.R.O.s aim at giving turn and turn alike in this respect as far as the officer situation permits.

Now it is desired to show something of the method by which recruits, other than those who present themselves on the office doorstep, are gathered in and produced before the recruiting officers for final selection. To understand the present system, it will, however, be necessary to take a fleeting glance at the pre-1932 system.

This consisted of Recruiting Parties of serving soldiers sent out by active or training battalions to work under the R.O.s' orders in their own areas. Sometimes newly attested recruits were included in these parties provided they were keen and happy as propaganda of the "look what the Army has done for me!" type.

Indian Officers and men were also invited to bring in their relations to their training battalion for enlistment up to the requirements of the moment.

In the days of small demands, it may well be imagined how popular this system was with the Indian ranks and with what genuine sorrow and a certain amount of disgust they saw it pass.

The drawbacks will be more apparent if looked at from a 1940-41 aspect than they were in 1932 but, fortunately, some hard-hearted, far-seeing Staff Officer in the appropriate Branch saw them then.

These drawbacks fell under two major headings and a third, not quite so important or so obvious.

Firstly, the field of recruitment even among the authorized main classes, was becoming extremely restricted and, in places, almost kept "in the family." The evils of this in war can readily be appreciated, as no scope existed for broadening the net by tapping new areas.

The second drawback was that the potentialities of ex-soldiers for recruiting had not been exploited and no reserve whatever of recruiting personnel existed. It will help in realizing the system's shortcomings if one tries to visualize sending off parties of serving soldiers on recruiting duty to-day!

The third evil which is not so obvious to the layman was that the men of these recruiting parties had no special "eve for a recruit" of which more anon. They were admittedly told the bare physical standards to look for; but how dare the wretched Naik Mohamed Ali refuse to bring in the son of ex-Subadar-Major Mohamed Khan, O.B.E., etc. etc., whatever his private opinion might be? Consequently, either the recruiter had to be penalised or Government, represented by the Recruiting Officer, had to pay up to avoid hardship.

Consequently, amid dull rumblings in which Commanding Officers have even been heard to join, the system of Paid Recruiters was introduced in 1932.

The P.R.s, as they will henceforth be called, are ex-soldiers, usually pensioners. They could be taken on trial first at Rs. 10 and if subsequently worthy, made permanent at Rs. 20.

They were to be "turned over" after four years to create a reserve but it is doubtful if that order was strictly observed in the case of a really good recruiter—which is but human nature! The intention, at least, was laudable and obvious.

In addition to a knowledge of physical standards, these P.R.s soon learnt to know what is an "obviously unfit;" that is to say, to spot defects such as knock-knees, varicose veins and one or two other things for which the Recruiting Officer, without needing to consult his Medical Officer, will reject men.

They develop, in fact, the "eye for a recruit" referred to above and, after some time under the Recruiting Officer, they are paid no allowances for the "obviously unfits" they bring in for inspection.

A word as to these allowances. Government allow up to rupees two per recruit for subsistence at annas four per diem and to include train or bus fares over short distances. As it is quite impossible for the Recruiting Officer to say how many days the recruit has been maintained by the P.R., it gives the former some further hold over the latter to penalize bad results. So far from P.R.s having to feed recruits, except possibly in famine areas, the boot is probably often on the other foot!

Although these P.R.s naturally work best in their own districts and among their own classes they should be, and were, trained to work in completely different areas and to enlist classes other than their own; otherwise your parochial system might creep in again.

Naturally, P.R.s require a certain amount of keeping up to the mark, but the hold over them described above, plus the power of the sack being vested personally in the Recruiting Officer, should prove quite adequate. They are a much-maligned race as regards partiality and alleged bribery, though there may occasionally be some grain of truth in these accusations. The remedy is for the Recruiting Officer, whoever he may be, to make himself as accessible as possible on all occasions. Not so easy now, perhaps but, in many instances, there was far more smoke than fire in these accusations in peace-time as will be shown.

Recruiting Officers' tours are published some time ahead in the *Fauji Akhbar* and, on the appointed day, he arrives at some central place accompanied by his whole-time Medical Officer—possibly by train, possibly after a cross-country car trip.

Here he is met by P.R.s he put on the job of collection say 10 days previously, and by anything up to five times the number

of recruits he is prepared to enlist (peace time, of course). If he is wise and can possibly spare the time, he will give them all the once over and look round for more. He can then sleep peacefully at night and smile at subsequent accusations that Hari Singh, son of Havildar Moti Singh, was not permitted to see the Recruiting Officer.

He will, naturally, see first the recruits he had ordered his P.R.s to bring in; but, even before this war, a system of registration for future vacancies permitted him to give all the eligible ones a chance.

After the Recruiting Officer has made his selection—and this should include some 10 per cent. more than his actual requirements—he hands them on to his Medical Officer for thorough medical inspection which usually knocks out about a maximum of 10 per cent.

It is worthy of note that, once passed by a Recruiting Medical Officer, nothing short of a Medical Board can subsequently reject a recruit as unfit. Various misunderstandings and heart-burnings have occurred through ignorance of this rule.

The Medical Officer will also inspect recruits registered for future enlistment and, if passed, they are given a ticket to report to the central office on a certain date (if known) or to report when called up. This has no legally binding force and they are free to change their minds or for mother to change their minds for them.

Actual requirements, once passed by the Medical Officer, are enrolled on the spot, given an advance of pay of rupees two and sent off to their respective training battalions on warrant, usually with a P.R. as conductor. A recruit becomes subject to the Indian Army Act and to his conditions of service once his signature or thumb-impression, together with that of his enrolling officer, have been affixed to his enrolment form. Incidentally, it is not at all a bad thing to let this fact sink home before the recruit departs for his training battalion.

The above are somewhat dry-as-dust details of routine, but a visit to the ancient battlefield of *regimental connection* may prove more entertaining.

On the introduction of the P. R. System, loud outcries arose on all sides that the Regimental Connection was bound to disappear and that it would be impossible for serving soldiers' *bhai-bands* to penetrate to the august presence of enrolling officers.

Arrangements were, accordingly, made whereby Commanding Officers could forward, monthly, to Recruiting Officers a list of such relations and friends. The Recruiting Officer wrote and ordered them to appear on fixed dates and times at places near their homes and this letter constituted, or should have constituted, a pass to see the Recruiting Officer.

Still, however, the outcry went on that poor little so-and-so, who was an exceedingly *tagra* specimen, had not been able to bribe his way past the rapacious P.R.s into the Recruiting Officer's presence. In nine cases out of ten poor little so-and-so had, in fact, been seen by the Recruiting Officer and turned down on the spot as a hopeless little weed; but, of course, he was not going to admit it!

At length, in deference to the clamour, it was decided that headquarter enlistment should be re-introduced up to 25 per cent. of outstanding demands, and everybody was happy again. Even the body-snatching recruiting staff were happy for the following reason:

Physical standards were, before the war, hard and fast—in theory, at any rate—and the Recruiting Officer had no authority to take “border-line” cases by which, curiously enough, are meant cases *under* the prescribed standard.

In practice, if the Recruiting Officer knew the Commanding Officer he was recruiting for as a broadminded and tolerant chap and if the Medical Officer agreed, he did take a certain number of border-line cases. Otherwise, to take them merely gave a handle for the subsequent rejection of a recruit who was not popular in other ways.

Now that Commanding Officers were once more empowered to enlist, they could, naturally, use their discretion as to what minor variations of standard they could permit so—to repeat—everyone was happy and the sons of ex-Jemadar this and Havildar that could have another shot at slipping past a less practised eye. Sentiment usually got them in and they probably made excellent soldiers for all the lacking half-inch.

With present recruiting figures, “doorstep” enlistment has vastly increased and this calls for still greater co-operation between Recruiting Officers and Commanding Officers of training battalions. Neither like to turn away a recruit (at his own expense) who will obviously be required in a very few months more. Despite the repeated publication of orders, *umedwars* continue to roll up at Training Battalion Headquarters for enlistment.



It taken, outstanding demands with the Recruiting Officer must, to some extent, be cancelled, causing trouble at that end.

Somebody will now leap up and say: "Why must demands be cancelled when "mandays" are washed out? ("Mandays" is the system of limitation of recruiting, which it was promised not to go into at the commencement of this article!) The answer is, at present, lack of accommodation and strict insistence by the medicos on "floor space." This is unanswerable, so we revert once more to the necessity for unlimited give and take between the recruiting authorities and those for whom they work.

Most people who have waded as far as this will now want to know what difference the war has made to the system and organization outlined above.

In principle, the system and method of recruitment remains exactly the same but the keynote, introduced by the war, is decentralization. On the outbreak of war there were on the books of the A.I.R.O. many officers of the category "recruiting" and most of these were called up as soon as the need for them could be foreseen. They are now known as Extra Assistant Recruiting Officers (E.A.R.O.s) and have branch offices stationed out in the bigger centres of the district for which the Recruiting Officer is responsible. One case in point is that of a certain Recruiting Officer who has 18 such branch offices under him! These E.A.R.O.s have, usually, authority to enrol recruits.

In addition to these there are many retired Indian Officers who were registered as Honorary Assistant Recruiting Officers. This was considered an honour and, as the first word of their title implies, they were not to come on the paid recruiting staff. They were influential in their own areas and were to act more on the propaganda side, subsequently collecting their "catch" and bringing it into port. They have no powers of enrolment.

One may well believe from the foregoing that a Recruiting Officer's life at present is not all milk and honey. Very different in fact from pre-war days, but oh! how still more different from the pre-1914 era when the Recruiting Officer disappeared into the blue for weeks on end riding on a caparisoned elephant with saddle bags full of rupees and . . . but perhaps irrelevancy is creeping in!

It is hoped that this article may have done something to show the difficulties on both sides in this occasionally vexed matter of recruitment and, thereby, to help Training Battalions and Recruiting Staffs to understand each other's problems and make allowances for them. Which is, after all, the keystone of co-operation.

## YOUR HOME WHEN YOU RETIRE

By "JOYCEY"

War or no war, this is a problem which, sooner or later, we all have to face and the sooner we begin to prepare for it the better. A little put by now each month, and invested in, say, National Savings Certificates, is not only going to help to win this war, but will make a big difference later on.

To build or to buy is the question we must first settle, "The World and his Wife," his "Wife" in particular, will certainly advise you not to build. The old threadbare adage, "Fools build, wise men buy," will be flung at your head on all sides. It seems to me by the number of houses in England that we must be a nation of fools if this is true. If you can find just what you want, just where you want it and within your means, this advice more often than not is sound, but how many of us do know just what we want?

That house, when you retire, which you have been dreaming about; you know, a large drawing-room, a cubby hole of a study, at least two decent bedrooms, Company's water, Gas, Electricity, H. & C., etc. etc., a small garden, and perhaps a tennis court if you can run to it. It all sounds so wonderful when you are thinking about it, or dreaming about it, or planning it, but it is not quite so wonderful when the time comes to look for it. House agents appear to be blessed with expansive imaginations; they will send you to see many "Desirable Gentlemen's Residences" which they think (or say they do) will suit you eminently. You will proceed with "Orders to View" and invariably find not one but a hundred snags, and the house which you would really like generally belongs to someone else who does not want to sell it, or if he does, the price is completely beyond you.

The first thing to decide is the locality in which you want to live and it is surprising the number of factors which rule the selection. Surroundings, associations, friends, cost of living, climate, all have to be considered and not the least, the servant problem. Few good servants care for the country, while in or near a town they are not so difficult to obtain. The countryside with its beauty and charm and sometimes inconvenience must be weighed against the town with its confinement and noise, yet its conveniences and resulting comforts. The "fringe" of both appears to

offer an ideal solution if it can be found, that is, the country with a large town three or four miles distant with a good motor bus service.

Having fixed the locality, the next problem is to find a site and the really serious business begins. Although one may love one's neighbour, one has not, perhaps, the same affection for his loud speaker or his noisy children or the bark of his dog. You do require shelter from the prevailing wind, particularly if you have chosen a spot near the sea. The usual services are a *sine qua non* and if you have a view, the reasonable hope that it will not be spoilt by someone building in front of you. You will find that you can't get it every way and even the best of sites will have some snag or other. The best way to go about it is to draw up a comparative statement of all possible sites shewing the advantages and disadvantages of each; this should enable you to come to a decision.

The business of purchase you will find rather complicated; you cannot buy land in the same way that you can buy a pound of tea; it is not so easy; if it were, solicitors and agents would very soon go out of business. Nor can you haggle over the price of a pound of tea, but you can and do haggle over the price of a horse, a cow, a car or a piece of land. One inquires from the agent the price asked and then makes a "firm offer," why it is called "firm" I don't know, because it is always less than one intends to give, and eventually one comes to an agreement or not. If not the whole business starts over again. Never be hurried into the purchase of land or a house; you will invariably be told that there is someone else who is also after it, and the chances are that this is not the case. The idea is to hurry you into the deal before you discover the snags.

Having reached an agreement, do not pay the agents anything; they will probably ask you to deposit 10 per cent. of the purchase money; this is not due until the "Contract" is signed. The Vendor's solicitors will forward to your solicitors a draft of conditions and stipulations in the Conveyance. The sale of most building land is subject to some conditions, generally to keep the type of house in conformity with other houses in the neighbourhood. This document would also contain particulars as to any tithe, ground rent or similar charge. Your solicitor will raise any objection which he may consider necessary in your interests and the Vendor's solicitor will make the necessary explanation.

The next step will be the signing of the Contract and with it you will be called upon to pay 10 per cent. of the agreed purchase

price as a deposit. The Contract is a binding legal document and cannot be repudiated by either party except by mutual consent. If you repudiate it you will lose the deposit and have to pay the solicitors' fees on both sides. Finally the Conveyance is prepared, signed by both parties and the land becomes yours.

All this legal business takes from about six weeks to two months and the delay is maddening. I think that if you are in a hurry it would be advisable to make the Contract subject to the Conveyance being signed within a certain time. You will be anxious to start on the erection of your house but it is only advisable to enter into arrangements with your architect subject to the Conveyance going through. You should give the employment of an architect very careful thought; some people consider him to be a luxury; certainly his employment increases the cost of your house by 6 per cent. but there is no doubt that it is worth it. He is essentially an expert; he has studied houses all his life; he knows just how much space is required for any particular purpose and just how to scheme what you want within your means; you may think that you do, but you will find that, unless you are the exception, you do not.

If you decide to cut your expense and not employ an architect, you will find yourself entirely in the hands of a builder, who may be honest. Even if he is and you have planned your house yourself and are convinced that it is just what you really want, when you come to live in it, you will find that snag after snag will make themselves only too evident. The hot-water pipe which passes through the larder; the lavatory cistern which flushes when the front door bangs and/or can be heard in the drawing-room when you are entertaining someone really important, to say nothing of doors which jam and windows which warp. I think that there is one particularly important point which applies to the planning of a small house making the necessity for the employment of an architect. It is this: in a large house the cutting down or the increasing of the size of a room by a foot or so does not make much material difference to the house as a whole; in a small house where economy of space is essential, any slight alteration very often throws out the whole plan of the house. It is only the architect who can see, judge and allow for any such alteration.

For his 6 per cent. of the total cost of the building the architect schemes the house according to your ideas, makes out an estimate of the cost, prepares detailed drawings and specifications, makes all arrangements with the builder, calls for tenders and advises which to accept, prepares the building contract, issues

certificates and generally supervises the erection of the house. Supervision includes responsibility that the work is carried out to the correct design and that the builder is using materials as described in the specification. You will find that the architect will make a small charge for "extras" and it is as well to fix this sum beforehand; this amount is for out of pocket expenses, visiting the site, typing and copying plans, etc.

When employing an architect there is one important point if you want to save your pocket; it is well worth while looking out for. You want the exterior of your house to look well; at the same time it is the interior in which you live, and so it is in the interior you want to spend your money. From the architect's point of view the exterior is what the general public sees, and is his advertisement; after all architects are human!

If you decide not to employ an architect, you will find yourself almost entirely in the hands of a builder and you will be well advised to make very careful enquiries about him from more than one independent source before you approach him. Builders of good standing usually are of the highest integrity but, unfortunately, there are others who are not quite of the same standard. These latter will often cut the cost to get your business and make up for it by skimping or using inferior materials.

The building contract would now be drawn up by the builder and this document contains many technical terms and descriptions which are only understood by architects and those connected with the trade. Unless you happen to be an expert you cannot know whether the articles used are up to specification, whether the concrete of your foundations, the mortar which holds your walls together and the plaster on your walls and ceilings are as specified and have been mixed in the right proportions. Nor will you find it easy to distinguish between seasoned and unseasoned wood or judge the correctness or otherwise of many other technical details.

After some six months you will become aware of them when you find that your roof leaks, rain seeps through your walls, doors and windows warp and rattle and the draught through your snow-shrunken floor boards lifts your carpets.

It is possible to protect yourself to a certain extent against the dishonest builder. In the building contract you should insist on at least 10 per cent. of the contract price being withheld until at least six months after the completion of the building. It is also advisable to have an arbitrator to settle disputes which may

arise. If you have borrowed from a Building Society, their surveyor will take an interest in the construction and might be persuaded to act as arbitrator; he will not be able, however, to give the same attention to detail as one would expect from an architect.

As regards finance, many people are convinced that they can never afford to own their own houses. Year after year they go on paying rent into the pocket of a landlord. Year after year they go on digging his garden, improving his property, sinking money, labour and care into something which is not and never will be theirs. After 20 years they have in rent more than paid for the house in which they live and have nothing to show for it, nothing to leave their children if they are fortunate enough to have any. I wonder if it is realized that a very large and increasing proportion of the working classes in England either own, or are on a fair way to owning, their homes, and this is made feasible by the many Building Societies which exist.

Let us take a concrete example. A house which you can rent for, say, £75 per annum; at the end of 20 years you will have paid £1,500 in rent, which will approximate its value. Let us suppose that you are able to put down £800 and intend to borrow £700 from the Building Society. On a 21-year mortgage you will have to pay, principal and interest, £1-1-6 per month per £100 borrowed. This means that on your £1,500 house you will be paying roughly £90 per annum, i.e., £15 a year more than if you had rented the place. The point is that the house will be yours and every spadeful of earth you turn in the garden, the cupboard you put in and the lawn on which you lavish so much care will be yours and yours alone, a really safe investment in these troublesome times.

Turning to some of the problems which will confront you in the actual planning and construction of your house, the first, of course, will be economy. There are two kinds of economy, the foolish and the sensible. Where economy is going to mean recurring expenditure later on, it is obviously foolish; so, when you build your house, keep an eye on future expenditure. For example, a tiled roof with just tiles laid on laths, looks like any other roof and costs far less than boards, felt and then tiles, but your future coal bills in vain endeavour to keep your house warm, will very soon prove how foolish your economy has been. Oak floors look very nice but they cost about double that of deal and are no economy.

Economy of space is the next point to consider and is of paramount importance. The cost of a house is worked out on its cubic contents at approximately s.1, 6 to s.1, 8 per cubic foot. As an example in the writer's experience, the addition of one foot to the width of a room 20 feet long would have cost an extra £30. There are many ways of economising space, the height of your rooms may be eight feet six inches or eight feet according to individual taste. The principle you ought to follow is space where you want it, that is, where you spend most of your time when you are in your house.

You spend a third of your existence in your bedroom and about one-quarter of your time in your sitting room, so these two rooms should be the best in the house. They should most certainly get the sun and the view if you have one. The sitting room should have easy access to the garden and a convenient size approximates 20 by 16 feet.

Let us examine the other rooms and see how we can economise in space. The writing room, after all, is only a place to write the odd letter in, and perhaps practise the odd hobby. A writing table, a work bench and a few cupboards are all that are necessary. A room 12 by 9 feet should be large enough. I may add that a door leading from the sitting room into the writing room is a great convenience.

The dining room essentially should be next and have easy access to the kitchen. It is not a room of the same importance as the sitting room. About 12 by 14 feet will seat six comfortably and contain the necessary furniture. An excellent labour-saving device is a service hatch with a silver-and-cutlery drawer under it opening both into the dining-room and kitchen.

Next comes the kitchen and here it is as well to remember that maids are more particular now than they used to be. If you want to keep a good maid, make her comfortable. She will have to spend her rest hours in the kitchen and if you provide her with a tiny box of a place which will be impregnated with the smells of cooking and washing up, you will very soon be servantless. Allow plenty of built-in cupboards and, if possible, the sink to be in a curtained recess. Approximately 14 by 18 feet ought to meet with your requirements but see that it has plenty of light and air.

I have little advice to offer about bedrooms except that these should be light and airy and you cannot have too many built-in cupboards; carry these right up to the ceiling to save places where dust may collect.

I now come to the other accommodation, namely garage, coal cellar, lavatories and bathroom. The garage, besides being roomy enough to take your car, must have easy access to the road. Hanging doors on an overhead rail are a vast improvement to the swinging type and the advantage of having direct access from the garage to the house is only too obvious. You would be well advised to allow rather more room than is required for the car; it is extraordinary how many odd things find a home in the garage besides the car. Coal cellars in English houses are never large enough to hold all the coal you want to store; to some extent this difficulty may be overcome by the addition of a wooden partition, with the bottom board missing, which will keep the coal stacked up. One lavatory "up" and one, plus wash-basin, "down" stairs is almost a necessity. Many people seem to me to spend far too much money on their bathrooms. Tiled floors and dados and expensive fittings all look very nice but add considerably to the total cost. A bathroom can be made to look very nice quite cheaply with linoleum and enamel paint.

Most modern houses are constructed of 11-inch cavity walls; this really means two walls with an air space between them. The advantage is that where damp may penetrate the outer wall, it cannot cross the air space and so enter the house. If money is an object, avoid building a house with an outside of cream plaster; in a very short time you will have the recurring expenditure of re-colourwashing whereas brick—of the right kind—improves in appearance with age.

Turning to domestic arrangements several very knotty problems will present themselves; first, cooking. You may have the choice of gas, electricity or coal. Having very carefully weighed up the advantages and disadvantages of all three, I am convinced that there is nothing to equal the "Heat Storage Cookers" (either Esse or Aga), now on the market, burning anthracite. They cannot be beaten for convenience, economy or cleanliness. The fuel consumption at 80s. per ton approximates at 4d. per day. They never go out and require only the minimum of attention. The outlay, however, is heavy and they do not heat your domestic supply of water.

Hot water for domestic purposes and for central heating presents a very grave problem. Some people seem to think that these two can be provided from one boiler and that this arrangement is an economy. The economy is doubtful and the arrangement in practice is, more often than not, unsatisfactory. Either the bath water is not hot enough or the radiators become so hot that your



house is uncomfortable. If you have two separate systems, you can shut off the central heating during the summer months and only burn sufficient coal for the domestic supply. If, however, you have one boiler to serve both purposes, you may shut off the central heating during the summer months but I doubt very much if the fire-box would consume less fuel. These remarks apply more to a complete central heating system which is an expensive outlay. Economies, however, can be made, and if you are content with only one large radiator in the hall, which is where the cold air gets into any house, I should think that it could very easily be run from the domestic supply boiler. It is a practical proposition to have your central heating run from a boiler in the dining room, thus using the heat from the boiler fire which would otherwise be wasted.

As regards the domestic supply, if you have chosen a hard-water district to settle in, it is an economy to install "Indirect Heating" to avoid having your pipes and boiler furred up. "Indirect Heating" means that the water in the kitchen boiler circulates through a coil in the hot water tank and then returns to the boiler; it is thus used over and over again. In "Direct Heating" there is no coil and the water flows from the "Main" into the boiler and so to the hot-water tank, and a deposit in your boiler and pipes will take place. "Indirect Heating" is somewhat more expensive in outlay but pays in a hard-water district.

There are many ways in which economy and labour-saving may be introduced: hot and cold water in every bedroom, including the maid's, is practically a necessity: flush oak doors which never have to be painted: scientifically constructed fireplaces which do economise fuel: oxidized fittings such as taps and door handles which do not require polishing. Avoid the white doorstep which has to be scrubbed and looks as if it had not been touched 10 minutes later.

Finally, no house yet built was ever built according to plan; there are always some small alterations or modifications which only become apparent as the building progresses. These modifications cost money; they are often unavoidable, so always keep about £50 in reserve over and above your initial outlay.

## CROCODILE SHOOTING

BY "PHEON"

Crocodile (*magar*) shooting, certainly in Northern India, is good exercise that requires some skill in stalking and accuracy in rifle shooting. It is a cheap sport that is available near most large stations and has the added advantage of yielding a useful trophy. There is no close season and no special licence (or permit) is necessary.

There appears to be a widespread belief that *magar* shooting is too easy or not sporting. This opinion is, however, normally voiced by individuals who have never done any *magar* shooting themselves. If straightforward stalking on the banks of one of the large rivers of Northern India is tried, it will be found that it is arduous work that requires fitness and skill if the actual shot is to be effective.

The following notes are elementary but, as there is no text-book on the lowly sport of *magar* shooting, they may be of use to those who are new to the game.

*The Crocodile.*—Two types of crocodile are met within Indian limits—the Asiatic Crocodile and the *gharial*. The Asiatic Crocodile has a blunt nose and is addicted to man-eating; it differs slightly in structure from the African Crocodile and the American Alligator. Its skin is said to be inferior for tanning purposes to that of the *gharial*. The *gharial* has a long, beak-like nose; an adult male has a large knob on the top side of the tip of the nose. It lives on fish and is reputed to be harmless to man but it will eat bodies. Rarely, if ever, are the two varieties of *magar* found in the same stretch of river. Both kinds may be called *magar* or *sus* but the name *magar* is properly applicable to the blunt-nosed variety and *sus* to the porpoise. The *gharial* is generally called *magar-machh* but may be called *gharial* or *nak*. Local names vary but generally *magar* is understood everywhere. A *magar* of 3 feet 6 inches long is shootable and at that size appears to bask regularly; both varieties grow to over 20 feet long. A large *magar*, one of over 15 feet in length, is old and normally very wary; it is more difficult to shoot a large than a small *magar* in spite of the larger aiming mark.

*Where to find Magar.*—It is most unusual to come across an Indian town of any size that is not on a river. The average Indian river, if it has exposed sand banks or spits that are a little distance from traffic, will normally hold basking *magar*. *Magar* may exist in canals and in river gorges but it is not possible to shoot them in such places. If *magar* are frequently shot at, they become very shy of human beings and boats; so, near a large station, it will probably pay one to avoid the nearest basking places. In certain parts of the country *magar* are found in narrow rivers, creeks and sometimes ponds which have vegetation up to the water's edge. In such places it is easy to shoot *magar* and the chief skill required is that of discovering good *magar* localities and in keeping the knowledge secret.

*Magar* normally bask just clear of the water line. On emerging the head is pointed inshore but some wary *magar* turn round and face the water before settling down. The basking spot, which will change with the height of the water, must be near deep water and possess a shelving approach. *Magar* avoid banks of over a few inches in height and banks which have to be approached through a stretch of shallow water. The basking place is normally at least two hundred yards away from any spot frequented by human beings.

*When to find Magar.*—All through the year, except on over-cast or rainy days or during floods, *magar* emerge from the water and bask on the banks. In the cold weather the basking time is, roughly, between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. In the hot weather *magar* bask in the morning and evening; during the hottest part of the day they return into the water, though they may lie near the bank in the shallows. The exact times, of course, vary but during May and June in Northern India *magar* may bask from 6.30 a.m. to 10 a.m. and again from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. Towards the end of a basking period, if disturbed, a *magar* will, in all probability, submerge and refuse to come out again. In the middle of a basking period a *magar*, if disturbed, will generally emerge again, often at the same spot, after an interval of about half an hour. A large *magar* is more easily disturbed and spends longer in the water, after being disturbed, than a small *magar*.

*The Shot.*—It is most unusual to collect a wounded *magar*; they lie so close to the water that a small flick of the head or tail will enable them to roll back into the river. Even if shot in the heart the *magar* may well be able to return to the water. A wounded *magar* does not escape, for the blood from the wound attracts fish which harry it to death, but the sportsman does not

collect the trophy and has the distress of knowing that his inaccurate shooting has caused unnecessary suffering. The only sure way of shooting *magar* is to break the spine. If the spine is broken the *magar* is paralysed and dies where it lies. Sometimes the head or tail will jerk into an upright position and sometimes a *magar* paralysed forward may be able to move its tail, but normally it does not move. The best aiming mark to use is the neck, between the eye and the shoulder. The area, over which a bullet is sure to be effective, will not be more than 12 inches broad and about three inches up and down. As the *magar*, when basking, lies with its neck flat on the ground, this is a difficult shot. Only the most expert marksman can expect to hit this mark at distances over 100 yards and, as a general rule, the average shot should not fire at *magar* unless he can approach to less than 100 yards. If a *magar*, hit in the neck, can move its tail, it should be given a second shot just behind the rear legs at the base of the tail. A wounded *magar*, worried by fish, frequently comes out again but generally downstream of its original basking place.

*The Method.*—There are three principal methods of shooting *magar*; they are:

1. *The Stalk (The Pukka Sahib).*—Where there are uncovered sand or mud banks beside a river, on which *magar* bask, the most sporting and satisfactory method is to stalk. It is immaterial whether the basking spot is approached by boat, motor or foot. As basking places vary with the height of the water, a reconnaissance should be carried out a day or two before the actual shoot.

By means of the oblique approach march, as used in black buck shooting, it will often be found possible to get within 200 yards of *magar*, even when walking upright. It will, however, not be possible to get within 100 yards of *magar* unless stalking is resorted to. There are normally folds in the banks which can be used in the early stages of the stalk. Towards the end of the stalk it will, in almost every case, be found that the *magar* is lying below the stalker, separated from him by over 100 yards of sloping sand or mud. Only young and unwary *magar* lie near broken ground or cover. It will be found that it is necessary to crawl at least 50 yards before a safe shot can be taken. Before the broken ground is vacated and the sportsman is finally committed to the stalk, he should study the ground carefully. It is highly probable that the stalk can be made on a line on which the *magar* can only see with one eye and it may well be possible to advance some of

the way by keeping a small bush, plant or hummock in line with the *magar's* eye. The ground will be either wet mud or soft, powdery sand from which the rifle bolt should be kept clear. One way of achieving this is to crawl with the rifle butt rested across one ankle. Whatever method of stalking is adopted it is certain that it will be fatiguing and it will be found that, before the shot can be taken, it is necessary to rest and regain breath. The shot must be taken in the lying position but it will often be found possible to use one's topee as a rifle rest.

Binoculars are very useful during the early stages of the stalk but are a nuisance to carry; if carried in the shorts or slacks pocket they are gettable without being too great a hindrance. The shot should be the signal for a coolie or boat to approach; as, however, it will take some minutes for anyone to reach the *magar*, it may be desirable for the sportsman to get the *magar* farther away from the water. This is a rather terrifying task but if the *magar* is paralysed forward and is grasped firmly by the tail, is not very difficult with small *magar*. In the case of large *magar* it is wiser to wait for the coolies to arrive. Before putting the *magar* into a boat a piece of rope should be tied round its jaws. In lifting the *magar* into the boat care should be taken not to scratch the soft belly skin on a nail or splinter.

**SITTING-UP (THE EDGAR WALLACE).—**The most certain method of shooting *magar* is to sit up for them. That is, a hide is prepared and the sportsman gets into position before the *magar* are due to emerge to bask. To be certain that the hide will be in the correct position, it is essential that a reconnaissance be carried out one or two days before the shoot; if the water level changes, the hide may become useless. It is best to construct the hide on an island and not on the bank, where fishermen or other passers-by may frighten the *magar* at a critical moment. A few days before the shoot the sportsman should go out with a boat, a digging implement and a pair of binoculars. Having found an island where *magar* are basking he should land and supervise the construction of a hide at a reasonable distance, say 75 yards, from the positions where the *magar* were basking when the boat approached. Unless the surface is soft mud it is best to dig a pit. If the surface is soft mud, a hide of grass, reeds or sticks must be constructed and, on the day of the shoot, boards should be taken to lie on. In an island hide *magar* may emerge from any quarter so the cover must be all-round. With the pit hide a low parapet should be constructed and the balance of the excavated sand spread out. If the hide has altered the contour of the island,

it should not be used for at least one day, to allow the *magar* time to get used to it.

On the day of the shoot the sportsman should aim to be in position in the hide at least half an hour before the *magar* are due to bask. The boat should be sent away several hundred yards and up-stream, so it can come quickly if required, and a call signal must be explained to the boatmen. The sportsman should then make himself comfortable in the hide, rest his rifle on top of the parapet and read for at least 45 minutes before he looks over the top of the hide. An Edgar Wallace is best for this and, if it is a good one and the sportsman does not look over for an hour and a half, so much the better. This point is important for, before coming out of the water, *magar* normally cruise about for several minutes with only their eyes above water and, if at all suspicious, come up the bank by stages. Half an hour may elapse between the time a *magar's* eyes are seen and the time he finally settles down on the bank. If the sportsman keeps down during this period he will avoid scaring the *magar* and will have an easy shot at an unsuspecting *magar*. If the *magar* is killed outright the sportsman should give the boat-call signal. If the *magar* has been missed or wounded, the sportsman can wait for it to come out again. If the *magar* has not seen anything but has only been frightened by the noise of the shot it will, in all probability, come back to the same spot within half an hour.

THE BOAT (THE GAY LOTHARIO).—The most comfortable way of shooting *magar* is from a boat. The method has many advantages. Cushions, food, beer, books and girl friends can be taken in reason. The boat can collect the sportsman from his car at roadhead and return him to it. The boat should be as small as possible and should have a screen of grass at the bows. Binoculars should be used to sweep the river ahead—a boatman can do this if required—and the boat allowed to drift down-stream. When *magar* are seen the boatmen should lie down in the stern and steer the boat towards the *magar* with an oar. The sportsman should lie down, with rifle at ready, in the bows and the girl friends should recline on a li-lo in the bottom of the boat. When the *magar* gets suspicious, raises its head, rises to its feet or turns round, the sportsman should fire. It should be possible to get to within 150 yards of the *magar* and if the boat does not rock too much, with luck, the *magar* may be collected. While this is the most pleasant method of *magar* shooting, it is unfortunately the one least likely to yield result.

**THE SPEED-BOAT (THE MAHARAJAH).**—The speed boat method can hardly be classified as a way of shooting *magar* as the writer knows of no case where it has yielded a trophy. Still it is, no doubt, jolly good fun and unlikely to hurt anyone, including the *magar*. The main essential is to procure a fast motor-boat, preferably one with a large ice chest. The speed boat is then filled with sportsmen, beer, girl friends and rifles to taste. Large stretches of water are covered at a high speed and rapid, concentrated fire is opened on all *magar* seen, normally at a range of about 300 yards. As speed boats are rare on Indian rivers, few are able to enjoy this exotic sport. A few years ago the sons of a well-known shopkeeper in Dera Ismail Khan were keen exponents of the method.

**Equipment.**—No special equipment is necessary for *magar* shooting. Almost any rifle, from a high velocity .22 upwards, is effective. There is certainly no need to use a large bore; something between .275 and .318 is probably the best bore to use. Binoculars are most useful and a telescopic sight an advantage. Dark glasses are an essential, for *magar* only bask on bright days and the glare off the water and the sand is considerable. If stalking is contemplated, slacks are better than shorts, as they give more protection against ooze and dust. White or brightly coloured clothes should be avoided.

**Skinning.**—Small *magar* may be manhandled back to the car, tied on the luggage carrier and taken home to be skinned at leisure but large *magar* must be skinned on the spot. Unless a *mochi*, complete with knives, is taken on the expedition, trouble may be experienced. It may be found that none of the boatmen know how to skin, or that they have no knives, or that they refuse to touch the *magar*. It is, therefore, advisable for the sportsman to include knives in his kit and for him to have some knowledge of skinning, so he can, at least, supervise the removal of the skin. Rowland Ward, Van Ingen and the North-West Tannery, Cawnpore, all publish booklets on skinning which mention *magar*. The first cut should be made just behind one of the eyes and continued all round the body along the lower edge of the top plate armour. Everything below this may be taken off, including the piece below the jaw, the tail aft of the vent and the leg skin. It will be found that the tanners will be unable to use all the odd corners but it is better to take off too much than too little. The skin must be scraped clean of all flesh and fat and covered thickly with salt. Liquid should be drained off daily for two or three

days, and fresh salt applied. The skin will then be found to be dry and it can be rolled up in sacking and sent to the tanners. Preservatives other than salt, such as "Atlas," may be used but salt is effective, cheap and easy to obtain.

*The Trophy.*—If it is desired to retain some memento of a special shoot it is possible to have the head of the *magar* mounted on a shield but the average person contents himself with having some useful article made up from the skin. *Magar* skin can be made up into almost any article from travelling trunks to card cases. Certain articles, like golf bags and large suit-cases, are extremely heavy but make very handsome presents.

*Conclusion.*—*Magar* shooting, though it cannot be compared to hill or dangerous game shooting, is pleasant sport. It can be indulged in at almost any time of the year all over India, requires little *bandobast* and, if the stalking method is used, gives scope for skill and cunning.



## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### "THOSE ILL-STARRED HORNS"

DEAR SIR,

*R. G.* has now confused the issue in our poor Duffer's mind.

Duffer had made himself as humanly secure as he could have by first destroying his enemy. In fact, he had really taken no risks at all for he had at last realized that "Surprise is the Salt that Savours Battle," and had applied the Salt.

Duffer did not like *R. G.*'s plan of taking mules out at night and thinks they all deserved to be eaten by the old salts of tigers who were lying up for them.

Yours etc.,  
JOHN HELLAND.

## REVIEWS

### THE ROAD TO BORDEAUX

BY C. DENIS FREEMAN AND DOUGLAS COOPER

(Cresset Press, 8/6d.)

Of the many books written and yet to be written on the fall of France, this will be among those remembered even when, as its authors believe, she will have risen again. Here is the story of two English civilians, living in Paris, who enlisted as ambulance drivers on the eve of the battle behind the Marne. They soon found themselves near Soissons, and from there were swept back in the general retreat—evacuating wounded under hard conditions. The chapters that follow describe bombing raids, burning towns, a refugee population—scenes all witnessed at first hand during that June a year ago. The book is written in diary-form; its style graphic, direct—the essence of spontaneity. As is set forth in the dedication: “We did not enlist in the French army for the sake of writing our memories. . . . But have been impelled to tell our story . . . . when we realized that grave injustice was being done to the French people and to the French army. So many were being made to pay for the faults of so few.” As witnesses of the fortitude of the French soldier, they felt it their duty to recount what they had themselves seen and heard.

As the late Sir Hugh Walpole advised, when reviewing this book in the English press, the chapter called “Panic” should be brought within the reach of a wider public—deserves indeed to be republished as a separate pamphlet. In such a form it would be of great value and interest to this country particularly, for its hundred pages tell quite simply what can happen when a whole countryside moves without orders under the stresses of rumour and ignorance.

New York in May was showing a film of the penetration of Germany’s tanks into France. As might be expected, there were no scenes of bloodshed, none of the dead or wounded. That is one face of the medal: “The Road to Bordeaux” provides the other.

A. G. B.

**LIES AS ALLIES OR HITLER AT WAR**

BY VISCOUNT MAUGHAM

*(Oxford University Press, 6d.)*

This recent addition to the Oxford University Press Pamphlet Series is a specially useful and valuable one: here Lord Maugham sets out clearly and as he says, unpretentiously, the record of Hitler's lies. As the foreword says, while most people are aware that the declaration of war was preceded by a spate of lies, few realize the extent and quality of such mendacity. This little book is more than an enlightenment: it is the indictment by a lawyer, who until recently was Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, of a means of attack which the German Chancellor has reduced to a science. The deliberate character of this policy and its justification in view of the (in Hitler's opinion) low mental level of the multitude to be deceived, is fully revealed in *Mein Kampf* itself. The author quotes chapter and verse in support of many instances. In the flow of more recent events, these are interesting reminders. The tabulated extracts from broadcast news, which are contrasted side by side, bring home once more the fantastic lengths to which the German propaganda machine has dared to go. Lord Maugham gives us both fact and fiction: his pamphlet is a useful weapon with which to convince neutrals and sceptics. It is to be hoped that the distinguished author may add further volumes under this title so that German perversion and distortion of the truth may continue to be refuted. For, as we read on the last page of the present work, Hitler "has imprisoned the bodies of countless men: the minds of all he seeks to put in chains."

A. G. B.

## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA

1. The United Service Institution of India is situated at Simla and is open daily including Sundays from 9 a.m. to sunset.
2. Officers wishing to become members of the United Service Institution of India should apply to the secretary.
3. The reading room of the Institution is provided with the leading illustrated papers, newspapers, magazines, and journals of Service interest that are published.
4. There is a well-stocked library in the Institution, from which members can obtain books on loan free. Members not resident in Simla may have books from the library sent to them post free. (See Secretary's Notes).
5. The Institution publishes a Quarterly Journal in the months of January, April, July and October which is issued, postage free, to members in any part of the world.
6. Members and the public are invited to contribute articles to the Journal of the Institution for which payment is made. Information for the guidance of contributors will be found in the Secretary's Notes.

### Rules of Membership

1. All officers of the Defence Services, whether they belong to the Imperial Forces, to forces raised by the Government of India, by an Indian State, by a British Dominion or Colony, and all gazetted officials of the Government of India or of a Provincial Government shall be entitled to become members, without ballot, on payment of the entrance fee and subscription.

Other gentlemen may become members if proposed and seconded by a member of the Institution and approved by the Council.

2. Life members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of a lump sum of Rs. 160, which sum includes entrance fee.

3. Ordinary members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of an entrance fee (see para, 4) of Rs. 10 on joining, and an annual subscription of Rs. 10 (or 15s.) to be paid in advance.

The period of subscription commences on the 1st January.

An ex-member on rejoining the Institution will be charged a second entrance fee of Rs. 10 if since the date on which he ceased to be a member he has served or resided in India. In other cases no charge will be made.

4. British Service, Dominion and Colonial officers serving in India shall pay an entrance fee of Rs. 7 only.

5. Members receive the Journal of the Institution post free to any part of the world. Members in India may obtain books from the library which are issued postage free; the borrower will pay the return postage.

6. Government institutions and offices, military libraries, messes and clubs wishing to subscribe for the Journal shall pay Rs. 10 per annum. Non-members shall pay Rs. 10 per annum plus postage. Single copies of the Journal will be supplied to non-members at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy, plus postage.

7. If a member fails to pay his subscription for any year (commencing 1st January) by 1st June of that year, a registered notice shall be sent to him by the Secretary inviting his attention to the fact. If the subscription is not paid by 1st January following, his name shall be struck off the roll of members and, if the Executive Committee so decide, posted in the hall of the Institution for six months, or until the subscription is paid.

8. An ordinary member wishing to resign at any time during a year in which one or more Journals have been sent to him must pay his subscription in full for that year and notify his wish to resign before his name can be struck off the list of members.

9. Members who join the Institution on or after the 1st October and pay the entrance fee and annual subscription on joining will not be charged a further subscription on the following 1st January, unless the Journals for the current year have been supplied.

10. Members are responsible that they keep the Secretary carefully posted in regard to changes of rank and address. Duplicate copies of the Journal will not be supplied free to members when the original has been posted to a member's last known address and has not been returned by the post.

11. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla.

**I.—NEW MEMBERS**

The following new members joined the Institution from 1st March to 31st May 1941:

H. E. Sir Bertrand Glancy, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., I.C.S., Governor of Punjab

H. E. Sir Henry Twynam, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., I.C.S., Governor of C.P., and Berar.

Major J. L. Hillard

Major W. D. Joyce

Captain A. L. Atter

Captain F. Johnson

2 Lieut. Abdul Rashid Khan.

**II. CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE JOURNAL**

Preference is given to articles dealing with naval, military or air force matters likely to be of topical interest to the majority of readers of the *Journal*. Historical articles should have a direct bearing on the present war. One entirely non-military story and one article of financial interest to officers is included in each number of the *Journal*. The latter may be concerned with travel, sport, housing or any other subject which affects officers' pay and expenditure.

Articles may vary in length up to ten thousand words. They should be submitted in duplicate and typewritten, with double spacing between lines, on one side of the paper. Manuscript articles cannot be considered. Payment up to Rs. 150 is made on publication according to the value of the contribution.

With reference to R.A.I. Paragraph 333, and K.R. 335, the Executive Council of the Institution will take action, when necessary, to obtain the sanction of the Chief of the General Staff to the publication of an article in the *Journal*.

Members who wish to remain anonymous will inform the Secretary of the fact and include a pen name if they so wish. In such cases the real name of the author is known to nobody except the Secretary, who has been instructed to divulge it to no one.

The Committee reserve to themselves the right to omit or amend any matter; if such alterations affect the sense of the article, it will be referred to the author before publication, unless the author has stated that the article may be edited as thought necessary without reference to him.

The October number of the Journal goes to Press on August 25th. Editing and selecting articles takes about ten days, so, as a general rule, articles should be submitted to the editor by August 15th. An article which may not be edited without reference to the author should arrive at least ten days earlier. From the Editor's point of view, August 1st is about the ideal date on which to receive articles. All these dates apply equivalently to the other numbers of the Journal.

### III.—READING ROOM AND LIBRARY

(1) The library is only open to members, who are requested to look on books as not transferable to their friends.

Books are only issued on loan to members who are resident in India. Members borrowing books from the library in person must make the necessary entry in the register and record their address in India.

(2) Applications for books from members at outstations are dealt with as early as possible and books are sent post free by registered parcel post. They must be returned, carefully packed, by registered parcel post within two months of the date of issue, or immediately on recall.

(3) A member may not have on loan, at any one time, more than three books or sets of books without the Secretary's permission. Papers, magazines and works catalogued under the headings of "Works of Reference," "Not to be taken out" and "Confidential" may not be removed from the Institution.

(4) No particular limit is set on the number of days for which a member may keep a book, the Council wishing to make the library as useful as possible to members. This rule is, however, subject to the following limitations:

(a) If, after the expiration of three weeks from the date of issue, a book is wanted by another member, it will be recalled.

(b) A member wishing to retain a book for a period over two months from the date of issue must notify the Secretary to that effect, otherwise the book will be recalled.

(5) If a book is not returned within fourteen days of the date of recall, it must be paid for, if so required by the Executive Committee. Lost and defaced books shall be replaced at the cost of the member to whom they were issued. In the case of lost or defaced books that are out of print, the value shall be fixed by the Executive Committee and the member will be required to pay the cost so fixed.

APRIL TO JULY, 1941

Published	
1940	Author
1940	to Tolischus
1940	red Borenhus
1934	eral De Gaulle
1940	K. Hancock
1940	Percy Sykes
1940	N. Van Kieffens
1941	Arnold Wilson
1940	A. Wavell
1940	Crowther
1940	onel H. Foertsch
1941	J. M. C.
1940	dre Maurios
1940	R. Ambedkar
1941	John Headlam
1941	Philip Graves

*Title*

They Wanted War

Sea Power

Mannerheim, Gustaf, Fld.  
Marshal—And the War in  
Finland, 1939-40.

Army of the Future

Survey of the British Com-  
monwealth Affairs, 1918—  
1939, Vol. 2, Pt. I.

History of Afghanistan, 2 vols.

Rape of the Netherlands

Political Diary of S. W. Persia,  
1907—1914.

Allenby

Ways and Means of War

Art of Modern Warfare

Talks to Junior Military  
Medical Officers, Army in  
India.

Battle of France

Thoughts on Pakistan

History of the Royal Artillery,  
1899—1914, Vol. III, with  
maps.

Life of Sir Percy Cox



(6) The issue of a book under these rules to any member implies the latter's compliance with the rules and the willingness to have them enforced, if necessary, against him.

(7) The revised 1940 catalogue is available at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy plus postage.

#### **IV.—OLD BOOKS AND TROPHIES**

The Institution is in possession of a collection of old and rare books presented by members from time to time and, while such books are not available for circulation, they can be seen by members visiting Simla.

The Secretary will be glad to acknowledge the gift of books, trophies, medals, etc., presented to the Institution.

#### **V.—HISTORICAL RESEARCH**

The U. S. I. is prepared to supply members and units with typewritten copies of old Indian Army List pages, at the rate of Rs. 2 per typewritten page.

#### **VI.—THE MacGREGOR MEMORIAL MEDAL**

1. The MacGregor Memorial Medal was founded in 1888 as a memorial to the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor who founded the United Service Institution of India. The medals are awarded for the best military reconnaissances or journeys of exploration of the year.

2. The following awards are made annually in the month of June:

- (a) For officers—British or Indian—silver medal.
- (b) For soldiers—British or Indian—silver medal with Rs. 100 gratuity

3. For especially valuable work, a gold medal may be awarded in place of one of the silver medals, or in addition to the silver medals, whenever the administrators of the Fund deem it desirable. Also the Council may award a special additional silver medal without gratuity, to a soldier, for especially good work.

4. The award of medals is made by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India, as Vice-Patron, and the Council of the United Service Institution of India, who were appointed administrators of the Fund by the MacGregor Memorial Committee.

5. The following are eligible for the award, whether at the time of the reconnaissance they were in military or civil employ:

- (a) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and of the Dominion Forces, while serving on the Indian establishment.



APRIL TO JULY, 1941

<i>Published</i>		<i>Author</i>
1940	1940	to Tolischus
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1940	1941	. Van Kieffens
		Arnold Wilson
1940	1940	A. Wavell
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Tasks to Junior Military Medical Officers, Army in India.

Battle of France

Thoughts on Pakistan

History of the Royal Artillery, 1899—1914, Vol. III, with maps.

Life of Sir Percy Cox



- (b) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Indian Navy, Indian Army, Indian Air Force and of the Indian States Forces, wherever serving.

Note.—The term "Indian Army" includes the Indian Auxiliary and Territorial Forces, Frontier Militia, Levies, Military Police and Military Corps under local governments.

6. The medal may be worn in uniform by Indian soldiers on ceremonial parades, suspended round the neck by the ribbon issued with the medal.\*

7. Personal risk to life during the reconnaissance or exploration is not a necessary qualification for the award of the medal; but, in the event of two journeys being of equal value, the man who has incurred the greater risk will be considered to have the greater claim to the award.

8. When the work of the year has either not been of sufficient value or notice of it has been received too late for consideration before the Council Meeting, the medal may be awarded for any reconnaissance during previous years considered by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India to deserve it.

#### VII.—ADDRESSES

The difficulties of tracing addresses are now very much increased. Members are earnestly requested to keep the Secretary informed of changes in their addresses or if possible give a permanent address which will always find them, e.g., a Bank.

#### VIII.—HONORARY MEMBERSHIP OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

Honorary membership of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, is extended to commissioned officers of any military unit from the Dominions, India, or the Colonies, who may be visiting the United Kingdom during the war. They will be admitted to the Institution's premises on presentation of their cards.

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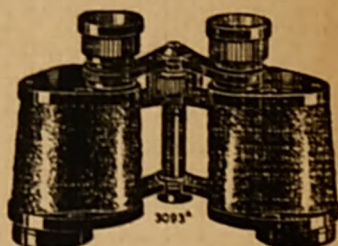
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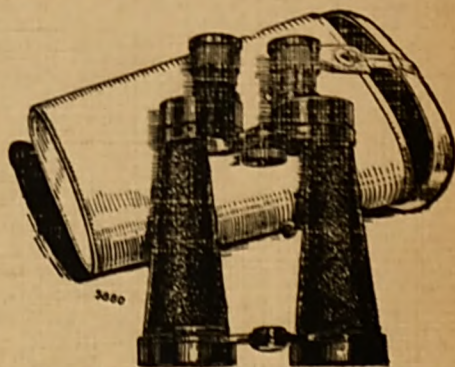


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# THE JOURNAL

OF THE

## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION

OF

## INDIA

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- Manuscript discovered in a Bottle.
- Hummet West. By "Cav."
- Your Home before You Retire. By "Aslim."
- Mosul to Deir-ez-Zor—A Mechanised Move, low scale. By Lieut.-Colonel F. Mackenzie.
- Some Impressions of the Blitz. By Captain J. R. W. Beal.
- The Operations in the Southern Desert, Iraq, 1927-28. By Captain W. J. M. Spaight.
- African Medals awarded to Indian Soldiers. By Lieut.-Colonel H. Bullock.
- The Decline of Foreign Prestige in China, and one view of the possible future position at the end of the present War. By Officer Cadet B. Beaumont.
- Some Aspects of Forest Warfare. By Lieut.-Colonel N. G. Pring.
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# The Journal

## OF THE

# United Service Institution of India

Vol. LXXI

OCTOBER, 1941

No. 305

*The views expressed in this Journal are in no sense official, and the opinions of contributors in their published articles are not necessarily those of the Council of the Institution.*

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# United Service Institution of India

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**THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRACING ADDRESSES ARE NOW  
VERY MUCH INCREASED. MEMBERS ARE EARNESTLY  
REQUESTED TO KEEP THE SECRETARY INFORMED OF  
CHANGES IN THEIR ADDRESSES.**

## EDITORIAL

---

"The President of the United States and the Prime Minister, Premier and Mr. Churchill, representing His Majesty's President Government in the United Kingdom, being met together, deem it right to make known certain common principles in the national policies of their respective countries on which they base their hopes for a better future for the world..."

These words looked strange upon the printed page because at the moment we read them the wireless was speaking with another voice. "Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles," a noble tune now fallen on evil days, was sung in tones which were vulpine. The moment thus presented three voices—those of the leaders of two great countries and that of a country great indeed but now become the enemy of the human race because of a flaw in its nature and through systematic perversion. Then, from the distance of 23 years, memory recalled a fourth voice—that of President Wilson enunciating his message to Congress on 8th January, 1918—the famous Fourteen Points.

Little remains to be said about the meeting of Premier and President at sea—newspapers and wireless commentators have said it nearly all. One or two allusions may perhaps be made. President Wilson's fourteen points formed a uni-lateral declaration, and in clauses VI—VIII were a grievously pedantic outline of the shape of things to come. It was not until October 1918, that the President spoke in language to be understood by a world at war. Then in sombre and memorable words he called attention to "one of the terms of peace which the German Government has now accepted. . . . The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice, disturb the peace of the world; or if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotency. The power which has hitherto controlled the German nation is of the sort here described. It is within the choice of the German nation to alter it. . . . It is indispensable that the governments associated against Germany should know beyond a peradventure with whom they are dealing."

These words were uttered after four years of war, and too late. It is our good fortune that in the second year of this war Premier and President have spoken plainly and in time. "Sixth,

after the final destruction of Nazi tyranny, they hope to see established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries and which will afford assurance that all men in all lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want. . . . Eighthly, they believe that all nations of the world for realistic as well as spiritual reasons must come to the abandonment of the use of force. Since no future peace can be maintained if land, sea or air armaments continue to be employed by nations which threaten or may threaten aggression outside their frontiers, they believe, pending the establishment of a wide and permanent system of general security, that disarmament of such nations is essential."

In these words is the charter of our future endeavours.

. . . . .

**Two Years of War** We have now completed two years of war, and it is interesting to look back across a quarter of a century to the closing months of 1916, to compare the state of a world at war then and now.

At the end of 1916 Germany and her friends seemed to be enjoying a winter sunshine of success. During the year the military fortunes of the Allies had varied; many great enterprises had been undertaken but few had succeeded.

In January the curtain fell upon the failure and the glory of Gallipoli. In midsummer began the great Somme battle which was to rage for the next four months and result in mounting casualties and sinking hopes. By the winter Jutland was still being discussed, and it must be remembered that in Holland the news of this battle had been announced as the unimaginable thing that had come to pass—an English defeat upon the sea. It was also among the causes of the Russian revolution of March 1917. In September there began the battle of the Ancre, and this month saw also the first use or misuse of tanks. Those weapons, which were ultimately to become the very sword of deliverance, nearly died at birth in mud and ridicule.

The solitary beacon of a shadowed year was the tremendous defence of Verdun—a feat of arms which must always remain one of the glories of France. Even to-day there is a peculiar thrill in rehearsing some of the names of that astonishing struggle: Driant and his Chasseurs; Douanmont; Vaux; the "Mort Homme" ridge. The pride of great exploits attends these names and they are worthy of remembrance—the more so because the nature of their

achievements ran most counter to the ordinary stream of French national temperament.

1916 saw also in England a change both in government and the supreme command. In Germany Hindenburg and Ludendorff became the Chiefs of the German General Staff—two eminent German soldiers who appeared but two months after a great British soldier left the scene. For in June of this year Kitchener died at sea.

Finally, with the Rumanian catastrophe was completed the tale of the unrelieved failure of the Entente in the Balkans.

It may be thought that this picture of 1916 has been painted in colours which are too gloomy. At this distance in time it is hard to judge. We know now the strains which were developing in the German machine, but this knowledge must have been limited to a few at the time. It is in these strains and symptoms of weakness that the most valuable comparisons between the Powers at these times lie. Two only will be made. First, we know now that as a result of the Somme and Verdun there began the deterioration of the German Army from which it was never to recover. It was Ludendorff who then actually said that the German Army was seriously exhausted. Secondly, in 1916 Germany made proposals for peace. But his proposal and the peace note first forwarded by the U.S.A. were alike rejected by the Entente. This was a notable sign of Allied determination to win a decisive victory.

It is from this point that we leap forward 25 years to the present day. The German Reich after two years of war has made no peace move, though rumours have been numerous. America has put forward no peace note to the belligerent Powers. On the contrary, the Prime Minister of England and the President of the United States have made a very clear pronouncement of the aims and intentions of the sane and free nations of the world. Hitler and Nazism are to be overthrown and measures are to be taken to ensure that neither will rise again. The clarity and the certainty of this pronouncement brings to us, during the closing months of 1941, a clearer hope and a steadier determination than could be given 25 years ago.

We must consider what we know of the German Army. This great war machine presents, to all appearances, an aspect of undiminished efficiency and power. The morale of its soldiers has been heightened by success, and we may assume in them a continued and fanatical devotion to the Führer. One quality however

has not been proved in the German Army, nor need we assume it: this is a capacity to take punishment. So far, when the German Army has met British forces in France, Libya, Norway, Crete or Greece, it has been heavily mauled. The effect however has been trifling when contrasted with the general tide of success. It has now fallen to the Russians to administer to German forces the first large-scale punishment which they have been called upon to suffer. It remains to be seen how Nazi morale will stand this test. It is significant that German training has aimed at a high standard of endurance of self-inflicted hardships and privations. This method, one may surmise, has been carried beyond the bounds of psychological sanity: there is in it an element of hysteria. This element, coupled with mental force-feeding of "race superiority," is a poor preparation for those situations which strip from a man all the accretions of education and conditioning, and leave him only with a free man's determination not to be struck down by the brute bludgeonings of circumstance. It is here that Nazi morale will fail. It is now that German leaders, as did Ludendorff in 1916, may be beginning to feel the first cold onset of doubt.

•        •        •        •

A valuable article in the July number of this Journal broke new ground in dealing with the relation of the **Combined Warfare** three services—land, sea and air—in the operations of war. The article led up to its most interesting idea in the concluding paragraph. This was the suggestion of a new mental point of departure in considering the operations of the three services by thinking of them in terms of a new phrase—"Combined Warfare."

A phrase may be a catchword deceiving us into thinking that we have understood and so absolving us from further thought. It may, on the other hand, be the beginning of understanding and the focus of new thought. The phrase "Combined Warfare" belongs to the last category.

"Combined Warfare" is everybody's business and not that only of those who are charged with the higher direction of war. A natural reaction of the "man-in-the-street" soldier (for example) is: "I have my job. If the Navy or the Air Force get mixed up in it—very well. Let them come along at the right time; do their jobs; and thus help me with mine." This is a faulty reaction, for it indicates thinking in watertight compartments. It is the same type of thinking as that which, before war brought reality in its

train, divorced land warfare from air warfare. The airman, hostile or friendly, is now as real a figure to the soldier of one arm of the service as his comrade of another. It is time that this knowledge and understanding should apply to the sailor also.

It is a platitude that great things grow from small. The intimate co-operation between the Services implied in the phrase "combined warfare" demands a mutual knowledge of each other's work by the smallest sub-units of each service. To employ a simile—we are all players in the same team but our positions differ; it is therefore our duty to understand something of each other's places.

The same thought can be expressed in somewhat more generalised terms. We should now think of warfare as a whole, and of the three Services as the three arms necessary to its execution. Once this is grasped we have made a step forward, and the idea remains with us whether we think in terms of the largest forces possible or of their smallest sub-units. To think thus is not to indulge in doctrinaire speculation. A glance through an Atlas should convince anyone that the defeat of Germany will not be brought about other than by the waging of combined warfare. The terms "sea power," "air power," "land power" are now out of date. We should think of ourselves in terms of military power embracing all three.

\* \* \* \*

People have been burned for their opinions, but very few have died of their ideas. It is therefore all the stranger that ideas are so hard to come by, so diffidently put forward when found, and treated with such general suspicion by their judges.

**Ideas**

These sentences are not the beginning of an essay upon ideas: they are an attempt to call attention to a matter of great importance to-day. Ideas form a war-time industry, and one which is not working at war-pressure. There are of course qualifications to this statement. A war inevitably doubles the output of idiot ideas because it harnesses the energies of the woolly-witted, the day-dreamers and the insane, into a mill-race of imbecile suggestion. Death-rays, weapons which will not work, ingeniously contrived bombs which will not explode, vehicles which will not travel—ideas for these contrivances are put forward in plenty. Hard commonsense on the other hand—that faculty which produced the safety-pin and the corkscrew—is pitifully lacking.

One can overpraise and follow too slavishly the ideas of our enemies, the Germans. On the other hand they have had many efficient ideas and have pursued them with a tenacity of purpose unknown to us. Here are a few examples.

The Fifth Column, though an unsavoury weapon, is admirably effective in certain circumstances. It was in origin a Greek idea—everyone has heard of the Trojan horse or the carefully nurtured Opposition in the Greek city states. It fell to Germany to perfect this ancient idea over the last seven years. Again, the German General Staff advanced some way towards the solution of the problem of supporting armoured forces by their use of dive-bombers—a solution which British military opinion failed to consider, preferring to adhere to the orthodox employment of artillery. Finally, in their use of mortars and heavy infantry guns the Germans found—and developed—a supremely effective idea of the hairpin variety.

These slightly petulant sentences nevertheless ask the reader to absolve them from the sin of petulance. Their aim is simply to urge the production of simple ideas by those who are in touch with daily realities. A major part in the winning of this war can be played by the soldier who forgets the baton in his knapsack and remembers—and pursues—the hairpin idea in his brain.

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"The Scriptures say: put not your trust in Princes," wrote a certain Colonel Trant from a Peninsula battle-field, "but I say, put not your trust in a damnable militia." The attitude of the professional soldier to the guerilla has seldom been more picturesquely described. The attitude has survived many wars and is based on many very reasonable grounds. Nevertheless one may well think that the time has now come for professional soldiers to take a wider view, and to think seriously of how to use the art of the guerilla as one of the weapons of war.

Germany now holds down most of Europe. Sooner or later the day will come when Europe will be liberated. That liberation means the employment of forces in land operations. In whatever country these operations may be conducted the guerilla will be a valuable ally—if properly used. It is necessary then that we should now devote some thought to the conduct of this form of war.

The text-books on the subject are few. It is perhaps fortunate that, unlike most text-books, they are also entertaining. Mr. C. S. Forester's novels "The Gun" and "Death to the French" are excellent manuals of guerilla warfare, while T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" is a classic history of this form of war.

The guerilla is an extremely delicate weapon, because intensely individual. His outlook is narrow, his sympathies local, his morale volatile. He is a creature of maddening paradoxes, capable of intense exertion and long endurance for apparently no reason at all, and likely to sink into apathy and inertia when the soundest military reasons exist for precisely the opposite behaviour.

As far as may be deduced the plans of the greatest guerilla leaders (or should one say users of guerilla forces) have been based on three things. These are extreme opportunism, the care for supply which makes opportunism possible, and lastly human understanding. The formula is a simple one and yet, like most things in war, extremely difficult to apply.

The best fields for its application are at the moment somewhat hard to foresee. Guerilla forces in the past have usually been allotted a harassing role, but their operations have on very few occasions only been combined with the positive offensives of regular forces. This may have been because warfare to the present date has been linear in nature and slow moving. With the advent of "area" warfare and an immense increase in speed a fresh field may be opening for the operations of guerillas. It is this. Armoured formations, supported by aircraft, are the most powerful weapons of modern war. No one however has yet satisfactorily solved the problem of the ground support of armoured forces. The guerilla may provide the solution.

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In one of "Ole Luke Oie's" admirably imaginative stories there is an excellent description of the Commander who went fishing, and whose staff informed him from hour to hour of those happenings which he had foreseen. In Xenophon's "Cyropaedia"—a sound text-book by any standards for the training of leaders—the place which the author considered fitting for sport in war is pleasantly described. Xenophon, it must be remembered, was no paper soldier. Throughout one of the most arduous and exhausting marches that history has recorded, 10,000 men rested securely upon this man's calmness and courage.

The Duke of Wellington was a man least apt to sentimentalize upon sport—or any subject—among all men who have



lived. He was not even particularly expert in certain field sports, for we can still hear Lady Shelley's remark to an aged and unlucky cottager: "My good woman, this ought to be the proudest moment of your life. You have had the distinction of being shot by the great Duke of Wellington." None the less Wellington admitted the place of sport in war, and his hounds added an air of England to many Peninsula mornings.

Lever has left us a lively picture of one of those mornings seen through the eyes of "Charles O'Malley—the Irish Dragoon." "Here the shell-jacket of a heavy Dragoon was seen storming the fence of a vine-yard. There the dark green of a rifleman was going the pace over the plain. The unsportsmanlike figure of a staff officer might be observed emerging from a drain. . . ." Only in the last sentence can we suspect Lever of a certain bias.

The place of sport in war, when Britain goes to war, is well authenticated and it would be a pity if it were not so. In Nazi Germany and in fallen France sport has become a Department of Government. This indicates populations so conditioned and schooled that even recreation must be cut to the pattern of the Leader's will. Troops, drawn from such people, cannot follow a dribbled football into an attack. Neither can they meet bad days with a joke. They are neither sane nor free, and freedom and sanity under discipline are the surest signs of that morale which will be one of the most potent factors in winning us this war.

. . . . .

War is admitted to play havoc with Dress Regulations **Of Military Head-dresses** because the advent of two or three prescribed forms of battle-dress calm the passions which in peace rage over gimp and lace, lancer braid, buttons half-round or ball—the whole intricate underworld of military millinery. Nevertheless, one item of uniform remains diverse in shape and of every colour of the spectrum. It is the headdress. War-time regulations indeed deal tenderly with the soldier's head and allow him to place upon it well-nigh anything he pleases. The forage cap, the field service cap, the pith helmet, the steel helmet, the *safa*—here or there all may be seen. The armoured vehicle has been responsible for the addition of the crash helmet to this wide range of headgear, and in certain theatres of war the Gurkha hat graces other than Gurkha heads. The issues involved are not important, and indeed tradition is on the side of a certain breadth of outlook in the matter. The inspection reports of units in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century reveal a pleasant eclecticism in the matter of headgear; and Sir Thomas Picton, one of the sternest of British Generals, died on the field of Waterloo as he had lived through numerous other battles—in his top hat.

## NAZISM AND COMMUNISM

### A COMPARISON AND A CONTRAST

BY PERCIVAL SPEAR

For sixteen years the world was taught by Adolf Hitler, and Germany complacently mimed his lesson, that Communism and Nazism were two opposites, as far removed as the east from the west, as heaven from hell, and as different as light from darkness. For two years Dr. Goebbels trotting at the heels of his master, put it out that Communism was not so bad after all, and all good Nazis hoped it might be true. Now once more the Russians are savages, and Germany the guardians of civilisation.

In fact, one system has borrowed from the other, and both have borrowed from other systems. A study of the superficial resemblances is a useful introduction to an analysis of their differences.

The first common feature which strikes the observer is the concept of totalitarianism. Both systems claim the total control of life and all its activities by authority. Both try to control the expression of opinion by the censorship of press and letters, thought by propaganda, and action by the secret police. Both worship the great god propaganda and the Gestapo balances the Ogpu. In both systems, the individual is the servant of the state, not its master, and exists for its greater glory.

Both systems have relied upon violence to seize authority and terror to maintain it. The Bolsheviks seized power by violence, dispersed the Constituent Assembly democratically elected, and waged a long civil war to establish their position.

This they have maintained with the assistance of the powerful disciplinary force of the Ogpu and Cheka.

The Nazis engaged in street warfare while climbing to power, and maintained themselves by Himmler's Gestapo and concentration camps, by the Blood Bath of 1934 and by a scientifically organised system of terror ever since. Individuals, parties and groups of all kinds were either silenced, or ruthlessly liquidated.

A drive against religion is common to both systems, shocking religious opinion throughout the world. Beginning with the refusal to recognise the democratic election of Pastor von Bodelschwingh as Reichbischof, the Nazis proceeded to suppress the Confessional movement led by Pastor Niemoller who, after being

acquitted by the courts, is still confined in the concentration camp at Dachau. The concordat with the Roman Catholic church has been systematically violated, until the German bishops at Fulda recently drew up a pastoral letter of protest which was read in all German Catholic Churches on July 6th last. The Russians, while permitting the Orthodox church to exist, used every administrative means to undermine its influence, and by means of anti-God campaigns tried to promote philosophic materialism amongst the masses.

Both systems have developed propaganda to a fine, if twisted, art, international Comintern, officially dissociated from the Russian Government, has carried on subversive activity throughout the world ever since the Revolution. The Nazis, through the *Schutzbund*, have done the same for Nazi ideals. Both have used this weapon as freely at home as abroad. Both believe that propaganda can achieve what the Englishman believes is reserved to an Act of Parliament—do anything except make a man a woman, or a woman a man.

A closer study of these very resemblances reveals differences which are significant and suggestive. The concept of totalitarianism, in the first place, is not identical in the two systems. Both, it is true, postulate the subservience of the individual to the state in every aspect of his life—his thought, his speech, his action, his social and political relationships. But the state's control over the individual must be for some purpose or end, and it is here that a difference is discernible. The Communist rationale of submission is the cultivation of a particular kind of life, the community life of corporate ownership and corporate living. The ultimate end of the Marxian State is "to wither away" as men recognise the truth of Communist concepts, and accept the Communist order of their own free will. Rational men, freed of all prejudices, believe the Communists, will accept this regime as the natural order of things because it is rooted in reason and founded on human psychology. The element of compulsion is temporary and is justified by Rousseau's dictum that those who do not recognise what is good for them must "be forced to be free." Cromwell expressed the same idea when he said men must have "what's for their good, not what pleases them." This attitude has affinities, and indeed is partly derived from Plato's *Republic*, where everything, down to family life, was communised in the interest of the state's pursuit of the good life. The Roman Church, in many things a pupil of Plato, adopted the same principle when it appealed to

authority to enforce the conditions necessary for the pursuit of its own conception of the good life. In other words, the Communist concept of totalitarianism has an ethical content, just as Plato's and Rome's and Cromwell's and Calvin's had, though to the non-communist it may seem a warped and incomplete one.

The Nazi conception of totalitarianism diverges from communism on this very question of purpose. For the Nazi purpose has no moral content. The aim of its totalitarianism is the cultivation of power. Power for what? it may be asked. More power, is the only answer which can be given. The Party must dominate the State, the State is to dominate the Continent, the Continent to dominate the world.

The same difference can be perceived in the respective attitudes to violence. In the Communist system, violence is a means to an end rather than an end in itself. It is the lever to the social revolution, made necessary by the baleful possessiveness of the capitalist class. It represents the cathartic process of purging a class which will never repent. Violence to secure power, and violence to suppress the counter-revolution (illustrated in the Red Terror) are means made necessary by the obstinacy of man in order to establish the classless society. But it is only a temporary expedient, made necessary by the weakness, not of man in general, but of men warped and twisted by capitalist society. Remove the cramping fetters of existing society and man will show himself for what he is—a reasonable, gentle, well-disposed, and social creature. Property, not sin, is the curse of man; a classless, forceless, viceless society in the true mirror of his nature.

To the Nazi these ideas are not only wrong, but repulsive. Violence—to the Nazi—is not only necessary, but desirable. The peaceful man is a weakling, the violent man a hero. "War," said Mussolini—before he embarked upon it—"is a biological necessity."

The Nazi attitude to violence is borrowed from Nietzsche who wrote in his *Zarathustra*: "You have heard that it has been said by them of old time: 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' but I say unto you: 'Blessed are the warmakers—for they shall conquer the earth'." The Nazi does not believe in either the nationality or the goodness of man. His is the Hobbesian conception, that man is compounded of competition, diffidence (fear), and glory. He is naturally unequal and falls into a series of descending categories from the Nazi superman, each more servile than the last. So while

both Communists and Nazis accept violence as a necessary stage in political evolution, to the Communist it is a regrettable means to a higher state of Society, to the Nazi it is an end and a good in itself. In Communist ideology, violence and force decrease as Communism progresses; in Nazi thought violence and the cult of force increase as Nazism progresses. If the Communist fails to explain how the cult of hate and violence can pave the way to brotherhood and perpetual peace, the Nazi fails to explain how violence and war can continue when there is no one left to fight. In Communism the means may sabotage the end; in Nazism the whole process stultifies both means and end.

In their respective attitudes to religion, the same kind of distinction can be seen. Both have admittedly persecuted religion, but their direction varies like the ascending and descending cars of a cliff railway. The track is the same, the direction opposite. The Russian Communists started with a religious terror because they regarded the Orthodox Church as an ally of Czarism and counter revolution. Established in power, they ran anti-God campaigns on the theory that religion is the opiate of the people on lines which resembled the rationalistic dogmatism of the late Victorian scientists. But they have become in practice progressively more tolerant, so that twenty-four years after the revolution churches are still open and crowded, and the Orthodox Church, identified so closely with the old regime, is still an organised body. The proof of this is the Acting Patriarch Sergei's call to rally round the Government in defence of the Fatherland at the beginning of this war.

In Germany on the other hand, the Nazis began by appeals to the Churches for support -against the godless Communists. By swift degrees respect changed to patronage, patronage to hostility and hostility to persecution. Hitler began by appeals to the Almighty to help him and ended by orders to the Almighty to obey him. The Protestant Churches were first herded into one organisation: their episcopal elections were first quashed and then rigged. The dissentient Confessional church was frowned on and then actively persecuted. The Roman Church fared no better, for its concordat was systematically violated from its inception. Nazi hostility to Rome has reached its climax in the wholesale execution and imprisonment of priests in Poland. Ideologically religion to the Communist is a superstition to be grown out of; to the Nazi it is a rival to be extirpated. Hitler is the Nazi god, and the Germans must have no other gods but him.

Even in the realm of propaganda differences are revealed by a closer study of resemblances. The Nazi technique of propaganda was admittedly modelled in the first place on Russian methods, with an envious glance at British Great War methods thrown in. But the two have diverged in practice because they differ in their ends. In Nazi propaganda the primary aim is to sap a people's will, to divide, to corrupt, to burrow with a termite destructiveness, until the facade of national unity crumbles at the touch of German power. All overseas Germans are regimented in the *Schutzbund* and become willy-nilly spies or potential fifth-columnists. The Nazis exploit divisions, suspicions, resentments, jealousies, hopes and fears, all to the end of greater German power. Its essential purpose is to destroy. Russian propaganda has for its ultimate aim the establishment of communism throughout the world. This means within any given society, the replacement of one government by another, of one social system by another. It does not mean, as Nazi propaganda does, the poisoning of a nation's soul and the destruction of a people's spirit. Russian propaganda means the replacement of one way of living with another; German propaganda the destruction of one way of living and the enslavement of the people concerned to Germany. The aim is not a swapping of ideological horses, but the killing of the horse and the tying of the rider to the tail of his horse's murderer. However much Marxian Communism may be disapproved as a system, the fact remains that it is an attempt to organize world society on a basis of justice. Faulty and false it may be in many respects, but this is entirely different from the German principle—the domination of the German race over, and its exploitation of, all others.

When the two systems are studied side by side, it becomes clear that their common evils may be traced to a common source; that Nazism possesses, in addition, certain evils all its own; and that Communism displays certain gleams of virtue which the most suspicious cannot altogether overlook. The two evils which are conspicuous in both systems are the practice of absolutism and a belief in force and violence. Both systems are despotic in practice (whatever constitutional trappings may exist in Russia) and display the evils of what Cardinal Hinsley has described as "idoltrous absolutism." Absolute power is idoltrous because it places an individual, in relation to his fellows, in the position of God. It always breaks down because no individual can for long stand up to the strain. If a man showed the attributes of a

God, said Aristotle, it would be right to make him an absolute ruler, but not otherwise. No one knew better than Aristotle that such beings rarely if ever appear, and it was pedagogic vanity that made him see such a man in Alexander the Great. Plato subjected his philosopher-king to a lifetime of mental and moral discipline and then gave power to a board rather than a single individual. The quest for the union of wisdom with power is like that of the Holy Grail—it will never be completely fulfilled on earth. Lord Acton, who knew the workings of human nature in history as no other man, summed up the matter when he wrote, "all power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

Here a distinction must be drawn between *absolutism* and *totalitarianism*. Absolutism is the complete disposal by man of others. Totalitarianism is the total control of life by one man or group of men. One refers to the *degree* of control, the other to the *range* of control. An absolute system may not be totalitarian, or a totalitarian system absolute. Germany and Russia, the one both in theory and in practice, the other in practice only, combine the two. The good or evil of totalitarianism depends upon the philosophy which lies behind it, but absolutism is evil always and absolutely. Plato's Republic, the Roman Catholic Church, and the sovereign British Parliament are all totalitarian constitutions, for they all claim complete control over every branch of life. The fruits of the last two are not the dead sea fruit of Nazidom because their principles of life are different.

The second evil from which both systems suffer is a belief in force which justifies violence in the first place, and terror in the end. The belief that force can change men's minds is the perennial delusion of politicians, the perpetual short cut to lure countless generations down the path to frustration and bitterness.

He who is convinced against his will,

Is of the same opinion still,

is trite but true in historical experience. The use of force is only valid in defence and when used aggressively, always rebounds on its user.

Communism and Nazism both inherit these two moral and political cancers from the German philosopher Hegel and his school of political absolutists. Hegel taught that the State was the embodiment of the developing Absolute on earth. It had therefore no limits to its claims and no bounds to its actions. The State was morality and the only sin which an individual could commit was disobedience of the State. His predecessor, the

Prussian Fichte, taught that the test of civilisation was power and proclaimed "the highest civilisation is the greatest power." Therefore the individual must bow to the State in all things, and the State must cultivate power in all its policies. Nazism inherited these ideas by direct succession, Communism through the Hegelian heretic, Karl Marx. Marx accepted Hegel's absolutism while he rejected the idealism upon which the whole system was founded. He adapted the Hegelian idea of evolution to his own materialistic analysis of society. And however humanitarian and benevolent a materialist philosophy may be, it has no defence against the insidious lure of violence, since it can find no valid reason for preferring a long cut to a short one.

Apart from these evils in common, Nazism has its own peculiar vices. They may be summarised as the belief in race and the belief in power as the ultimate good. Neither of these ideas is of course an original Nazi invention; it is only in combination that they achieve a certain grisly notoriety, like a macabre jazz tune played with the lights lowered. The doctrine of race is as old as the Aryan tribes, for it flourished among the Greeks and in ancient India. In its modern form it was propounded by a Frenchman, Gobineau, in the 19th Century, and developed by an Englishman, Houston Stuart Chamberlain. The doctrine that power or force is the only good was first advanced by Thrasymachus in Plato's *Republic* and repeated by Socrates in the same dialogue at the start of his enquiry into justice. In modern times it has been more trenchantly advocated than by any Nazi, by the Englishman Hobbes, who defined freedom as "what the laws do not forbid," and compared the state to the mythical monster Leviathan to whom "on earth there is not his like."

The Nazi doctrine of race has no scientific basis in anthropology whatever, for everyone knows that the European nations, to take only one group in the world, are not races at all in the scientific sense, but blends in varying proportions of the Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean stocks. Two of the most racially pure Nordic stocks in the world are the Norwegians and the Icelanders; the one is in revolt against Hitler and the other has called upon the Americans to save them from the Nazi embrace. Nevertheless Hitler asserts the superiority of the Aryans over all other races, and the superiority of the Germans over all other branches of the Aryan race, and the superiority of the chosen few amongst the Germans themselves over the common herd. The Germans are the *Herrenvolk* or master race, and within their ranks are



arising the new "supermen" from the élite of the Nazi youth. This construction may be called an aristocracy, and so it is; but it is an aristocracy not of talent or virtue, but of blood. Such an aristocracy cannot maintain itself by talent or virtue, for by definition it cannot possess a monopoly of either. It must therefore maintain itself by force. Force must call upon more force and leads inevitably to terror. How this system works itself out in practice can be seen in the working of the "New Order" in Europe to-day. After over a year some nations are cowed, some overwhelmed, but not one is reconciled; opposition has hardened to resentment and deepened into contempt. The path of force rapidly steepens to the abyss of anarchy.

These considerations lead on to the German cult of power. The popular writings of Nazi youth leaders like Baldur von Schirach, and advocates of Teutonism and pro-paganism, like Bergmann and Rosenberg, are only reflections, on this head, of the ideas of Friedrich von Nietzsche. Nietzsche was no nationalist and no race worshipper but he was the apostle of the ethical doctrine of power. His quest for truth started with a will to freedom and ended with a worship of power. The only way to win corporate freedom was by force, the only way to win individual self-fulfilment was by the cultivation of the will to power. From this follows, in due course, the complete reversal of ethics and the progressive brutalisation of man. Society based on evil principles would begin by plunging the world in war as the Germans have done, and end by developing a robot civilisation where work and activity would exist for nothing else but work and activity. If power and strength is the only ideal of man, only those qualities which conduce to power and strength are virtues, while those which detract from it are vices. Thus the higher virtues of mercy and sacrifice, the "mercy, pity, peace and love" of Blake, slide into place as the lower vices; and cruelty, pitilessness, ruthlessness and hardness of heart ascend to the range of higher virtues. The German aim is to purge from German civilisation the Christian tradition. But when that is done, nothing is left but the pitiless brutality of the natural man whose life, without rules, restraints or ideals is nasty, brutish and short." The more German culture is examined, the more clearly will the truth of G. K. Chesterton's saying be realised. "The great German civilisation was created by the great Christian civilisation; and its heathen forerunners left it nothing whatever, except an intermittent weakness for boasting."

If from Nazi theory we now turn to Communist, it will be found that beneath its crust of dogmatism and materialism, certain creative and constructive ideas can be detected. The starting point of communist thought, when all is said, is the public welfare, not the individual's and the state's lust for power. Public welfare, it is true, is conceived in material terms and the jargon of Communists is largely economic. But the life of the spirit is not denied; it is rather postponed pending the establishment of economic security and social justice. All the methods of communist agitation are largely means to this end. In consequence, its scale of values, its standard of ethics, is quite different. The individual is reckoned to be of equal importance and equally entitled to full share in life. The things of the mind are recognised as essentials, not mere decorative luxuries, and so education is esteemed as highly in Russia as in Scotland. It may be held that moral values are warped by Marxism ideology, specially by the doctrine of class hatred and revolution and the emphasis on the old fallacy that the end justifies the means. But standards and values still exist; they have not been overthrown or turned inside out. They may have been bent from the norm by the heat of Marxian prejudice, but they have not been replaced by their opponents. From the non-communist point of view, the spirit which presides in Russia is the spirit which errs, not the spirit which denies. The ideals of brotherhood instead of that of master and slave, of sacrifice instead of domination, of service instead of domination, of working for a common cause instead of for a common despot, are all still to be found in Russia to-day. Intellectual freedom is restricted by Marxian dogmatism but it is not destroyed. Marxian communism is a system which is avowedly built upon the bases of reason and justice, and as it becomes clear that the system departs from these two anchors of humanity, it must be and is being modified. Dogmatism impedes development, but does not rule it out. The Russian looks towards the light in blinkers; the Nazi, head down like primeval man, plunges ever deeper in the gloom of the jungle of force and fear.

Marxian Communism is, of course, by no means the only form of communist theory. The principle has had a long history, from its first exponent Plato, through the early Christian Church and the Middle Ages with its theory of the just price and the catchword

"When Adam delved and Eve span  
Who was then the gentleman?"

to the Diggers of Cromwell's day and the immediate forerunner of Marx. Most of the features which seem to disfigure Marxian Communism in Russia may be traced to the first word of the title and are not inherent in the second. In Russia itself, signs are not wanting that this is being increasingly realised. The emphasis on international revolution is giving place more and more to that on patriotism and defence of the fatherland. Attacks on religion changed into rationalistic assaults upon superstition and had nearly subsided altogether when the German war swept their last vestiges away. Class hatred and distinctions have declined far enough to allow members of the old order like Marshal Budenny to reach high positions. The freedom of sex relations with its corrupting social effects has been modified. In the pure collectivism of Marxian theory a leaven of individualism has increasingly been working. Dogmatism in the intellectual sphere has been steadily declining.

It is no part of the purpose of this article to present Communism as a perfect form of society any more than Nazism. It is its purpose, however, to draw a distinction between the two and to maintain that while the one is a system which, with all its faults, exhibits some healthy features and is capable of improvement, the other is a system whose essential principles are evil and which must therefore become steadily worse the more it unfolds itself. In the one the light can be seen, as at the end of a long tunnel, in the other the light recedes with each lengthening stride towards the realm of darkness.

## MANUSCRIPT DISCOVERED IN A BOTTLE

*Seven years ago a traveller, voyaging through strange seas of thought alone, wrote down some of his impressions and committed them, sealed in a bottle, to the deep. This bottle was recently cast upon a friendly shore. The manuscript is reprinted below. It needs no further comment.*

*"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales."—  
Tennyson.*

When one considers that, speaking generally, since Man first put in an appearance on this globe up to 1914, the fastest means of movement on land had been the wheel and the horse and, on the sea, the sail and the wooden boat, and that, within 20 years from 1914, distance had been conquered to the tune of 11,000 miles in three days, one cannot help feeling that we stand now, like William Blake's agitated group, on the edge of the unknown, gazing apprehensively into space. These 20 years have chopped the history of the world—the course of mankind—in two; to-morrow will bear little semblance to yesterday. There has been virtually no twilight; only the very shortest transition period. The effect on the army is to be as great and as sudden as it will be on the community. The soldier has as much need as anyone else to single out tendencies that will guide him at least a few years ahead and along which he can direct his policy and so regain the constructive control which he seems in danger of losing. In other words, he must search always for the inevitable.

To illustrate what I mean, I put forward two such tendencies for consideration.

There are two factors, more than any others, which seem about to make a great difference to the organization and tactics of armies. The first is the accuracy of air bombing; the second is the increasing loads that aircraft are being designed to carry.

### *The Accuracy of Air Bombing*

It seems futile that, in mobile warfare, aircraft should continue to indicate to artillery where and when to drop their shells, when the machine in the air can engage such targets itself with many advantages over the air-cum-gun method. The aeroplane can engage a target as soon as it is seen; can strike at a fleeting or moving target, and follow it up till it has destroyed or dispersed

it; it maintains direct observation from weapon to target throughout; it can interfere with the execution of the enemy's plans at a far greater range. It may be argued that the danger of losing a large number of aircraft under these conditions will be too great a risk to face. Against that argument it may be pointed out that it is more than likely that artillery reconnaissance machines will be shot down in fair numbers. It is true that an aeroplane is a more expensive equipment to risk than is a gun or even a section of guns, but its crew is even smaller than that of one gun. Men, more than machines, are precious in war; a fact that was fatally lost sight of in certain theatres in the Great War. We are soon to see a very large drop in the cost of aircraft comparable with the large drop in the cost of cars between 1914 and 1930. To-day one sees the tendency towards high speed in cars; such speeds as are not obtainable with reasonable safety on any roads in the world. There is this lust for speed tending towards claustrophobia and there is the outcry against the daily massacre on the roads. The inevitable result is that people must take to the air in their swarms as soon as aircraft are reasonably safe and that aircraft must cheapen as production rises. In any case, losses in war must be judged by the resulting losses and dislocation caused to the enemy. I maintain that direct air action will yield proportionately better results in mobile warfare than will indirect artillery action. It is incidental to say that gas, mechanised fighting vehicles and aircraft will keep wide areas of the next great war in a pretty fluid state. It does appear that the development of light weapons of accompaniment, of armoured fighting vehicles and the increased use of aircraft will tend to lessen the amount of field artillery required in battle, unless it is that field artillery is to make a radical change in its rôle and so in its equipment, tending to assume the nature of the tank.

Some people suggest that aircraft, instead of guns, could lay a smoke screen. For a big, deliberate operation this would be expedient and the idea needs development in peace; for any operation in which time is of importance it will probably be some years before communication is sure and quick enough to permit of such a use of aircraft. It is possible that our own aircraft will at times be used to screen our own movement some distance from the actual battle, e.g., the movement of columns on the road, or of tanks from and to points of concentration.

The British, we know, may have to fight in many parts of the world. It is, however, only against a first-class enemy that the

whole of the Regular Army will have to be employed, and in those places where we may have to fight a first-class enemy, there will almost always be found scope in the terrain for the employment of armoured fighting vehicles in large numbers. For other purposes, such as the internal security of the Empire or the punishment of tribes on our borders, only a part of our army will be needed and probably no more than the local garrison. There appears to be plenty of room yet for mechanization, provided that we can carry these vehicles by sea.

There is no doubt that, as mechanised forces become more and more mobile and are more frequently used, aircraft will be increasingly needed to assist them in its destructive rôle as well as in that of reconnaissance. It is obvious, too, that aircraft used with very mobile forces will reach out a considerable distance in order to obtain timely information or to take timely offensive action against an equally mobile enemy, and it is very probable that a mechanised force, in order to get full use of its aircraft at the right time, will be controlled from the air.

To simplify the argument, one can say in general terms that we need aircraft to fit into the modern army where cavalry and long-range guns were fitted in in the past. This is only partially accurate, like most general statements, but forms a fair assessment.

So there are increasing demands from the Army for aircraft for its own peculiar domestic needs. It can hardly be expected that the Royal Air Force can fully attend to these needs or train its personnel to the knowledge of land warfare that we will require. In these circumstances we in the Army must have infinitely more air experience than we have to-day for at present we know far less than we should of aircraft and their limitations, while those outside the Army who do know tend daily to talk a different language from us. It seems probable that the independent air force will tend to produce machines more suited to its own great scope than to Army needs and that, unless the Army will fend for itself, no one else is likely to have the time to fend for it, and rightly too, for its needs are probably not the earliest needs of a great war.

Before many years have passed aircraft will be as common as motors are on the ground to-day. It seems that we in the Army are neglecting to study the immense potential destructive power of aircraft used to produce a direct effect on things tactical, and that we do not realise that with mechanised forces it may be the only weapon that can reach far enough out

to influence the battle immediately before the forces engage, or to check a beaten enemy.

It must be apparent that with this great increase in aircraft, it will be a normal thing to allot machines for tactical interference with a hostile army, and that slow-moving or large columns will seldom be permitted by aircraft to make use of the main roads. Small and fast moving bodies may escape their attention. To take this to its logical conclusion, armies will tend to be carried on mechanical transport and to possess a very high proportion of A.F.V.s while a great deal of the maintenance will be done by air to avoid huge casualties among the supplying M.T.

The conclusion is that the time is arriving when the Army must be prepared to finance its own air arm and to man it, for its own peculiar needs.

#### *Increasing Aircraft Loads*

It is inevitable that the heavy transport plane must come into ordinary commercial use before long. Slow machines with a big lift will evolve in great numbers.

For the past hundred years, since Napoleon gained mobility by living on the country, we have, bit by bit, been losing it by dependence on our lines of communications. An era is coming when, by carrying stores by air, the Army will be less and less tied to its L. of C. This will give back the mobility we have lost and will make it possible for mechanised forces to operate over distances hitherto undreamt of, especially in those countries where they can live on the country as far as petrol and oil are concerned. But, even now, with aircraft as it exists at present, we can at least make detachments from our main force and maintain them for short periods at some distance from the L. of C. thus making wide turning movements once more possible. The autogyro helicopter may make the problem of air supply more simple in difficult country.

It seems, then, that the time is arriving when the Army needs a small experimental air transport service of its own on which later to build.

I do not intend to belittle the importance of the independent air force. In fact, I think it must be given greater prominence for it is hard to conceive its future limitations. In war the three services must work together for one common end. The independent air force will, however, always look wider than Navy or Army and it is wrong to bind it in to the domestic tactical needs

of the Army. These needs the Army should meet from its own resources. It must have its own air arm for reconnaissance, for offensive action and for transport.

To deprive the Army to-day of the right to pay for, to own or to use any type whatsoever of motor vehicle would be no greater injustice and no less inexpedient than, in the near to-morrow, to deprive it of its right to pay for, own and use aircraft for its own domestic purposes.

It is not germane to this paper but it is nonetheless of interest to speculate on the limitations that aircraft bombs have placed on combined operations in which the Navy seek to convoy and to land an Army on foreign soil in the face of an unbeaten shore-based enemy air force.

The deductions I have made from the two "factors" on which my argument is based are not all the deductions that can be drawn from them. For instance, we may urge that the new mode of fighting needs a new kind of infantryman.



## HUMMET WEST

[*The story of a railway station in Eritrea.*]

By "Cav"

On the railway between Agordat and Cheren there is a small station called Hummet. There may be a few Italian railway staff and local Eritreans who know of its existence. Nearby, for a few weeks, was the station called Hummet West. It does not exist any more, but it was well known to many hundreds of British and Indian troops in March, 1941. They probably remember it gratefully.

The Imperial advance into Eritrea started suddenly. When it was known that the Italians were evacuating Kassala, which town they had taken earlier in the war, the chase started, and continued until Agordat. Although the Indian Division engaged had not had time to concentrate, and battalions which had not arrived only caught up with difficulty, Agordat was captured, by very few troops, in a brilliant action. The advance had been rapid, and it was only possible to despatch light forces to hasten the Italian retreat. These light forces were stopped a few kilometres from Cheren.

Up to Cheren from the Sudan frontier the country is flat with steep "jebels" rising from the plain. Cheren stands on the edge of the Asmara plateau, and presents one of the few possible approaches onto the higher ground. Both the railway and the road here climb steeply and at one point are close together on opposite sides of the Dongolaas gorge. The "jebels" are joined together and only at Cheren is there a made approach onto the plateau. To north and south the escarpment is impressive and steep, and even mule tracks are few and difficult.

The advanced elements came under accurate fire from both sides of the gorge. The road had been effectively blocked. The forward Brigade seized high ground on the north of the road. This rose steeply, and half way up there was the railway eight hundred feet above the plain. At the spur of the hill there is a tunnel. That tunnel is "Cameron Tunnel."

The Italians had already occupied a permanent fort, guarding the gorge and other even higher crests, facing our position. They overlooked the approach, and could observe most of

our movements. Cheren was clearly a position of great natural strength, proof against armoured fighting vehicles and there was no back door. As the Indian Division assembled, so did Italian and Eritrean forces.

Maintaining troops on hill-tops is always a problem. At first food, water and ammunition were carried up by men to Cameron Tunnel and Cameron Ridge. Next, Italian mules captured at Agordat were lorried forward, Sappers and Miners made a mule track up the hillside to the railway, and this part of the lift was done by pack mules. We occupied more ground to the north, but so did the Italians, and they remained in command of the "observation." Their maintenance was easier, for the plateau gave them a start of twelve hundred feet.

To the foot of the mule track supply was by lorry. As more and more Italian artillery assembled at Cheren, their guns paid increasing attention to the lorries bringing stores and water to the mule track. One point all vehicles had to pass was soon named "Hell Fire Corner," and the mules, although out of sight at the foot of the hill, began to receive attention. It became clear that supply by this route, even by night, would be difficult. An alternative was ready. The railway, which finally supplied nine battalions of Infantry, a pack battery and three hundred mules, ran under our positions, and at Cameron Tunnel had climbed 800 feet.

The Eritrean Railway is single-line, and remarkable in many ways. The gauge, 95 centimetres, is unusual, and the curves and gradients are exceptional. For about 20 kilometres west of Cheren, the line climbs up to the plateau, winding round the valleys, and north of the gorge. The gradient is severe, long stretches being  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. It is a fine engineering achievement. For the most part the formation is cut out of the rock, and the hillside is sheer above and below.

On arrival, the Engineer Troops of the Division (Sappers and Miners) found the line little damaged. A first reconnaissance was done by a motor cyclist, who rode alongside the track, and only fell off four times. In a cutting near Hummet, where the climb begins, there were ten derailed stone wagons. In Cameron Tunnel there were three derailed wagons. In another tunnel, about two kilometres on our side of Cameron Tunnel, there were ten more derailed wagons and some mines. There were no booby traps and high viaducts over gullies, culverts and bridges had

been left intact. Three box wagons had been left at Hummet undamaged. There were no locomotives.

A Company of Sappers and Miners removed the smashed wagons in the cutting, and the rear tunnel. To do the work in the tunnel an acetylene cutting plant and a lighting set were necessary, and heavy jacks and timber baulks had to be taken up. It was one day's work to cut the top off a wagon at Hummet station, to try hauling it with a 15-cwt. Morris lorry, and to prepare short ramps so that the lorry could be put onto the wagon. It was impossible to turn the lorry on the narrow railway formation on the hillside, and therefore it was necessary to be able to put the vehicle onto the wagon. These first efforts all proved satisfactory. The lorry, with its tyres outside the rails, hauled the wagon, on which went up to the tunnel the new rails, jacks, electric lighting set, and other gear, and food, water and blankets for the men. Having unloaded on arrival, the lorry reversed onto the wagon, which then coasted back down the hill, a brakesman in control. From Hummet, where preparations were made, to the tunnel was 13 kilometres by rail and about seven for a crow.

All this happened in the first few days. Clearing the line was obvious Sapper work, and it was evident the line might be useful as a supply route, and save sweat of men and mules. Even before the tunnel was cleared, three small trolleys were taken to pieces, manhandled over the smashed wagons, and presented to the Infantry at Cameron Tunnel, so that they had a means of lateral transport. They were immediately of use, and helped in distributing stores from the head of the mule track to troops in positions above the railway. The fourth trolley found had a stranger destiny. A motor-cycle was mounted on it; the back wheel sprocket was cut in half, and welded to the trolley axle. This strange combination wrote off a motor-cycle, but the "M C Trolley" proved at once a valuable addition to the rolling stock. On this machine, the Sapper could go quickly to inspect work, and it was the fastest method of climbing to the tunnel area, and therefore in demand by officers who wished to visit forward units.

The Sappers finished the removal of wagons, brought them down to Hummet station and dispersed them along the line, repaired the track, and were about to commence other work when the attention paid by the enemy gunners to Hell Fire Corner, and the mules, made that route impossible for any convoys. A remarkable service of rail wagons, hauled by lorries, then commenced, and was perhaps the only alternative.

Wagons retrieved from the derailments were brought into service. They had been damaged, but had low sides and were made into "flats," ideal for the loading of small stores which would finally reach the troops by mule or by carrying parties. Each fortunately had a hand-operated brake, and with few modifications, such as removing the buffers and altering hooks, they could be used like the original wagon which took up stores to clear the tunnel. They were just long enough to take a water tank, across one end and yet leave room for the lorry to mount itself for the return journey.

The organization of this service had not gone far, nor had the demands on it grown, when the loading station, Hummet, had a nasty afternoon from medium artillery. The troops knew about dispersion and were dispersed; but this range was a new and surprising effort, and the Italian disliked these events at his late railway station. He could not, perhaps, see what was going on; but a lorry got burnt, there was other minor damage, and Hummet clearly was not a place to stay in.

To have started at a station further away, or to move there forthwith, was not quite the obvious solution. The lorries could not haul the wagons by night, for no lights could be used, and no driver could be expected to steer his vehicle, hauling a 15-ton wagon over embankments and bridges in the dark. It was important, therefore, to save time and going further back meant more time would be necessary in the round trip. The ballast at the side of the rail track was being torn out by the lorry tyres; this also slowed down the service.

The "station" therefore was moved away about three kilometres to the west, where the line was close to the main road, and out of sight of enemy O.P.s. Near this straight stretch of track, a notice was put up: "Railway Station." Units were informed where it had gone to, and it was named "Hummet West," by "A/Q" when he was told of these events. A further difficulty now arose. The last wagon down the hill had to be the first one up, so it had to be loaded quickly, and sent off again at once. Work was started on the ballast outside the rails, and with sand and gravel the track for the lorry tyres was rapidly improved. To avoid attention, this work was done at night, when the dust and men would not be seen.

The impudence of enemy gunner O.P.s, which occupied new heights on our flanks and increased the nuisance of "harassing fire," resulted in more troops being sent onto the hills above the

railway. This meant more "maintenance." To prepare for the final assault on Cheren it was necessary to dump in the forward area water, rations, ammunition, wire. The demand for transport therefore increased and despite croakings in the early days, the demand was met. A few knew the appointed day, and the organization settled down almost as routine.

The train service went twice a day: about dawn and about noon. Variation was good for the Italian. Each service was of six "flats," each hauled by a 15-cwt. lorry. They went off, one behind the other, to climb the 15 kilometres to the unloading stations, which were points on the hillside where there was enough room to unload and dump stores. Of these there were three: Bro East nearest Cheren; then Centre; and then Bro West. Bro East supplied most of the troops, and therefore the front four wagons usually went there. Centre and Bro West had one wagon each, numbers five and six. It was a strange sight to see the "flat" about to go, and quite amazing to see how much load a Morris lorry could pull. At one end, water in steel tanks: eight hundred gallons. Then, boxes of ammunition, grenades, wire, rations, biscuits; on top sandbags, tools, a few blankets; soldiers perched above, rejoining their units; an orderly with letters; and always a Sapper in charge of the brakes—a very important office. Perhaps an officer, with his greatcoat and a blanket, and minor necessities for his unit, who had been down for a conference (and a bath and a shave). The Sapper hauling lorry would arrive and back onto the coupling. More would be piled into the lorry. The total load of stores often exceeded 10 tons. The wagon ahead would be given a couple of hundred yards' start, and off went the next one. If all went well, with all six wagons, they might be back in three hours.

All did not always go well. The strain on the lorries, always in the lower gears, was considerable, and there were cooling and other troubles. The Italian did not seem to realise each little service towed towards his defeat about 40 lorry loads of stores, but the vehicles annoyed him, and most days he shelled the line at some point. He could see almost everything, and shelled any movement. One favourite stretch earned the name of "Windy Corner." The drivers deserve much praise. They could not leave the narrow but not straight path. Such careful steering is a great strain on the wrists, and against time, with other wagons behind them, they could not wait until things were quieter, but ground steadily up the line. Day after day the same

drivers took the wagons, for it was difficult work, and changes led to accidents and delays. Four times shell fire cut the rails. But a breakdown gang travelled on every service, on the last wagon, and it is surprising how quickly a rail can be changed. There were injuries, of course: two men were blown off a wagon by blast from a shell: a lorry went off the track and overturned: omelettes take eggs.

Water always tells a story. The ration on the hill was a gallon per man per day, and 10 for each mule. At the end, 56 tons was sent up each day, a reserve of 20,000 gallons was stored in bulk at the forward "Stations," and 20,000 more had been taken even higher up the hills in tins as battalion reserves. So with food and ammunition: it was near and ready.

As soon as the line, rising to Cameron Tunnel, had been seen, a loco, steam, Diesel, or petrol had been asked for. But converting a locomotive to a new guage, even a small Diesel, is not easy nor can it be done quickly, and perhaps workmen in a machine shop, hundreds of miles away, never knew how urgently they were required. Something which could run at night was essential. When Diesel Locos finally did come, they were of great value; but this was not until the eve of the battle for Cheren and by then we were confident of our lorry-hauled service, and had no wish to excite Italian attention. The Diesels were 75 B.H.P., and could haul only two wagons each on the severe gradients. In the meantime the situation was saved by work in the field, and a strange creature, the "Night Hawk," was built.

The risk of losing a day through a bad break in the line from shells or bombs was serious and something which would run on the rails and therefore useable at night was most urgently required. Sappers in a Division do not carry much machinery, but they have one lathe and one drill, and with these and ingenuity the "Night Hawk" was constructed. The ingredients were one wagon chosen because the brake gear over one axle had already been smashed, and could be cut out without tears; one captured lorry chosen for its good condition; and one piece of good luck. Who left, years ago, in the public eye near Hummet West, the chassis of a Fiat lorry, with chain drive to the back axle? These Fiat sprockets and chains were—oh—so valuable. It is not simple to get a lorry drive onto the axle of a railway wagon, but it was done, and the Fiat gearbox and chains made it possible. The "Night Hawk" took 10 days to make, final assembly being 24 hours' continuous work by keen men. It worked, and would run

at night without being steered. Too precious to risk by day, it was used in the dark, and hauled up 1,500 gallons of water on each trip. The fact that it would not pull in reverse at more than one mile an hour did not matter, for the return journey of all wagons on the steep gradient was always the fastest. The "Night Hawk" merely grumbled blue smoke from its ancient gear box, fearful of such dangerous speeds backwards, downhill!

There were asides. Putting in a turnout at Hummet West was an obvious improvement. The rails and points were fetched from Agordat and proved to be of a different section but that did not matter. To get water to Hummet West another train of two wagons and hauled by a lorry went back to a station where there was a supply and brought it forward, slopping about in canvas tanks. This was the "Water Ferry." The water lorries of all units helped too, bringing water to Hummet West, and a small pumping plant was put down to speed up refilling the tanks on the wagons.

The trolleys were a godsend. The line forward of Bro Fast to Cameron Tunnel went straight under Italian noses. They "shot up" this piece of line, by day, but only once warmed it up at night, although tons of stores went forward in the dark, within machine-gun range, on trolleys pushed by men or hauled by mules. Four trolleys were found on the line. One was disclosed by a local inhabitant, in exchange for treatment of the many family ailments. Later, one a day was manufactured, altering two-foot gauge axles brought from a gold mine 110 miles away. But the trolleys were a nuisance also. Several times those in charge let them go by mistake. They would hurtle down the line, and approach at 50 miles an hour. Quick work with a large stone would derail them, but more usually they ended their honourable career by hitting a wagon. Wagons are very solid, and do not mind little wooden trolleys.

Then too, there were unauthorised persons who would use part of the line as a road just as the hauling lorries used it. This was usually possible by arrangement and usually disastrous when otherwise. One night when a small water lorry met a wagon and was smashed the Sappers hardly commented; it was not their lorry. Next night when a petrol tin on the line derailed a wagon, they were quite furious and called for discipline and the removal of obstructions.

The traffic was not all one way. By the appointed date a space was cleared and a new track had been cut so that lorries

could return separately. During the battle many lorries came back in this way, leaving the wagon tops clear for wounded. The brakemen brought back many tender loads. At night the Diesel pushed up other wagons and these ran straight through on the return journey to the Main Dressing Stations—a journey of 23 kilometres. This evacuation of wounded by trolleys and rail must have saved much pain, and was preferable to a jolting ambulance. It was also quicker. Many prisoners and enemy wounded came back in the same way. All showed much surprise. The wagons bowling back, some with wounded, some with water tanks and some with lorries, were a strange sight.

Little can the Italian have known that on his railway went forth against him each day the sinews of war: hauled in his wagons; each night water, hauled in his wagons, towed by bits off two of his lorries. For he left us sufficiently alone. The preparations went on, the trolleys each night, the wagons each day. Finally the assault was possible. In a few days he cracked and was broken.

With him went "Hummet West." It will never be a station again.



## YOUR HOME BEFORE YOU RETIRE

By ASLIM

In the July issue of this Journal was a very interesting and valuable article by JOYCEY, entitled "Your Home when you retire." This subject—and the ramifications of it—is one to which far too little thought is given; and while one can find little with which to disagree in what "Joycey" has written, it is felt that officers may like to hear of the tackling of a similar problem approached from a different angle.

The problem facing the writer was that, after a spell in England, he was returning to India and expecting to retire in seven or eight years. There were many personal reasons why his family could not accompany him at the time, the one which is likely to be a common factor in many officers' problems being that he was going to a non-family station. On top of this was the question of children to educate; grandparents, aunts and other relations were not well situated for such a responsibility, and in any case it was decided that it was preferable that the children should have a home with their mother rather than with relations; after all, taking this view does not prevent the wife going abroad for six months' holiday nor the husband from getting Home leave, and the period of separation can be brought within reasonable limits.

The factors which guided the writer in the choice of locality were somewhat different from those affecting JOYCEY's choice. In the first place the real country was ruled out because of the education problem. The children were too young to go to a boarding school and so the choice lay between day schools and a resident governess. (Admittedly, elementary daily education *can* be come by in the country, but it is the exception to find anything satisfactory, and if it proves unsatisfactory it is difficult to effect a change. A resident governess, apart from direct expense, involves much indirect disbursement: a larger house, bigger rent and higher rates; possibly an extra servant; bigger butcher's, grocer's, dairy and other household bills; extra lighting; to say nothing of the probable expenditure of your wife's patience and tact. Day schools having, then, been decided on, it followed that a "residential" area where there are many other

children wanting day schools was the alternative. Few families about to set up a home have any sentimental or other ties attaching them to any particular "residential" area, and in the writer's case the choice was dictated by distance from the place where he was then living. Except for an occasional long expedition on Sundays the radius of search was limited to areas within motor-ing distance on weekday afternoons or evenings. In the Home Counties this small radius will be found to include a number of localities entirely suitable from the points of view of health, type of country and type of neighbourhood.

The next point to decide in establishing the home was whether a furnished or unfurnished house was wanted, and if the latter, whether to lease, buy or build. Many people have a "few sticks of furniture" waiting for them, furniture which parents are only too willing to make available, and can usually spare, to start their sons and daughters in a new home. If such is the case, or even if it isn't, one's own furniture is always so much nicer than anybody else's, and if it can possibly be managed, an unfurnished house should be aimed at. More about furniture later.

The great advantage of buying or building over leasing is that a lease will never coincide with the period the house is required and the tenant—your wife—is almost certain to be worried at some future time with either trying to sub-let the small remainder of her lease—a broken period which will not suit anybody—or with trying to get an extension—and once more not knowing if the extended period is going to be convenient; whereas, on the other hand, if the house is your own you are not going to have any anxieties of that nature unless and until you decide to give up the house; you can then sell it or lease it without any restrictions other than those you impose or relax yourself.

There is much to be said for building and it must be great fun. The writer, however, decided against building for the following reasons. In the first place there wasn't time and there seldom will be for people similarly situated unless the wife is prepared to tackle the job single-handed. Next, either you take the advice of your architect or builder and find you have incorporated all the features, architectural and domestic, which he insisted upon and you really didn't want, or you overrule him and find he was right after all. There is some truth in the saying that it is the second house you build which will be a success.

When you start looking for the new home you are going to establish, you start off full of enthusiasm and the spirit of adventure. But take warning: acute depression supervenes as disappointment follows disappointment and expedition after expedition results in nothing but fatigue.

JOYCE has considerably understated the house agent's optimism in regard to what he hopes to persuade you to buy. "Five bed-, three recep-" is not an unusual standard at which army officers will aim; this statement of your requirements will not prevent the agent from pressing you, or misleading you, into inspecting a house with 10 bedrooms and a billiard-room. Such a house will be a real "bargain;" but it is, of course, a white elephant, and its owners are selling it dirt-cheap because they cannot afford its upkeep in maintenance, repairs, servants, rates and taxes. Sometimes you will come across a real "gem," both architecturally and domestically—almost the dream house. The owner is asking double what you are prepared to offer but you assume that the agent knows that he is anxious to sell and will come at least half way to meet you. You will be wrong; the owner is insulted by your offer—and you sympathise with him—and you go away with your tail between your legs. Other minor unpleasantnesses are to be met with when a tenant, having a house sold over his head, receives you with hostility and when an occupant won't trust you out of his sight, even in the hall, to enable you to discuss things with your wife.

One develops quite a new vocabulary when house-hunting and one term which arouses a little curiosity is "an enter-and-return drive." It means a drive where you go in forwards but come out backwards.

Any wise amateur will have his house "vetted" before he commits himself. This may develop into a most depressing procedure. A surveyor likes to charge for his services a percentage on the value of the house; but as the value of the house should depend to some extent on the result of the survey, this method of assessing the fee seems unsound. The writer, after some discussion, persuaded the surveyor to charge 10 guineas per house. For that charge the surveyor twice made it quite clear that otherwise eminently suitable houses, discovered after much toil and perseverance, were shocking bad investments—jerry-built—no foundations—roof in need of replacement—liabilities of one sort, or another. The number of times one can throw 10 guineas

down the drain is limited, and every throw disheartening; but still it is better to throw guineas down the drain by the 10 than by the thousand, and to dispense with survey would be madness.

One snag which must be watched is the private or "undeveloped" road. Such a road is liable to be taken over by the local borough or rural council, and before it is taken over they will insist on its being brought up to council standards. For the compulsory pleasure of having your lane maintained by the council, you may therefore find yourself charged up to £1 per foot of frontage. Beware in particular of corner-houses which may have 400 feet of road frontage.

A little advice as to "decoration." It is only human nature that, while your predecessors are quite content with the state of the house, you will consider it in a disgusting condition and in need of renovation from top to bottom. Getting in a "builder and decorator" to do up your house is a very quick way of spending money, while your own efforts are not likely to be entirely satisfactory. A compromise is probably the best. Get a builder to do the two most important rooms in the house—the kitchen and the drawing-room—and do the rest yourself (assuming that only painting and colour-washing are required). £15 will be ample in most cases for brushes, paints, washes, etc., for a small house, inside and out. Before the war a builder would charge about £6 for one small room. Start yourself on the less important rooms; you will be surprised how much better your last efforts are than your first. Keep your mouth shut when white-washing a ceiling or painting the roof gutters.

JOYCEY has said that it is extraordinary how many odd things find a home in the garage. He is not sufficiently emphatic. Prams, bicycles, scooters, children's wheelbarrows, and innumerable treasures make separate accommodation for these "odd things" almost indispensable. The writer wanted to get a "lean-to" added to the existing garage, to accommodate all this junk. Every builder and odd-job man in the neighbourhood was consulted and no estimate under £25 could be obtained. In desperation he decided to build the blasted thing himself, and found that £12 spent on materials covered the cost of everything, including a concrete floor, and more than half of this went on tiles for the roof—a local building condition. The only "cheating" was that some old cucumber frames were incorporated as windows. The building has stood for six years and is the cause

of great satisfaction to the amateur builder who incidentally discovered that this type of building is not really a "lean-to!" it is a "hang-on."

Intending home builders will complain that it is not everybody who can splash £12 here and £15 there. Every individual, is, of course, the best judge of his own finances and extras must be curtailed; but when once the adventure of establishing a home of your own has been embarked upon and the necessary capital is to be raised, an extra £100 in the initial outlay will enable you to indulge in improvement for which you will find it much harder to find £100 when you have settled in.

To return to furnishing. The writer and his wife between them could raise a dining-room table, a sideboard, a cabinet, a wardrobe, a chest of drawers, a "secretaire" and a couple of oak chests; in addition they had adequate crockery, etc., and a few rugs to go on the drawing-room floor. It sounded a good start, and so it was; many thanks are due to generous parents and to friends who had "weighed in" with useful wedding presents. And this nucleus of furniture was of a much better standard than anything likely to be acquired later. But it represented a meagre proportion of what was required to furnish a house. You will notice that all rooms except the dining room are devoid of any sort of seating accommodation and have no tables or bookshelves. There is not one bed or mattress and no floor coverings at all except the few rugs. All the bed rooms, maid's bed room, nursery and dressing-room require cupboards, dressing tables, chests of drawers, toy chests, etc. And what about curtains? The kitchen needs cupboards, cooking pots and perhaps a stove. Add to these housemaid's implements, dustbins and coal scuttles, and you will be able to carry on while you are finding out all the other "essentials."

It is not however, necessary to be too depressed. Assuming that "antiques" can be dispensed with, patience and pertinacious attendance at sales in local auction rooms and at houses of a standard similar to one's own will produce all that is required at a very reasonable cost; not ideal, of course, but adequate and satisfactory. Gaps can also be filled in by the purchase of white-wood furniture at the local ironmonger, to be painted at home.

Is this home, established primarily for the education of children, to be a home for final retirement? A difficult question to answer. It was certainly not originally intended as such, but

whether or no it will so develop is a matter for individual decision. The answer probably depends a great deal on how the retired officer intends to spend his "declining" years, and that is a problem to which all-too-little thought is given. The writer has often asked contemporaries how they are going to employ themselves on retirement and the answer has always indicated, vaguely, perpetual leisure—and boredom. It is ridiculous to think that a man with 20 useful years ahead of him need willingly become a drone. Employment, remunerative or unremunerative, will defer the "decline" for a long period. And the selection of a home after retirement will largely depend on what occupation is contemplated or hoped for. In many cases it will probably be found that a home established before retirement will result in ties and friendships which may lead to employment after retirement. In such cases, unless there is a hereditary home waiting, or some similar call, the perpetuation of the home established before retirement will offer many attractions.

That is a problem the writer has yet to face. Meanwhile his home has given him several years of mental peace. Before this war started, domestic complications which go with courses, non-family stations, "small wars," Munich crises, etc., have been avoided; while a home to go to on furlough and at which to leave things and find them again has given a sense of security. And since the war it has been a comfort to know that there is only one peripatetic member of the family, now on his second tour overseas. If a bomb drops on one's own house it is admittedly more inconvenient than if it drops on one's landlord's house; on the other hand, the knowledge that one has a "stake in the country" may perhaps help one to carry out one's duty with a grimmer determination.

## MOSUL TO DEIR-EZ-ZOR

### A MECHANISED MOVE—LOW SCALE

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. MACKENZIE.

"There's the crossing," said my driver, as the old Ford panted round the last sandhill and came out on to the sandy shore of the Euphrates where it sloped down to the river. I was disappointed: I had imagined a bridge and a pleasant drive in after a day full of fatigue and adventure.

We drove down to the water's edge and halted below a small block house, the only building within sight. There was no sign of activity on our bank, no boats, no ferry: just the blazing sun going down in front of us, and on the other side was the city, and the usual scene: women filling water jars, *dhobis* at work, and smoke going up from the fires of the evening meal.

This was exasperating; literally not a soul in sight on the Eastern bank. And so I turned towards the block house and as I did so a figure in a blue uniform with two stripes on his arm came to meet me. "Bon soir caporal," I remarked, cheerfully pulling out my best French, "Je desire aller a Deir Ez Zor." "A ce moment? Mais apres sept heure il est defendu." "Defendu." Impossible! Il faut que j'arrive chez M. le Gouverneur pour le diner." This was a half truth, as I had in my pocket an introduction to the Military Governor and in any case I hoped it might galvanise the corporal into action; but nothing of the sort happened. In a cool and indifferent tone he explained that the ferry did not work after 7 P.M. and that all the ferry men had gone home and were now literally or metaphorically in the bosoms of their families and there wasn't the slightest chance of their appearing before 6 A.M. next morning. With that he walked back into the block house.

This was the last straw and I was about to follow him with some choice remarks in my mother tongue when he appeared again and, to my surprise, remarked, "If monsieur would not mind a paliasse for the night, I could accommodate him in the post and perhaps provide a little dinner?" Never had a soft answer turned away wrath more quickly. Forgotten were my horrid thoughts on French administration in general and the absent ferry men in

particular. I had had visions of spending the night hungry and uncomfortable in the back of the old Ford with my strange companions, a Jewish Rabbi and his servant. Sanctified spiritually the Rabbi may have been, but not with soap and water.

I had left Mosul early in the morning, expecting to be in Deir-ez-Zor about tea time: I had taken the precaution of bringing some sandwiches and a water bottle (military pattern) with me. The Rabbi and his servant shared the back seat with a mountain of kit between them; I preferred the Mosulawi driver as companion.

Before we started, I noticed the floor was littered with inner tubes, many of them already heavily patched; so many of them in fact were there that I took them to be part of the very mixed cargo we were carrying. Later I discovered their purpose. After half a dozen false starts, I thought we were really going to clear the market place when I felt a tap on my shoulder and heard the voice of the Rabbi's servant saying in confidential tones: "Exguse me, zir, but you will take zis for me in your case?" and with that he tried to slip a little sealed box into my hands. Of all the brass cheek. Without any explanation as to its contents he thought I was going to smuggle some foul drug, or musk or jewelry into Syria for him. In vain he pointed out that the customs authorities would never search the kit of a British Officer, or if they did, would never break a sealed packet. All I had to say was that it was "a little present for Madame" and they would understand. It was all so simple; did I not understand? I didn't, and I repeated my refusal in English, Urdu and French, followed by a mixture of all three. I appealed to His Holiness in the back seat but, beyond a non-committal murmur from the depths of his beard, got little change out of him. In fact I was beginning to wonder whether he was an interested party when the driver decided matters by getting in to gear and chugging out of the serai.

We hadn't gone 10 miles when there was a resounding pop and the car swerved into some loose sand and came to a halt: the driver switched off and unconcernedly garlanding himself with one of the spare inners went round to the back of the car, got out the jack and did the necessary. This procedure was repeated at hourly intervals till we reached the frontier, where we were duly challenged and required to report at the Customs. It was a mid-day in August and a very sleepy inspector looked at our passports



and gave us documents to sign. I had no intention of arguing the point but when he indicated the dotted line on a document that was upside down, I jibbed. I wish his photo could have been taken at that moment. Was he really illiterate, or did he think I was trying to get at him? I shall never be certain. I presumed the clerical party had got away with their sealed packet or else bribed it through; anyway I had just got back into the car and was throwing my raincoat over the back seat when the now familiar voice remarked, "Excuse me sir," and, without the faintest sign of a blush extracted the packet from one of the pockets of my coat. When I got my breath back, we had a good laugh—what else could one do with such a man?

The car had only just got clear of the village where the Customs Post was situated when, crossing a small *nala*, we saw a man, carrying a rifle, running towards us. Perhaps he wanted loot, or perhaps only a lift. Anyway the driver waved him off, the Rabbi shook his beard at him, the pickpocket said valla and I added "no room old son" and thought the matter finished when there was a loud bang. This time it wasn't a back tyre and it was quickly followed by another and the bullet ricocheted off the radiator. Fortunately the road in front was moderately good, the ruts being not more than a foot deep, so the driver trod on the gas and the cloud of dust we raised must have put up a useful smoke screen and we had no further trouble from the gentleman behind.

From now on we ran for several hours between red-hot boulders and deep ruts of sand: the old car stood it marvellously well but eventually the inevitable happened and the cap of the radiator blew off. The driver and I bent double and it was while I was gazing at the floor boards that I noticed we had only two inner tubes left: in other words we could only enjoy another couple of bursts. After the radiator had stopped pretending to be a geyser, we all got out and the driver emptied the last *chagal* of water into it to make up for some of the water lost: I pulled the cork out of my water-bottle and inserted a finger: the water would have done nicely for shaving, so I virtuously offered it to the radiator. The next two hours passed without incident, except that we were all developing a raging thirst and it was with a cry of relief, nearly equal to Xenophon's "Thalassa, Thalassa," that we came over a ridge and saw the Euphrates just below us. At the same moment there was a familiar pop but nothing could stop us now and we bumped down the slope to the water's edge

The water was grey and thick, full of suspended matter commonly known as mud and was only a few degrees cooler than our bodies—but it was wet. I thought of chlorination, filtration and pot. permang. and all the horrors of coccis, cholera and the typhoid group, but none of them stopped me. The only precaution I used was to take out my whisky flask and hope that a 50% mixture would kill the germs—it did, and me too nearly.

It was from this point that we ran alongside the east bank of the river till we reached the ferry post opposite Deir-ez-Zor.

F. M.

## SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE BLITZ

BY CAPTAIN G. R. W. BEAL

*"And gentlemen in England now cbed . . . ."*

There was no real reason, or perhaps to put it better, there was no absolute urgency to go to town, but as the oldest inhabitant had so succinctly put it in the pub the evening before, "We can't let that there 'titer stop us doing ordinary things."

My first contact with the blitz came at a neighbouring town in the shape of a little rat-faced, shifty looking man, who, as the train pulled out from that station, said to the carriage at large, "We can't stick it ye know."

The conversation in the carriage stopped, and its inhabitants regarded the shifty looking man uncomfortably. He was obviously not a West country man and, perhaps, therefore, to be classified as a foreigner. Then, just as the conversation was about to start again (for we talk more in our railway carriages now), he reiterated his remark. Again there was a silence. Then a youngish woman sitting beside him opened her mouth:

"Can't stick wot?" she said.

Her tone was almost belligerent.

"This 'ere bombing," he said. "Lost me 'ouse I 'ave."

The carriage made noises of sympathy and seemed prepared to leave it at that; but not so the little lean man.

"T'ain't worth it, ye know," he said. "T'ain't right. Can't ask people to put up with this sort of thing."

A man—sitting in the far corner, who up till then had been playing with a little girl, took his pipe out of his mouth and surveyed the man critically.

"You're English, aren't you " he said.

"Yus," was the reply, "wot of it "

"Well," said the quiet man, "I think we will be able to stick what the Spaniards stuck in Barcelona, and a bit more. I admit I have not seen any of it yet, but if I know my fellow countrymen at all, which I think I do, Hitler is going to get nothing out of this show."

"That's all very well," said the other, "but I tell you London won't stick it, and it ain't right to ask 'em to."

The man in the corner stirred uneasily.

"What would you have thought," he said, "if the lads at Dunkirk had turned round half way through the show and said that "

"I ain't no perishing soldier. I ain't bloomin' well going to be. Anyway, wot's it got to do with you?"

The other sighed gently, and gathering the little girl from the seat opposite him, and removing some suitcases from the racks, he opened the door of the carriage and piloted the party into the corridor.

"The air, I think," he said, "will be fresher out here." And he left.

Thus ended the episode of the first and last Englishman I met who could not take it.

The next realisation of the blitz was when we stopped and sat in the train for over an hour and a half outside a suburban junction. The third realisation when on arrival at the junction we were told that a London station was out of action. Enquiries about return trains and kindred matters delayed me for some ten minutes on the station after the train got in, and my fellow passengers had all gone their several ways when I left the station.

I walked down the exit steps to the road side by side with a Tommy in battle dress. As we did so it struck me that there was something odd, something missing, something un-London-like about it all. As we started to cross the road I suddenly realised what it was. All the traffic had stopped, and apart from a couple of people who were running quite rapidly along the pavement towards us there was not a soul to be seen. Just at that moment there came the sound overhead of aeroplane engines, and in foolish and idle curiosity I turned to look at them. As I did so one of the planes broke formation and seemed to dive direct at the station itself. I am afraid my reflexes were not working very quickly. I was just preparing to stand and gape, when a hefty smack in the back propelled me across the road and under an archway, and I realised that Thomas Atkins was shouting in my ear all sorts of encouragement to head for cover because the "beggar was a Bosche"

From beyond the archway a voice called to us, "In here, in here." And we nipped across a small courtyard and down a flight

of steps towards a doorway which was marked "Shelter," at the door of which was an A. R. P. warden calling to us. The steps were rather steep and I was preparing to take my time negotiating them when somewhere behind us was one of the most colossal crashes I have ever heard in my life. The warden ducked: Thomas Atkins said a few of those things that only Thomas Atkins can say on these occasions; and I arrived inside the shelter with my coat tails almost up the back of my neck. My progress was stopped by a large and odoriferous gentleman who had obviously not washed for many moons, but who had a particularly genial and unperturbed smile.

"Come in out of the rain, ducky," he said, "or you're likely to get wet."

Inside the shelter were all sorts and conditions of people, but I saw absolutely no sign of panic. Indeed one little incident is perhaps significant of the attitude of these people to the whole business. The way into the shelter was open, and possessed no form of barricade to stop blast or splinters from a bomb should it fall directly in front of the doorway. A young fellow noticed this, and also noticed that a girl who was sitting on the end of one of the benches was in the direct line for any such blast or splinter. Getting up from where he was sitting he went across to her and said, "I think you had better have my seat. It's a bit draughty where you are."

She looked at him for a moment, then at the doorway, and then realising quite what sort of a draught he implied, shook her head.

"That," he said, "is quite silly," and picking her up quietly bundled her into his seat and sat fairly and squarely on that which she had left.

As one does on these occasions, people talked in rather hushed voices, and when the all-clear at last sounded the sudden spontaneous roar of London coming to life again reminded me most forcibly of "In Town To-night" on the wireless, when the announcer says "Carry on London."

When we emerged from the shelter, which everybody did as fast as they could in order to catch buses, trams, etc. and get home for tea. The first sight that met our eyes was really humorous. Sitting on the pavement outside the station, their slouch hats on the back of their heads, their feet in the gutter,

smoking, and playing chukey stones, were about fifty or sixty Australian soldiers, whose one concern in life seemed to be to find out from everybody who passed, if a 76 bus ran anywhere round there. Apparently they have been there all the time!

Night was spent in a flat in a garden square, where I found myself a sort of unofficial lord of a minor harem. The two bright young things, one of them married by the way, who normally inhabited the flat had been reinforced by a third, and no sooner had I arrived than they propounded to me the day's great problem. Namely, should we feed then and there before the evening blitz started, or should we transport to the basement with us some form of cold support, or should we leave the supper on the table in the flat and dash up between bombs and see what we could do about it. Disliking consuming a meal at its wrong time intensely, and not being as agile as I used to be, and also quite frankly not really being prepared to argue for my supper with a thousand-kilo bomb, I plumped for the middle course. We were in the middle of our preparations for our basement picnic when the evening alert went, as the harem plaintively complained, an hour early. I must say we made a picturesque gathering. Myself in a gent's natty suiting, less collar, tie and coat (for I knew only too well the agonies of trying to sleep in them) over which I had pulled a Free Forester sweater, the property of my hostess's husband; the harem in various forms of beach pyjamas and corduroy bags of rainbow hue, and in one case I must say positively devastating cut. On top of each member's head was balanced the blankets, eiderdowns, pillows, etc., with which they intended to make their night's rest as comfortable as possible, while any spare arms, elbows, and even teeth, were used to manhandle the baskets of provender.

Apparently our preparations for the night had taken such a time that when we arrived in the room provided in the basement for the tenants of the flat to use it was full. Various muffled and surly looking figures were deeply ensconced in every sofa or arm-chair, and the legs stretched forth from the same sofas or arm-chairs occupied every vacant foot of floor space. Finally a large notice saying "No smoking" decided us to try the passage outside. Here we packed down like sardines. One of the harem ensconced herself on a somewhat rickety settee, the two others and myself giving a somewhat somnulent version of the thorn between two roses. First we ate supper, and then on my suggestion the

party tried to settle down for the night. Here I found I had the bulge on the harem. Years spent sleeping on chairpots, camp beds, and nullah beds had accustomed my frame to sleeping where and when it was laid down. The roses, it must be confessed, were a blamed nuisance. First of all they wanted to talk. Secondly they seemed utterly unable to lie on the same side for more than thirty seconds put together. Thirdly, one of them, the married one, when she did get to sleep kicked like a mule. Fourthly the lady on the settee was under the impression that every bang she heard was a bomb, and quite failed to realise that three-quarters of the noise going on was one of our own anti-aircraft guns that was situated not too far away and whose crew must have put up very nearly a record for the number of shells in the air at the same time. Indeed, firm action had to be taken with this lady, who was not in the least panic-struck but insisted on keeping aloud a tally of the bombs dropped for her own edification. The steps taken to reduce her to a sense of the correct behaviour in communal shelters will not be divulged.

One thing that did strike me, for the short period that I was awake during the night when bombs were falling, was the amazing promptitude with which police cars, and I presume A.F.S. and A.R.P. personnel, were getting to the scene of trouble. Hardly did a bomb fall before one heard a whistle, and the drone of a car heading in the direction of the crash. The organisation must be superb.

The "All-Clear" coincided with dawn, and the first thing I did was to open the sitting room windows and walk out on to the balcony. It was a grevish dawn, and had been raining slightly. I looked about to see what damage had been done. At one time it had certainly sounded as if bombs had fallen all round us, yet look as I would I could not find a single brick out of place. Down below in the street a black cat was disconsolately washing his face. Further along the road a horse and cart, a delivery van of some sort, was proceeding at a steady amble. All was peace.

Returning inside I went to see how the harem were faring. From the bathroom came the sounds of song; evidently one of the ladies believed in having a bath whatever happened during the night. From the kitchen came the pungent and crisp smell of frying bacon. From the room at the far end of the flat a vision appeared in dressing gown and pyjamas, who announced that the programme was breakfast and then sleep. I gave the harem full

marks for breakfast. Not only were the sausages and the bacon superbly done, but one would hardly have recognised in the embryo film stars who surrounded the table, clad I must say almost disconcertingly transparently, the rather dishevelled and somewhat sleepy-eyed lasses which the "All-Clear" had disclosed.

That really finishes this story of the blitz, but one little anecdote of the aftermath of that night may be amusing. The city branch of the Westminster Bank had every window in the place blown in that night. At ten o'clock next morning workmen were busy repairing the damage with new glass. And that was the spirit I found all over London.



## **THE OPERATIONS IN THE SOUTHERN DESERT, IRAQ, 1927-28**

BY CAPTAIN W. J. M. SPAIGHT.

The operations carried out in the Southern Desert of Iraq from November 1927 to June 1928, to repel raiders from Nadj, are of interest because they were brought to a successful conclusion by the offensive action of the air arm alone. The enemy was similar in characteristics to the Pathan of the North West Frontier of India and the terrain resembled that over which our forces are now operating in the Middle East. Military considerations were secondary to political. While the operations were themselves of minor importance, had they not been carried out effectively Iraq might have been faced with a large scale invasion from Nadj.

The writer's sole justification for this article is that he had the good fortune to be employed as a pilot with No. 70 Squadron R.A.F. throughout the operations.

### *Events leading up to the Operations*

The Southern Desert of Iraq has always given trouble to the rulers of Mesopotamia. The desert stretches South and West from the Euphrates valley right across Arabia. For a distance of about 300 miles south of the towns of Samawah and Nasirveh on the Euphrates there are no permanent dwellings. During the winter months, after the rains, there is grazing for animals and water in hollows all over the area. The desert is then visited by nomadic tribes. In the hot weather, when all pools and nallahs dry up, water is only found in occasional deep wells, grazing is non-existent and the Arab only travels for necessity or loot. On account of the shortage of water, when the frontier with Nadj was demarcated, a neutral zone was left in the extreme south which contains most of the wells in the area, in order that the inhabitants of both countries could have free access to the water.

The tribes on the fringe of the Euphrates valley are semi-nomadic and in winter move out into the desert to graze their flocks. While in the desert they have, normally, in the past had to pay money to the desert tribes to gain immunity from raids. On return to the settled districts they have objected to paying taxes to a government which could not protect them. At times

the desert tribes have actually carried out large raids into the cultivated lands of Mesopotamia proper.

The Turkish government attempted to control the desert border by the establishment of forts some way out into the desert, but they were never successful and after the loss of some forts abandoned the scheme. When the British government took over the mandate of Mesopotamia they formed a Camel corps, circa 1922, for the protection of the Southern desert, but this was destroyed by the tribes. For some years no definite steps were taken to ensure the security of Iraq inhabitants in the southern desert. In 1925 a small fort was built, and occupied by the Iraq Army, at Abu Ghar, but this only guarded a small sector of the frontier.

The rise to power of Ibn Sa'ud, the Wahabi Sheik of Riyadh, altered the situation. Since 1913 this chief had been engaged in a continuous war of conquest, the climax of which was the capture of Mecca in 1926. During this period he had gained control of almost the whole of the Arabian peninsula. A large force of fanatical tribesmen, called the 'Akhwan'—a military brotherhood—were the basis of Ibn Sa'ud's army. The Akhwan are austere Muslims who look upon Sunni and Shiah alike as heretics. The sole object of the Akhwan was war, and unless Ibn Sa'ud could keep them at war it was quite possible that they would get out of hand. In an endeavour to settle them on the land Ibn Sa'ud placed the Akhwan in colonies on his borders. The colonists of the Mutair tribe soon started raids against the Iraq nomads in the Southern Desert. Efforts by the British and Iraq governments to settle the matter through diplomatic channels with Ibn Sa'ud failed. In 1927 it was decided that a new post, farther south than Abu Ghar, would be more effective and a Fort was commenced at Busaiya, where there were some important wells frequently used by raiders.

On the 5th November 1927 this post was attacked by a body of Mutair Akhwan, whose chief was Faisul ad Dawish. The post was almost completed but had not been garrisoned. The sole occupants were ten Iraq policemen and about twelve workmen. The attack was launched after dark, the fort gates were open and some of the men were sleeping outside. All the occupants were killed and mutilated; amongst the dead was a woman, who was also mutilated. One of the policemen had been visiting a nearby encampment at the time of the attack; he at once fled towards the Iraq Army post at Abu Ghar, about 30 miles away. This man

brought the news of the attack next day; and a wireless message was sent to Shaibah but aircraft failed to locate the raiders, who had crossed the border by this time.

Killing of women is most unusual in Arabian tribal warfare and mutilation of women almost without precedent. Shortly afterwards some Iraqi shepherds were killed by raiders in the neutral zone and their dead bodies thrown down wells. The fouling of water is also most unusual in the desert. This pointed to a particularly bitter feeling among the Akhwan. The attack on the fort was a definite challenge to the Iraq government and operations had to be undertaken to establish the situation.

#### *Forces Available*

In November 1927 the defence of Iraq was the responsibility of the Air Officer Commanding. Ground forces had been reduced until only one battalion of Indian Infantry, the Iraq Army and the Iraq Levies remained. No serious trouble had occurred in the country for some years and the Air Force strength had recently been reduced by three squadrons. The following Royal Air Force units only were available:

No. 6 (A.C.) Squadron	(Bristol Fighters)	at Mosul.
No. 30 (B) Squadron	(D.H. 9-A)	at Hinaidi.
No. 55 (B) Squadron	(D.H. 9-A)	at Hinaidi.
No. 70 (B) Squadron	(Victorias and Vernons)	at Hinaidi.
No. 84 (B) Squadron	(D.H. 9-A)	at Hinaidi.

In addition there were sections of R.A.F. Armoured Cars (Rolls Royce), stationed at Basra, Hinaidi, Kirkuk and Mosul.

The Iraq Levies were stationed in the hill country on the North and North-East frontiers. The Iraq Army was not equipped to maintain large forces in the desert. The one Indian Infantry battalion (3 5th Mahratta Light Infantry) was stationed at Hinaidi. The situation in the Mosul district was unsettled, where Sheikh Ahmed of Barzan was threatening to give trouble.\* It was thus necessary to leave No. 6 Squadron and some Armoured Car sections at Mosul.

The striking force was therefore reduced to three R.A.F. Squadrons (Nos. 30, 55 & 84), to be supplied by No. 70 Squadron and supported by about four sections of Armoured Cars. The

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\* Operations were undertaken against Ahmed of Barzan about five years later.

Iraq Army was available to garrison all posts of a semi-permanent nature. No. 30 Squadron was kept in reserve and was only employed in the operations for a short period in the spring of 1928.

*First Phase. 5th November 1927—8th January 1928*

On receipt of the news of the massacre at Busaiya, No. 84 Squadron was moved to Abu Ghar and supplied by aircraft of No. 70 Squadron, operating from Shaibah. Armoured cars were sent to Busaiya and coolies were flown out by 70 Squadron to complete the fort. Active patrolling of the southern desert was carried out by 84 Squadron. Diplomatic negotiations were entered into with Ibn Sa'ud. Aircraft were forbidden to cross the border into Nadj. Steps were taken to withdraw Iraq tribes away from the border, in order to make the identification of enemy raiding parties easier. The tactics of the Akhwan, at this period, were to approach the border riding camels, perhaps two men to a camel, leading horses. At convenient wells, near the Iraq frontier, they would leave their camels, under a small guard, and mounted on horses carry out a swift raid into Iraq. They frequently travelled by night to avoid air observation. Knowing that they were safe across the border, they sometimes halted to rest either before or after the raid at a camp just inside Nadj.

It soon became obvious that Ibn Sa'ud had either no desire to stop his Akhwan raiding into Iraq or that he had no control over them. This led the British government to authorise more active measures and permission was given to pursue raiders, found in Iraq territory, across the border. Steps were taken to concentrate a force nearer the frontier. During this phase in the operations several small raids were intercepted and engaged.

*Second Phase. 8th January 1928—June 1928*

The force so concentrated was called 'Akforce.' The Headquarters were located at Ur Junction, on the Baghdad-Basra railway. Two forward bases were established at Busaiya and Nugrat Salman. No. 70 Squadron was stationed at Ur, 84 Squadron at Nugrat Salman and 55 Squadron at Busaiya. Both Nugrat Salman and Busaiya were protected by two sections of R.A.F. Armoured Cars. Busaiya Fort, now completed, was garrisoned by the Iraq Army, which had been flown out.

The Iraq side of the border was now fairly clear of tribesmen grazing their flocks but on the far side the Nadj tribes were still scattered along the whole frontier. Before effective action could

be taken against raiding parties, forming or resting just across the border, it was necessary to clear the whole area of its peaceful occupants. Warning notices were dropped on all encampments ordering them to withdraw to a distance of four days march from the border. When these notices were not obeyed warning bombs were dropped near the camp and in a few cases it was necessary to machine gun a few of their animals. No personnel were injured and in the space of a few days a large area on both sides of the border was clear of tents.

The border was divided into two zones. The Western zone was patrolled by 84 Squadron from Nugrat Salman and the Eastern zone by 55 Squadron from Busaiva. All supplies, petrol, bombs, ammunition and spare parts for these two Squadrons were flown out, from Railhead at Ur, by 70 Squadron. A perimeter camp was constructed at Nugrat Salman, which was in time protected by a double-apron barbed wire fence, and garrisoned by the Iraq Army. This post was later partly supplied by road, Ford Vans operating from Samawah. A small Fort was afterwards built at Nugrat Salman.

The first big raid came in late January, aircraft of 55 Squadron locating them at Al Riki, on the Batin, on the 29th January. This raid was attacked by both 55 and 84 Squadrons on several occasions on the 30th January, considerable casualties being inflicted. The raiders had penetrated deep into Kuwait territory, had been attacked by the Sheik of Kuwait who had sent a force out in taxis and motors commandeered in Kuwait City, and were actually on their way back when located by our aircraft. The Sheikh of Kuwait had inflicted casualties on the raiders and had forced them to abandon some looted animals, but, unfortunately, one Kuwait car had run into an ambush and all its occupants had been killed before they could de-bus.

This raid brought out the desirability of carrying out reconnaissances over Kuwait, which until then had been considered outside the sphere of operations. Permission was obtained from the British government to operate over Kuwait and from February onwards patrols were carried out over Kuwait.

During attacks on this raid on the 30th January an aircraft of 84 Squadron was shot down, with a bullet through the radiator, within 400 yds. of the raiders. The Flight Commander (Fl. Lt. J. F. T. Barrett) at once landed beside the disabled machine

and picked up the pilot\*, who had been flying solo. Several of the enemy were within a few paces of the aircraft, running forward and firing, as it took off.

Information was now received that large parties of Akhwan and other Nadj tribesmen, rumoured to number as many as †40,000 were massing for an attack on Iraq. H.M.S. Emerald, a modern Light Cruiser on the East Indies station, was ordered to proceed to Kuwait, where a landing party was put ashore. A Company of the 3/5th Mahratta Light Infantry was sent to Ur Junction in an Armoured Train. The Gulf Sloops, H.M.S. Lupin and H.M.S. Crocus, also proceeded to Kuwait.

Preliminary steps were taken to reinforce the Iraq garrison, if necessary, from overseas.

Low cloud for several days hampered air reconnaissance and, though intelligence reports of an advancing raid came in, it was not located till the 19th February at Jiribiyat, near Jarishan. This raiding party was attacked by both 55 and 84 Squadrons on the 19th, 20th and 21st February. Casualties were inflicted on the raiders on all three days but, unfortunately, one pilot of 55 Squadron was lost. He had been flying solo, was shot down in the middle of a party of enemy and killed on the ground, while fighting with his pistol. This occurred when all the machines of both units were scattered, carrying out low bombing and machine gun attacks. His body was brought back by Fl. Lt. Barrett of 84 Squadron. This officer located the machine and saw the body of the pilot lying on the ground, surrounded by tribesmen. Fl. Lt. Barrett had expended all his ammunition and bombs but he at once dived on the enemy several times, scattering them to cover. He then flew low round the machine and ascertained that there was no sign of life in the pilot. Fl. Lt. Barret then flew to Shaibah, replenished his ammunition and returned to the disabled machine. By this time the tribesmen had retired; he landed and took the body of the pilot back to Shaibah in his aircraft.‡

On the 21st February Armoured Cars, which had been sent towards Al Hafar in an endeavour to intercept the raiders, captured an Akhwan, who had been wounded by aircraft action.

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\* The pilot was P/O R. Kellett, now W/Cdr Kellett, led the non-stop flight to Australia in 1938, and who has recently been decorated for leading raids against Germany.

† Arms are plentiful in Arabia, imported from the Continent through Muscat and other ports. Many come from Belgium.

‡ For this and many similar deeds, such as the rescue of P/O Kellett, Fl. Lt. Barrett was awarded the D.S.O.

This prisoner stated that Faisul ed Dawish was himself present on the raid and that the raiders would concentrate at Es Safa to distribute the loot. On this information it was decided to carry out a bomb raid on Es Safa.

Es Safa is a small hamlet in Nadj, about 100 miles south of the Iraq border. It was marked on the map, but the maps had been found to be very inaccurate, particularly those dealing with Nadj—having in the main been compiled by the reports of travellers. An R.E. officer was employed in mapping the area. A political agent was found who stated that he had visited Es Safa. It was proposed to take this man as a guide but, just before he was to emplane, he admitted that he had only visited the place as a child and that all he could remember about it was that there were some palm trees near the wells. He was therefore left behind. The raid was carried out by aircraft of 55, 70 and 84 Squadrons, under the command of S.Lt. G. S. L. Insall, V.C., of A Flt. 70 Squadron. The Victorias of 70 Squadron each carried two 520 lb. bombs and four 20 lb. bombs, the D.H. 9As of 55 and 84 Squadrons each carried twelve 20 lb. bombs.

The raid set out at dawn on the 24th February, from Rukhai-miya, a forward landing ground in the neutral zone. A Section of Armoured Cars, with tins of petrol, was sent to Al Hafar to refuel aircraft if required or to rescue machines which might be forced to land. This was necessary as the distance to be flown was not known. Es Safa, which was found to consist of a few mud huts near wells, was located and near it was a large camp. On account of the size of one tent it was decided that this was the tent of Faisul ed Dawish, the Sheikh of the Mutair Akhwan and our main opponent in the operations. The camp was bombed successfully and camels nearby machine-gunned. All the aircraft returned safely, only one having to land at Al Hafar to refuel. It was later learned, from intelligence reports, that Faisul ed Dawish had left the camp that morning, at dawn, but that his tent and household cooking pots had been destroyed. The large tent had suffered a direct hit from a 520 lb. bomb.

This bomb raid was the turning point in the operation. Just before it was launched there was a most distinct possibility of a large-scale invasion of Iraq by the Nadj tribes. The success of the raid discouraged other tribes from joining the Mutair and caused Ibn Sa'ud to make a decision. He declared Faisul ed Dawish an outlaw and started to take steps to stop raiding into

Iraq. It was rumoured that he stated that the R.A.F. had bombed Es Safa at his request, because ed Dawish had failed to obey his orders.

The excellent effect of the bomb raid was not at first realised, and it was necessary to take steps to counter large tribal raids. No. 30 Squadron was sent to another advanced base farther West at Shabicha. This base was also garrisoned by the Iraq Army, who moved by road from Najaf. A section of R.A.F. Armoured Cars was also sent to Shabicha. The Iraq Army raised an Armed Ford Van unit (Ford Vans with a Lewis Gun on a Scarf mounting in the back), which was also sent into the desert South of Najaf.

The months of March and April were quiet. Active patrolling was carried out by aircraft and a few small raids intercepted and scattered. In May Sir Gilbert Clayton (later High Commissioner of Iraq) proceeded to Jeddah to meet Ibn Sa'ud. An agreement was reached in late May and the operations came to an end. All aircraft and armoured cars returning to their peace stations in early June.

Faisul ed Dawish and other leaders afterwards surrendered to one of the Naval Sloops in the Persian Gulf; they were handed over to the Nadj authorities but, unfortunately, all died on the journey to meet Ibn Sa'ud.

#### *Tactics—Attack on Raiders*

The D.H. 9-A.s of 55 and 84 Squadrons normally patrolled in Flights of three machines, one of which was equipped with wireless and one of which was in ballast, with an empty back seat. The empty seat was to take off the crew of a forced-landed machine: in an emergency two men could be put into the back seat. It is interesting to note that of the two machines shot down very near to the enemy both were in ballast, so the only crew lost in the whole operations consisted of one man. On locating raiders the machine with wireless informed all concerned, wound in the wireless aerial, and the flight proceeded to attack. All D.H. 9-A.s carried 20 lb. bombs (the main bomb for use against personnel in the open). The first action was to attack with bombs, which were released by the pilot from a low height and who normally dived and aimed the machine by the radiator cap. When bombs had been expended, or when no bomb target offered, the machines used the front Vickers Gun in a dive attack; as the machines climbed away, normally in a turn, the back gunner fired with his Lewis Gun.



The enemy invariably fired at attacking aircraft and their standard of marksmanship was high. In spite of this few aircraft were shot down, the majority due to the radiator being punctured; all except two managed to fly clear of the enemy before landing. Several passengers were wounded, at least one seriously. Many aircraft were hit in nonvital parts. In view of the low top speed and the poor manoeuvrability of the D.H. 9 A it is surprising that more were not shot down.

Armoured Cars were always sent out to intercept large raids but unfortunately never got to close quarters. The Armoured Cars travelled enormous distances, but late information or difficult weather or terrain prevented them from coming into action against any large bodies of the enemy.

#### *Defence at Rest - Advanced Bases*

For several short periods during the operations aircraft operated from bases near the border, where no infantry guard was available. Rukhamiya and Aqubba were two places so used. To protect the aircraft when on the ground, particularly at night, Armoured Cars were sent out. A small perimeter camp was made, normally square, with an armoured car at each corner. The car faced outwards, so that its head lights could be used if required, and a sentry sat beside the Vickers Gun of each car. If possible some barbed wire was taken out by the armoured cars; this generally permitted two strands of wire being put round the perimeter. A small trench was also dug, and all aircraft pulled inside at night. At dusk a single aircraft was sent out to search the country round, up to a depth of 50 miles, for enemy parties. It was quite possible that this dusk patrol might not see small parties of the enemy but, owing to the open nature of the ground, it was improbable that a large party would be missed. Had an enemy party been seen near camp, sentries would have been doubled. In these forward camps there was a shortage of men to man the perimeter, only the crews of aircraft and cars being present. The forward camp normally only held one flight and one section of cars. Fire power was, however, ample for, in addition to the Vickers Guns of the Cars, the flexible, back-seat, Lewis Guns of the aircraft could be used. No enemy party was seen near any forward camp and no camp was attacked.

The troop-carriers, Victorias and Vernons, carried a ground-type Lewis Gun for protection in the event of a forced landing. At night the crew were ordered to leave the aircraft and to take up a position in low ground in the vicinity.

*Equipment*

Nos. 30, 55 and 84 Squadrons were equipped with the De Havilland type 9 A, two-seater bomber. The D.H. 9 had been designed in 1916 and flew in 1917. It was found to be underpowered (it had a 230 h.p. engine), so the type was adapted to take the new American 400 h.p. Liberty engine. When fitted with the Liberty engine the type was called the 9 A. Large numbers of D.H. 9 A.s were used by the Independent Air Force, as day bombers, in France in 1918. It was a heavy, unmanœuvrable machine when new. As used in Iraq it was fitted with an extra radiator, an extra petrol tank, a spare wheel (carried outside) and carried reserve rations and water for use in the event of a forced landing. The result was that the top speed of the D.H. 9 A in Iraq was about 100 m.p.h. and it cruised about 75-80 m.p.h.

The extra weight of the tropical equipment and the thin air of summer caused the machine to have a high stalling speed. Thus it would have been hard to have found a more unsuitable aircraft for low flying attack on ground objects. The D.H. 9 A was fitted with one fixed Vickers Gun and one flexible Lewis Gun. The type was obsolete at home and was being replaced in India by Westland Wapitis.

No. 70 Squadron was being re-equipped with Vickers Victorias, replacing Vickers Vernons. Both of these types were twin-engined, troop carriers, fitted with bomb racks. The Vernon was a version of the Vickers Vimy—a night bomber which had been built to bomb Berlin in 1918. The Victoria was a modern machine, with a far greater load capacity than the Vernon, but as yet untried under tropical conditions. Both had two Napier Lion engines and about the same speed range. Neither had an automatic weapon as part of the normal equipment. The Victoria could carry 24 and the Vernon 12 passengers, including crew but excluding Pilots. Disposable load, with full tanks and equipment, was about 1,700 lbs. for the Victoria and 500 lbs. for the Vernon. Both carried petrol for 7 hours flight. All aircraft of 70 Squadron carried wireless and normally flew singly.

All Armoured Cars in Iraq were part of the R.A.F.; they were Rolls Royce cars of an obsolescent type. Their only armament was one Vickers Gun. Each Armoured Car section had some armed Ford Vans. The Ford Vans were useful for scouting and in an action the Lewis Gun could be taken from the van and fired from the ground.

*Terrain*

The southern desert of Iraq is a stony waste devoid of marked features. The Batin, a peculiar ridge of land running down the border from just S. W. of Shaibah to Al Hafar is the only definite help to navigation. The various hillocks and hollows of the desert changed their appearance with the angle of the sun. During the early spring there is fair grazing for animals. Water is scarce and the difficulty of finding water near possible landing grounds reduced the number of advanced bases for aircraft. On the whole a forced landing could be carried out safely in most areas. The original maps of the southern desert were so inaccurate that many pilots preferred to fly without one. During the operations Captain A. Prain, R.F.C., produced an excellent map, on which the location of all landing grounds was correct. As, however, there were no definite land marks, pilots found their way about by the use of the compass and a knowledge of the country. There was no case of a machine becoming lost through bad navigation, though there was one incident, at the beginning of the operations, which might have had serious consequences. In November one of a flight of D.H. 9 As force landed with engine trouble. The flight-commander landed beside him, ascertained that the machine required a new engine and that the machine had its full reserve rations and water, and promising to send out a new engine the next day, took off again. The machine was well inside the Iraq border and it was considered safe to leave the crew with it. The next day a Victoria of 70 Squadron went out with a new engine, led by the same Flight. They searched all day and failed to locate the machine. A further search the next day also failed. The crew was reported missing to the Air Ministry, as it was thought that raiders had found and burnt the machine. On the third day the missing machine was found. The pilot, an Australian, was furious, as he thought that his squadron had not bothered to send an engine to him. He had seen aircraft flying round on all three days and had fired all his Verey lights in attempts to attract attention. The area where this machine was located was without any feature and while the searching aircraft had never been far away from the right spot they had never flown near enough to see it on the first two days. Tests were afterwards carried out to find a more suitable colour, other than the service silver dope, in which to paint the top planes of aircraft, so as to make machines on the ground more visible from the air.

# SKETCH MAP OF SOUTHERN DESERT





No satisfactory colour was discovered, for unless an observer is almost over a grounded machine, and in which case he would be very near to it, the top plane is not discernible.

### *Weather*

From December to February the temperature was low, with some thunderstorms and heavy rain. On occasion the wind reached gale force. At least one machine was wrecked by wind, the pickets failing to hold the ground. It was necessary to detail men to stand by all machines at night. All aircraft on the operations were continuously in the open and conditions were not good for normal maintenance and repair work. In March, April and May it became very hot, sandstorms were a daily occurrence, making overhauls difficult. One feature of these sandstorms was that, on account of the stony nature of the surface, they did not penetrate far into the desert but they were very severe in the Euphrates valley. Sandstorms, with very few exceptions, did not affect aircraft operating from the advanced bases but 70 Squadron, operating from Ur, encountered them daily. At first pilots were allowed some latitude in continuing a flight under sandstorm conditions but after several incidents, which might have ended disastrously, orders were issued that pilots on receiving a negative report from their destination landing ground would land short of the sand belt.

### *Conclusion*

The operations were brought to a successful conclusion without a large engagement. There is, however, no doubt that had not Akforce carried out such extensive patrols and engaged all raiding parties seen (which was the large majority) a large invasion of Iraq by the tribes of Nadj would have probably taken place. After the operations, which certainly caused Ibn Sa'ud to sign the Jeddah agreement, the few minor raids carried out by the remaining rebels of the Mutair were dealt with, unaided, by the newly raised armed Ford Van unit of the Iraq Army.

The operations continued for a period of over six months; throughout this period regular long reconnaissance flights were carried out. Climatic conditions were most trying to men and machines, and the work monotonous. Aircraft crews had to be ready to take instant action at any time and crews knew that if they fell into the hands of the enemy they could expect no quarter. Long flying hours were done over country which, though easy for forced landings, was yet one over which it was difficult to find one's way. That no pilot was lost was due to the previous knowledge that all had of that desert. There is no good substitute for local experience in desert flying.

## AFRICAN MEDALS AWARDED TO INDIAN SOLDIERS

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. BUTLOCK

Details of the African campaigns in which Indian soldiers served, and of the medals awarded to them for such services, are not easy to find. The notes which follow may be of some assistance to the regimental historian as well as to the medal collector. Medals awarded for the Abyssinian, Egyptian and Sudan wars have not been included, nor those for the Somaliland operations of 1902-04 and 1908-10.

### SOMALILAND 1888-1890

During 1888-90 detachments of the 3rd Bombay Light Infy., 17th Bombay Infy., 4th Coy. Bombay Sappers and Miners, and the Aden Troop served in Somaliland and East Africa (CADET, *History of the Bombay Army*, p. 251). No British medal was given for this service, but it is believed that some of these men received medals or decorations from the Sultan of Zanzibar.

### MWELE 1895-96

The East and West Africa medal, without a bar but with the words "Mwele 1895-6" impressed on the rim, was granted for the operations leading up to the recapture of Mwele on 4th April 1896. The troops engaged were the 24th Bombay Infy. with which battalion a Hazara company of the 26th Bombay Infy. was serving in place of a company of the 24th detached on other duty in India; and the Indian Contingent. The latter consisted of 300 Punjabi Musalman sepoy, volunteers from regiments in India, and left India for Mombasa in October 1895 for service in the British East Africa Protectorate. I have a Mwele medal awarded to a sepoy of the 33rd Punjabis who must have been a member of this Contingent.

Some British and Indian officers of the 24th Bombay Infy. received from the Sultan of Zanzibar the Order of the Brilliant Star of Zanzibar for their services in this campaign.

### CENTRAL AFRICA 1891-1898

The Indian troops engaged in British Central Africa—now called Nyasaland—were men who had volunteered for temporary service under the British Central Africa Company. The first contingent, 70 strong, arrived in the Protectorate about July, 1891, under Captain C. M. Maguire, of the 1st Lancers, Hyderabad

Contingent. About 40 were Mazbi Sikhs of the 23rd and 32nd Pioneers, and the rest Deccani Musalmans of the 1st and 2nd Lancers, Hyderabad Contingent. Of this original party a number were killed and wounded, chiefly in expeditions against Yao chiefs, and no less than 16 received the Indian Order of Merit. Captain Maguire and three of his men were killed on 15th December 1891, and six more Indian soldiers were killed on 18th February 1892.

In June 1892 Captain C. E. Johnson, 36th Sikhs, arrived, with ten more Sikhs as reinforcements, to replace Maguire, as Commandant of Police in British Central Africa. In April 1893 Lieutenant C. A. Edwards, 35th Sikhs, went out with 100 Jat Sikh sepoys; and a few months later the Mazbi Sikhs and the cavalymen returned to India on expiration of their agreements. Later, in 1893, Lieutenant W. H. Manning brought out another 100 Jat Sikhs, who were paid for by Cecil Rhodes. In 1895 Sir H. H. Johnston came to a six-year agreement with the Government of India to employ 200 Sikhs in British Central Africa; and by 1899 there were 215 Sikhs there, seconded for three years from the Indian Army, of whom 40 were for service in Northern Rhodesia. An Indian Contingent, all Sikhs, continued to serve in B.C.A. for many years.

For various expeditions between 1891 and 1898 the Central Africa medal was awarded. In design it was exactly the same as the Ashanti medal of 1874, but had a different ribbon—three equal stripes of black, white and terra-cotta—and hung from a ring-suspender instead of from a straight bar. For expeditions between 1894 and 1898 the same medal was given, but with a straight bar and a clasp inscribed "Central Africa 1894—1898." Both types of the medal are rare and collectors find them difficult to acquire. The second issue with clasp for no apparent reason commands about double the price of the first type with ring-suspender, though it would seem that many more of the second type must have been issued.

The details of these expeditions are briefly:—

*Medal without clasp.*—Mlanje (Chikumbu), July and August 1891. Makanjira, October and November 1891. Kawinga, November 1891. Zarifi, January and February 1892. The Upper Shire, January and February 1893. Mlanje (Nyassera and Mkanda), August to October 1893. Makanjira, November 1893 to January 1894. Chiradzula, December 1893. Unyoro, December 1893 to February 1894. Mruli, April to June 1894.



*Medal with clasp.*—At and near Fort Johnston, January 1894. Kawinga, March 1895. Matipwiri, Zarah, Mponda and Makanjira, September to November 1895. Mlori and Mwazi, December 1895. Tambala, January 1896. Odeti and Mkoma, and Chikusi, October 1896. Chilwa, August 1897. Mpezeni, January and February 1898. Southern Angoniland, April 1898.

The following awards of the Indian Order of Merit, third class, have been traced:—

**For gallantry in action against Makanjira, 30 Oct. 1891.**

894	Sowar Salamat Ali Khan	1st Lancers Hyderabad Contingent
895	" Mir Murad Ali	" " "
610	" Wazir Khan	2nd Lancers " "
2973	Sepoy Bachan Singh	23rd Pioneers
3017	" Bachan Singh	"
2500	" Hakim Singh	32nd Pioneers
2577	Naik Badhawa Singh	23rd Pioneers
881	Sowar Kifayat Khan	1st Lancers Hyderabad Contingent

**For gallantry in action against Kawinga, 21 Nov. 1891**

846	Sowar Kale Khan*	2nd Lancers Hyderabad Contingent
3028	Sepoy Jagat Singh	23rd Pioneers
3039	" Prem Singh	"
2667	" Lal Singh	32nd Pioneers

**For gallantry at Kisungale, 15—21 December 1891**

1015	Sowar Anwar Khan	1st Lancers Hyderabad Contingent
2558	Havr. Nand Singh†	23rd Pioneers
1909	Naik Isar Singh	"
1179	" Jhanda Singh	32nd Pioneers

**For gallantry near Fort Maguire, 6 Jan. 1894**

2188	Havr. Bulaku Singh	45th Rattray's Sikhs
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**For gallantry at Malemya Outpost, 7 Feb. 1895**

2237	Sepoy Karm Singh	15th Ludhiana Sikhs
3041	" Sundar Singh	24th (Punjab) Bengal Infantry

**For gallantry against Zariß, 22 August 1895**

	Sowar Jawala Singh	11th Bengal Lancers
2815	Sepoy Narayan Singh	19th (Punjab) Bengal Infantry

**For gallantry against Zariß, 27 October 1895**

2167	Havr. Atma Singh	45th Rattray's Sikhs
259	Sepoy Pertab Singh	35th Sikhs
470	" Sundar Singh	" "
2680	" Sham Singh	15th Ludhiana Sikhs
3005	" Mahtab Singh	45th Rattray's Sikhs

\* Died of wounds, 20 Jan. 1892.

† I have this N.C.O.'s I.O.M. & medal with ring suspender.

**UGANDA 1897-98.**

In September 1897 there were 289 sepoy of the Indian Contingent serving in British East Africa; and Macdonald (later Major-General Sir James Macdonald, K.C.I.E., C.B., who commanded in the Tibet Expedition 1904) had 30 Sikhs with him North of Lake Rudolf. The Indian Contingent went up into Uganda in November 1897, taking 300 or more Indian soldiers there, as well as a number of Africans. The 27th Bombay Infantry (Baluch Light Infantry) arrived at Mombasa on 12th Dec. 1897, but does not appear to have reached the front at the date of the defeat of the Sudanese mutineers at Kabegambe on 24th Feb. 1898.

By Army Order 29 of 1899 the East and Central Africa medal with clasp "LUBWA'S" was granted to all H. M. forces and allies who took part in the operations against the Sudanese mutineers from 23rd Sept. 1897 to 24th Feb. 1898. The clasp "UGANDA 1897-98" was given to those who took part in the operations in Uganda, *other than* those against the mutineers, from 20th July 1897 to 19th March 1898, *or who reached Uganda within those dates*. The Lubwa's clasp does not seem to be found alone, but only in conjunction with the "UGANDA 1897-98" clasp.

The Indian Order of Merit, 3rd Class, was awarded to Jemadar Bhagwan Singh, 1733 Sepoy Kaka Singh, and 1752 Sepoy Bagga Singh, all of the 14th Sikhs, for their gallantry at Lubwa's Hill on 19th October 1897. For gallantry at Lubwa's Fort on 11th December 1897 it was awarded to 3036 Sepoy Sahib Singh and 3277 Sepoy Phuman Singh, both of the 15th Sikhs. The latter is still alive as Lieut. Phuman Singh, Bahadur, I.D.S.M. Three other men of the 15th Sikhs also received the I.O.M. on the same occasion: 3184 Sepoy Golab Singh, 3434 Sepoy Bishan Singh, and 3385 Sepoy Karpal Singh: while Jemadar Bhagwan Singh, 14th Sikhs, was advanced from the 3rd to the 2nd Class of the Order. For gallantry at Kabegambe on 24th February 1898, 87 Sepoy Jehan Khan of the 27th (Punjab) Bengal Infantry, 1545 Naik Sham Singh of the 14th Sikhs, and 2354 Havildar Atar Singh of the 15th Sikhs received the I.O.M. 3rd Class.

**UGANDA 1898.**

The East and Central Africa medal with clasp "UGANDA 1898" was awarded to the forces employed in the expedition against the Ogaden Somalis from April to August 1898. The 4th Bombay Rifles and 2 companies of the 27th Baluch Infantry

were already in the country when the expedition began, though the two companies of the 27th seem to have left for Uganda about that time. There were also 4 companies of the Uganda Rifles, who were I believe all Indians. In July 1898, 350 men of the Indian Contingent came as a reinforcement.

A number of I.Os.M., 3rd Class, were given for gallantry in this campaign, namely:

*For gallantry at Mruli, 26th April 1898—226 L. Naik Wazir Ali, 31st Bengal Infantry.*

*For gallantry at Jass Camp, 26th April, and Mruli Post, 30th May 1898—Jemadar Bahadur Ali Khan, 1st Sikhs P. F. F.*

*For gallantry near Helishid, on Lake Wama, 22nd June 1898—756 Naik Butta Singh, 4 Bombay Rifles.*

*For gallantry near Kitabu, Uganda, 9th & 10th Oct. 1898—(All of 27 Baluch Infy.)*

2657 Naik Yusuf Khan.

1765 Naik Sultan Mahomed, 30th Bombay Infy. (attached).

2737 Pte. Nur Mahomed.

262 „ Sharif Khan.

20 „ Ghulam Mahomed.

1441 „ Nur Dad.

2858 „ Barkatulla.

153 „ Shah Zad Shah.

767 „ Subey Khan.

959 „ Subey Khan.

188 „ Khuda Bux Khan.

403 „ Fazal Khan.

1361 „ Shazada Khan.

162 „ Karam Dad.

1132 „ Mir Firoz Ali Shah.

295 „ Sher Baz.

31 „ Nur Mahomed.

while it was announced that 296 Pte. Ahmed Khan would also have received the award had he survived.

#### *UGANDA 1899.*

By Army Order 254 of 1900 the clasp "UGANDA 1899" to the East and Central Africa medal was awarded to the forces employed in the operations against Kabarega in the Uganda Protectorate between 21st March and 2nd May 1899. A few members of the Indian Contingent or Indians serving in the Uganda Rifles, received this clasp, which is a rare one. I have a two-bar medal, "1898" and "UGANDA 1899," awarded to a Sikh rifleman of the Uganda Rifles.

## UGANDA 1900.

By Army Order 133 of 1902, the clasp "UGANDA 1900" to the new Africa General Service medal was given to the troops who took part in operations in the Nandi country between 3rd July and October 1900, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel T. Evatt, D.S.O., Indian Staff Corps. This clasp also is a rare one. STEWARD, in *War Medals and their History*, states that the total number of clasps issued was 5 to British officers, 1 to a British N.C.O., 268 to the 4th King's African Rifles, and 105 to Indians, giving a total of 379. I have a medal awarded to a Sikh rifleman of the Uganda Rifles.

## SOUTH AFRICA 1899-1902.

The medals awarded for the "Boer" war, though easily obtainable by collectors when awarded to British soldiers, are by no means common when given to Indians. Less than 500 Indian combatants went out to South Africa, where they were employed on non-combatant duties as orderlies and with remounts. Most of these were cavalry sowars. No less than six or seven thousand followers and other non-combatants went from India to South Africa. Many of these received the bronze Queen's medal, for which no clasps were issued. The result, so far as medals are concerned, is that the Queen's medal in silver *with clasps*, and the King's medal, are distinctly uncommon when awarded to Indians.

One Indian received the I.O.M., 3rd Class, in South Africa: No. 1306 Sowar (later Lieutenant, *Bahadur*, and I.D.S.M.) Dost Muhammad Khan, 18th Bengal Lancers, for gallantry at Hanna's Post on 30th March 1900.

Lord Roberts had a personal Indian orderly in South Africa, Daffadar Wadhawa Singh of 9th Hodson's Horse.

## BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA 1899-1900.

By Army Order 133 of 1902 the Africa General Service medal with clasp "B. C. A. 1899-1900" was given to those who had taken part in (i) operations against Nkwamba, August to October 1899, (ii) operations in North-East Rhodesia against Kazembe, September to November 1899, and (iii) operations in Central Angoniand against Kalulu, in December 1900. Some Indians received the medal: an example awarded to a Sikh sepoy of the 24th Punjabis was in the well-known Payne collection, broken up many years ago.

*ASHANTI 1900.*

Seventy Sikhs from British Central Africa took part in the advance on Kumassi and received the Ashanti medal, 1900, with clasp "KUMASSI." The Indian Order of Merit, 3rd Class, was awarded to Naik Hira Singh, 12th Burma Infantry, for gallantry near Kumassi on 6th August 1900; and Jemadar Kisson Singh, 28th Bombay Pioneers, was specially promoted Subedar for his services in this campaign. The Sikhs took part in the action at Obassa on 30th September 1900 when Captain C. J. Mellis, Indian Staff Corps, won the v.c.

*JUBA AND 1901.*

The Africa General Service medal with clasp "JUBALAND" was awarded to the troops who took part in the Ogaden Punitive Expedition, 1900-01. The Indian units were the Aden Camel Corps (52 rifles, apparently all Indians), one section of the 9th (Murree) Mountain Battery, and a wing of the 16th Bombay Infantry. The number of Indians who received this clasp must thus have been about 475. I have one awarded to a gunner of the Murree Battery, and have seen two others. Medals of the 16th Bombay Infy. sometimes come on the market in London.

*SOMALILAND 1901.*

The Africa General Service medal with this clasp was awarded (i) for operations against the Mullah in 1901 under Lieut. Colonel Swayne, Indian Staff Corps, and (ii) to those with the Abyssinian force which co-operated between 22nd May and 30th July 1901. Under 40 medals with this clasp are said to have been issued. I have an example awarded to a Punjabi Mahomedan sepoy of the 31st Punjabis, serving with the Somali Levy.

*LATER CAMPAIGNS.*

Other clasps of the Africa G.S. medal were awarded to Indian troops, but they must be considerable rarities. For the Somaliland operations in 1920 the medal with King George V's head and clasp "SOMALILAND 1920" was given to a wing of the 1/101st Grenadiers as well as to Indians serving in the Somaliland Camel Corps. I have one of the latter, awarded to a Mahomedan sepoy. I understand that about a dozen men of the 23rd or 32nd Sikh Pioneers received the rare clasp "SHIMBER BERRIS 1915," but I have never seen one.

I should appreciate authentic information of any other awards of African medals to Indian soldiers.

*ADDENDUM.*—In May 1898 one havildar, 2 naiks and 17 sappers of the Queen's Own Madras Sappers & Miners volunteered for service with the West Africa Frontier Force in Nigeria. They went and returned by way of England, being inspected by Queen Victoria at Balmoral on their way back late in 1900. One naik and 2 sappers had died in Nigeria. Two only, apparently, of the detachment received the East and West Africa medal with bar "1900"—Havildar Munisami and Naik Rajendram. The latter is recorded as having served in the expedition to the Upper Kaduna country. Muniswami's medal was sold in the Kennard collection, auctioned at Sotheby's, London, 30 June 1924.

## **THE DECLINE OF FOREIGN PRESTIGE IN CHINA AND ONE VIEW OF THE POSSIBLE FUTURE POSITION AT THE END OF THE PRESENT WAR**

BY OFFICER CADET B. BEAUMONT.

Although prophecy is normally a somewhat thankless task. I think most of us who have left China recently must have given the situation there considerable thought. In the majority of cases we have received some assurance from our firms that after the war is over our jobs will still be open to us. Whether there will be a job to keep open and whether we will wish to return to it must depend to a great extent on how we answer the question "what will living conditions for the foreigners be like there after the war?"

I feel it is hardly necessary to say that I have assumed that the war in Europe will be won by the allies; but although I believe that the Japanese will not decide to extend the war in the Far East to include ourselves and America, I realise that this is a possibility and I will try and consider the question in this light also.

Before trying to decide what situation may result from either of these possibilities I feel that I should first define the position of the foreigner (and by that I mean the European or American but not the Japanese resident) before July 1937, how it has been modified to date, how it is likely to be modified by subsequent fighting, and, finally, what permanent settlement can be made, satisfactory to all concerned.

The position up to 1937 may be divided into two parts: first, from 1860 when the second treaty arrangements were drawn up until 1914, and, secondly, from 1914 to July 1937.

During the first period foreigners could go very much where they liked and do very much what they liked throughout China. They were protected by their extra territorial rights, by which they were subject to their own laws and could only be sued in their own courts. They were given trading rights in certain so-called treaty ports, and in the bigger cities they had concessions or settlements governed by their own elected councils. This was the period when politics were mainly directed to commercial ends, when huge fortunes were made and when the foreign governments were strong and the Chinese Government was weak.

At this time the number of foreigners living in China was small, and those who had been there for more than a few years could usually speak the language sufficiently fluently to gain some knowledge of the customs and ideas of the Chinese with whom they came into contact. In spite of the Boxer rising and other anti-foreign movements many Chinese were prepared to treat the foreigner as an eccentric but on the whole tolerable creature so that relations between the two groups were comparatively easy. Moreover the foreign position was considerably helped by the prestige of Sir Robert Hart and others, whose character and whose services had made a deep impression both on the court and on the smaller provincial officials.

The second period is covered by the years 1914-1937. In 1911 the Imperial rule was overthrown and a republic under Sun Yat Sen formed. The early years of the republic were not easy and for some time China was too concerned with its own affairs to worry about the foreigners. But with the outbreak of the European War the eyes of many Chinese were opened to the defects of the much-vaunted Western Civilisation. At the same time they were compelled to imitate many western methods in order to keep themselves supplied with the goods to which they were accustomed, but which could no longer be imported from overseas. This was a period of great industrial expansion throughout the country one result of which was to force many Chinese abroad, particularly to America, to learn to manage and control their new machines. On their return these students, while praising the material progress of the foreigner, were equally able to condemn much of his intellectual and moral background. Thus Chinese nationalism was born and in the late 1920's and early 1930's it seemed in a fair way to sweep us out of China altogether.

In August 1917 at the instance of the British and French Governments China declared war on the Central Powers, thereby inculcating in the minds of the younger Chinese a most dangerous doctrine. For the only effect of China's entry into the war was that they confiscated the German and Austrian concessions and deprived the nationals of these countries of their property and ex-territorial rights. The position of the foreigner was made worse when the Russian revolution drove hundreds of thousands of White Russians into Chinese territory where, being utterly destitute, they sank to the lowest depths of poverty: nor did their late allies, the British, French and Italians, do anything



worth while to help them. This lack of assistance and particularly the social barriers that were immediately raised against the Russian refugees made a great impression on the Chinese mind and twenty years later, at the beginning of their own war with Japan, references were made to it in the Chinese press.

However, the allied victory did something to raise the position of the foreigners in general, and the British and the French in particular, and on the surface, especially in the Concessions little seemed to have changed. In fact a great deal had changed although this did not immediately appear. The return of more and more foreign educated Chinese, the preoccupation of the European and American Governments with their own internal affairs, the "laissez faire" policy that was the result if not the intention of the Washington Conference, and above all the increased wealth and growing national consciousness of the Chinese people all tended to diminish foreign influence and increase that of the Chinese in the development of the country. Moreover the loss of the German and Russian communities instead of bringing any increased power to the rest of the foreign population only served to increase the resolution of the Chinese to deprive the remaining foreign communities of all their privileges.

The British had been the first to obtain these special privileges from the old Imperial government and even after the war British interests were still predominant throughout the country. It was therefore against them that the first anti-foreign attacks were made and it was British goods that were the first to be boycotted. Unfortunately the government at home was otherwise occupied and little attention was paid to the seriousness of the situation. That the Chinese did not succeed entirely in their aims may be ascribed as much to the decided attitude adopted by the French as to the exertions of our own government. Nevertheless much was lost both in trade and prestige, while more positively the concession in Hankow was relinquished and the naval base at Wei Hai Wei handed back. Even the relinquishment of all ex-territorial rights by the British was seriously considered.

Nevertheless before the position was entirely lost, the attention of the Chinese nationalists was diverted from the European community to the encroachments of the Japanese who had managed to acquire much of the influence and most of the trade that had been lost by the foreigners.

From 1930 onwards the Chinese Government under Chiang Kai Shek was devoting more and more of its energies to resisting Japanese aggression, and as a result was forced to suspend most of its anti-foreign activities and at times actively courted foreign help.

In spite of the loss of Manchuria in 1931, the failure in Hopeh and the Northern Provinces in 1933, and the serious communist risings in 1934 and 1935, China proper from 1930-37 was rapidly growing in strength. Foreign influence was forced to retreat more and more into the ports along the coast while the administration of the Railways and Salt Gabelle and even to some extent of the Maritime Customs fell gradually into Chinese hands. Even the biggest firms found it essential to engage Chinese advisers for their boards of directors and more and more of the senior positions were entrusted to influential Chinese. It is probable that had affairs been allowed to continue peaceably for a very few more years the majority of firms would have become semi-Chinese and in the end would have either been forced out of business altogether or else compelled to make such concessions that their eventual elimination would have been only a matter of time.

If this was clear to foreign eyes it was much more clear to the Japanese who with their ideal of a Far Eastern Empire were determined to cut short this rapid advance of industrial and financial power. Thus on July 18th 1937 that incident was provoked which led to the present war.

From this time onwards the foreigner's position has to be regarded from two points of view; one that of those communities living in Japanese occupied territory and secondly that of those who had to look towards the Chinese National Government.

In the first case it may be said that the immediate effect of hostilities was to weaken still further all foreign influence in every field.

More and more restrictions were placed on trade, foreign ships were unable to navigate the various rivers, taxes, permits and various charges were constantly being imposed to the detriment of all foreign business and to the great assistance of the Japanese. Financially the Japanese endeavoured to obtain control of both Chinese national currency and foreign exchange. Although they had less success in this field than in establishing direct commercial control they have succeeded in setting up one currency which has universal usage in all areas controlled by

their northern armies and have had less, but still appreciable, success with two other currencies. But perhaps the greatest factor in weakening foreign prestige and influence has been the successful imposition of many restrictions hampering and upsetting the general way of life of all foreign communities. This line of attack culminated in the blockade of the British Concession in Tientsin, but has existed in every part of China where foreigners lived and in many forms. Not only was all movement from place to place covered by complicated visa and passport regulations, but the ordinary daily life was constantly interfered with. Prices fluctuated widely from day to day, not only for imported articles but for local produce also; servants and other employees were arrested for no other reason than that they worked for a foreigner, while the rules regarding inoculation or vaccination, regarding motor car and other licences, regarding anything the Japanese could in some way control were constantly being changed, and at each change the maximum delay and inconvenience was carefully thought out and arranged for. The list might be continued still further, but it is sufficient to say that in a country where "face" is of great importance none of these actions of the Japanese has been overlooked by the Chinese community and although such actions are naturally disapproved of they will surely be remembered if ever any attempt is made to establish foreign prestige on its previous pedestal.

In considering foreign influence in unoccupied China it must be remembered that not more than about five per cent. of the foreign community is concerned. Yet since that five per cent. include the diplomatic body it was to be hoped that their efforts would have been able to regain much of the ground lost elsewhere. Unfortunately this was not the case.

At the beginning of the war when a European conflict was not clearly foreseen the policy of most powers was very half-hearted in its support of China. Appeasement was still the keynote of all diplomatic effort, and while Japan's action was strongly disapproved of in theory, no steps were taken to give China the help it deserved and considered it was entitled to. While private sympathies were enlisted both in Europe and America and large sums of money subscribed towards various charities in China the governments themselves did nothing to prevent Japan maintaining her full war effort.

Further, general uninformed opinion which was sometimes even quoted in the press took the line that the best thing for

foreign interests was that both sides should fight themselves to a point of exhaustion when the foreign powers could step in and by means of loans extort various concessions from both sides. The cynicism of this line of thought was felt deeply by every educated Chinese and was the cause naturally of very bitter feeling not only amongst government officials but amongst men of every walk of life. They could not believe that countries which had formed a League of Nations to protect the weaker nations against the strong and which had denounced unprovoked aggression in such strong terms could remain either apathetic or frankly self-seeking in this particular case. The League's action in regard to Manchuria had been excused and to some extent understood by those Chinese who had taken the trouble to consider the situation from the widest point of view, but the action of the supporters of the League in their present crisis could not be explained or condoned. Unfortunately on Great Britain, as the main supporter of the League, was concentrated the greater part of the Chinese Government's scorn and dislike so that it was not to be wondered at that little help was forthcoming from it to help offset the rigours of the Japanese attack on our trade and general position. But if Great Britain was the most unpopular of all foreign countries after the first year of the war there was no community that was especially popular—unless it was the Germans.

In 1930 Germany had sent to China a military mission, under General Von Seeckt, which had undertaken the training of the Chinese army and this mission had been maintained and enlarged until, in 1937, the main direction of the Chinese army was the German military mission and in the role of advisers they at first conducted the great part of the Chinese defence. It was only natural therefore that these men should be held in considerable regard by the Chinese until they were withdrawn towards the end of 1938 at the instance of the Japanese. Nevertheless, their influence was exerted purely on behalf of their own nationals and did nothing to affect the position of the other foreign communities.

British influence suffered a further and most serious setback when as a result of Japanese pressure, it was decided to close the Burma Road. The effect of this move was felt immediately throughout China. It was given the widest publicity in the Chinese press, both free and controlled, and it has been said that probably no single act of the British Government did more to

lower the general opinion of the British amongst all classes of the Chinese public. The subsequent reopening of the road has done something to improve our position, but it will need very positive action on our part to remove the distrust which is now felt for British policy in general.

At the moment it may be said therefore that foreign influence in China is at its lowest point. The British have managed to offend both sides; as far as the Japanese are concerned because "of their lack of co-operation and insincerity" and because the Chinese consider that Great Britain has only co-operated with the Japanese and done nothing to assist China. France, since the armistice, has passed out of the picture and already Japan has virtually annexed those parts of Indo-China which are of interest to her. While one would expect the position of both the Germans and Italians to have improved in the Japanese-occupied areas, this is not entirely the case and although Germans are better off than other foreigners they are still subject to most of the restrictions. In occupied China Germans appear to be treated with as much suspicion as the British but probably with greater respect. Neither side at present pays very much attention to the Italians. The only country whose position has in any way improved is the U.S.A. and then only as far as the Chungking Government is concerned. Nevertheless this friendship is probably felt mainly for the American Government, and as far as the American nationals in China are concerned they are combined in Chinese opinion with all other foreigners and treated accordingly.

Whatever may be the outcome of the general fighting up and down China there can be no doubt that for all foreign communities, wherever situated, the position will become increasingly uncomfortable and precarious. There is no reason to suppose that the Japanese will let up on their restrictions, in fact the opposite is much more likely to be the case. As long as foreign industrial and other concerns are doing work that the Japanese consider they can do themselves, even if less efficiently, so long will they continue to make every effort to secure the retirement of every foreigner and every foreign interest.

As far as the Chungking Government is concerned the outlook is almost as gloomy. In order to maintain their position against increasing Japanese pressure the Chinese have been forced to develop a nationalist outlook which is really contrary to their own nature. The "New Life Movement" was the first attempt to

instil a new spirit into the Chinese youth, but it is now only one of many such movements, and as these progress so they will produce an ever-widening barrier between the foreigner and Chinese who, as is only to be expected, is taking himself and his cause with ever-increasing seriousness. How far this barrier can be broken down is difficult to say, but the trouble is that at present only those foreigners who have been in Chungking are attempting to do this and they unfortunately are too few to achieve very much. Nevertheless, it is possible that it is the British who can do most to remove this barrier since the problems of the two countries are in many respects the same, and the mental outlook that is required to win through should in many cases be similar.

An appreciation therefore of the future relations between foreigners and Chinese depends largely on the length of the war and the ability of the foreigner to come gradually to understand and sympathise with the Chinese outlook. If some material assistance is given to China and at the same time a real attempt is made to understand them, many of the present difficulties will disappear and any settlement that is eventually made will have a good chance of succeeding. Moreover, the statements recently made both in England and America that after the war the whole position of the concessions and ex-territorial rights will be revised is most encouraging. Particularly as it seemed possible at one time that some attempt might be made now to strike a bargain with China on the basis of immediate assistance against concessions at the conclusion of the war. Any form of compulsion such as this would certainly have been deeply resented by the Chinese and probably evaded when it came to the point.

The above is to regard the position mainly from the British point of view, but it is bound to be the decision of the British and the American Governments which will finally determine the question.

This sketch also leaves out of account the Japanese whose great influence must be considered from two points of view. Firstly, in the event of a fairly immediate declaration of war on either Great Britain or America, and secondly, if they decide to continue to extend their present restrictive methods.

In the first case the whole of the control of the foreign population (not only British and American) would pass entirely into Japanese hands. For with the removal of the British and Americans the entire social and industrial system, both foreign and Chinese, of occupied China would be disorganised and this is one

very good argument against the likelihood of Japan ever openly declaring war. In the second case by the extension of their present rigid control system the Japanese will eventually exercise supreme influence and when that stage has been reached it is possible that either Great Britain or America will themselves undertake direct action against Japan. This is the argument of those who consider Great Britain will find herself one way or another fighting on the side of China.

In either event our attitude must from the beginning be based on terms of equality towards China, and any pretence that we are acting from altruistic motives would not only be stupid but dangerous. It is to be hoped therefore that the position will be faced realistically. To do so must entail the discarding of all old ideas of special privileges and rights, yet the process should enable foreign enterprise to operate freely throughout the whole country. Thus when peace comes the foreigner may not be limited to special advantages in certain detached areas but should be able to assist in the general development of China as a whole.

## SOME ASPECTS OF FOREST WARFARE

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL N. G. PRING (A.I.R.O., M.A., I.F.S.)

This note emphasizes certain tactical and strategical considerations, and offers some suggestions for greater efficiency in forest warfare.

One of the greatest assets afforded by the forest—that of supply—including timber, firewood and numerous by-products cannot be dealt with here. Sufficient to mention that, in order to meet the enormously increased war demand from India, a Directorate of Timber Supply at the centre is ably supported by the Provinces. This essential supply is a subject best left to the experts concerned.

The various types of forest, including tropical evergreen, savannah, thorn or scrub forests of the sub-tropics, deciduous and coniferous woods of the temperate and Alpine zones, high forest and coppice, deserve separate treatment. They can, however, be combined in respect of two common factors, i.e., the cover they afford to armies and the check they impose on manoeuvre.

The Germanic tribes owed their successful resistance to subjugation by the Romans to their forests, for although the Romans possessed the finest army in the world, including superb infantry, they never succeeded in holding the country across the Rhine for any length of time.

During the thirteenth century the Mongol hosts swept across the Steppes of Russia and ravaged Poland, but although they defeated a mixed army of Poles and Germans at Liegnitz, they did not continue their drive westward because the woodlands and hilly country did not suit the tactics of these mounted hordes. The forest is essentially the infantryman's sphere.

One of the chief roles of woods throughout the history of modern war up to recent times was that of security for the flanks; two typical historical examples are afforded by the Battles of Blenheim and Malplaquet.

At Blenheim the Franco-Bavarian Army, although surprised by the decision of the Allies under Marlborough and Eugene to attack, were in a sound position with their right on the Danube and their left on wooded hills. The French Army under Tallard, holding the right and centre, was utterly defeated and it is with the left wing under Marsin and the Elector of Bavaria, opposing



Eugene, that we are concerned. The difficulty of the ground between the French and Imperial Forces had delayed Eugene's advance and his cavalry achieved little that day. Fighting at odds, Danes and Prussians were able to advance amid the bushes of the foothills and push back the French left two miles, but Marsin's Forces were not outflanked, and he and the Elector were able to retire in good order and actually rescued some of Tallard's Battalions, which had already surrendered. Without the security of the woods the French left flank would have been turned and Marsin's Army would certainly have been pursued, and probably most of them captured.

At Malplaquet woods formed both flanks of the French position. Admittedly, this offer of an excellent defensive position was a gambit which Marlborough and Eugene felt it necessary to offer in order to induce Villars and Boufflers to accept the challenge. The Allies were superior in numbers and equipment, but the French, on meagre rations, were brave and experienced fighters recognising in their leaders the foremost captains of France.

The Allies achieved their design of first weakening and then breaking through the French centre by their attack on the wood of Taisnieres. This attack and subsequent advance through the wood was achieved by one of the heaviest infantry concentrations in history—no less than 85 Battalions were employed on this wing at the commencement of the battle where the French were outnumbered by four to one at least. Subsequently, both sides drew reinforcements from the centre. On the other wing, with their left flank in the wood of Lanieres and with the able support of batteries concealed behind the small wood of Tiry, the French were able to repulse and counter-attack the Dutch and Scots. On this wing the Confederate Infantry were only saved from rout by Marlborough's cavalry.

Europe was appalled at the slaughter of Malplaquet where the Allied losses were nearly double that of the French. As a victory it proved singularly barren of results for the victors, indeed the result was to stimulate the French who retreated unmolested and enheartened. Undoubtedly, Villars had made the best of his woodland position. As Churchill states: "Resting his wings upon the woods and covering his centre with intermittent entrenchments, he presented a front which no army but that commanded by Marlborough and Eugene, with superior numbers and eight years of unbroken success behind them, would have

dared to attack. He exacted from the Allies a murderous toll of life by his entrenchments and abattis; but all the time he fought a manœuvre battle around and among these created or well-selected obstacles. By a prodigy of valour, tactical skill and bloodshed they drove him from the field. The victory was theirs but no one of the allied generals, if he could have gone back upon the past, would have fought the battle and none of them ever fought such a battle again.\*

The combination of woods and mountains still offers exceptional defence. During the Great War the wooded slopes of the Carpathians prevented the Russians from invading Hungary and allowed the Austrian Armies breathing space to reform after defeats.

The original Schlieffen plan recognised the difficulty of attacking via the Vosges, and the 1914 costly French attacks there achieved little and risked much. Judging by the events of 1940 the money and effort spent on the Maginot Line east of the Vosges could have been used to better advantage elsewhere and the densely-wooded Vosges would have formed a secure and economic defensive flank.

In wooded terrain the inhabitants play a very important role if they are of fighting stock. In the campaign that preceded Wolfe's victory at Quebec, both the French and British colonials were superior to the regulars, and undoubtedly Washington's colonials fought with natural advantage among the forests of the Eastern States. Again The Finnish Rifles were among the cream of the Imperial Russian armies and no one will deny them first rank among infantry of the world to-day.

One of the greatest difficulties experienced by the attacking force is the maintenance of contact.

During the battle of Tannenberg it was Von Francois' decision to string his Corps along the southern edge of the forest area for a distance of 50 kilometres, thus preventing the escape of the Russian Army, that achieved one of the greatest victories of the Great War. Had Von Francois obeyed orders by attacking and plunging his Corps into the forest, instead of surrounding it, he would not have gone far nor achieved much; certainly not the capture of 60,000 unwounded prisoners which fell to his share.

In March, 1916, the dispersal of the German Forces during the earlier attacks on the wooded heights in front of Verdun,

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\* "Marlborough—His Life and Times," Vol. IV.

probably saved the situation for the French; in the confusion, the Artillery of both sides was neutralised to the great advantage of the defenders, who were able to reform and reinforce their broken line.

Turning to small scattered areas of woodland, one should contrast the very costly frontal attacks during the Somme campaign on Mametz, Delville, and High Woods, etc., as compared with their recapture in the 1918 Spring advance. Infiltration tactics obviously exclude frontal attacks on woods where this is avoidable.

For artillery, speaking generally, the forest favours defence. Targets are hard to locate and the difficulty of observing is much greater. In high forest the wastage of fire power through shells or splinters hitting timber is appreciable. The greatest handicap in offensive warfare is the uncertainty of the accurate location of targets and of the results of a bombardment. Wire and well-sited trenches can be kept invisible from the air. The creeping barrage loses effect owing to bursts on trees and if followed up closely is likely to cause casualties to the attackers. After the initial bombardment, the dispersal of the attackers in the wood and the difficulty of observation enhances difficulty of controlling indirect fire, and it is better to support the advance with mortars and light pieces that can be brought up with the infantry.

In spite of a great preponderance of guns, including French artillery, the American Army's gallant and strategically important advance through the forests of Ardennes in 1918 was one of the most costly attacks of the Great War, because the observers could not locate wire and machine gun nests hidden in the woods.

The defence will rely chiefly on direct fire by well concealed light pieces. Wire and skilfully felled trees will force the advance into covered zones.

For anti-tank work, the defence will do best to rely on light high velocity quick firers capable of being sighted and fired by one man. Above all he must be able to aim quickly because if he does not get the target quickly, the target will get him. The soundest solution would be to mount the anti-tank guns in tank-lets capable of manœuvring within the forest and affording protection against machine-guns.

The check to rapid manœuvre within the wood applies particularly to cavalry and armoured cars. The attackers are subjected to the risk of ambush, enforced concentration along vulnerable lines and general lack of cohesion. In the case of

tanks, assuming that the defenders have the necessary armament, the advantage lies with the defence. Armoured cars and tanks have, however, the several advantages of speed, range and, for their crews, comparative immunity from physical exhaustion which reduces the property of woods as security. After a long outflanking march your cavalry would meet his opponent fresh for the charge. Now the same distance can be covered in less than an hour, so that even though the defenders have the advantage of interior lines a constant guard by them on their flanks and rear is necessary. The chief danger to the defence is encirclement. It is essential for them to maintain constant contact with the flank outside the forest, to prepare for counter-attacks to assist those flanks and to have plans to withdraw so as to avoid encirclement in case their flanks retire. The effect of enfilading fire from the forest on forces advancing along the flanks is very great. Instance the deadly effect of the fire from the edge of the woods at the Battle of Wynendael (1708). Webb's task was to prevent a much superior French force under La Motte from seizing the precious ammunition convoy marching from Ostend. La Motte, debarred from marching round the woods if he were to reach the convoy in time, took the gap through the woods. Webb posted battalions in the coppice on one side and in the high wood on the other in advance of his main force with which he held the thousand-yard base of the gap between the woods. Webb, who had no artillery, and practically no cavalry, had to endure a three-hour bombardment before La Motte advanced in great depth. Fired on from both flanks as well as from the front, the slaughter was swift and heavy and the repulse of the French was utter. Were the same tactics employed under modern mechanized conditions, including the column, the tempo would change but the same result might be expected.

Within the forest the natural advantage of the defence is less conducive to counter-attack and the tendency of defenders sitting pretty is to stay put. The best opportunity for counter-attack inside the wood occurs when the attackers reach close quarters and following a withering fire.

For the purpose of attack or counter-attack the great value of woods lies in their use as cover for assembly. Many instances of successful charges by forces concealed in or behind woods can be quoted. A classic example was the skilful deployment and disposition of Stone-wall Jackson's Brigade, when he rushed up to save the critical position on Henry Hill during the Battle of Bullrun. It was his Virginian Brigade's subsequent charge from

the woods that gained the victory for the Confederates, in this the first battle of the American Civil War.

The use of mustard gas or other heavy gases is feasible. During the Abyssinian campaign the Italians used it with marked effect, but against an enemy quite unprepared; the use of gas on a large scale in forest areas would be wasteful and it would be better to confine its use within the forest to known or suspected targets such as located batteries, road junctions and assembly points, etc.

Of the other ground weapons the mine is probably the most important and, combined with trenches and tank-traps, will make an advance through forest very costly.

Over vast expanses of tropical jungle and in mountain forest where transport is limited to boats, pack, sledge or portage, supplemented in future no doubt by aircraft, the foot-soldier and his rifle come into their own.

With the development of the air arm, completely new conditions obtain, which appreciably alter the values attributable to ground warfare. From the ground a spinney or even a belt of roadside trees hides all behind it, whereas from the air the cover is limited to the forest and is no longer afforded by clearings. On the other hand in many cases woods afford the only adequate cover from aerial observation and, where this is so, their value increases.

By night concealment from parachute flares is a valuable asset to troops encamped and on the march.

From the ground, fire is directional and is limited to the range of weapons situated in enemy territory. The aeroplane can attack from the direction most suited and there is practically no range limitation. The fire hazard increases and is likely to prove a menace during dry seasons in many kinds of forests, particularly among pine, and other conifers. Frequently, the only way to extinguish a forest fire is to counter-fire, and for this experience is necessary. Owing to this new danger from the air, it will probably prove necessary in many areas to burn the ground or clear it of inflammable material around gun positions, encampments, etc., and along forest roads.

On the ground assaulting troops must get through the forest or round it past the defenders. From the air troops can be dropped behind the enemy's lines and can take advantage of the forest to lie up until the time is ripe to participate in an attack.

Man has been waging war by land and by sea for thousands of years. Aerial warfare is really only just beginning and it would be foolish to try and draw conclusions at this stage. Certain it is that, even in huge forest tracks, the side having superiority in the air will have a tremendous advantage. Having gained complete air superiority, artillery fire on batteries and camps in clearings can be accurately directed, while further back bases and communications can be bombed and machine-gunned. Apart from purely offensive action aircraft is invaluable for contact and supply purposes in dense jungle country where lines of communication are few and difficult.

Finally, although observation and exact location may be impossible, aerial photographs, studied at leisure by experts, reveal a great deal that the eye cannot detect. Combined with a scrutiny of existing maps, including large-scale forest maps, aerial photography will play an important part.

Lee's and Jackson's operations in Virginia serve as an excellent example of skilful leadership where good use was made of the forest in attack and defence, but perhaps the finest example is afforded by Lettow-Vorbeck's East African campaign. This indomitable leader fought out the Great War, unreinforced throughout, against stronger forces constantly reinforced by men and material. The bush was his only ally and saved him from being rounded up on numerous occasions but he made the fullest use of it for attack, gaining several notable victories. Aggressive to the end, he had successfully re-invaded German East Africa, from which he had been driven, when the Armistice forced him to lay down his arms.

Mobility and the aggressive spirit count just as much in forest warfare as elsewhere, and it is the greatest mistake to regard the forest merely as a natural fortress. A skilled leader will use his woods for defence when opportune, but under modern conditions he must be ready for strategic advance or retreat as the occasion demands. He will use the cover they afford for protection, particularly from aerial attack and observation and for concentrations preparatory to surprise attacks. When he attacks a forest position he will employ infiltration methods at the most vulnerable points, possibly from the flank or rear, certainly with every available artifice to avoid unnecessary casualties.

Suggestions are offered as follows:

*Personnel.*—The Empire can call on men from many of her Dominions with experience of the forest and in India from among the Gurkhas, Garhwalis and Punjabis of the Himalaya are many

who are at home in the jungle. Whenever possible, use them for forest warfare. A number of Reserve or Emergency Officers are available from the Forest Service and large timber firms. Some of these will be needed as engineers or for supply services, but the remainder can most usefully be employed with units engaged in forest warfare.

*Information.*—Most countries with forest services have brought their Crown forests and many private estates under systematic management with working plans. These plans should contain much information of military value, including maps showing roads, paths and buildings not usually shown on ordnance surveys. The body of the plan also contains much that will be useful regarding local conditions, labour supply and information on the type of wood and the density, clearings, etc. All working plans are written in a regular sequence from which useful information can easily be extracted by a forester. Foreign working plans are easily obtainable in normal times.

Some of this information might be extremely useful to the R.A.F. for reconnaissance and raids. Where regular working plans or schemes are not available, reports and surveys of timber cruisers may contain valuable information.

*R.A.F. Co-operation.*—Prepare landing grounds and communication facilities where possible in advance. In dense jungle country, such as parts of Burma and West Africa, rivers are the highways and reaches suitable for landing need to be selected and improved.

Post liaison officers to the R.A.F. as early as possible so that effective co-operation between ground and air forces is established without delay.

*Training.*—Specialist training in forest warfare may not be feasible but woods could be included during tactical training and musketry practice. This is practical in most hill cantonments.

*Rehearsal.*—Whenever possible rehearse before an attack with the units actually employed. Let those who contemplate the planning of extensive night operations first try walking across country in a forest at night without lights.

*Research.*—In an Article entitled "Military Research," *Journal of the United Service Institute* of July, 1940, Atspx draws attention to the need of such research. The battle grounds in Finland, Norway, France and Belgium included much forest and the writer is convinced that a study of the technique employed by the various combatants would prove highly profitable.

## DEMOCRACY AND THE TRAINING OF LEADERS

BY "HOPLITE"

The musings in the following paragraphs perhaps more properly belong to a soap box in Hyde Park setting rather than to the formal medium of printers' type. Free speech or writing however being one of the blessings of Democracy, it has been submitted as an article for your hospitable journal.

It is the unfortunate defect which accompanies all the blessings of Democracy, that elected governments do not seem to be able or willing to educate the electorate, and to save the nation from mass ignorance, and mass neglect, to support in sufficient time, military measures for self-preservation.

The events of the last few years in our own country have amply proved the truth of this contention. We no doubt all have our own ideas as to whom to apportion the blame for this state of affairs, but the fact remains, a country gets the government it deserves, and the governed cannot entirely disown responsibility.

It is a debatable point as to what form of Democracy our constitution represents. Many aspects of it are more in the nature of a plutocracy or bureaucracy. Whatever the constitution is at present, it must be conceded that the Old School tie class forms a large element in it. It is interesting to note some statistics concerning the composition of our present House of Commons. From a cursory survey of its members, the proportion of old school ties to non-school ties is about 60 per cent. to 40 per cent. A further scrutiny divulges the fact that of the 60 per cent., about 70 per cent. to 75 per cent. support the tie of one particular school. An analysis of the House of Lords would probably disclose a very similar proportion. What with the Peerage, Beerage, Coy. Directors, and Trade Unionists, the nation of shopkeepers seems to have had the government it deserved to mislead it. If ever a second chamber untrammelled by vote-catching consideration and party whips, had an opportunity to step in with a public-spirited policy, the present one had and missed. Before suggesting any remedies, it is advisable to try to clarify our minds as to what is



meant by Democracy. We as a nation are rather easily mesmerised by slogans and catch-phrases, which seduce the mind from really analysing the implications and complexity of the subject involved. It is necessary to crystallise ideas on the ideals for which the English peoples are struggling against the Axis and other ideologies, so that at the end we may continue to follow these ideals, and do not allow war weariness, and the lip service of politicians to deflect us from our true aims, and from maintaining that position of leadership to which our present efforts entitle us.

The slogan of Democracy, "Government by the people, for the people" is itself misleading. It produces a policy of giving all to the people and taking nothing from them; a policy which if carried to a logical conclusion would produce complete selfishness and independence. The slogan should be, "Government by the people for the general good of their country or empire."

Government by the people must place certain obligations on the people, for example a more active study of, and participation in politics. One of the means of giving the masses a chance of taking a more active and intelligent share in government is by a more liberal and moral education.

Another remedial measure will be reform of both Houses of Parliament. A third the creation of an Imperial Cabinet for defence and foreign policy. A fourth will be the realisation of what this empire means, and the responsibilities it involves. Hitherto knowledge and interest among the majority of people at home has been disgracefully scanty. Now, when a crisis has come, its significance is being realised and paid homage to. This fervour must not be allowed to wane.

A Democracy naturally requires leaders; and among all its departments the proper selection and training of leaders for its military forces is most important. With the progress of democratic institutions the field of selection will widen, and this widening process will be one of the objects of democracy and progress will be dependent to a large extent on educational facilities. Although in any social organisation, the talents and capabilities of individuals are, and will always be of varying degree, we must ensure that the system of education gives to as many as possible the opportunity of developing and exercising these capabilities to the fullest extent.

The ship of state needs, however, very expert navigating, and drastic changes in staff are liable to impair its stability.

In this connection one or two recent incidents vis-a-vis leaders and the army have given cause for considerable reflection.

In one case we hear of the Army Council expressing serious displeasure to an officer who championed the Old School tie element as the natural leaders; in another edict we learn of the abolition of the W.O. Class III as a platoon leader.

It is gradually being realised that what might be termed over-Democratisation in the French Army, was a contributory cause of its spectacular collapse.

Hitherto most of the officers of our Army have come from the big Public Schools; and we know that the average man among British other ranks generally looks up to the wearer of an old school tie. But the old school tie may vanish as a consequence of the war, because of the inability of parents to pay for the privilege of their sons earning one.

It is admitted that the Public Schools have produced good material, but it is considered that a better and higher average could have been achieved in return for the money expended and the advantages enjoyed.

Furthermore, it can be said in all fairness that most Public Schools have failed to adjust themselves to the pace and intensity of modern life, and to the conditions introduced by the stupendous inventions of the last 25 years. These have been on a scale greater than has been witnessed at any other epoch of the world's history. I refer to the aeroplane, wireless, the internal combustion engine, the cheap press, and the cinema. These inventions have far outdistanced our moral and social development. Many changes will be forced upon us, but at the same time care must be taken lest the thoughtless discarding of the past may upset essential balance.

As a first step Public schools will probably have to be subsidised by government, on condition of their receiving a certain number of state or secondary school students. Education curricula must be revised, and in the process teachers must be taught how to teach. Most presume on an intuitive or self-inspired ability; it generally fails to inspire the classes.

Both in Public School and Army teachings a great many of the efforts are amateurish, with the results that only amateurs are produced. There has been too much of the "drawing stumps during the heat of the day for a gin and bitters" attitude. It is not even essential in diplomatic circles where it is prevalent,

though this does not mean that the Englishman must be denied his flagon of ale at proper times.

An important factor of the military side of the picture will be the future composition of the Army. The present regimental distinctions will have to disappear gradually. They still involve too much class snobbery, which is undoubtedly nourished by the Old School tie system. If conscription or a form of it remains, and it is desirable that it should, the acute forms of this infection will gradually disappear. Its disappearance will involve profound issues, and tend to undermine one of the foundations of morale, namely a highly developed *esprit-de-corps*, and something will be required to replace it. Regiments will be known by their numbers, with perhaps a territorial suffix; they will be dressed similarly. Exceptions might be made in the case of the Brigade of Guards and Highland regiments, provided the latter were wholly composed of Scots.

In olden days units were largely on a territorial basis, both in the British and Indian Army. Men of one platoon were largely composed of men from one village or district, and known to each other from childhood. There was a territorial *esprit-de-corps*, and a morale fortified by an unwillingness to let down one's pals.

It is suggested that we shall again have to concentrate more on the territorial aspect. Present conditions of life wherein people herd in large cities are a comparatively new phase of civilisation, to which society has not fully adjusted itself.

The danger which all in towns at home are now sharing, and the comprehensive A.R.P. measures which are in force, will result in the extension of the communal and civic spirit, and in the demise of the selfish "every Englishman's house is his castle" tradition. This will help to foster the democratic spirit.

The next problem concerns the appointment of officers to regiments in the Army under these new conditions. Officers in the British Army as a general rule should be appointed on a territorial basis; but this cannot apply to officers joining the Indian Army. Family connections might constitute a claim for appointment to a specific regiment in both services; and where these do not exist appointments should be made according to the best interests of the service. The system of tutoring at Sandhurst must cease. In both services choice of a regiment might be offered to a limited few of the most efficient candidates; their order of merit being decided by normal methods. It may be contended that

these reforms will prove a serious obstacle to the recruitment of officers. This will be overcome, it is hoped, by alterations in our educational system, and by the progress of democratic principles in other institutions. If not, other means can be devised to overcome it.

Another measure of reform will concern the training of the leaders. The field of selection will have been widened either by the dilution of the Public Schools with the secondary school element, or by the wholesale amalgamation of the two. It is probable too that some form of conscription will be retained in the British Army, and this will further widen the field.

It has been stated in a previous paragraph that school curricula should be revised, and be of a more mind-broadening character. It is not proposed to enter into a discussion regarding the merits of classics as a part of school training. It suffices to say that with the introduction of new subjects some old ones may have to be discarded wholly or partially.

Education or the acquiring of knowledge may reasonably be subdivided into three categories:

- (a) Subjective.—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic. The training of the mind how to learn, and training an individual to do a thing he necessarily does not like doing at the time when it has to be done.
- (b) Informative.—Items such as Geography, History, Sociology, Natural Science and Ethical and Moral training.
- (c) Professional or Occupational.

At present the average boy at an average Public School passes his school certificate between the age of 16 or 17, after which he can continue his academic activities in a recumbent attitude, presumably also continuing to develop character, but without much expert assistance. Few Public Schools offer facilities for professional or occupational training. It is at this period that some form of conscriptive work should be introduced.

As regards the Sandhurst training, this has been a compromise, with the object of trying to combine a 'varsity and military education within the space of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years; obviously an impossibility, even with a staff of professional teachers. A broader education is desirable, but it can only be achieved satisfactorily by lengthening the period to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or 3 years.

Proceeding further, and surveying instructional facilities in the Army. It should be a principle to aim for, that in the British Army the platoon commander should be a serjeant or a W.O. Class III, if you like. Although the W.O. has been given up, failure for all time must not be admitted. It may have been due to class snobbery, insufficient training for the job, or like the attempts at Indianisation, having been designed to satisfy a demand but implemented by a method which was bound to prove unsuccessful. If Sandhurst cannot turn out officers capable of training a platoon and its leader up to platoon tactics then there will have to be Army Schools for platoon commanders in the British Army. In the Indian Army the establishment of a V.C.O.'s school for platoon commanders is most desirable, primarily on account of the comparative fewness of British officers in a battalion.

The infantry officer has been taken as an example throughout, as the infantry's work is more difficult both as regards learning and teaching, than the other arms, in which technical efficiency, which can be put to the test in peace, counts so much.

A further stage in an officer's career should include a course at a Coy. Comds. school. The reiteration that this is a C.O.'s duty seems a cheap method of passing the baby to one who certainly in the Indian Army cannot do it so economically from a time and labour point of view, or so thoroughly as a school.

It is from a Coy. Comds. school that Staff College students should be selected. Those selected would carry on with a graduate course.

A Senior officers school must be retained as the final means of instruction for regimental officers.

Finally, we come to the provision and training of officers for the expansion of the Indian Army in the present crisis. In the event of the conflict being protracted over many years, and visualising the British Empire and the Americas ultimately having to be prepared to fight against Japan, the man-power of India must be made full use of. The men are there, the great need will be for officers. The resources of the universities in India must be exploited fully. There should be started in each, as soon as possible, military training cadres. These cadres should be formed of regular officers who had previously gone through a special course of training for this purpose. The object of these cadres will be to select suitable leaders to propagate military ideas and methods of teaching in the University. The provision of these

regulars will constitute another drain on regiments which will have to provide the officers. The British officer element may have to be reduced, as low as four or five in a regiment.

Administration, therefore, must be simplified by bringing organisation on to a field-service basis throughout India.

The turnout of the officers training schools must be further increased, and schools established for training prospective instructors.

As the war progresses, there will be an increasing number of officers who may be suitable only for the more sedentary jobs. Many of these might usefully be employed as instructors in training establishments; they will have the added advantage of having had war experience.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "LETTERS BETWEEN A BRITISH OFFICER AND AN INDIAN GENTLEMAN"

September

My dear "Y",

When we were discussing Indian culture some time ago, I mentioned a problem in which I was interested, and you very kindly said you would put it to an Indian friend of yours, who was interested in matters cultural. So here it is:

I recently spent two years in the Indianizing battalion of my regiment. I have always been a keen advocate of the Indianization of the officer cadre of the Indian Army, and I, therefore, had a most interesting time. There were problems of many kinds. But one of the most difficult to my mind was that of maintaining and stimulating the young officer's interest in the culture of his own country. I realise of course that many British officers—probably a big majority—see no problem in this. A few officers to whom I have put the point, have replied: "And a damned good job too—anyway what culture is there in India?" But I am not satisfied. So far as military science is concerned, the young officer must turn to British books, unless he reads French or German. I never felt happy, however, to see their reading consisting wholly of "Punch", "Blackwoods", "Illustrated London News", "The Tatler", and "The Statesman" or "The Times of India"; and perhaps the odd English novel from the library. It seemed to me that if all their intellectual food, so to speak, was European, there was a danger of their becoming more and more alienated from their own country and its culture. That would be tragic from the Indian point of view. Not only will it lead eventually to a sense of frustration in the individual, but from the nation-building point of view, the remarkably valuable contribution of these men will be lost. I say "remarkably valuable" deliberately, because I feel that in their training and service they acquired that self-disciplined and social and religious toleration, which is lacking in Indian youth generally.

Well, am I right, or am I wrong? If I am wrong, then there is no problem. If I am right, then how can the intellectual diet be adjusted to a more healthy balance? What Indian papers and journals are there that can be taken by an Officers' Mess? What

authors are there, other than Tagore, whose works they should be encouraged to read? What other methods are there by which the educated young Indian officer can retain what is best in the tradition and culture of his own country, whilst imbibing what is useful and beautiful in European thought? Politics, of course, must be barred. The gladiator may be a national tragedy. The political gladiator would be a national disaster.

Yours ever,

"X".

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October.

Dear Colonel "X",

My friend "Y" has shown me your letter, and I would like to have a shot at answering your problem.

"Anyway what culture is there in India?" What a comment! But I fear that having regard to the life led by most British military officers of the Indian army, no other question could have been expected. It is difficult to define culture. The best set of definitions of culture I have so far come across is in a book which unfortunately is out of print now. It is "Culture and Anarchy" by Matthew Arnold. Considering the level of culture that obtains in the English Public Schools it is not surprising that the book has gone out of print. There has been recently a great deal of revival of interest in 'culture' in the British universities, led mainly by T. S. Eliot and Dr. Leavis George. I am referring to English authors and English literature, firstly because they give me an apparatus to use in the question you set, and secondly because you will understand this apparatus better. Culture in short is awareness of the value of one's tradition as it has been handed down. It presupposes on the part of the cultured individual the capacity for value-judgments. Are Indian military officers aware of this tradition and have they capacity for such judgments? I know about 20 of them who used to be with me in college and later in England, and I am afraid that with one or two exceptions, they have not. But in this do they differ from other Indians? I doubt it. Most Indians, as a result of a deplorable educational system, have little or no culture. A cultured man has good taste; for this there is no *substitute*. Most Indian officers have no taste except for good living and alcohol. They are completely divorced from the cultural traditions of their country. They are not good thinkers because they do not possess a good mental apparatus. Most of them are good



healthy animals because they feel that that is in keeping with the tradition of the British Army.

But what is this tradition of India of which they should be aware? Indian tradition in its superficial aspects is rather ugly. It is a pity that the people who stress it are often old-fashioned, dogmatic, sectarian and in many ways unpleasant old fogeys. That puts off the healthy younger set. But as I said, a cultured man is not only conscious of his tradition, but also has a capacity for value-judgments. The old-fashioned set have no value-judgments but only knowledge of their tradition which is of no use to anybody. It is easy to be fond of the French tradition or of the rather less attractive English tradition. In short, it is easy to be fond of the European tradition, but to be fond of Indian culture demands an effort. This can only be done by means of right education from childhood. What Indian army officers, and in fact a large number of westernised Indians cannot reconcile in their minds, is a semi-western mode of living, dress and training, with a proper understanding of the Indian tradition. Since they do not like the old-fashioned set who love it, they begin to hate the Indian tradition as something stupid conventional and unclean.

Indian tradition is not unified. In certain essentials it is, but in detail it varies from province to province, and certainly shows up different aspects among Hindus and Muslims. This means that it is not easy to understand and handle. This is another difficulty. Perhaps I could summarize it as follows:

A knowledge of Indian History, not the school text-book history which catalogues battles won and lost, but Indian social and economic history; and of some classics including Ramayana and Mahabharata and Kalidas on the one hand and Persian poets on the other; sufficient knowledge to be able to derive genuine pleasure from Urdu and Hindi poets such as Ghalib, Mir, Iqbal, Surdas, Kabir, etc.; sufficient patience to be able to read Hindustani prose works of the 19th century which are neither thrillers, nor best-sellers; an interest in Indian architecture, frescos and mural paintings, etc.; and sufficient patriotism to enjoy Indian festivals. Indians who possess some of these qualifications would also take to the best in Western culture and literature. Alternatively, Indians who have learned to love the best in Western culture and literature would like some of these things. But how can those who cannot be called educated, cultured and intellectual turn to anything good, whether Indian or Western?

With Indian officers it is not merely that they are not aware of the Indian tradition, but that they are not aware of any tradition. In short, they are not cultured. To read thrillers, best-sellers, or to be keen on films, etc. etc., or to derive real enjoyment from "The Tatler," etc., except only as a pastime when one is very fatigued, is what I may call anti-culture.

But there—India's educational system and the whole outlook of the Indian Army are non-cultural.

What are the magazines and books they can turn to: some Urdu, Hindi, and Persian poets, Munshi Prem Chand and Iqbal, Tagore, books on Indian architecture and paintings, Indian music as a hobby, Radha Krishna's books on Indian philosophy, Indian Economics: of magazines—unfortunately very few.

In a brief letter like this, I cannot say more. Are my ideas at all helpful?

Yours sincerely,

"Z"

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#### LETTER FROM A BATTERY COMMANDER WITH THE B. E. F.

*[By the courtesy of a correspondent there has come into our hands this interesting footnote to history. The writer was serving with a Field Regiment in India in June, 1939. He went home on leave and, at the end of August, joined a Field Regiment in England. He went to France in early September, 1939, and he is still serving with his Regiment "somewhere in England."—Ed.]*

One saw so little of the thing as a whole that even now events that happened in the battery and regiment are still coming to light.

First of all, I'd like to say that the B. E. F. was never once beaten by frontal attack. Many counter-attacks were made successfully at the point of the bayonet. What was happening the whole time was that the French and the Belgians were being pushed back on either flank.

At the start everything went according to plan and we took up our position on the N. E. of Brussels. Actually we got our first taste of fire the evening before we got there, when 4 M. E. 110 came over our hide and machine-gunned us (no casualties on either side), but we were rather afraid they would come back later and drop some bombs, which, thank goodness, they didn't.

I can't remember the exact date on which we fired our first round in anger, but we had our first misfortune that evening.

We had to send a F. O. O. off at speed in our armoured O.P. and in trying to avoid a mass of refugees the driver wrote it off. A great pity as it would have been invaluable later. Our first march back by night was a bit trying. Maps a trifle out of date and all sorts of by-passes around Brussels not marked. Parts of the city burning furiously and the odd shell coming over. Luckily the whole time we had a moon as all the marching was done at night.

The first part of the withdrawal was according to plan—and then the French gave way on our right and things went pretty quickly. About this time (after the first move) we were in one position for over 48 hours—the longest time we were ever in one place till we got to the beach. Here we got our first real taste of shelling. They found my Bty. H.Q. but only managed to kill four cows in the field outside the farmhouse. One cross-roads on the way to R.H.Q. was particularly unhealthy. We did a longish march that night, meeting our guides about dawn, who led us by a very tortuous way to selected positions. (You'll see the reason for this explanation shortly.) That day we did a fair amount of shooting, but had very vague information about the enemy. We also milked the cows and made butter and slew several pigs which we took along with us. (Anything—pigs and cows—we couldn't take, we shot.)

Just at dusk that evening the adjutant arrived in a great hurry on a motor-bike saying I was wanted at R.H.Q. He led off at a great pace, me following on a 8 cwt. truck. Orders were to withdraw immediately—Boche had broken through on our left (quite close). I got on the 'phone and had just got as far as "Cease firing" when the line went. So I started off back to collect the Bty. Then came a most frightful nightmare for two hours nearly. Could I find the Bty. position? Could I hell?... (It was dark then.) All I had to guide me was a farmhouse on fire which I knew was about 800 yards from the Bty. I went around and around that farmhouse but not a sign could I see. Then I got on a main road and I saw, coming towards me, lots of our own troops, who had had a pretty gruelling day. I had to go on because I knew the way I'd come from was wrong. Then to a cross-roads in a town with a signpost. I didn't stay long looking at the signpost as they had the place pretty well taped and there were many corpses lying about there. I eventually found them. The words "Cease-firing" had been just enough to get them out of action and formed up on the road.

I was two hours late at the starting point but that didn't matter much. It was from that position, I think, that we put down a Regimental concentration on a factory where a lot of Boches had been forming and whence most unpleasant mortar fire had been directed on our infantry. It was a grand sight I'm told and the infantry in the front line stood up and cheered like mad. Twenty-four 25-pounders putting over stuff at rapid or intense for 10 minutes makes a bit of a mess at the other end. They are damn good guns and we had absolutely no trouble with them. In the next 36 hours we came into action four times—by which I mean we had to move four times and I may say I was pretty tired by then—no sleep for nearly three days and three nights.

By this time we were back near Lille, near the positions we had been spending months constructing. I think I managed to get a bath somewhere here and a few hours' sleep.

Then came a notable day, May 26th, when we were as good as told that we would probably never get away. We had heard that before, but this time it was looking pretty sticky, and we were told to send off certain officers and N.C.O.s to train the next B.E.F.

Next day was a red-letter day. It was a thing that every gunner officer dreams about. Sitting in a wonderful O.P. (though rather obvious) and seeing the Boche going across your front. I think I got amongst them a dozen times that morning and literally must have put hundreds out of action. I had two points accurately registered. I saw the Boche coming and gave "Tgt P.B. 2, fire by order, 5 rounds gun-fire"—and as they passed a certain point—"Fire"—then followed them up till they got into a wood, and plastered the wood for a bit. We had plenty of ammunition then, and had had the whole time, till towards the end. I shall never forget my Bt. captain, coming up to me one night, just after we had come into action, and I was going to try and get some much-needed sleep, and saying that 27 3-ton lorries were arriving full of ammo... and I was the only person who knew how to get to all three troops. Well, to continue—during that same morning, I suddenly saw a Boche battery open up, 5.9" I think. I could see one gun through a telescope, and ranged on it. About the third round of fire for effect landed amongst the ammunition and it went up in a sheet of flame. Then I strafed the farm buildings where I thought the other

three guns were and set them on fire. That battery did not fire again.

Our next stop was, I think, at the famous "Plug Street," and then they sent us—a Field Regiment—on what appeared to be a suicide trip—to go posthaste to Dixmude and hold the bridge there. Information about the enemy—Nil. In fact it was quite probable that they were there already! We should get there about 2 a.m. and no infantry could get there until 6 a.m. at the earliest. Just as we had about arrived there we were told that the bridge had been blown and that we need not go. What had happened was that a troop of cavalry had arrived at one end of the bridge as some Boche arrived at the other. They shot them up and blew the bridge.

Then we moved on to the Dunkirk area—actually about 12 miles E. of it. We came into action, then out again, and that evening came into action amongst the sand dunes. That night I got my first good night's sleep as I knew we could not move back any more. Next morning the Boche were within range and we stayed there for, I think, four days while thousands were embarking. Amn. was a bit short now. In the earlier stages one troop got through 250 rounds per gun in 24 hours (in one day). Now we were down to 16 R.P.G. per day. I managed to scrounge some more, then, miraculously, more arrived. It had just been put into a barge and run ashore at high tide. The same with food—it was just dumped and you went and helped yourselves.

The ground is very flat there but there was one hill with a restaurant in the form of a windmill on top. I had to have an O.P. there. It sustained over 50 direct hits with 4.1" and 5.9" H.E. and was still standing (or half of it was) and only one man wounded.

On the last night two troops had to be destroyed and the detachments sent on to LA PANNE and I had to keep one troop in action until 1.30 a.m. I still had an F.O.O. out with the infantry, but his wireless was dis. and I could not get in touch with him. He came in about 11 p.m., badly wounded in the face, on a motor-cycle. His truck was also out of action. Three signallers were still out, so I had to get into my truck and go and fetch them. Pitch-dark. Along the coast road littered with vehicles that had been destroyed—road full of shell-holes—tram wire poles all over the place. Then through an avenue of trees, rather the same, only for poles read trees. All this time I had

seen our infantry withdrawing, then I didn't see any more and quite expected to see the Boche following up. Then up to a cross-roads at Oost—Dunkirk where there wasn't a brick standing for 100 yards in any direction, then on for half a mile till I couldn't get any further because of holes in the road and a burning farmhouse falling across. Still no signs of the signalers. So back I went and they rolled up a little later, having marched with the last infantry.

By 2 a.m. we had destroyed the last gun. My truck and a 30-cwt. for the skeleton detachments were quite close, but when we went to start it off, my car had been knocked out of action and the 30-cwt. so riddled that it blew up after half a mile. So we proceeded to walk only two miles to where we were supposed to embark—La Panne. We were met by the Div. Cmdr. who said that it was impossible and that nothing could live on the beach. We were to wait while his staff were doing a recce. for another route. We lay in the sand dunes, luckily, as some people in houses on the other side of the road got wiped out. Then, eventually, on to the beach, and tramp, tramp, tramp. Came the dawn and we were just inside France and the beach was black with people. Then the Boche planes arrived. We went into the sand dunes and slept for an hour or two. Then on again till about mid-day when we climbed into a boat. More bombing—one either side of the ship. Six p.m. arrived Folkestone. Everybody very tired, unwashed, unshaved and with our tails between our legs. But what a reception! The whole way every station we passed through, every village we passed, were crowds of cheering people.

One little sidelight before I finish. The N.A.A.F.I. had a huge warehouse in Lille. On our way back we were short of cigarettes so sent a three-tonner down. There was no one there so we borrowed about 500,000 cigarettes and a few crates of whisky, gin and champagne. But do you know that we never had time to drink that whisky. I tried hard but many a time just fell asleep over it. In the end we had to break the bottles and pour the cigarettes down a well.

Well, there you are—a rather disconnected series of events, very much potted, but I hope they may be of interest. Total casualties in the Bty., one Officer and three men wounded in action, and one Officer and 14 men drowned on the way home.

## REVIEWS

### OXFORD PAMPHLETS ON WORLD AFFAIRS

(Oxford University Press, 3d.)

The Gestapo	O. C. Gibbs	No. 36.
War & Treaties	Arnold D. McNair	No. 37.
South Africa	F. A. Walker	No. 39.
Latin America	Robin A. Humphreys	No. 42.
The Military Aeroplane	F. Colson Shepherd	No. 44.
The Jewish Question	James Parkes	No. 45.
Germany's "New Order"	Duncan Wilson	No. 46.
Canada	Graham Spry	No. 47.

In the latest batch of these excellent booklets the most topical, perhaps, is the brilliant little summary of Germany's "New Order." The author, writing in March last, makes the interesting point that fullblast German propaganda on this elusive (and illusory) theme only began after the defeat of the Luftwaffe in August-September, 1940. Renewed emphasis on it since the attack on Russia confirms the view that it is only brought into the foreground when Germany faces determined resistance. The implications of the New Order—the reduction of the rest of Europe beyond to the status of agricultural serfdom, providing food for Germany and consuming the products of German industry—are well known, but it is interesting to find that Italy is already being openly relegated to the "harvest helpers" class. Mr Gibbs, writing on the Gestapo, surveys the New Order from another angle, that of the Nazi Secret Police, whose organisation and rather sensational brutalities are described in a well-informed manner.

Of great general interest is Professor McNair's Essay on War and Treaties. We are inclined to forget that international law is a bulwark of the *status quo* and the author rightly points out that until some machinery—more satisfactory than Article 15 of the Covenant of the League of Nations—is set up for treaty revision, wars are inevitable.

The pamphlet on the Jewish Problem throws some stimulating light on another international question but the admitted growth of anti-Semitism in countries where this disease has

hitherto lain dormant—Lindbergh's recent speeches in the States are significant—makes it difficult to be hopeful of any final solution, the author of the pamphlet himself does not offer one.

Anti-Semitism also features in the pamphlet on South Africa. Any reader of this must feel conscious of the many disintegrating factors in South African life. It was fortunate for the Empire that Field Marshal Smuts was able to direct a sufficient volume of opinion towards the common cause against Germany and away from the dangerously Nazi sentiments of Dr. Malan and Mr. Pirow. Canada, too, has its problems of unity and, for some years before the war, as Mr. Spry shows, it was by no means certain that another European war would not find Canada a friendly neutral rather than an active participant. People in the United Kingdom are dangerously complacent about these matters and it is interesting to find Mr. Spry pointing out that by Canadians the Royal Visit, so happy in its timing before the war, was regarded as a symbol more of Canadian than Imperial unity.

Dr Humphrey's pamphlet on Latin America is necessarily a great feat of compression when it is realized that it is "the richest raw-material producing area in the world free from the domination of any great power." There are signs that Britain's neglect of this part of the world is ceasing and in spite of the large population of Axis descent, the help given by many famous Britons in the South American Wars of Independence should prove of great value.

The last pamphlet, on the Military Aeroplane, deals with general principles rather than existing types of machines and hence does not "date" in spite of being written last February. Laymen, particularly, will find their appreciation of the radio and newspapers greatly improved by reading this.

V. P. S.

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### BRITAIN'S BLOCKADE

BY R. W. B. CLARKE

(*Oxford University Press*, 3d.)

First added to the "Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs" in October, this small volume had already been reprinted twice before the end of last year. And with reason, for its thirty odd pages contrive to cover most of the ground. The author, a specialist in the economic problems of war, here sets forth the



aims and methods of the blockade, with special reference to the strategy of aerial bombardment, in a manner that makes for easy reading.

In an extremely clear, though necessarily condensed, review of our objectives, the admission is made that, in the first eight months of the war, owing to technical difficulties the blockade failed in possible effectiveness. By last autumn, however, these obstacles had to a large extent been overcome: fewer neutrals made for simpler administration. Mr. Clarke then goes on to describe the relative poverty of Europe's natural resources. From oil and coal to metals and textiles, all the vital raw materials are inadequate. It is not fully realised that although it receives most publicity, the European deficiency in food is actually less striking than that of other supplies. As the author explains, save in abnormal harvest years she is self-sufficient in food—of a sort. The next section of the pamphlet, dealing with the position in 1940-1, makes even more interesting study, since it gives the results of last year's harvests, this year's prospects and the effects of German aggression upon agriculture in general; going on to deal with the question of relief for occupied territories. Stress is laid on the big adjustment from former scales of living to the dreary standards of the Nazis: in the author's neat phrase "The market place has become the Adolf Hitler Platz."

In view of the present situation in France and the Low countries, it is useful to be reminded of how, in the last war, American attempts to relieve near-starvation were impeded. The survey there concludes with a brief outline of the prospects of Britain's blockade in perspective; Mr. Clarke has good reasons to suppose that from this summer onwards the enemy will be conscious of definite economic weaknesses. So, on a note of restrained confidence, ends a valuable contribution to an excellent series of pamphlets. Economists are not noted for their optimism—very much the reverse; even this degree of hope is therefore most encouraging and reassuring.

A. G. B.

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT FOR 1940

### 1. *FINANCE*

The auditor's report is before the members of the council: the statement of accounts has been issued to all members of the Institution. The auditor's report is satisfactory. Income from subscriptions and advertisements in the journal has declined. Expenditure has been generally reduced, principally on the journal which has, however, maintained a satisfactory standard under prevailing circumstances. As a result the year's working shows an income over expenditure of Rs. 6,403-8-10 against Rs. 4,989-13-7 the year before.

The financial position of the Institution remains sound. The balance on capital account stands at Rs. 1,29,205.

Rs. 15,000 were invested in 3 per cent Defence Bonds, 1946. Investments, Post Office Cash Certificates and fixed deposit total Rs. 87,596. Investments had however depreciated in value at the end of the year by a net amount of Rs. 1,008 below cost. Cash and other balances amount to Rs. 10,570.

### 2. *MEMBERSHIP*

The result of the war has apparently been that a number of members have resigned prematurely while others have failed to pay their subscriptions while neglecting to resign.

Sixty-five ordinary members were enrolled during the year against 74 ordinary members died or resigned. 22 members were struck off for non-payment of subscriptions leaving a net reduction of 31. This is a lower net reduction than the previous year, but only because special measures were taken to extend membership.

A further 53 members have had to be struck off for non-payment of subscription, since the close of the year; although it is possible that some of these may pay up in due course.

On 31st December, 1940, the position was:

Life members	...	391
Honorary member	...	1
Ordinary members	...	1,398
		<hr/>
		1,790

The small reduction during the last two years is satisfactory in the circumstances and there are signs that membership will continue at a satisfactory total.

### 3. *LIBRARY*

The library has now been fully card-indexed on a proper system and the new catalogue has been issued. Purchase of suitable books continues and the popularity of the library is maintained.

Eighty-three books were added during the year and 540 borrowed.

It is hoped that members will make suggestions for the purchase of volumes likely to be of interest or value.

### 4. *JOURNAL*

As mentioned, the standard of the Journal has been maintained; but more contributions would be welcomed. Entries for the Prize Essay were disappointing in numbers and did not merit the award of the medal.

### 5. *LECTURES*

During the year the following lectures were delivered at Simla and were well attended. His Excellency the Viceroy honoured the Institution with his presence at the lecture on the "Air Warfare."

1. "Archæology" by Mr. H. Waddington.
2. "Air Warfare" by Air Commodore A. Claud Wright, A.F.C.
3. "Naval Warfare" by Commander J. Ryland, R.I.N.
4. "Land Warfare" by Brigadier F. E. Dorman-Smith, M.C.
5. "The Theatre of War in Africa and the Middle East" by Lieut.-Colonel C. A. Osborne.

## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA

1. The United Service Institution of India is situated at Simla and is open daily including Sundays from 9 a.m. to sunset.
2. Officers wishing to become members of the United Service Institution of India should apply to the Secretary.
3. The reading room of the Institution is provided with the leading illustrated papers, newspapers, magazines, and journals of Service interest that are published.
4. There is a well-stocked library in the Institution, from which members can obtain books on loan free. Members not resident in Simla may have books from the library sent to them post free. (See Secretary's Notes.)
5. The Institution publishes a Quarterly Journal in the months of January, April, July and October which is issued, postage free, to members in any part of the world.
6. Members and the public are invited to contribute articles to the Journal of the Institution for which payment is made. Information for the guidance of contributors will be found in the Secretary's Notes.

### Rules of Membership

1. All officers of the Defence Services, whether they belong to the Imperial Forces, to forces raised by the Government of India, by an Indian State, by a British Dominion or Colony, and all gazetted officials of the Government of India or of a Provincial Government shall be entitled to become members, without ballot, on payment of the entrance fee and subscription.

Other gentlemen may become members if proposed and seconded by a member of the Institution and approved by the Council.

2. Life members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of a lump sum of Rs. 160, which sum includes entrance fee.

3. Ordinary members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of an entrance fee\* (see para. 4) of Rs. 10 on joining, and an annual subscription of Rs. 10 (or 15s.) to be paid in advance.

The period of subscription commences on the 1st January.

An ex-member on rejoining the Institution will be charged a second entrance fee of Rs. 10 if since the date on which he ceased to be a member he has served or resided in India. In other cases no charge will be made.

4. British Service, Dominion and Colonial officers serving in India shall pay an entrance fee\* of Rs. 7 only.

5. Members receive the Journal of the Institution post free to any part of the world. Members in India may obtain books from the library which are issued postage free; the borrower will pay the return postage.

6. Government institutions and offices, military libraries, messes and clubs wishing to subscribe for the Journal shall pay Rs. 10 per annum. Non-members shall pay Rs. 10 per annum plus postage. Single copies of the Journal will be supplied to non-members at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy, plus postage.

7. If a member fails to pay his subscription for any year (commencing 1st January) by 1st June of that year, a registered notice shall be sent to him by the Secretary inviting his attention to the fact. If the subscription is not paid by 1st January following, his name shall be struck off the roll of members and, if the Executive Committee so decide, posted in the hall of the Institution for six months, or until the subscription is paid.

8. An ordinary member wishing to resign at any time during a year in which one or more Journals have been sent to him must pay his subscription in full for that year and notify his wish to resign before his name can be struck off the list of members.

9. Members who join the Institution on or after the 1st October and pay the entrance fee and annual subscription on joining will not be charged a further subscription on the following 1st January, unless the Journals for the current year have been supplied.

10. Members are responsible that they keep the Secretary carefully posted in regard to changes of rank and address. Duplicate copies of the Journal will not be supplied free to members when the original has been posted to a member's last known address and has not been returned by the post.

11. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla.

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\* For the duration of the war, the entrance fees shall be waived.

**I.—NEW MEMBERS**

The following new members joined the Institution from 1st June to 30th September, 1941:

H. E. General Sir Archibald P. Wavell, G.C.B., C.M.G.,  
M.C.

Lieut.-General T. S. Riddell-Webster, C.B., D.S.O.

Brigadier E. O. Wheeler, M.C.

Lieut.-Colonel J. V. Brewin, M.C.

Major J. Gold.

Captain D. C. S. David, R.F.

Lieut. K. M. Dibben

Lieut. A. R. Judd.

2 Lieut. Kewal Kishan.

Mr. Josselyn Hennessy.

**II.—CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE JOURNAL**

Preference is given to articles dealing with naval, military or air force matters likely to be of topical interest to the majority of readers of the Journal. Historical articles should have a direct bearing on the present war. One entirely non-military story and one article of financial interest to officers is included in each number of the Journal. The latter may be concerned with travel, sport, housing or any other subject which affects officers' pay and expenditure.

Articles may vary in length up to ten thousand words. They should be submitted in duplicate and typewritten, with double spacing between lines, on one side of the paper. Manuscript articles cannot be considered. Payment up to Rs. 150 is made on publication according to the value of the contribution.

With reference to R.A.I., Paragraph 333, and K.R. 535, the Executive Council of the Institution will take action, when necessary, to obtain the sanction of the Chief of the General Staff to the publication of an article in the Journal.

Members who wish to remain anonymous will inform the Secretary of the fact and include a pen-name if they so wish. In such cases the real name of the author is known to nobody except the Secretary, who has been instructed to divulge it to no one.

The Committee reserve to themselves the right to omit or amend any matter; if such alterations affect the sense of the article, it will be referred to the author before publication, unless the author has stated that the article may be edited as thought necessary without reference to him.

The January number of the Journal goes to Press on November 25th. Editing and selecting articles takes about ten days, so, as a general rule, articles should be submitted to the editor by November 15th. An article which may not be edited without reference to the author should arrive at least ten days earlier. From the Editor's point of view, November 1st is about the ideal date on which to receive articles. All these dates apply equivalently to the other numbers of the Journal

### III.—READING ROOM AND LIBRARY

(1) The library is only open to members, who are requested to look on books as not transferable to their friends.

Books are only issued on loan to members who are resident in India. Members borrowing books from the library in person must make the necessary entry in the register and record their address in India.

(2) Applications for books from members at outstations are dealt with as early as possible and books are sent post free by registered parcel post. They must be returned, carefully packed, by registered parcel post within two months of the date of issue, or immediately on recall.

(3) A member may not have on loan, at any one time, more than three books or sets of books without the Secretary's permission. Papers, magazines and works catalogued under the headings of "Works of Reference," "Not to be taken out" and "Confidential" may not be removed from the Institution.

(4) No particular limit is set on the number of days for which a member may keep a book, the Council wishing to make the library as useful as possible to members. This rule is, however, subject to the following limitations:

(a) If, after the expiration of three weeks from the date of issue, a book is wanted by another member, it will be recalled.

(b) A member wishing to retain a book for a period over two months from the date of issue must notify the Secretary to that effect, otherwise the book will be recalled.

(5) If a book is not returned within fourteen days of the date of recall, it must be paid for, if so required by the Executive Committee. Lost and defaced books shall be replaced at the cost of the member to whom they were issued. In the case of lost or defaced books that are out of print, the value shall be fixed by the Executive Committee and the member will be required to pay the cost so fixed.

(6) The issue of a book under these rules to any member implies the latter's compliance with the rules and the willingness to have them enforced, if necessary, against him.

(7) The revised 1940 catalogue is available at Rs. 2.80 per copy plus postage.

#### **IV.—OLD BOOKS AND TROPHIES**

The Institution is in possession of a collection of old and rare books presented by members from time to time and, while such books are not available for circulation, they can be seen by members visiting Simla.

The Secretary will be glad to acknowledge the gift of books, trophies, medals, etc., presented to the Institution.

#### **V.—HISTORICAL RESEARCH**

The U. S. I. is prepared to supply members and units with typewritten copies of old Indian Army List pages, at the rate of Rs. 2 per typewritten page.

#### **VI.—THE MACGREGOR MEMORIAL MEDAL**

1. The MacGregor Memorial Medal was founded in 1888 as a memorial to the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor who founded the United Service Institution of India. The medals are awarded for the best military reconnaissances or journeys of exploration of the year.

2. The following awards are made annually in the month of June:

(a) For officers—British or Indian—silver medal.

(b) For soldiers—British or Indian—silver medal with Rs. 100 gratuity.

3. For especially valuable work, a gold medal may be awarded in place of one of the silver medals, or in addition to the silver medals, whenever the administrators of the Fund deem it desirable. Also the Council may award a special additional silver medal without gratuity, to a soldier, for especially good work.

4. The award of medals is made by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India, as Vice-Patron, and the Council of the United Service Institution of India, who were appointed administrators of the Fund by the MacGregor Memorial Committee.

5. The following are eligible for the award, whether at the time of the reconnaissance they were in military or civil employ:

(a) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and of the Dominion Forces, while serving on the Indian establishment

- (b) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Indian Navy, Indian Army, Indian Air Force and of the Indian States Forces, wherever serving.

**Note.**—The term "Indian Army" includes the Indian Auxiliary and Territorial Forces, Frontier Militia, Levies, Military Police and Military Corps under local governments.

6. The medal may be worn in uniform by Indian soldiers on ceremonial parades, suspended round the neck by the ribbon issued with the medal.\*

7. Personal risk to life during the reconnaissance or exploration is not a necessary qualification for the award of the medal: but, in the event of two journeys being of equal value, the man who has incurred the greater risk will be considered to have the greater claim to the award.

8. When the work of the year has either not been of sufficient value or notice of it has been received too late for consideration before the Council Meeting, the medal may be awarded for any reconnaissance during previous years considered by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India to deserve it.

#### **VII.—GOLD MEDAL PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION**

The Council has chosen the following subject for the Gold Medal Prize Essay Competition for 1942.

"In modern warfare the interests and operations of the three services—land, sea, and air—are inseparable. A doctrine of "Combined Warfare" in the widest sense of these words is necessary. Outline such a doctrine, and the organization to implement it, in relation with the problem of Imperial Defence."

The following are the conditions of the competition:

- (1) The competition is open to all gazetted officers of the Civil Administration in India and to all commissioned officers of His Majesty's Forces including Territorial Forces, wherever those forces have been raised and to officers of the Indian States Forces.
- (2) Essays must be typewritten and submitted in triplicate.
- (3) When reference is made to any work, the title of such work is to be quoted.
- (4) Essays are to be strictly anonymous. Each must have a motto, and, enclosed with the essay, there should be sent a sealed envelope with the motto written on the outside and the name of the competitor inside.

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\*Replacements of the ribbon may be obtained on payment from the Secretary, U.S.I., Simla.



- (5) Essays will not be accepted unless received by the Secretary on or before the 30th June 1942.
- (6) Essays will be submitted for adjudication to three judges chosen by the Council. The judges may recommend a money award, not exceeding Rs. 500, either in addition to, or in substitution for the medal. The decision of the three judges will be submitted to the Council, who will decide whether the medal is to be awarded and whether the essay is to be published. The name of the successful candidate will be published in the October 1942 number of the Journal.
- (7) All essays submitted are to become the property of the United Service Institution of India absolutely, and authors will not be at liberty to make any use whatsoever of their essays without the sanction of the Council.
- (8) Essays should not exceed fifteen pages of the size and style of the Journal exclusive of any appendices, tables or maps.

#### VIII.—ADDRESSES

The difficulties of tracing addresses are now very much increased. Members are earnestly requested to keep the Secretary informed of changes in their addresses or if possible give a permanent address which will always find them, e.g. a Bank.

#### IX.—HONORARY MEMBERSHIP OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION

Honorary membership of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, is extended to commissioned officers of any military unit from the Dominions, India, or the Colonies, who may be visiting the United Kingdom during the war. They will be admitted to the Institution's premises on presentation of their cards.

#### X.—L. H. Q. STAFF COLLEGE COURSE SERIES, 1939

Sets of papers of the abovementioned series, with 4 maps, are available for sale at Rs. 8 per set.

- |   |         |
|---|---------|
| (i) Precis of lectures and papers                     | Rs. 2 - |
| (ii) Strategy and Tactics papers, including<br>4 maps | Rs. 6 - |

#### XI.—ENTRANCE FEES

The Council of the Institution have decided that for the duration of the war entrance fees shall be waived. Ordinary members shall, therefore, be admitted to the Institution on payment of an annual subscription of Rs. 10 -



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*Printed by E. G. Tilt (Manager) at  
The Civil & Military Gazette Ltd., 48 The Mall, Lahore,  
and edited and published by Major C. J. C. Molony for the  
United Service Institution of India, Simla*

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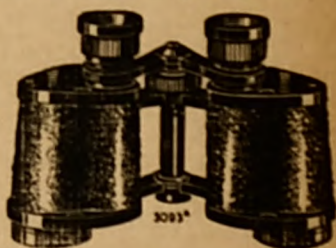
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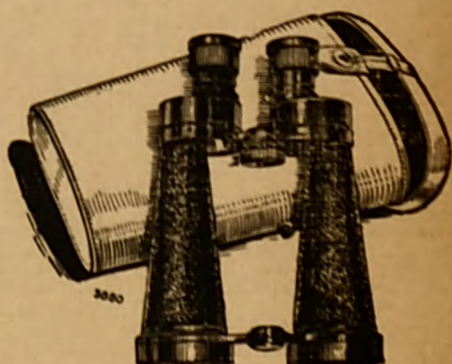


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# THE JOURNAL

## OF THE

# UNITED SERVICE

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## OF

# INDIA

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# The Journal

OF THE

## United Service Institution of India

**Vol. LXXII**

**JANUARY, 1942**

**No. 306**

*The views expressed in this Journal are in no sense official, and the opinions of contributors in their published articles are not necessarily those of the Council of the Institution.*

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CHANGES IN THEIR ADDRESSES.**

## EDITORIAL

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As we go to press, the year 1941 is just coming to its end, and it may be of interest to compare our situation now with what it was a year ago.

At the end of 1940 the British Commonwealth stood almost alone against the Germans as a fighting nation. In Albania the Italians were being severely handled by the Greeks and in Northern Africa by the Imperial Forces, and the Italian Navy had received some heavy blows from the Royal Navy, in the Mediterranean.

The credit side of Germany's balance appeared to be high. She had disposed of two of her three opponents—Britain, France and Poland. She had overrun Norway, Holland and Belgium. Denmark, Bulgaria and Rumania had given way to her threats. Practically the whole of the European continent was under the heel of the Nazis, and the acquisition of the coast line from North Cape to the Bay of Biscay had given Germany air, submarine and invasion bases which covered the whole of the eastern and southern waters of Britain, very greatly facilitating her attempts to prevent the arrival of supplies of all kinds at British ports, and vastly simplifying an air offensive on Britain.

That the Germans were taking full advantage of the opportunities they had gained was shown by the fierce air attacks on London and on others of the big English towns, resulting in many casualties and much damage, and by the increased shipping losses in the Atlantic.

Let us look at the situation now, at the completion of 1941.

Last year ended with two nations, Britain and Greece, fighting against the Axis. Greece, after a most gallant struggle, was forced to succumb, but to-day we find, lined up against the powers of Nazism and Fascism, the British, Dutch, Russians, Chinese and Americans, with the whole weight of the enormous resources of man-power and production of the latter thrown into the scales. Germany has gained one active partner, the Japanese, but on the other hand, her ally, Italy, has received very heavy reverses and is not now the active helper she was expected to be when she entered the war.

The operations now being conducted against the Axis powers are taking place, broadly speaking, in four areas—the Atlantic, Russia, the Mediterranean and the Pacific.

In the Atlantic, owing to the measures now being taken to protect our convoys and to the gallantry and endurance of our merchant seamen, losses of ships have been very considerably reduced. Large numbers of cargoes are being delivered daily at ports all round the British Isles, and in this zone we can fairly claim to have got the better of the enemy and to have reduced his interference to a very large extent.

Our Allies in Russia, forced as they were to fall back for some months, succeeded in holding the German attempts to capture Leningrad and Moscow, and to drive a way through the Russian positions in the south, and now have turned round and in their turn are beating the Germans back in retreat, inflicting on them enormous losses in men and material. The Germans call this straightening their line according to plan, a story hardly borne out by the now daily tale of Russian successes. In this long, battle-field, in spite of his earlier gains, Hitler can hardly claim success now.

Events in the Mediterranean area are going strongly in favour of the Allies. After months of preparation, the Imperial land forces, backed by our Naval and Air Forces, have driven the combined German and Italian army practically out of Cyrenaica, taking a huge toll of men and machines in the process. Further south, the last stronghold, Gondar, in the former Italian colonial empire has been taken, and that empire, founded by the seizure of an inoffensive kingdom, has now crumbled to nothing.

In the Pacific, at the moment, we cannot claim that things are going well for the Allies. Japan has succeeded in gaining great advantages at the outset. By attacking before war was even declared she has been able to inflict very serious losses on the Navies of both ourselves and the United States, she has come dangerously near to Singapore from more than one direction, she has succeeded in capturing Hongkong, and has been able to land large forces to threaten the safety of the Philippines and other islands of strategical importance. By forcing Thailand to give way to her, she has now succeeded in getting into direct contact with Burma, and has brought that country, and, indeed, parts of India too, within range of her air attacks. It will take time and considerable effort to fight back to a position where we can say that these initial gains have been offset.

What turn events will take in the immediate future and what fresh blows the Axis powers will endeavour to deliver—and there is every likelihood of their making early efforts in fresh directions—we are unable to forecast. There is no doubt, however, that we may expect more of the “blood, toil, tears and sweat” promised us by the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, in the early days of the war. Still, the general situation is undoubtedly such as to allow us to face the coming year—to quote Mr. Churchill, again—“with sober confidence.”

\* \* \* \*

In our last issue we made some remarks on “Combined Warfare.” Since then, the world has seen two excellent examples of how the three Services of the sea, air and land can combine to bring about the desired object of the defeat and destruction of the enemy’s forces.

After months of the most careful preparation, the Imperial Forces in North Africa have now driven the German and Italian army practically out of Cyrenaica, inflicting enormous losses of every kind on them, and as we go to press, it appears that the final battle to complete the work is about to take place.

All three Services have taken their full share in this operation. The Naval forces have kept the seas of the Mediterranean open for the movement of our own ships, they have prevented a large proportion of the enemy vessels which were striving to carry greatly needed supplies of men, machines and material to North Africa from reaching that country, and they have assisted the land troops in their actual operations by bombardment from the sea.

In the air, our Air forces have held superiority from the outset. By bombing hostile aerodromes they have interfered very considerably with the air activities of the enemy. Air attacks on ports and on columns of supplies and reinforcements in rear of the actual battle areas have been most successful, and they have played a very full part in the fighting operations by their close support of our attacking troops, keeping off hostile attacks and themselves delivering fierce assaults on the enemy ground formations.

The results of this close co-operation, coupled with the dash and courage of the land troops and the skill of their commanders, are to be seen in the rapidity with which the hostile forces, led as they were by a commander reported to be one of the most capable German leaders of armoured formations and comprising



among other troops two specially selected German armoured divisions, have been driven back so far in so short a time.

The second example is the very recent raid on Norway. Here again, all three Services were working in very close co-operation. The safe landing and, later, the withdrawal of the land troops was ensured, and several enemy ships were sunk or destroyed by the Royal Navy. Protection from air attack was provided by the Royal Air Force by air fighting, attacks on the nearest enemy aerodrome and by providing smoke screens. The Army, when landed, carried out a considerable amount of destruction, and killed and captured an appreciable number of enemy.

The whole operation was completed with very few casualties to our forces.

In this connection we have recently heard some discussion on the desirability of having "commandoes" permanently composed of units of all three Services. This would be the ideal. It is an accepted fact that the best results in war are obtained when units are trained together, getting to know each other well, and by this mutual acquaintance gaining complete mutual trust in each other. It is a question, however, if, with the many calls that have to be made on the sea and air forces, it would be possible to take away from the multifarious tasks for which they are daily required any units of the Royal Navy or the Royal Air Force and keep them solely for work of this nature. It would appear that whilst this object is one which it would be most advantageous to gain, it must be kept as something to be aimed at in the future when the number of available ships and aeroplanes has increased far beyond what it is now.

. . . . .

Perhaps, the most important event in the last three months has been the entry of the United States into the war.

A year ago, President Roosevelt promised that half the production of the United States would be sent to Britain.

Later, came the Lease and Lend Act, by which the material assistance given by the United States to the forces of the British Commonwealth was very greatly increased.

On the 7th of November, 1941, the American Senate passed a Bill permitting the arming of all United States' merchantmen and allowing them to enter belligerent ports and "zones of combat." After a debate lasting some days the House of Representatives gave Congressional Approval to this measure on the 13th of November.

The results of this decision, which tore away the last remnants of the legislature by which the American republic, six years ago, strove to avoid becoming involved in the world crisis which it clearly saw approaching, would be far-reaching. It ensured that ships and men would be available to deliver materials for aiding the war effort at the points where they were most urgently needed, and would relieve the British Navy of part, at least, of its great responsibilities in bringing the Battle of the Atlantic to a successful conclusion.

Now, on December 8th, by the aggressive action of the Japanese the United States has been plunged into war.

The results of this on the American nation are easy to see. Previously, the Isolationist policy had a large number of supporters who were against President Roosevelt's efforts to give material support to the opposition to the Nazi and Fascist aggressors. The national industry itself met with frequent checks from strikes which had a serious effect on production, and which required severe measures to bring under control. Now, the whole nation is united, and we can say with certainty that their production, immense as it was before, will yet increase very largely and will no longer be hindered by such things as strikes, and that the great assistance given heretofore to Britain and her Allies will grow even greater still. Indeed, President Roosevelt himself has promised this. The expansion of her Navy and Army began immediately, and although, as in the case of Britain, it may be some little time before it reaches its peak, with the resources at her disposal we may confidently expect that time to be short.

\* \* \* \*

We have to record a most interesting and impressive ceremony, the presentation of the Victoria Cross to Captain P. S. Bhagat, Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners, and to the widow of the late Subedar Richpal Singh, 4th Battalion (Outram's) 6th Rajputana Rifles.

These Victoria Crosses, the first and second to be gained by members of the Indian Army in this war, were both won in the Abyssinian Campaign.

The ceremony took place in the forecourt of Viceroy's House, New Delhi, on November 10th, in the presence of a large number of spectators. A Guard of Honour was provided by the 6th Rajputana Rifles.

## THE WESTERN DESERT

BY MAJOR G. T. WHEELER.

The Western Desert is indescribable to anyone who has not seen it. This is because its nature changes about every mile, and each change brings something that does not exist elsewhere. If a Matabele asked: "What is England like?", it would be necessary to describe grass fields, ploughed fields, crops of all sorts, tarmac roads, moorland, factories and so on, and at the end the Matabele would be dizzy, but without the knowledge he sought. So with the Western Desert. There is hard "put," sand dunes, rock flats, tufty "ghots," scrub of many sorts and stony wastes—and many, many other varieties of barren land. From a military point of view it is sufficient to regard it as Salisbury Plain with the trees and grass scraped off and the undulations flattened to half their present relative height—or, alternatively, to the barren land between Rawalpindi and Khushalgarh. Tanks can cross most of it as fast as they like, wheeled vehicles will average 12 m.p.h. over most of it. In places they can go 30 m.p.h. without risk, in others 5 m.p.h. with acute discomfort from the stones or grassy tufts. Two impressions must remain. First, the desert on which we fight is nothing like the desert of "Beau Geste" or the desert round Cairo. Secondly, it is stony, not without vegetation and deceptively undulating.

The desert on which we have fought most, and still do, is on either side of the Sollum Escarpment. This is worth describing. It is about 500 feet high at its highest and is a steep, but never vertical cliff. *Wadis* run into it continuously, so concealment is easy, and although a man could walk along it half-way up, it would be a very tortuous and tiring journey, for he would go up and down, and in and out without ceasing. It is a complete vehicle obstacle except where roads have been made at Sollum, Halfaya, Halfway house and Sofafi. Infantry can climb it where they will.

Maps of the desert mark tracks, and possibly before the war these tracks existed as such. The desert track is not good going, it is a place where previous traffic has removed the soft top soil and exposed the loose stones thereunder. The wise driver, therefore, drives parallel to, but not on, a track. There are many

wise drivers and, consequently, many parallel tracks. The whole desert is in fact intersected with tracks, and those that connect main centres may well be two miles in width of parallel tracks. A new Corps Headquarters arrived in the desert and, presumably from some forgotten manual, produced an order to "signpost all cross-roads and report completion." Cross-roads are not places, they are vast areas; and the idea of completing the signposting of a track-infested area bigger than Yorkshire was novel. They were a good Corps Headquarters and explained that the order was signed in a "Khamsin"—the hot wind which makes all men feel stupid and all motor radiators boil.

In theory, an attack during a duststorm is a very desirable military event, but in practice it is risky because if the attack goes down-wind—and the wind veers fast—there is a chance of having every vehicle stranded for lack of water to refill the radiator. A Ford V-8 going down-wind will do three miles to the gallon of water, a figure no supply system can face in a waterless desert. The Germans have attacked in a duststorm, and so have we. Both attacks were successful, but since those attacks took place we have advanced towards each other and met just as a duststorm began. When the dust died down and the Tac R. went up it reported an empty space of 24 miles between our troops and theirs. Both sides had gone back 12 miles, which suggests that there are two subjects on which we and the Germans agree: it is not good to fight in a duststorm, and it is good for a German to die for his Führer.

The climate of the Western Desert has been maligned through one suspects, the desire for sympathy of its military inhabitants. Soldiers write home and say: "Dear Mother, We've just moved again. It is very sandy here and hot, and there are no trees to give shade;" and so the reputation of the "scorching desert" grows. It would sound wrong to say "there is a lot of sand here, no trees, and although the sun shines all day it is never as hot as Delhi is in October;" yet, such is the case. The months of April, May, June, September, October and November are perfect from a temperature point of view. Men wear sweaters in the morning and evening and shirt-sleeves in the middle of the day. The nights are cold but not uncomfortably so. July and August are fairly hot in the middle of the day, much the same as in Delhi in early November, and cool enough at night. From December to March it is cold by day and really cold at night. These facts should be better known, for high military circles still

insist that the winter is the desert campaigning season. It is not. The nights are unbearably cold in the open and duststorms are frequent. The summer is the proper campaigning season, particularly June to October when duststorms are very rare. In those months men can sleep in the open with either one blanket or a great coat, and can fight by day without anything that our troops would call discomfort. The German, on the other hand, is not so accustomed to even mild heat, and reckons that he is in a "sweltering heat" which is good for him. The campaigning season of the desert may be in the winter by elimination of other theatres, but for no other reason.

The course of the war in the Western Desert has been told, so far as it may be told, in the daily press. No historical account is yet possible, but it may be useful to build a framework of the war's course and hang thereon anecdotes which depict the conditions of modern desert warfare.

The day after Italy declared war our mobile forces in the frontier area captured Fort Capuzzo and, with it, 500 Italian soldiers. Graziani regarded this early start as a flagrant breach of military etiquette and sent a large force to recapture it. The force was allowed in with little opposition, and then given a very harassed life. Fort Capuzzo lends itself to being shelled, and shelled it was. On one occasion the gunner O.P. established itself due west of the Fort whilst the guns fired from due east. Increases in range were given cautiously. The Italians tried a tank sortie against the guns and came out in line ahead. The front tank was hit. The rest halted and finally withdrew. Tank manoeuvre was still a closed book to them.

In August, 1940, the might, majesty and Lybians of the Italian Army swarmed down Sollum Pass and advanced on Sidi Barrani. Our forces withdrew to Matruh, leaving mobile troops in contact. The Italians built dry-stone breastwork forts round Barrani, south of it at Funmar and Nibeiba, and far south at Rabia and Solahi. These breastwork forts are well built and worthy of the descendants of Balbus and Hadrian. They probably have some military value, other than as land marks in a featureless desert, but we have not yet found it. They have never been used by us, though the Italian airman still saves their builders' faces by bombing them at infrequent intervals.

Matruh was defended on an all-round basis, and 20 miles east of it the Baggush Box was made on similar but less elaborate lines. Between these two the Nagamish Nullah position was

made. No one knows why. Matruh and Baggush both contain good and plentiful water. Nagamish does not.

The air situation during this period was unfavourable. At the start we had nine Gladiators. They flew daily to rain death on the Italian Air Force, and death they rained. But like the ten little nigger boys, there came a time when "then there were two." The Italians reinforced their Air Force until they were able to bomb Matruh daily and nightly with very unpleasant strength. At last our Hurricanes arrived.

British, Dominion and Indian troops were given a first-class view of an air battle with Italian planes falling like ripe plums all round. Day raids on Matruh stopped. Night raids continue regularly to this day. They do some damage occasionally.

The mobile troops that remained in contact with the Italians were set the task of keeping an open gap in the enemy's defences. The selected spot was between Nibeiwa and Rabia. This task caused the birth of the "Jockcols," named after Jock Campbell, the gunner. A Jockol accepts the fact that the field gun is the true patrolling weapon in the desert. The rifle has not got either the range or weight to be effective. The A. Tk gun is a one-purpose gun, and also short of effective range for that purpose. The field gun can engage tanks, vehicles or men at a range from which it can withdraw in safety if rushed by a superior force. The F. O. O. has to be well forward and so needs some protection; this is provided by armoured cars and/or motor infantry. If the enemy decides to rush the column with tanks he must be delayed whilst the F. O. O. and his escort withdraw, and possibly whilst the field artillery step back. For this A. Tk guns are interposed in the area between the field guns and the F. O. O.

The whole force is known as a Jockcol and has stood the test of time. The columns hurried and frightened the Italians without ceasing, and the gap was kept open. It was used on December 9th, 1940, when Nibeiwa, the Tummar and consequently Barrani were captured. Fascist bubbles were pricked at Bardia, Tobruk and Derna. The remnants of the army surrendered to us at Beda Fomm, south of Benghazi. The seasoned troops who had made this wonderful conquest were taken elsewhere and replaced by new troops, armed and briefed as an army of occupation rather than as a spearhead of the Empire.

The price of this misconception was paid in April, 1940, when one German Light Motorized Division attacked and retook Cyrenaica.

The main infantry force and a few mobile remnants were rallied into Tobruk. The Germans attacked Tobruk almost at once, but the defenders by then understood war. They allowed the German tanks to overrun the forward infantry, which lay low whilst the tanks passed inwards. The infantry concentrated on the lorry-borne German infantry which followed, or rather tried but failed to follow. The tanks ran into the artillery area without support. They paid their toll and left. So began the siege of Tobruk, the place where British Empire troops first said a successful "No" to the Germans. The siege has lasted many months and the initiative has passed to the defenders, whose patrols are a constant dread to the enemy besiegers.

We have learnt much about defence in Tobruk, and one of these lessons is that an infantryman in a small parapetless firing-slit is safer and more effective than an infantryman in the approved "section defended post" of complicated layout. In his firing slit he cannot be seen from the ground and is no target from the air. All defended positions in the desert now depend on mine-fields watched by infantrymen lying, kneeling or standing in a trench about 4 feet deep, 2 feet wide and 4 feet long, it may be longer if the men would sooner fight in pairs. In each trench is stored water and food for the day, S. I. No. 68 and Mills grenades, and rifle and ammunition. There is no need to store more than a day's supply for the men can replenish at night. These are the battle positions. In normal times the men live further back in something that may well resemble an approved section post. The resemblance should be sufficiently good to deceive the enemy artillery and airmen that it is the right target.

After Tobruk had failed to fall the German came straight on and occupied the line that he virtually holds to-day—Sollum, Halfaya Pass to Sidi Omar. There he stopped for the same reason that we stopped after Beda Fomm. He had run his limit. We left weak mobile troops in contact with him and re-occupied Matruh and Baggush. The mobile troops re-started Jockols and life returned to what is now regarded as normal. (A fuller definition of the word "normal" will come later.) This was at the end of April, 1941. During the summer of 1941 there were four occasions when normal routine was interrupted. They will be described in such detail as is allowed.

On May 15th an infantry brigade supported by a few tanks and artillery moved up the escarpment from Sofafi and by direct assault captured Capuzzo, Sollum and Halfaya Pass. The left

flank battalion was in Capuzzo and suffered heavy casualties from a German counter-attack with tanks. Otherwise the positions were captured and held with few casualties. If this action is regarded as the first of three dreams, like those of Duffer's Drift, then we may say that the lessons learnt were that Halfaya Pass is easier to take from above than below, and that infantry must have A.Tk guns available at once in considerable numbers if they are to hold ground after it is captured.

On May 31st the Germans attacked Halfaya Pass with a strong force of tanks and infantry, well supported by artillery. The Pass was lost and our infantry suffered some unnecessary casualties by delaying their final withdrawal until after daylight. Their line of withdrawal was on the plain below the pass, and the Germans took advantage of the observation afforded by the escarpment to shell and machine-gun them as they went back.

On 15th June the second dream took place. Capuzzo, Sollum and Halfaya Pass were again the objectives. We deployed two brigades of infantry supported by 'I' tanks, with cruiser tanks to guard the left flank. The plan was to attack Halfaya Pass with an infantry brigade supported by artillery and some 20 'I' tanks. One battalion and two-thirds of the 'I' tanks were to attack from the top, the remainder from below. The other infantry brigade with the remainder of the 'I' tanks was to attack Capuzzo and Sollum from the south-west.

The attack of Halfaya Pass was a failure because the 'I' tanks were trapped both above and below the escarpment. On the plain they ran on to an unlocated minefield and were knocked out by German 88-mm. dual purpose guns. On top of the escarpment they met a low dry masonry stone wall, as each tank reared up on this wall was shot through the belly by an A.Tk gun sited just the far side of the wall. The 'I' tanks brought away two things: the lesson that manœuvre is necessary even with their thick armour, and one 'I' tank. The rest had paid for the lesson. The remainder of the force prospered on June 15th and 16th. They captured Capuzzo on the 15th, and Sollum Barracks (which are on top of the escarpment) during the night of 15-16th June. On the 16th June the German tank counter-attacks on Capuzzo began. There was one at 5.30 a.m. and two more before 9.30 a.m. They averaged about 50 tanks each. As the day went on they became less frequent but more powerful. They were beaten off by 'I' tanks, A.Tk guns and field artillery, but without heavy loss. The range at which A.Tk fire should be opened had



not been decided, so the German tank commanders were given timely and long range warning by the T tanks who opened fire at 2,000 yards. This fire tended to turn them, so the field guns opened too for fear of not getting a shoot at all. It was only on the extreme left flank where one battery of A.Tk guns was alone that any damage was inflicted. This battery held its fire until the German tanks were within 800 yards. By the end of the day 10 German tanks lay dead before this battery. The other batteries of A.Tk artillery only lent ammunition to the T tanks as they expended their own.

The day of the 16th closed with ominous reports of German tanks moving in strength in the Sidi Omar area. This was a direct threat to our left flank and rear. The threat developed early on the 17th June, and withdrawal became inevitable. The force withdrew by Halfaya House with little loss except the heavy material loss of tanks left on the battlefield. Recovery of damaged tanks had not been effected. One incident marred this day, it was the dive-bombing of a field regiment as it came into action. Three guns and some 30 men of one troop were knocked out. It is fashionable to say that the effect of dive-bombing is moral rather than material. This may be true in soft countries where the bombs burst below ground level and where slit trenches can be dug. In the desert slab-rock areas it is not true. Men cannot dig, so must lie down on the level ground. The bombs burst right on the surface, a 250-lb. bomb is unlucky if it makes even a 5-inch deep crater, and splinters fly around with unfortunate results. Twenty-five per cent. casualties from a dive-bombing raid in the desert are not abnormal.

So ended the second dream; and the local Backsight-Forethoughts learnt much. Let us summarize:

1. No amount of armour is a full substitute for manœuvre. T tanks must look before they leap and, if necessary, wait for the support of other arms.
2. Consolidation must be immediate against tank counter-attack, and the A.Tk fire policy must be decided, known, and enforced. To shoot at a tank at over 800 yards is a waste of government time and ammunition, and, incidentally, a high road to the grave, since some German tanks carry a 75-mm. gun which is highly effective at ranges up to 2,000 yards once it has located a target.

3. Everything is easy in a withdrawal except recovery of damaged tanks. So avoid getting tanks involved in a withdrawal, and if there are tanks strain every recovery nerve from the earliest possible to the latest possible moment.

The troops which had fought returned to rest areas, and Jock columns took over their former role. The third dream is yet to come, but there is confidence that all the essential lessons have been learnt in the first two.

It used to be customary in the desert to use the words "Nilrep" or "Sitnor" in the Sitreps (Situation reports) which are sent rearwards four times daily. The words meant "nothing to report" and "situation normal," respectively. The latter word has since been abolished on the ground that there is no such thing as a normal situation in war. In the desert there is. The enemy holds a strong position below Halfaya Pass, where liberties cannot be taken by patrols except when Italians have relieved the usual German garrison there. Even then defensive fire is well disposed and the advantages are too heavily with the defender for patrols to penetrate into the position.

Activity in the coastal plain is therefore largely confined to artillery sniping. A gunner officer goes forward before dawn and establishes himself in one of the O.Ps. that are in sight of Halfaya Pass. He waits and watches. One or two 25 prs. have moved forward into a position from which they can engage the Pass. The range is known and registration has been completed, maybe weeks previously. As soon as the F.O.O. sees traffic on the Pass that constitutes a target, he starts the day's sniping. As a rule the enemy reply with artillery fire at either the O.P. or the gun position, or both. As the day goes on the mirage starts and the sun moves out of the East, so visibility becomes bad. The day's sniping is then over. On some days nothing further happens, on others the enemy send over fighters who dart in from the sea and shoot up any vehicle they find on the move, and then go off westwards. Provided they hit nothing the day will be described as "Sitnor."

On top of the escarpment the enemy holds a series of defended localities from just south of Halfaya Pass, through Sidi Suleiman to Sidi Omar, thence south to Sheferzen. The latter is held by day only. His patrols of tanks and armoured cars move a few miles south of this line. Not many miles, for the Jock columns are jealous of their shooting rights in the wide No Man's Land, and are rough with poachers.

Before dawn each day the columns move out. First go armoured cars. It is their task to secure the O.P. which has been selected for the day. They move cautiously forward for it is always possible that the enemy has got there first, though they never do. When it is reported clear the F.O.O. takes up his position and the armoured cars move forward to make contact with the enemy. Then their reports start coming back:

"Three enemy met\* moving southeast at 521360; four enemy met stationary at Kinibish."

Then later: "The three enemy met previously reported at 521360 are now identified as one tank and two armoured cars." The light is getting better.

"Four enemy met in the watchtower area, believed to be armoured cars, have been smartened up and withdrew into dead ground to the West." The enemy has offered a target to a F.O.O. who has taken the offer.

Then towards 9 a.m.: "The four enemy met at Kinibish are moving north out of sight. Otherwise N.M.S." (No movement seen). The mirage is up and the morning patrols are over. It is useless to patrol in the mirage when bushes, men, tanks and trucks all look like hazy shadows of about equal size.

At mid-day the previous night patrol reports start coming in. Small parties have moved deep into enemy territory on foot; studying his minefields and his defences. His minefields are surrounded by a single or double strand of barbed wire, so are easy to locate. In any case the Tellermine can be trodden on by a man without exploding. One patrol from the coast has visited the *wadis* in front of the enemy position around Halfaya Pass. They were unoccupied; but the enemy were heard talking German in the next *wadi* forward. That is interesting, for sometimes the Italians hold that area. Another patrol has visited Sheferzen. There were no enemy but some new trenches have been dug. A Booby trap was set in one of these and the patrol returned without hindrance. A third patrol encircled Kinibish, located a new minefield, were shot at, and returned without loss but carrying one Tellermine, in case it was a new type. The Sappers will examine it alone with carefree joy. There were no other patrols that night.

At 1 p.m. a distant drone is heard. It increases into the unmistakable noise of a Me. 110. He is known to some as "Lonely Bill," because he always comes alone, without escort. He is the

\* "Met"—Enemy M. T. Perhaps an abbreviation for Motor Enemy Transport. Originally used by the R.A.F. Now universal.

German Tac R machine, and comes over daily to see that everyone is in the right place. He is never rude, and no longer causes any real animosity. There may be some of our fighters going up or already up, so his position, height and course are reported to Fighter Command, but that is routine.

In the afternoon the columns prepare for the evening work, which is the same as that of the morning. The night patrols prepare for their tasks. The sappers continue to lay mines (they only laid 20,000 last week, so the work is getting behind), and the signals continue to lay cable, they have 180 miles down in the divisional area and are running short, though their commitments are still only half met. The infantry division held some four miles of front in the last war, and had about 40 miles of cable. It now holds 50 miles or more of loose knit front, and the Signals say that they need more cable, and the case seems good.

The evening reports of the columns' patrolling come in during the evening, as they did in the morning, except that the last one is always very final. "Three 'met' at Bir Nuh were not seen to move north but are now out of sight in the dark. N.M.S. elsewhere." The columns and the armoured car patrols move back into their night laager positions and the day is ended: "Sitnor."

The 13th September brought news that the enemy was likely to be active very soon. That night the armoured car patrols reported the rumbling of tanks in the area south of Halfaya. The rumblings continued from 2 a.m. to 5.30 a.m. when the storm broke in the form of a rush of tanks and "met" southwards from Bir Nuh. They came in two columns; on the east a column of about 80 tanks moving south, parallel to and about 5 miles west of the escarpment; on the west a column of some 40 tanks and 250 "met" moving parallel to and 5 miles west of the other column. The tanks moved ten or twelve abreast with little more than 25 yards between columns. They came fast; "so fast," in the words of an officer with a close-up view, "that I had difficulty in going ten miles an hour faster than them. But my truck is unresponsive after 40 m.p.h." No one was paid to stay and stop them, and no one did. They halted after some fifteen miles and looked around. Then they decided to replenish. They always do that around mid-day. Unfortunately they chose a place within sight of our troops and collected into a very small area. The news went to the Air Force and in due course twelve Marylands arrived. It was not the dull "woomp—woomp—woomp" of the German bomb but a sharp, fierce, efficient-sounding "woomp." Just one. The news of where it had all landed was important for accidents are easy in

the desert where landmarks are not—the Germans dive-bombed their own troops at the top of Halfaya on the 16th June. The joyful news came back: "plumb on the target; there are bits of German still falling." After that the withdrawal became more cheerful. It was the first time that our men had actually witnessed the German tasting air power; and the effect was electrical. A German who was there, and subsequently captured, said that complete panic resulted and all their tanks and lorries that could, scattered wildly in the desert. The track marks confirm his remarks. The scene of this event remained a show place for long. One Mk. III tank had a direct hit over the driver's head and was just scrap-iron inside. Two ammunition lorries, four petrol lorries and one staff car were also left as complete wrecks. His recovery is good, so it is safe to put a handsome total on the number of other vehicles which must have been damaged and removed.

At 4 p.m. he made another dash, straight into the position that our rearguard held. His tanks drove through 25 pr. fire, thus proving themselves to be experienced, but turned from short range 2 pr. fire, proving themselves to be wise. None too soon the rearguard withdrew to the next position. It would be wrong to say that the Germans' tanks followed, for in fact it was a neck-and-neck race and at times they may have led. They stopped after about ten miles and our forces took up the next position without any loss at all. The next day the Germans withdrew. Why they came is hard to understand, and all that is certain is that they paid dearly for no information and an insignificant dividend. We lost a truck with three clerks in it. They found stuff bursting around them, so got out and lay down clear of the truck. They had been bombed before and knew the drill. The bombs were, in fact, shells from an advancing Mk. IV tank's 75 mm. gun, so they were "captured through technical ignorance." Two men were killed too, both by the same A. Tk shell. That was about all we paid for his indiscretion. It cannot be called a proper dream, but, rubbing one's eyes, it is pleasant to have confirmation that a withdrawal is easy provided one has got elbow room and no tanks. The day after the Germans withdrew was "Sitnor," and "Lonely Bill" came over twice to be sure that everyone was in the right place. Everyone was.

A week later "Sitnor" had died. New arrivals came, the water ration fell from one gallon to three quarters of a gallon a day and the B.B.C. talked of "the campaigning season in the desert." The troops put on their great-coats to be ready for it.

The desert has changed the tasks and the values of many arms of the service. The gunner has come into his own whether he be field, A. Tk or A.A. Guns and more guns are always wanted to support and defend both infantry and tanks. Infantry have fallen in importance. In defence they are the guardians of minefields, which in turn are the guardians of all. In attack they take over what the 'T' tanks have secured.

A visiting Brigadier, new to the desert, was shown one of the forward defended areas. He went all round it and his first question was: "Where is the wire?"

The Infantry Liaison Officer who was showing him round said: "There is no wire, only a continuous minefield."

"But supposing infantry attacked?" he asked.

The Liaison Officer gazed forward with joy into the desert. "Oh, supposing they did," he said. The thought was a beautiful dream. They can't, of course, and never will. All this, of course, applies only in the Desert.

Sappers lay mines and work compressors to make vehicle and gun pits. The number of compressors and mines which are available is limited, so they get time off to eat and sleep; otherwise they would not. The desert has set new standards of mine figures and anyone who thinks of mines in units of less than 100,000 is probably unable to ride a bicycle. A defended area depends on mines for its safety, and signal cable for its efficiency. If soldiers are ever denied a full and continuous supply of those two simple war stores, then some man in the Empire supply organisation will have blood on his hands, and may that fact be known.

Signals lay cable, but only those that deal with cable. The wireless-operators live a harried life. In the intervals between operations they have to observe wireless silence, so get little training. During operations they have to be perfect, more than perfect, at wireless operation. They have to work over distances which may well be double those for which their sets were designed. They have many more sets on one net than the book foretells. Fourteen on one net is handled successfully by the veterans in the forward area. There is no longer any "Hullo, Hullo, Hullo—BOLO, speaking. BOLO, speaking—I have a message for you" and so on, with everything said twice.

It is: "BOLO, speaking, can hear noise of tank movement one mile west of Kinibish; over."

"Hullo, BOLO, say again word after 'west of'; over."

"BOLO, speaking, K - I - N - I - B - I - S - H; over."

"Hullo, BOLO, OK; off."

Bolo may have been wrong not to have said "Kinibish" twice, but he took the chance of the operator knowing the place. It is assumed that all sets are well enough adjusted to allow speech to be heard without repetition, and usually rightly so.

Let us end with those who come first—the Air Force; the whole unity of Imperial Squadrons that work in the Western Desert. Co-operation between the Army and the Air Force is close-knit now and almost beyond criticism. We will take Tac R first: As a rule two Tac R sorties go up each "Sitnor" day. A sortie used to consist of one Tac R Hurricane which flies straight ahead, followed by a fighter Hurricane escort which weaved hither and thither in his rear. Neither has an enviable job, for the Tac R plane looks only at the ground, so risks both A.A. fire and unexpected attack from the air. The escort has to engage any attacking fighters, whatever the odds, in order to give the Tac R machine a chance of getting out and home with his news. The news is not wirelessly home, for a Tac R pilot has plenty to do in the air without also sending messages; also his set will not cover the vast distances involved. He is usually more than thirty miles from the nearest ground set. Latterly, Tac R sorties have had increased escorts, perhaps six fighters for one Tac R pilot. The Tac R pilot is valuable, and his value increases every day that he spends over the enemy forward troops. A new Tac R pilot will often cause a mild flutter by reporting every derelict vehicle in the area as a "met." The derelicts total about 150, so the enemy strength shows a startling increase. A new pilot, a new A.L.O., and a new G. Staff might almost lead to a new military occasion." During active operations the Tac R squadrons will put, say, two Tac R sorties on to the Advanced Landing Ground at first light. According to the night's news the A.L.O. is briefed by the G. Staff and he in turn briefs the pilot of the first sortie. The sortie takes off and is replaced from the rear by another. When the first sortie returns his report is collected by the A.L.O. and telephoned to the G. Staff. From this report and developments on the ground the next sortie is briefed, and so on throughout the day. It is not fair to ask Tac R pilots to fly again and again over the same area for very soon enemy fighters will be in that area, and the Tac R pilot will be lost. If either side has two Tac R sorties over the actual battle area in the

course of a day it would be about normal. Each will stay over for a few minutes only. Thus an enemy Tac R machine over our own troops is sufficient of an event for all to note, and those that are unduly congested do more than note it. They disperse. The remaining sorties throughout the day are sent over the enemy rear areas to locate his reserves. The area will be very wide, so great economy of sorties is necessary.

Tac R pilots become known by name to the army through the A.I.L.O. after quite short periods; and there is probably many a modest pilot to day who would be startled to hear that he is known to some 5,000 soldiers as Bill So and So, the Australian expert on the Capuzzo area." The most famous was Andy Mc." Whenever the Germans seemed to be up to something and no news was available, Andy Mc's turn for Tac R. was eagerly awaited, and he always solved the problem. He it was who flew at 50 feet along a newly made tank obstacle between Capuzzo and Halfaya and brought back full details of its nature. He was followed home by a German fighter in the middle of June and shot up as he landed. He gave in his Tac R report, and then died, having never left a job for the army uncompleted. The army mourned his loss widely and deeply, yet it is unlikely that Andy Mc ever knew that a single soldier knew his name. Perhaps one day the Tac R aces will have a fan mail. They deserve it.

Fighter pilots become known to the army in a different way. There are periodic fighter sweeps and specific sweeps to cover definite operations by patrols. The latter are asked for by the Army, and are very seldom refused, the former are arranged entirely by the Air Force, and frequently cover Photo R sorties. In these sweeps casualties inevitably occur, and a certain number of our fighter pilots land in the forward area either in their machine or by parachute. One or two of these fighter pilots have already been greeted on landing with the words "Hullo, you again!"

Bombers are more detached. They live a long way away, and normally work a long way the other way. However, they too have taken part recently in an occasion which may have a future. It was decided to carry out a harassing shoot at night on one of the enemy's defended localities. The Air Force were asked whether they would like to join in and they agreed with enthusiasm. The bomber pilots came forward and a plan was made. Artillery would shoot for 15 minutes, whilst the bombers would pick up the area in which the shells were falling. The gunners asked very searching questions of the pilots to ensure that they knew the



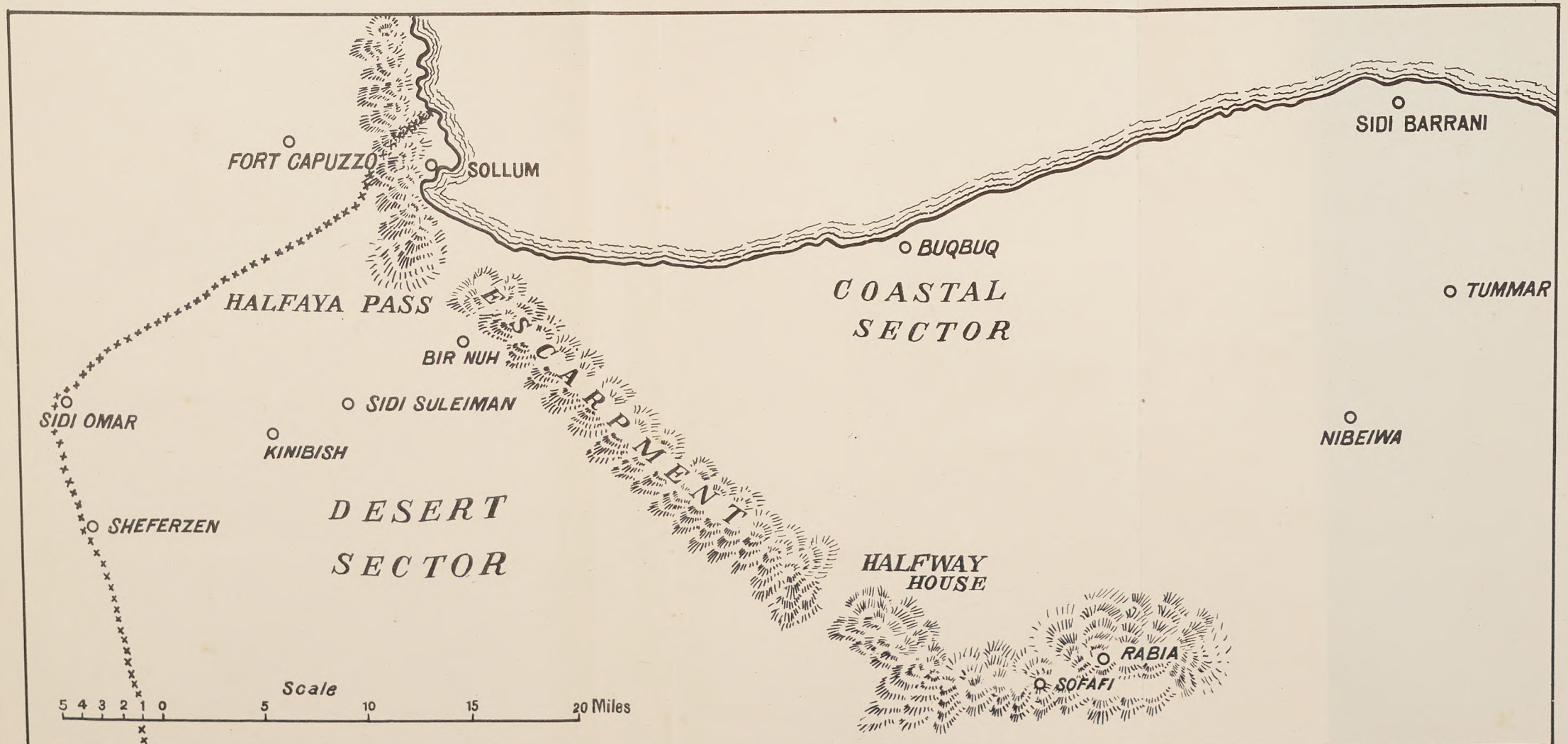
difference between a gun-flash and a shell-burst. It seemed to be important to them. The bombers were to drop flares whilst the guns were still firing and then take up the tale with bombs. Finally, the guns would give a parting period of rapid fire and the incident would close. On the chosen night all went to plan, and even better, for the bombers found that with their flares they could see without difficulty both the shell bursts and the details of the target. Had the guns been missing the target, which they were not, the bombers could have put them right. It was a rebirth to Arty R that has been quickly exploited.

The Germans now have many an unhappy night living in the light of a parachute flare waiting whilst the gunfire is brought their way.

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In leaving the desert men will have varied anticipations. The first bath for three months, the sight of something really green, the sight of a house, or a tree or a woman or a cold whisky and real soda. But there will be many who come back just listening for some peaceful sound. In the desert there are no voices except those of soldiers, no patter of childish feet, no dogs to bark, cocks to crow, or birds to sing. Leave comes after three months, and after that time a Bedouin woman screeching at her young can be music in one's ears.

# THE WESTERN DESERT

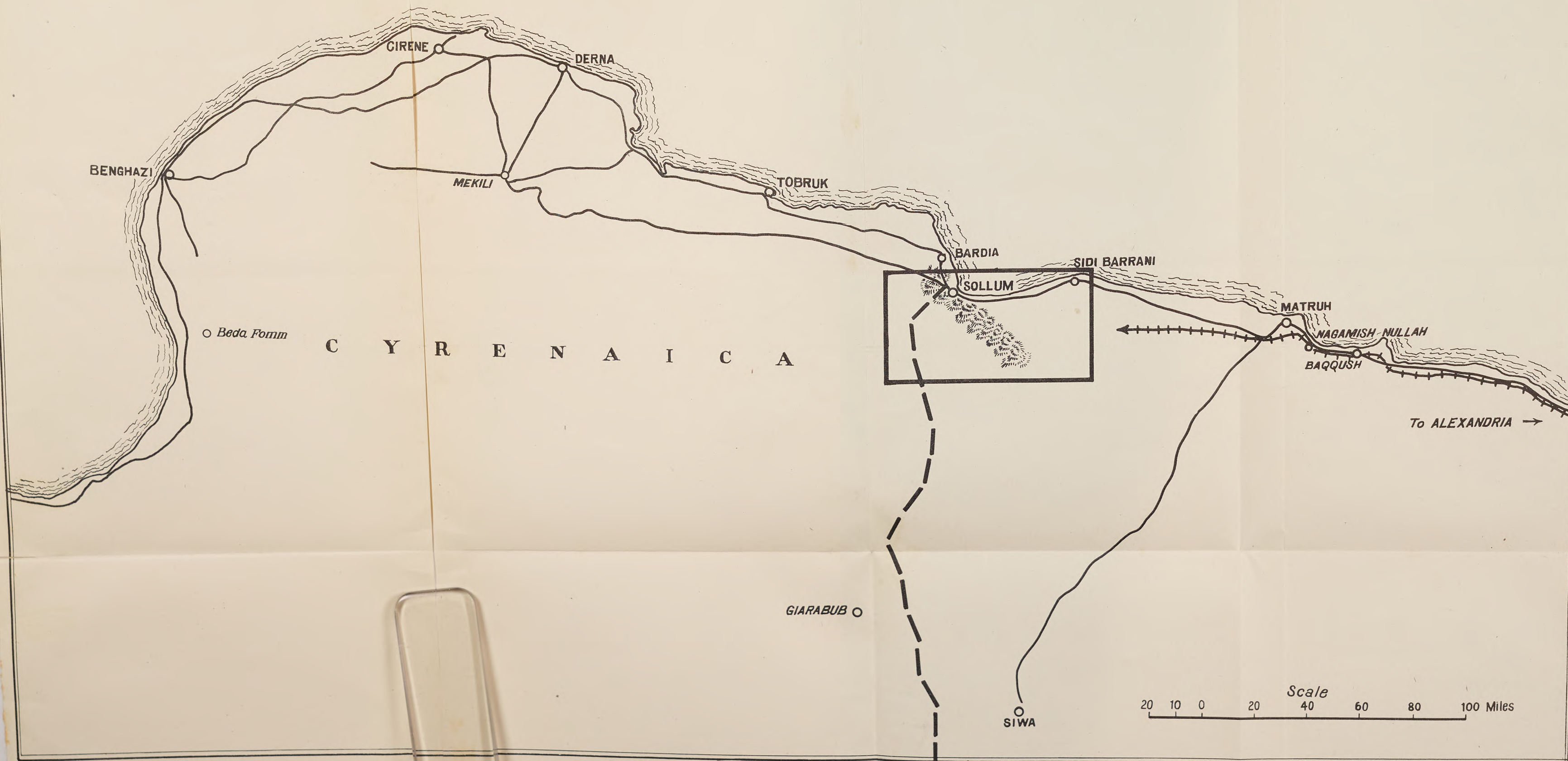






# THE BATTLE AREA

APRIL — NOVEMBER 1941







## POLITICS AND PUBLICITY IN GREECE

BY G. MACKWORTH YOUNG,

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The following impressions of Greece as it was just before and during the war may interest readers of the Journal, particularly those who are unacquainted with the country, and to whom the magnificent resistance of its people may have come as a surprise. The writer lived in Greece continuously, except for short vacation, from the autumn of 1932 until the German invasion in April, 1941. During the war, he was employed by the Ministry of Information as Director of Publicity under the British Minister in Athens.

The psychology of the modern Greek shows many points of resemblance with that of his great ancestors. Foremost among these is his passion for independence. Independence of the country, of the individual, of the intellect—these are not merely worshipped as ideals, but are assumed as the normal and necessary conditions of existence. "You have shown the world," said Metaxas in his message to the citizens of Salonica after the first murderous air bombardment of the city, "that life has no interest for you unless you can live it as free men." It may seem strange that a people imbued with such sentiments should at that moment have been governed by a dictatorship on the Fascist model; and stranger still that the words just quoted should have been uttered by the dictator himself. But the paradox, as we shall see, was more apparent than real.

Another characteristic which the modern Greek has inherited from ancient times is his absorption in politics. Politics are the atmosphere that he breathes, and political discussion his favourite pastime. Though generally a devoted and self-proclaimed adherent of one cause, he is fully prepared to argue at a moment's notice in favour of any other, and will repeat with satisfaction a saying, said to have originated in Italy, that wherever there are two Greeks, there are five political parties. During the war, it was as well to keep this latter propensity in mind whenever individual Greeks were reported to hold pro-German views. Politics pervade every walk of life, dividing communities and even families into hostile camps. The inherent good nature and commonsense of the Greeks normally keep the factious spirit within bounds, and their quick sense of humour enables them to

enjoy the Gilbertian situations that often occur. But there are times when the current of partisanship sweeps them off their feet. It is then that acts of tyranny are committed which perpetuate feuds and encourage the vicious circle of grievances and reprisals. A revolution, whether successful or suppressed, involves not only the imprisonment or exile, or even the execution, of leaders, but usually also the dismissal of public servants suspected of sympathizing with the defeated party, and their replacement by relatives or adherents of those in power. It is not difficult to imagine the state of insecurity and bitterness thus created. Greece is a poor country. Her plutocracy, with few exceptions, accumulate their wealth in foreign countries, and hold it in foreign currencies. The remainder have a hard struggle for existence and the competition for posts in the public services is therefore at the best of times acute.

These evils which, one must remember, were equally characteristic of the ancient Greek states in the height of their vigour, are humorously admitted by the Greeks of to-day. Some years ago the writer, on accepting an invitation to join the Athens Choir, received a complimentary letter announcing his election, and expressing the hope that he would long continue to take part in the activities of "this cultural and non-political organization." It was indeed a growing weariness of party strife that led to the establishment of the dictatorship in 1936, though it did not put an end, unfortunately, to party jealousies and suspicions.

Cradled as the Greeks are in politics at home, they possess an unusual capacity for understanding the international situation and the politics of other countries. This facility is by no means confined to the townspeople. In the years before the war, Englishmen taking part in discussions in village cafés, might hear a very clear appreciation of the aims of Germany and Italy, together with some biting comments on the policy of appeasement, and on individual statesmen associated with it. During the war, friendly critics of our broadcasts in Greek (these included a former Prime Minister) would often beg us to remind the B.B.C. that the standard of political intelligence among artisans and agricultural labourers in Greece was the highest in Europe and that it was useless to "talk down" to them, or to teach them where their own interests lay.

The political sagacity of the Greeks had consequences of the utmost value and importance. In the first place, it overcame internal differences and the unpopularity of the government, and enabled Greece to enter the war with a

solidarity that any nation might have envied. In his tactful but firm dealings with Germany, his contemptuous defiance of Italy, and his noble efforts for Britain, Metaxas counted, and counted rightly, as much on the intelligence of his countrymen as on their other virtues. The only point of difference among Greeks, after the war with Italy had begun, was whether Metaxas was leading the people, as his supporters claimed, or whether, as the Venizelists maintained, the people were leading him. Secondly, it was political intelligence, combined with their love for England, that rendered the Greeks impervious to German propaganda. They had already gathered all that they needed to know of the Nazi character and aims, and had formed their own conclusions, before the war began. They enjoyed moreover a flair for propaganda which would have detected methods far less obvious than those of the Germans. German propaganda in Greece was formidable in its bulk and persistence, but not for its content. It made work for the government, but never affected the public.

To these two outstanding features of the Greek character, their passion for independence and their political sense, we must add a third, which has just been mentioned, their love of England and the English. "Friendship" is too colourless a term for this feeling, which dominates the foreign outlook of the nation, and abides independently of the vicissitudes of either country. The Venizelists have no monopoly of it, nor is it peculiar to any section of society. It is strongly ingrained in the people as a whole, and even more strikingly apparent among those who cannot speak English than among those who can. "We are fond of the English," the villagers say, and give no further explanation. Any Greek will admit that the proportion of Anglophiles in the country stands at not less than 90 per cent. Some place it higher. It seems strange that a bond so close should exist between peoples differing so widely from each other in race, language, religion and temperament. Much is attributable, no doubt, to history, to the lives of the great British Philhellenes and to acts of friendship such as the cession of the Ionian Islands and the liberation of Crete. Byron, Canning and Gladstone have prominent statues in the capital, and there are many streets named after British worthies. Yet other nations can, and do, boast their Philhellenes. More is due to the long-sighted political intelligence of Greeks, who see in the survival of British power the best prospects for their own destiny. But neither historical associations nor self-interest, nor both together, offer a complete explanation. We must seek it rather in an underlying similarity



of character, transcending the obvious and superficial differences. The sentiment is easier to illustrate than to describe. It finds unconscious expression in the first person plural. "Our mistake," observed a mason at work on the British School early in 1939, "was not exterminating the Germans after the last war." "Shall we eat (i.e., defeat) them (the Germans)?" asked a brilliant young musician in October 1939. "What I say to my chaps is 'This is a big war: we must expect some hard knocks'"—this from a leading member of the staff of a great Athens daily after the sinking of the Royal Oak. A taxi-driver depositing the writer at his house one night in July, 1940, clutched his arm and said anxiously, "Tell me, are we going to win?" One had only to read the jubilation in the faces and demeanour of the ordinary crowds in the streets after, for instance, the sinking of the *Graf Spee*, and their dejection after a German success, to realise the unity of their feelings with ours. Our troops, during the withdrawal, saw this love of Britain translated into action, and many of them owe their lives to it.

We may now briefly survey the state of affairs in Greece before the outbreak of war. The internal situation which had fluctuated for many years, became, after the failure of the Venizelist rising in March 1935, utterly chaotic. The Royalist party, seeing their opportunity, organized the restoration of the monarchy and the return of the exiled King in October of that year. It was a wise move and one which the great majority of the nation welcomed at heart, though it was achieved with the help of a faked election in which the number of recorded votes for the King's return was said to have outnumbered the total electorate by several thousands. Unfortunately, the Royalists who had engineered the *coup d'état* lacked the vision and statesmanship to use it for the advantage of their country. Their sole object was to concentrate power in their own hands. In the absence of any attempt to sink differences, the chaos continued. Eventually, after an indecisive general election in the summer of 1936, the King appointed General Metaxas President of the Council of Ministers with dictatorial powers, and the parliamentary system, which had long ceased to function, came officially to an end.

The government of Metaxas had thus been in power for three years at the outbreak of the war in September 1939. It continued until the end of January 1941, when Metaxas died three months after Greece entered the war against Italy. This

is not the place in which to attempt a detailed criticism of its acts and policies; but some description of it is necessary in order to understand the situation in Greece at the outbreak of the war and during its earlier phases. On the material side, the dictatorship undoubtedly pulled the country together, although some Venizelists would strenuously deny this. There were, inevitably, elements of absolutism, coercion and repression in its methods. The Press was virtually muzzled and remained so during the first year of the war. All editorial comment was absolutely forbidden. This measure, which was introduced originally in order to stifle criticism of the government, was later extended, to cover all aspects of foreign affairs and the progress of the war itself. Journalists and politicians who incurred the displeasure of the authorities were liable to be imprisoned or banished to an island. The secret police was organized on lines somewhat resembling the German and Fascist models. Its activities, although mild in comparison with its prototypes, were strongly resented. The same dislike extended to the *Neolaia*, a youth organization of the Fascist type, in which the Premier himself took the greatest pride and interest. Though much abused and derided, the *Neolaia* had its good points. But its main features, especially its compulsory character, were objectionable to the majority of Greeks, who saw in it at the best a waste of money and at the worst an organized attempt to influence their children. The administration could, however, point to considerable achievements, including a big programme of social legislation and a notable advance in public works and amenities. A measure of stability was restored to the currency. The Army was re-equipped. The behaviour of the police as a whole showed a marked improvement on the immediately preceding years. As conditions became more settled, complaints became rarer. Stories of the ill-treatment of political prisoners—never very well authenticated—were heard no longer. It was even suggested that certain statesmen who had escaped internment were chafing at the implied affront to their political consequence.

Although one might still suppose from conversation in some Venizelists salons that the country was groaning under a tyranny comparable to that of the Nazis, the average citizen, even if a Venizelist, would often admit that there were advantages in stable government, and that the suspension of party warfare was on the whole a blessing.

The government, however, could never be popular. Not only was the system directly at variance with Greek ideas of

liberty, but the Venizelists, who formed the bulk of the Opposition, found their leaders debarred from public office as well as from expressing their opinions openly. Several of these were imprisoned or interned, and there was the standing grievance of the Venizelist officers, numbering over a thousand, who had been removed in consequence of the revolt of 1935 and remained unemployed and in disgrace. These included the flower of the Army.

General Metaxas, great man though he was, did not attempt to solve these problems. His omission, if deliberate, can easily be understood. Party feeling at the time of his accession ran extraordinarily high. The rank and file of his administration, many of whom owed their positions to the elimination of political opponents, were unlikely to favour measures of conciliation or reinstatement. The Venizelists, as far as is known, made no overtures to the government and appeared, not without reason, to be implacable. Metaxas himself seems to have regarded his functions as those of a dictator in the original sense of that much deteriorated word. His first task, as he saw it, was to restore order and stability in the political and economic life of his countrymen. When war came, he rightly regarded himself as their only possible leader. It is doubtful whether he looked further ahead. His enemies accused him of purely personal ambitions. His friends declared that he would retire joyfully to his native island of Cephallonia as soon as his work was done. The latter picture was probably nearer the truth: but, whatever his intentions may have been, the facts are that he was an old man, approaching 70 when he took office, and that his health was uncertain. He died without having laid plans either for a return to parliamentary government or for ensuring the continuance of his own regime.

The internal political situation had no practical effect upon Greek feeling towards Britain; but it did lead to some confusion and occasionally to unfounded suspicions. Those Venizelists whose main objective was a change of Government at first endeavoured to persuade their English friends that the existing administration was not only illiberal, which was to some extent true, but also anti British, which was very far from the truth. The leopard, they said, could not change his spots: the Metaxas of 1939 was still the Metaxas of 1916. This, if correct, as it probably was, merely proved what many have asserted, that the Metaxas of 1916 was not anti-British. When it became clear to all that Metaxas

himself both desired and counted on the ultimate victory of the Allies, stress was laid rather upon suspected pro-German elements in the subordinate ranks of his administration and upon the alleged progress of German bribery and Fifth Column activities. The volume and persistence of German pamphlet propaganda was attributed to the connivance of the police, who were, in point of fact, doing their best to check it. Individual officials were reported to be in German pay. This may have been true in a few instances, but the allegation arose more often out of party or personal rivalries. Some high provincial officials, particularly in certain islands, deliberately adopted an anti-British pose, presumably in order to harass their political opponents. There seems no other explanation of their conduct, for popular sentiment was too overwhelmingly pro-British to be affected by it. Internal political differences were similarly responsible for most of the friction between officials of the Ministries of Press and Internal Security on the one side, and individual journalists on the other. Since the latter were invariably Anglophile, the real issue was sometimes confused. In the case of both Ministries there seemed ground occasionally for supposing that the authorities were not altogether friendly towards us. But, as events proved, this inference was very wide of the mark.

Of popular sympathy with the Germans, there was none. Among the classes in which, if anywhere, one might expect to find it, the tobacco growers and merchants of Macedonia, the learned classes, the archæologists, theologians, doctors and lawyers, who had been educated at German Universities, the musicians whose connections were largely German—the general attitude was precisely the same as elsewhere. A few Greeks who had married in Germany enjoyed unenviable repute as pro-Germans, but had no other importance.

Among such was Professor Logothetopoulos, an obstetrician, whom the Germans have since appointed Minister of Education. After the French collapse, a society of "Friends of Hitler" was conceived by Logothetopoulos and a few others, no doubt at the instigation of the Germans. But it died in the womb as soon as British prospects improved. Many Greek men of letters who have been educated in Germany dislike the Germans intensely. Even old-fashioned Royalists, who had some admiration for Imperial Germany, retained no such feeling towards Germans of the Third Reich. Out of thirteen morning and evening papers in Athens, one only could be called pro-German. It had next to

no circulation, and was believed to subsist on German pay. Anti-German incidents were frequent after the *Anschluss*. Englishmen, mistaken for Germans, were liable to be insulted and even hustled, until they declared their nationality, when genial apologies were always forthcoming. A German lady who had lived for 15 years in Greece complained that, whereas she had always been treated with courtesy in the past, she was now a days greeted with cries of "German scoundrel" by children in the streets. A Greek who was sending a parcel to Vienna asked the post office clerk how it should be addressed. A German standing by at once made a scene, shouting, in provocative tones, "Put Germany: there is no Austria now." A free fight ensued, in which the culprit and other Germans who came to the rescue were severely mauled. The police arrested a number of persons on either side, but soon released them and took no further action. The correctness of the story cannot be vouched for, but this version was all over Athens within two days of the occurrence. A German lady went into a provision store and gave her order while the shopman was serving someone else. He asked her to wait. Soon after, she repeated her order, insisting that she was a German, and must therefore be attended to at once. "But that is just why I told you to wait," replied the shopman adroitly, "the lady I am serving is French." In 1938, the Frankfort Opera came to Athens on a propaganda tour. Outwardly the visit went off well, though the performances were not remarkable. But when a second visit was proposed for the next year, the Greek authorities declined on the ground that they could not undertake to prevent hostile demonstrations. A multitude of other examples could be quoted, were it not undesirable to publish particulars at the present time.

Anti-German feeling was so strong that the word *Germanophile* became virtually a term of abuse. Alternatively, Greeks would say that there were no *Germanophiles* in Greece, but only "*Germanoplektoi*," persons obsessed by fear of Germany. This was more or less true.

The Germans openly acknowledged the Greeks' love of Britain, and tacitly accepted their contempt for Italy and their dislike (to put it no higher than that) of Germany itself. German propaganda made no effort to counter these sentiments, recognizing that the attempt would be futile. Greek independence of character and Greek political ideals made it equally useless to endeavour to convert the Greeks to Nazi doctrines, while their subtlety and political acumen rendered them a very unpromising subject for cloaked propaganda or Fifth Column activities. The

Germans therefore resorted exclusively to the war of nerves. They sought to unsettle the public mind by the efficiency and volume of their output of printed matter, and gradually to induce a mood of panic and despair by the sheer brutality of its contents. There was no appeal to reason and virtually no concealment of malign intentions. Even before the war, from 1938 onwards, tourists on "*Kraft durch Freude*" cruises had spoken openly of the occupation of Salonica: and there was a sensational incident in the autumn of that year, when a member of the German Archaeological Institute, losing his temper during a quarrel with a Greek, publicly threatened his opponent and the bystanders with reprisals by the Gestapo. As soon as the war began, the country was flooded with books and pamphlets, mostly dealing with atrocities alleged to have been perpetrated, no matter when, by Britain or her Allies. The Boer War, the Denshawei incident of 1907 and even the Indian Mutiny were drawn upon, grotesquely distorted and garnished with the crudest of faked photographs. Thousands of copies of the infamous book of alleged Polish atrocities, with ghastly pictures of mutilated corpses, were dumped upon the bookstalls or left in private houses, together with masses of other material of the same kind, German "White Books," translations of Hitler's speeches, magazines and drawings occasionally humorous, but more often deliberately repulsive. The Greek Government at first exempted the official publications of foreign governments from the general prohibition on propaganda, but when it became evident that nothing was too scurrilous for the imprimatur of the Nazi government, this privilege was withdrawn as far as Germany was concerned. In spite of the delicacy of the situation, for at that time Greece neither was nor wished to be involved in war with Germany, the police were authorized to confiscate German pamphlets and books wholesale and to arrest persons who were found distributing them. As many as twenty-two thousand copies of one publication are known to have been seized, and nine thousand of another.

German war films exhibited the same terrorist features. They had to be shown privately at the German Legation or on premises owned by it, since the Government prohibited the exhibition of any war items in public cinemas, so long as Greece was not herself at war. A number of Greek officers went to see *Feuertaube*, the film of the Polish campaign, as a matter of professional interest. *Sieg im Westen*, the film of the campaign in France, was also on view at the German Legation shortly before Germany declared war on Greece. But this time no Greeks attended.

A more respectable form of German propaganda was the mailing of two thousand copies of the daily *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and the weekly *Hamburger Nachrichten* indiscriminately to individuals. The distribution of these respectable journals was something of a paregon, as few of the addressees could read German. Quite a number of them were dead. The writer saw a large pile of copies of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* with their wrappers still uncut in the corner of a shop. "I don't know why they bother to send these things," said the proprietor, "nobody looks at them."

German illustrated periodicals were more dangerous, mainly as a result of the greater difficulty of obtaining papers from England. In particular, a war time illustrated called *Signal*, produced in German, French and English, with occasional columns in Greek and other languages, seemed at one time likely to make headway. It was a handsome publication, supplied gratis, half the sale price of 10 drachmas (1½ £), going to the news agent, and half to the vendor. Its very cheapness, however, stamped it as propaganda, and militated against its success. Later on, the authorities decided to treat all printed matter published by a belligerent power in any language but its own as illicit. This was a welcome decision, as many more Greeks can read French or English than German. *Signal* in German was harmless. After the French armistice, however, it was allowed for a time in French also.

No system of propaganda is deemed worthy of the name unless it includes a whispering campaign. That of the Germans was conducted principally by well paid agents who uttered items of news or comments favourable to the Axis, in tones which were anything but whispers, in cafés, restaurants, and other public places and vehicles. These gentlemen did not lightly earn their pay. Besides being closely watched by the police, they incurred some bodily risk from the hands of the public. One of them, who expressed satisfaction in a tram at the torpedoing of an Allied grain ship, was severely beaten by his fellow passengers during the journey, and again, somewhat less severely, by the police on arrival. Some 'whispering' also was done by members of the German Legation and consulates: but this form of propaganda loses most of its venom when the source is known.

German broadcasts in Greek were on a lavish scale, amounting to four transmissions daily. Containing as they did little news and much propaganda, they could be, and were, more specially directed to Greek listeners than the Greek news bulletins

of the B.B.C., but, like the rest of German propaganda, they consisted mainly of menaces and abuse. The Berlin announcer, Kyriakis, a Cretan, was held in general detestation as a renegade and traitor, not only in his own island, but throughout Greece. The broadcasts were ineffective because they contained nothing to which Greeks wanted to listen. German pamphlets, it is true, similarly contained nothing which the Greeks wanted to read. But whereas a pamphlet sent through the post or pushed under a door has at least a nuisance value, no one can be compelled to tune-in a broadcast from a foreign country, if he does not wish to hear it. The Germans did what they could to force their broadcasts on the public by bribing or cajoling café proprietors into turning them on. In Crete, this action led to the destruction of the radio sets in at least two cafés by the enraged customers. The object of the Germans was not to secure a hearing for their own broadcasts but to obstruct ours. In this they partially succeeded. The authorities, to avoid further trouble, forbade the reproduction of any foreign broadcast in Greek in cafés and other public resorts. The ban came into force in the summer of 1940; but was relaxed, in favour of British broadcasts only, soon after the entry of Greece into the war. While it was operative, it did little, if any, harm. In Athens it was neutralized by the large number of private sets, and the fact that the latest British news was always available in the morning and evening papers. In the provinces, it seems to have been a dead letter. British broadcasts were at any rate turned on whenever Englishmen were present.

The Germans also scored an illusive victory over the British Legation news bulletin. This was a daily summary of the British wireless news, with an occasional commentary, produced originally in English only, for the benefit of the Legation and the British community. A widespread demand for it among Greeks, however, necessitated a Greek version, which soon reached an issue of several thousands, increasing at the rate of a thousand, every week. After a time the Germans produced a very objectionable imitation which so embarrassed the Government that they eventually stopped both bulletins. The British Bulletin was then reaching the climax of its popularity, and had already begun to exceed the means of duplication and distribution at our disposal. Psychologically, the decision, which was taken by Metxas himself, came at the right moment for us.

The Germans adopted the same bullying tactics in their dealings with the daily Press, with singular ill-success. Nowhere is Greece's spirit of independence more conspicuous than among her



extremely able journalists. It was useless to bribe or threaten any newspaper of standing, partly for this reason, and partly because even the suspicion of Axis bias in a paper led to a drop in its circulation. Accordingly, the German Legation tried to coerce the Press through the Ministry of Press and the Censorship. Editors were perpetually being called to order for exceeding their ration of British news and giving insufficient prominence to Axis messages. Public opinion would not be denied however, and the Ministry's half-hearted remonstrances were never sustained for long. Meanwhile, it was interesting to note how much extra matter of a distinctly British complexion, often curiously reminiscent of British broadcasts, continued to find its way into the papers under neutral date lines, or headed "Our special service."

The British position in Greece, contrasting as it did with that of the Germans at almost every point, called for a different publicity technique. The Government and the people were our staunch friends. They were also as good judges as ourselves, if not better, of the European situation: they were certainly better judges of their own. What the public and the Press most wanted from us was, firstly, reliable news, and secondly, evidence of British strength, resources and determination. In propaganda, we had the great advantage over the Germans that our material was in strong demand, while theirs was unwelcome. In counter-propaganda, it was better on the whole to appear to be doing too little than too much. The former might suggest to nervous persons that we were not alive to German activities, but the latter would have given ground for supposing that we ourselves feared the German propaganda, and distrusted our friends. German propaganda could best be left to defeat itself.

In personal contacts, the advantage rested entirely with us. The maintenance of Anglo-Greek cordiality owes not a little to members of the British community in Greece, merchants, bankers, shipping and insurance agents, engineers, officials of public utility corporations and the like. Such men are truly representative of their country, and a permanent medium of propaganda in the best sense of the word. The Germans were less fortunate. The older members of their community were out of sympathy with the Nazis, and consequently, the objective rather than the channel of German propaganda. Other German residents, nurses, mechanics, business agents, doctors, artists and archaeologists were suspected by the Greeks, with good reason, of playing a treacherous role; while the swarms of tourists, artists and commercial travellers who

infested the country before and during the war with their sub-human features, ready-made civilian clothes, and super-efficient cameras, aroused nothing but uneasiness and disgust.

The Anglo-Hellenic League, which had a membership of over three thousand in Athens and important branches in the provinces was a most valuable factor in social and cultural relations. No such emblem of spontaneous fellowship existed or could exist between Germans and Greeks. The recently founded British Council organization, consisting of institutes of English studies in Athens and Salonica and a number of branch schools, possessed immense potentialities for cultural influence. Although it started, as one Greek friend charitably observed, on the wrong foot, it was doing good work under a new head and with re-organized staffs by the autumn of 1940, when war necessitated the closure of all educational institutions.

The test came, in Greece as elsewhere, in the summer of 1940. The first news of the Norwegian campaign had filled the Greeks with enthusiasm. This was followed by deep disappointment when the truth became known. The publicity handling of the campaign from London was bitterly criticised and the reputation of British news messages and broadcasts suffered a severe blow. The failure in Norway was, however, soon dwarfed by the catastrophies which followed. The Greeks, shrewd observers though they were, seemed no more prepared than anyone else for the French collapse. It was in these dark days that the courage and nobility of the people shone out. Now, if ever, was the moment for a Fifth Column to make its appearance; but there was no sign of one. German propaganda had achieved less than nothing. Desperate as the future seemed, and genuinely alarmed as the Greeks were, they never turned colour. The Press Counsellor of the German Legation at an unofficial gathering of the Foreign Press Association in July declared that Britain would succumb within 10 days. His listeners politely begged leave to differ. "Oh, do smash those brutes!" an old lady called across the street in broad daylight to the writer at about the same time. When an Italian spokesman was quoted on the Greek wireless to the effect that it was now the task of the Italian Navy to seek out the British Mediterranean Fleet in its harbours and destroy it, the audience in a theatre where the news was being relayed burst into hearty laughter, in spite of their anxieties. The outstanding popular reaction to the events of the early summer was an intense revulsion of feeling against the French for having failed us. The news of Oran was received with the utmost satisfaction.

Meanwhile, the Greeks were enduring with exemplary forbearance an ever increasing pressure of threats and provocation on the part of Italy. The forbearance was dictated wholly by expediency and not at all by fear. The public were well aware that large numbers of Greek troops had been assembled on the Albanian frontier, and though they did not want war with Italy, the possibility of it did not scare them. In spite of the growing evidence of Italy's malevolent intentions, the torpedoing of the Greek cruiser *Helle*, as she lay beflagged at Tenos on the Feast of Assumption, came as an incredible outrage. On this occasion, the authorities waived restrictions on editorial comment, insisting only on the fiction that the submarine was of unknown nationality. This qualification enabled the Press to give a fuller vent to their feelings than would have been possible had Italy been named.

The sinking of the *Helle* had one very significant result. It obliterated whatever vestige remained of pro-German feeling in Greece. "I'm through with the Germans after that," was the immediate reaction of the few individuals who had previously seemed to be influenced by the German victories. After the entry of Italy into the war (an event in itself very damaging to Greco-German relations), the Germans had given carefully veiled assurances from time to time, in their broadcasts and in conversation, that they would prevent Italy from harming Greece. The *Helle* incident showed what these assurances were worth.

With the outbreak of war between Greece and Italy, all German publicity in Greece was comprehensively suppressed. From thenceforward, no messages or photographs of German origin were reproduced in the Press and no German newspapers or periodicals were allowed on sale. The "whisperers" went out of action and were not heard again. All German printed and typed propaganda similarly disappeared for good. The *Neue Athener Zeitung*, the twice-weekly local organ of the German community was given a hint, which it took, to cease publication. These measures were put through without fuss and almost as a matter of course, although Greece was not at war with Germany.

The German broadcasts in Greek thus became the only available source of German news and propaganda in Greece, and for this reason attracted more attention than hitherto. All "whispers" of enemy origin could be traced to them. Much of their material was obviously supplied from the German Legation in Athens. They were monitored in detail by the Greek Government, and countered promptly and effectively in the Greek Radio and Press.

From now onwards we worked in collaboration with the Government. Every facility was extended to us. The newspapers had unrestricted use of British material, and added to it much of their own which made better propaganda than anything that we could supply. British newsreels and war films from the Middle East drew enthusiastic crowds to the picture houses. Our photographs and posters were to be seen every where. The Government, with our assistance, organized a series of news and propaganda broadcasts in foreign languages, including English, French, German, Turkish, Bulgarian and Serbian. We took an active part in most of these, and were invited to contribute to all. During the summer of 1940, the Government had suspended all newspapers in foreign languages, including even the semi-official *Messenger d'Athènes*, the oldest paper in Athens. This ban was removed in September. The moment seemed ripe for the publication of an English paper. A weekly paper *News of the Week* was accordingly produced, its first number coinciding unexpectedly with Italy's declaration of war on Greece. The paper was cordially welcomed. It proved a notable success, and its issues had risen above 12,000 copies weekly—a high figure for Greece—when the end came.

## TROUT FISHING NOTES FOR BEGINNERS

BY LIEUT-COLONEL R. B. PHAYRE, M.C.

Owing to the curtailment of furlough to the United Kingdom there has been an abnormal run on the various trout waters in India which have been filled to capacity. After heavy spells of office work, there is perhaps no greater relaxation than a pleasant camp in a secluded valley amid beautiful surroundings with a chance of casting a fly on a wellstocked stream.

Many of these anglers have not indulged in fly-fishing since the days of their youth. Some have never even attempted it, neither have their ladies who usually insist on taking out an additional licence. It is for such as these that the following elementary notes have been compiled. As the initial outfit is of considerable importance it must be discussed in detail.

### 1. RODS AND TACKLE.

Owing to war conditions the supply from the United Kingdom has been greatly reduced. Prices at home have risen considerably, in addition to that, the heavy customs' duty has about doubled the pre-war prices. In spite of these difficulties there is still a reasonable stock available at the various tackle shops.

(a) *Rods.* For wet fly-fishing a split cane rod of from 9 to 10', preferably a two-piece, should be selected. It should be of fairly stiff action and weigh from about 5 to 7 ounces. If too heavy it is unduly fatiguing. Examine it to see that it is straight; bend it to see that the curve is an even one; waggle it downwards to test that it comes to rest quickly. Then fit on a reel to test for balance; normally the point of balance should be about 1" above the top of the hand as it grips the cork handle. The banks of many of our Indian streams are covered with trees which often limit the manipulation of a 10' rod, for such occasions. It often pays to have a light 7' rod in addition, but this is not an absolute necessity. It is harder to cast a long line with a short rod.

(b) *Reels.* It is most important that a type of reel advised by the makers to suit the rod should be part of the equipment. Line capacity and weight are the primary considerations. In India large trout may

be encountered so it is undesirable to have *less* than 100 yards of line, some anglers insist on having 150 yards. This need not consist entirely of dressed line and the rest can be backing.

A reel should be easily taken down for cleaning and oiling and needs constant attention. The check should be just sufficient to prevent over-running.

- (c) *Lines*.—As already stated some 40 yards of dressed line will usually be found sufficient to attach to the backing. Tapered line, which is essential for dry fly-fishing, is not so important in wet fly; although it is easier to cast, it is more expensive, consequently a straight line of the 'Kingfisher' type is recommended, in cases where expense is a consideration.

Just as the reel should match the rod, similar matching is required for the correct weight of line. If the line is too heavy or too light casting will be seriously impaired; any competent dealer should be in a position to advise on this point. As regards breaking strains, the weakest link should be at the bait and the strongest at the backing, if this principle is not observed a great deal of unnecessary tackle may be lost when the angler has been caught up on a snag.

Lines in the East deteriorate so quickly that they need constant care and attention. It is essential to dry them after use. When a line is in condition, on unwinding the reel, it should hang down straight with the curve.

- (d) *Landing Nets*.—A stout staff of about 4' to 5' is desirable (preferably of ash). It should have brass caps top and bottom, both recessed for a universal screw.

The top end should take:—

- (i) folding landing net, or
  - (ii) gaff,
- the bottom end:
- (iii) a combined spike and hook (for releasing tackle), or
  - (iv) a combined spike and cutter.

The landing net frame should be of jointed metal with a diameter of not less than 18 inches. The net should be rather square and not pointed at the apex.

- (c) *Casts*.—The best casts of all are gut casts but their supply has been seriously curtailed owing to war conditions. They are expensive and deteriorate very quickly, in the East especially, after being soaked and then exposed to the sun. The cost has risen to between Rs. 2/- to Rs. 3/- each.

Gut substitute: there are many makes on the market; is usually sold in lengths of 5 yards, but it is more economical to buy in reels of 100 yards. It is stronger than natural gut but must be discarded as soon as it frays. The cost works out at about 1/- a yard. It is sold in sizes (size 0 being the finest); size 3 is a useful strength for normal wet fly fishing. It has a disadvantage of slipping at the knots consequently these must be very carefully tied; a figure-eight knot is recommended. Avoid cutting off the ends too close to the knots. Six feet of cast will usually be sufficient with one dropper tied  $\frac{2}{3}$ rd of the length of the cast above the tail fly. Always soak your casts before use or before tying any knots.

- (d) *Hooks*.—The best hooks for wet fly are those with down-turned eye and deep rounded bend. The points must be kept very sharp. Test on the thumb nail; the point should catch on the nail; if it does not, sharpen with a file, or on a carborundum stone. For those who tie their own flies Allcock's 'Model Perfect' hooks give very good results.

- (g) *Gut Mounts*.—As gut deteriorates so quickly in this country wire mounts are preferable to gut, both for lures and minnows. It should be remembered that whilst iron rusts gut will perish. It is no difficult matter to substitute wire for gut and this should be done whenever possible.

- (h) *Spinners*.—On many waters spinning is permissible. The most acceptable form of minnow is the Devon and reflex Devon of about 1½ inches in length. Plugs, both jointed and unjointed are also good killers.

Too many flights of hooks should be avoided as they usually catch up. One single treble is quite sufficient. The distance from the end of the bead to the extremity of the triangle should be about

$\frac{1}{2}$ " in the case of a 1" minnow and 1" for a 2" minnow.

- (i) *Wire traces*.—The secret of success is to fish as fine as you dare. A 5 lb. breaking strain should be quite sufficient. Many good fish are lost owing to failure to examine traces; if wire kinks at all, discard it. Bought traces are expensive; it is simplest to make up your own at a fraction of the cost; all that is required are small link swivels and box swivels—the fewer the better. To attach wire to swivels insert a pin between the ring of the swivel and the crossed wire, twist the ends of the wire round themselves for about 5 turns, finishing up with a few round turns of the short end. When using weights, the weight should be attached above the main (usually the top) swivel.

- (j) *Flies*.—Every angler has his own particular fancies. The answer to the problem is to learn to tie your own flies. It is quite a simple matter and adds 50 per cent. to the enjoyment of catching your trout, and in addition it cuts down the cost of these luxuries for they can be dressed at one twentieth of the cost of purchased ones. If you must buy flies, avoid the heavy over-dressed type the feathers of which protrude beyond the bend of the hook. As a general principle the tail fly should sink below the surface and the dropper (with its 3" of gut) be on, or just below, the surface. In clear and low water, the flies should be dark and small; in heavy water, larger and more coloured, often with tinsel bodies.

It is unnecessary to lay in an enormous stock of flies.

The following are renowned killers in India.

*Flies*.—Silver Doctor, Coachman, Teal and Green, Alexandra, Golden Lion Invicta, Butcher.

*Flies and Lures*.—Jock Scott, Peacock, Watsons' Fancy, Green Highlander, March Brown and Jungle Cock.

For both flies and lures one inch is usually a sufficient length for the tail fly and about half that size for the dropper.



In the case of lures the barb and point of the rear hook should be upwards *i.e.* barb amongst the feathers, the front hook should be below the body, facing downwards.

(k) *Care of Rods and tackle.* It so frequently occurs that the heaviest fish are lost. If a post-mortem is held on the incident it will often transpire that it is really the fault of the angler - weak gut, a perished line, a carelessly tied knot or a kinked trace. All tackle should be carefully dried after use and also inspected both before and *during* fishing to ensure that it is sound. If this were always done methodically, there would be far fewer complaints about losing good fish.

## 2. CASTING

At home it is comparatively simple to obtain lessons in casting from a qualified professional. In India the situation is quite different, for, unless the beginner can enlist the help of a friend, he is left to the tender mercies of shikaris who are usually worse than useless. As it is an easy matter to practise casting on any stretch of lawn, a few elementary methods are outlined.

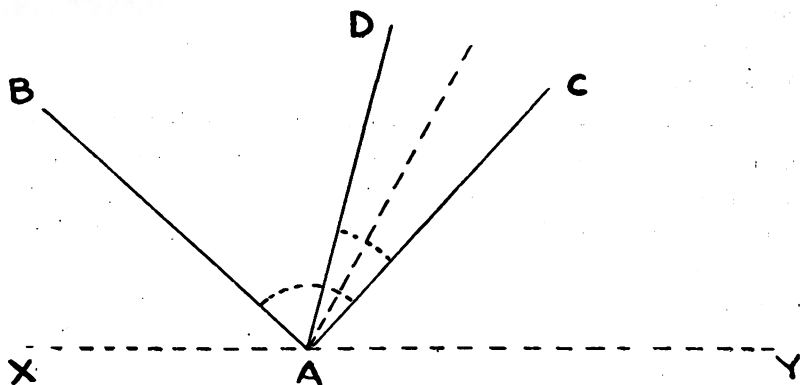
Imagine you have a lump of mud on a stick which you want to flick off as far as possible. You will, probably, raise the stick behind your head and bring it through an angle of 45 degrees, checking it sharply so that the lump will fly forward. This example conveys the rough idea of casting.

With a rod and line you have the action of the top joint to help you.

- (a) Backward motion: to lift the line off the water so that it travels back to its fullest extent.
- (b) Forward motion: to use the action of the rod to flick the line forward in the required direction. Just as in the swing of a club in golf, it is all a question of timing, and this timing can only be attained by practice. No force is required, the only snag is to avoid the whip-like crack which will probably snap off the fly.

Hold the rod by the cork grip with the thumb pointing up the rod. Look behind you to see that there are no obstructions. Start your practice with a *short* line gradually letting out more line as you attain proficiency. Your object is to drop your fly on a selected target on the water, consequently you have to get out enough line to reach this spot. Drawing off line from the

reel with the left hand make false casts until there is sufficient line to reach the target. If the bait falls with a splash on the water it will probably put the fish down, consequently the object is to straighten out the line about 2 feet *above* the target, lowering the rod to let it drop *lightly* on the water. For beginners this can best be learnt by a count of four and can be most clearly explained by diagram.



Supposing XY to be the water line, the horizontal position of the rod will be about AB. When casting it is a mistake to take the line too far back—a very common fault—go degrees from AB to AC is quite sufficient.

Count one.—For slow recovery from the water—then a flick to AC to throw the line back.

Count two.—Pause until the line has *almost* reached the extreme length of its backward passage.

Count three.—Forward cast with a flick of the rod at the commencement *i.e.* from AC to AD.

Count four.—Allow line to straighten 2 foot above the target then lower to AB.

Short line, short count; long line, long count. As soon as proficiency is attained counting is no longer necessary.

Side casting is equally effective and follows the same principles. There are, of course, a number of surer methods which can be studied later. For inaccessible places where back casting is impossible, a fish can sometimes be covered by 'catapulting.' Bend the rod like a bow by holding the fly on minnow with the left hand, then releasing it. Extra distance can sometimes be obtained (especially with a minnow) by first drawing off some line, allowing it to fall on the ground or by holding in the hand and then 'shooting' through the rings of the rod as the bait flies forward.

**BAIT CASTING**

Here again there is a knack in casting which can only be acquired by practice. Proficiency can be attained on any flat bit of ground before trying out the actual baits on the water. It is as well to start with a fairly heavy bait (say 2 ounces), working down later to the lighter ones. The larger the fish, the greater is its cannibalistic tendency, consequently the chances of catching a heavy fish are greater with a minnow than with a fly, but it should be remembered that all waters are not open to minnow, so the fishing rules must be carefully studied.

Most reels have a stud on each which allows them to 'free wheel.' In the more expensive types, it is often possible to adjust the tension to the weight of baits used. This is a great advantage as it prevents the curse of over running. Modern ideas have centred in 'multiple' reels which wind in the line at a quadruple ratio; quick recovery of line is obviously a great advantage and enables the angler to cast *upstream*. A trout which may obstinately refuse a minnow fished downstream will sometimes attack the minnow when coming down fast with the current. Multiple reels are frequently used with a 5 foot steel rod; (they are obtainable in India from Messrs. A. E. Verona, 153 Dhurumtollah Street, Calcutta, also from Manton & Co.).

Threadline fishing is fascinating, for a heavy fish can be beaten by a minute silk line of 6 lbs. breaking strain. The gear required is a 7 foot split cane rod and a thread-line reel of which there are many makes. The 'Helical' has proved to be one of the most reliable. These fixed spool reels are expensive for they have a watch-like mechanism with a slipping clutch and an adjustable tension. It always exerts the same pressure on a fish. Casting is effortless and a light bait can be cast an incredibly long distance. If expense is not of great consideration, a threadline outfit is strongly recommended.

For normal casting, assuming your target is at 12 o'clock on an imaginary clockface, point the left shoulder at the target with your rod pointing to 3 o'clock at an angle of about 45 degrees above the horizontal. Swing back the bait to 6 o'clock, then swing, forwards and upwards, evenly and without jerking and without any excessive effort, the 'action' of the upper portion of the rod will do the work. With lighter baits you may have to swing back to 9 o'clock.

When casting with threadline the projecting should be almost flat; if force is used, it diminishes the power.

## WHERE TO FISH

"Time spent in reconnaissance is seldom wasted." Your object is to find out where the fish are lying and for this it is necessary to know a little about the habits of the trout. They usually have their own 'lies' and wait expectantly for any food that may be coming down, consequently any junctions of streams or tributaries are always favourable places. A few good fish will usually be found in the rough water of dams, they will also be found lying in the deep hollows below banks and in holes formed by eddies. They like shelter from a hot sun and protection from the force of a strong current, so they may be sought in shady spots, in the scourings behind rocks and also in the deep water at the tail of a pool.

They are sensitive to shadow cast by the angler or his rod and vibration of the ground. Consequently it is desirable to keep out of sight as much as possible using what cover is available. Avoid getting the sun directly behind you. Approach with as soft a tread as possible, keeping your shikari well out of sight. If these simple, common-sense methods are not observed, the angler does not give himself a chance.

*Shikaris* have little imagination and are terribly conservative. As a rule they will only take the newcomer to places where fish have been caught before, and this probably well-flogged water where the trout are shy. The fly should be presented as naturally as possible; a good fish may often attack only once, so particular care must be taken that the first cast is a good one. If fish refuse to take, don't continue to flog the same water, but go elsewhere, returning to the original spot after an interval of time, with perhaps a change of fly.

In a swift current the fly may not sink much below the surface whereas the fish may be lying deep; it often pays to cast *upstream* above a rock, allowing the current to suck in your fly past the sides of the rock. Draw in any surplus line with the left hand otherwise it will be impossible to tighten on the fish when it takes.

You should plan to cover the whole water. In wet fly fishing this usually means casting across and slightly downstream, allowing your flies to sweep down until the line straightens, then either reel (or handline) in. A fish may be following and this is the time he usually takes. Pause for a few seconds and perhaps let *out* a little line before you commence to reel in. For the original cast you should attempt to drop your fly under the far

bank and this may mean letting out a good deal of line. Remember that several good fish may be lying under your own bank; if you approach the edge too closely you may disturb them before you start operations, so it often pays to cast down under your own bank first; in doing so it is necessary to keep back as far as possible, otherwise the least movement may give you away.

### STRIKING

This is an important branch of the anglers' art and can only be learnt by experience. It does not mean a wild jab at the fish which may merely pull the fly out of its mouth. Tightening is a better definition: all that is required is to drive the barb home—the larger the fish the greater is the firmness required. If you can see the fish and it turns, tighten at once.

As a brief guide:

- (a) Strike quick for: Upstream, small fish, fish attacking a dropper, rapid and shallow water.
- (b) Strike slow for: big fish, slow water, surface rises and dapping.

More fish are lost through quick striking than by slow tightening.

### PLAYING A FISH

Fight your trout and do not let him fight you; the longer he is in the water, the better are his chances of escape.

Always get below a fish if you can for he will then have to fight against the rod strain and the current which may drown him if it forces him to open his gills. The normal time taken in playing a fish is about one minute for each pound of its weight. Keep your line taut; if the fish wants to run, let him run, reeling in when the rush is over. Additional braking can be effected by fingertip control on the spool of the reel. Should he move upstream, follow him, reeling in as you go; excessive line on the water may result in a 'drowned line' and consequent loss of the fish.

### POSITION OF THE ROD

The correct angle of the rod above the horizontal is from 60 degrees to 70 degrees. This is not a mere personal opinion but one confirmed by the experts. Many experiments were carried out and the results were published in the angling press some time ago. If the rod is held at 90 degrees there is a tendency either to pull the fish to the surface, or to make him bore standing with his head on the bottom in his endeavour to release the hook.

If a 10 foot trout rod is held at 30 degrees the pull is twice that exerted by the rod when held at 90 degrees. With a heavy salmon rod this ratio increases three or four times.

'Giving the butt' means lowering the rod to about 30 degrees with the rubber button in the vicinity of the stomach the strain thus falling on the lower, *i.e.* thickest, portion of the rod. It is often misinterpreted to imply *advancing* the butt, in which case the strain imposed is actually less.

For a jumping trout, lower the rod to the right or left, not to the front.

#### LANDING A FISH

The general rule at home is to use a net for a fish up to 5 lbs. and a gaff when over that weight. Never attempt to net a fish over 10 lbs.

At home the average angler nets or gaffs the fish himself. In India shikaris are notoriously bad at landing fish and, consequently, many are lost when actually brought to the net. Whilst playing the fish, the most suitable landing place should be settled. Play the fish out before attempting to land a large fellow; when he turns on his side for the third time, he is generally ready for the net, but keep a little loose line handy in case he makes a final rush.

The net should be wet; put a small stone in it to make it sink easily. Keep your net handy but concealed until the last minute. Your shikari should be out of sight also and not doing his war-dance on the bank. Slip the net into the water, downstream, below the fish and draw him over it, then raise the net drawing it slowly towards you—should you fail, lead your fish to another spot and try again.

Should the fish appear too large for the net to take him sideways, try to net him tail first rather than head first. A little loose line is still useful as you may strain, or even break, a rod tip when bringing him up the bank.

When using the gaff don't snatch. Put the gaff over the fish, between the head and dorsal fin, then draw with a firm stroke towards you and down on the back. Never attempt to gaff a struggling fish or one that is more than a foot below the surface. Put the gaff *behind* your line—not *over* it.

I have described these methods in greater detail in my book "Hints of Flying-fishing and Fly-tying" which is shortly to be published by Messrs. Thacker & Co., Bombay. I have also added chapters on elementary fly-tying and on what feathers should be selected for flying dressing.

## HUNTING AND TRAINING FOR WAR

BY MAJOR GENERAL A. V. T. WAKELY, D.S.O., M.C.

In *The Outlook* of October 1911 an article was published on Hunting and Training for War. The chief points made in that article were, first, that training of very great value to a soldier can be obtained while hunting, and that the mechanisation of the Army has increased the value of hunting as training for officers. Secondly, it was suggested that each day's hunting could and should be used to give officers a type of training that is not easy to obtain in the ordinary way.

The object of the present article is to describe the type of exercises that have been set this season to officers hunting with a pack of foxhounds in Northern India, and to give anyone who wishes to do this training some idea of the sort of exercises which can be usefully set.

When these exercises were started this season, some doubts and criticisms were expressed about them. These crystallised in two directions:

- (i) Hunting is a recreation, and should be treated as such. Therefore officers engaged in recreation in their spare time should not be asked to do work!
- (ii) In any case, most people would be so busy riding their horses that they couldn't possibly do any work without falling out of the hunt for that purpose. In fact, the exercises would ruin the sport.

As regards the first argument, it should be remembered that there is now no such thing as spare time. We are engaged in a war against efficient and ruthless enemies, who have been preparing themselves for it for many years. We are far behind them in our preparations, and we have many junior officers whose training has so far necessarily been of the most elementary kind. We have no time to lose and we must make ourselves fitter and more efficient than our enemies. Nearly a year ago, our late Commander-in-Chief in India said, "Nothing else matters now, except that you should get yourselves ready for war in the shortest possible space of time. Your leisure and comfort or leave do not count. Of course you must have time off, in order to avoid getting stale, but there can be but one object for every one of us and that is to make

and keep ourselves mentally and physically fit to beat the Germans." Incidentally, he is now demonstrating in no uncertain fashion how well he has carried this out himself.

The prime necessity for making ourselves fit for war should now never be absent from our thoughts for a single moment, and we cannot afford to miss a single opportunity for training. Any form of recreation which involves an expedition into the country is an opportunity for training. Hunting, shooting, golf, and an afternoon's walk are instances of such opportunities. At the present stage of the war, when time presses, all these chances of doing some small exercise should be seized.

There is an old English saying that "Battles are won on the playing fields of Eton." This is all right for a gentlemanly war, but something more has to be done about it in *total* war. To win a *total* war we must have *total* training.

The second criticism about the hunting exercises has more in it. Most of the exercises required accurate map reading and it is certainly difficult, if not impossible, to do that on a restive horse at a tearing gallop. This is exactly where the value of these exercises comes in. When moving at speed across country, a rider is forced to rely on his memory and observation to keep track of where he is going. In war in a cross-country vehicle the same situation will arise. It will be very difficult to read a map accurately without stopping to do so, and it may be most inadvisable to stop!

In an Eastern theatre of war when dealing with mechanised forces, or partly mechanised units, every officer should be a good cross-country leader. If he is not actually driving the vehicle himself he will in all probability be responsible for two things. picking the way and finding the way. Riding across country gives good practice in picking the way. Finding the way may be more difficult. In the desert, with an armoured formation the navigator does it, but the trucks of an Infantry Unit, supply vehicles and many others will have to find their way on their own, and possibly singly, across country, sometimes in close proximity to the enemy. The man in charge of these vehicles must be able to know exactly where he is on the map at any moment and he must know where he is going. Otherwise he may drive straight into the enemy. In Eastern countries roads are not numerous and most of the driving is cross-country. Good training for this type of driving can be obtained while hunting. When the map cannot be used, the ground must be memorised, direction and



location should never be lost and the map position should be regained at the first opportunity.

These exercises with hounds can be conveniently done in three stages:

- (a) Officers bring their maps with them, the exercise being given to them the day before hunting.
- (b) The exercise is given the day before hunting, but officers do not carry their maps with them.
- (c) The exercise is set *after* hunting. Maps may be carried out hunting.

Almost any kind of exercise can be set, but at first it is better to make them very simple. With the first two stages it is impossible to say how a problem set will turn out. There is no previous Directing Staff solution. There is a D.S. solution afterwards, but it may be liable to severe criticism, since the D.S., who may be the Master or the C.O. of the unit, can quite easily make mistakes the same as anyone else. These exercises give great opportunities for catching the D.S. out in an error and he will be caught out unless he keeps his eyes very much wide open, has a good memory for country and, above all, a good "bump of locality" and an "eye for country." The exercises develop all these things and are therefore excellent training.

The exercise set after hunting is much more difficult, both to set and to do, but there is a much wider scope.

To get a fair picture of the exercises set this season a brief description of the country hunted by these hounds is necessary. It is generally undulating. There are good landmarks at a great distance, but practically none in the actual country run over by hounds. It is, therefore, easy to tell whether you are going North, South, East or West; but extremely difficult to locate exactly where you are. This difficulty is accentuated by the map makers. There are hundreds of nullahs in the area, some are very wide sandy nullahs, others not so wide; some are narrow, while others, shown on the map, cannot be distinguished on the ground at all. Except for the wide sandy nullahs the map makers show no difference in all these, marking them all with a thin black line; so it is very easy to get mixed up in them. They offer no obstacle to horses, except in a few places. The country also has many very small hillocks, all of which look exactly the same. The going is light sandy plough, perfect for galloping on and there are few fences. Therefore when hounds run, there is nothing to stop them, and when there is a good scent they go at a terrific pace.

Horses have to gallop all out for considerable distances to keep near them. On a good day the average pace is 3 to 4 minutes to the mile. In such circumstances map reading is at a complete discount, and the rider has to trust to his memory and powers of observation. These conditions, however, approximate closely to those experienced by the driver of a cross-country vehicle and that is why exercises with these hounds are such good training.

A brief description will now be given of some of the exercises done this season. When considering the results obtained the conditions described above must be remembered, because the map reading is really difficult, and unless one knows the country pretty well it is very easy to get lost.

The first exercise set was intended to be very easy. Owing to unexpected action by the hounds (a fast hunt straight away.) It turned out to be very difficult, but many lessons came out. It was:

1. *Mark on the 1-inch map the route taken by hounds during the morning.*
2. *The Master did not take the direct route from the meet to the first covert. Why did he do this?*
3. *If an enemy M.G. post were located in the first covert, by what route would you lead a platoon from the meet to attack it?*

The first thing that happened was that officers brought out only the map on which the meet was shown. Hounds soon ran off that map. The first lesson was, therefore, always bring out sufficient maps for the job in hand.

The second question was intended to produce the answer that a circuitous route was taken, first, because the direct route lay through very thick country in which the hounds would necessarily have to be kept packed up. Secondly, it crossed two tank obstacles which, if full of water, would be difficult to cross and there were bridges on the circuitous route, and thirdly the longer route lay through open country where the hounds could move, spread out and had a good chance of finding the line of a travelling jack. This is what actually happened and hounds went off at a very fast pace. It was quite difficult to follow where they went. Thus, many officers got their route as much as 2 miles wrong and never located the first covert, which was drawn after the first hunt and was approached from an entirely different direction from that first intended. This produced the answer to question 2 that the Master had taken a circuitous route because he had

found a jack, and it spoiled the third question, which would have been a very interesting one.

The result of the exercise was to show that several officers were not sufficiently good at map reading to lead troops in war, except for a limited distance and at a walking pace. This war is being waged at a greater pace than that, and it is essential that officers should take a much wider view of the country they may be called upon to traverse and be able to find their way both with and without a map across country over very much larger areas than we have been accustomed to in the past.

Subsequent exercises confined to marking the route on the 1-inch map showed a great improvement in the solutions. It was quite clear that those who did the exercises were in fact getting valuable practice in map reading and that it was producing good results.

A senior officer reported that the practice had greatly improved his map reading. He developed a sort of instinctive triangulation for checking up his initial estimate of his position by memorising what he could see at checks and at places where hounds changed direction. This will not pin-point the position, but it will indicate at once whether the first estimate is badly out.

Another exercise set was as under:

*You are commanding a Coy. of Inf. (Higher Scale Mech.) engaged in pursuing and trying to round up a large number of Germans who have escaped from the main battle. For various reasons the Germans are likely to take an unpredictable route (that taken by hounds).*

*Your men are lightly equipped and it is essential that the trucks should keep near them. Your Coy. is advancing on the route taken by hounds and is moving two up, covering a wide front.*

1. *Mark on map the route taken by your Coy.*
2. *Mark any deviation from that route which you would order your trucks to take.*
3. *How would you send your orders to the trucks?*

Problems 2 and 3 proved to be beyond the powers of a number of officers, whose only solution was to move the trucks "by bounds."

If, as in this case, the direction taken by the enemy is unknown, previous orders to move to certain bounds will not work, and did not work in this case. Incidentally, the "enemy" (the

hounds) went much faster than real Germans could go (those now in Cyrenaica excepted).

The D.S. solution was to divide the five trucks into two groups and move these on two tracks about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles apart, keeping in touch with them by signallers on chosen hillocks, which abounded in the area.

This solution was not ideal, and it was subjected to much criticism, the chief one being that the truck is a platoon vehicle and should go with the platoon. In this case, however, it couldn't accompany the men. Anyhow, no one could produce a better solution, but the country was very difficult.

The exercise showed that sufficient attention had not been given to the problem of moving these trucks across country, and most officers had very vague ideas about how to get orders to the trucks.

Another exercise was:

*You belong to a force advancing towards the East.*

*At 0730 hours (time of the meet), you started on a reconnaissance in a light tank (along route taken by hounds).*

*At 0800 hours precisely you were fired on by an isolated hostile M.G. from a point 500 yards from where you are (the place where hounds are at that hour).*

*The true bearing from you to the enemy M.G. is  $100^{\circ}$ .*

*You decide to send an Inf. fighting patrol to clear up the enemy M.G. You arrange this on return to your own lines near the camp, but, owing to the conference on your reconnaissance, you can't lead the patrol yourself. You, therefore, have to explain to the patrol commander where to go and what to do.*

- 1. Give the map reference of the enemy M.G.*
- 2. What advice would you give the Patrol Commander?*

This exercise entailed synchronising watches and memorising exactly where hounds went during the half hour between 0730 and 0800 hours. Everyone got the position of the enemy M.G. accurately. As luck would have it the exact point happened to be marked by a prominent lone tree. But where many officers failed was in giving advice to the Patrol Commander. This required a wide consideration of the ground and a knowledge of its tactical significance.

There is no doubt that we do need more training in the appreciation of the value of ground and in memorising the main tactical features of country as we pass through it.

An exercise which gave rise to much argument was the following:

*Make a mechanised movement map of the area covered by the hounds during the morning*

(See *Army in India Training Memorandum No. 2 para 13*.)

*The area covered by the hounds may be taken to be a strip one mile wide ( $\frac{1}{2}$  mile on each of the route taken by hounds). No one need leave hounds to reconnoitre the area and no area outside the above need be considered.*

*In order not to spoil maps the ranch map should be shaded in lead pencil, which can afterwards be rubbed out. The term "cross-country movement" will refer to 15 cart, trucks.*

*The following shading will be used:*

- (a) *Areas suitable to cross-country movement—horizontal shading.*
- (b) *Areas impassable to mechanised movement—vertical shading.*
- (c) *Areas difficult but traversable—diagonal shading.*
- (d) *Obstacles to mechanised movement—tinged in pencil.*

At first sight this was very well done, but when we came to move trucks across some of the horizontally shaded country, they all got stuck in the sand.

This showed that the making of a mechanised movement map cannot be lightly undertaken, and, if this map is to be of practical use it must be done by people who have considerable experience of cross-country driving and who know the capabilities of the various vehicles.

It will be seen from the above examples that the exercises set included map reading and simple tactical problems suitable for platoon commanders. They are good examples of the sort of exercise that can be set during any expedition into the country. It has been proved this season that they do provide good training of a type that is not easy to obtain in the ordinary way, because to do them, much time during working hours would be taken up

in getting out into the country. When they are combined with hunting that time is not normal working hours, *e.g.*, before dawn on Sundays. It is true that the number of officers doing them is limited to those who hunt, but it is better that these should have training which can be done without any extra expenditure of time and petrol rather than that they should lose an opportunity for doing something useful. Furthermore, those officers who do the exercises can devise similar ones for their companies and platoons on route marches and on other occasions when the men move out into the country. This is good training for the men. It keeps them on their toes, and relieves the monotony of route marches and long treks to manœuvre areas and training camps.

## A GLIMPSE OF SHANGHAI

BY OFFICER CADET D. K. HISLOP.

Shanghai conjures up in the minds of most a picture of bright lights, lonely ladies and the attendant gay life. The picture is a very true one and life there is a pleasant one. But Shanghai was not always such an enviable spot and behind its present eminence lies a story of toil and pioneering comparable with any in the world.

The growth of this great city is a long and interesting story - a story of a handful of Britishers, who living in little more than shacks scarcely a century ago, by their courage and their hard-headed business acumen, changed a flat muddy swamp in China into one of the world's greatest cities, a city where to-day a skyscraper of twenty storeys is no uncommon sight, where the brightness of its Nanking Road is comparable with Broadway and whose markets are of world wide importance.

Shanghai grew and prospered on the Yangse. The Yangse-Kiang, China's longest and most important river, is born in the Tibetan Plateau and for 3,500 miles makes its way eastward through China, draining and irrigating a great part of that country until it flows into the Yellow Sea.

This grand river is the lifeblood of Cathay and on its waters the many and varied exports of the country find their way to the coast. Ships of every conceivable shape and size, of every nationality, are found ploughing their ways up and down, from the lordly 10,000-ton freighter to the lowly sampan.

Shanghai, situated fourteen miles up the Whangpoo river which meets the Yangse at its mouth, became the centre and distributing point for China's exports. It grew as the demand for China's tea, cotton, oil and other exports grew, but its growth was due mainly to foreign - chiefly British - initial energy and enterprise and to the belief of those pioneers of nearly a century ago in the future of their city.

In 1843, Shanghai was opened by the Chinese to foreign trade and a strip of land outside the city and on the banks of the Whangpoo river was marked out, in which foreigners might buy plots from the native owners for trade and residential purposes and over which they might have municipal control. The French secured the inner section, making it the French Concession over which they exercised complete control in every respect.

The British obtained the outer section, and it was intended that this should become the British Concession over which Sovereign rights would be exercised. The American authorities, however, hoisted their flag there. What it was like in those days it would be hard to say, and despite protests by both British and Chinese authorities the Settlement became international and has been so since 1863.

Shanghai, therefore, is divided into two parts: the International Settlement and the French Concession, occupied and governed by foreigners. Here the term 'foreigner' may be explained. It is a term first used by the Chinese of Europeans, including Americans, and now the common one used by Chinese and Europeans alike for non-Chinese.

The French Concession, the area of which covers about 25 square miles, is governed in exactly the same way as any French Colony or Protectorate, with its own French Municipal Council. An efficient military force is maintained there and its police force is composed of French officers and N.C.O.s with Chinese and White Russian constables enrolled locally and Annamite constables from Indo-China.

Except for general co-operation with the Settlement Authorities, principally in times of war, there is no association between the two Councils. It must be remembered that no physical boundary separates these two administrations and in many cases one side of a road may be French and the other International. Reciprocatjon takes place between them in the way of licences for vehicles and in a few other minor ways, but that is all.

Up to a few years ago, French Town, as it is known, was considered the finest residential part of Shanghai for foreigners, and long straight avenues on a typical French fashion were built and, as time went on, lined with stately homes worthy of any place in the world. Times change, and with the growth of the Settlement and extension of the roads there a slow move of the residents took place, and many of French Town's bigger homes were vacated and taken over by speculators for night clubs and for other similar purposes.

Owing to the comparative laxity of certain restrictions, as might be expected and as is the case, in any spot under French control, the concession was a popular centre for these night clubs and the more famous cabarets. Night life there resembles closely that of Paris, except, perhaps, that the high Parisian moral standards are not always maintained and one will hear Russian spoken



more frequently than French. Another very important point is that chits may be signed for drinks and dances and other pleasures where for some reason cash may not be available. These chits find their way with depressing regularity from French Town to one's office in the Settlement at the end of each month. If one is not *persona grata* in a particular haunt of vice where one's signature has been cheerfully accepted in place of ready cash, the chits then appear on one's office doorstep very early the next day. Economic experts and the older residents of Shanghai declare that at least ten years' study of the subject is necessary before a story sufficiently convincing can be concocted on the spur of the moment to persuade the beady-eyed old so and so, who comes to collect, to give a further month's grace wherein to save sufficient to pay for your fun of the previous evening.

French Town supplies sport in plenty. Among other amusements is Hai Alai, the Basque game of pelota, and a vast amount of money changes hands every night at Hai Alai. The Chinese are great gamblers and lovers of the game. The standard is very high and only professional players, imported from Spain and Cuba and other places where it is a national game, take part.

Greyhound racing, shooting ranges and really every kind of game, professional or otherwise has been or is played in French Town. Needless to say the 'wheel', although officially frowned upon, carries on its good work.

So much for French Town.

The International Settlement is a much more complicated place than French Town. It has an area of about forty square miles with the French Concession on one side, Chinese territory on another and the Whangpoo river on the third. It is said that at least one representative of every nationality in the world will always be found between its boundaries, and there is very little exaggeration in this as the nationality returns show.

The Government of the Settlement is an able body known as the Shanghai Municipal Council, comprised of British, American, Japanese and Chinese, in the ratio of 5:2:2:5. The Chinese representatives are nominees of the Chinese Ratepayers Association and are there for the purpose of protecting their nationals and representing them in disputes which arise from time to time over assessment of property taxes.

The majority of the British representation has been fiercely contested from time to time by non-British nationalities in Shanghai and this has culminated in the very strong and underhand efforts which the Japanese are making at present.

The facts are that we were the founders of the settlement and we built up the present administration, of which America and Japan have taken full advantage. Again our financial interests in Shanghai alone amount to £150,000,000 as compared with Japanese £44,000,000 and American £26,000,000. The British contribution to the Municipal Revenues is at least three times as much as the next highest.

With all this in mind one will perhaps realize the difficult and delicately balanced position in which an international administration with a British majority finds itself, governing impartially and fairly the most cosmopolitan population in the world. One must realize too that while so governing, the interests of their own nationals must be safeguarded at all costs.

This has been carried out in a most able and successful manner for many years, but if our friends from Nippon are allowed to progress much further it will be the end of the "Modern Settlement" as it has been called.

For defence purposes the Settlement is divided into four sectors, allotted to the British, Americans, Italians and Japanese. Since the Chinese uprising in 1927 and the attack on Shanghai we have maintained a garrison there. The Americans have a detachment of marines, the Italians a small force, supplemented usually three months after trouble starts. In the recent trouble in 1937 which continues to-day, although not in Shanghai, the Italian troops which ultimately arrived were their crack Alpine ones and reached Shanghai dressed in military skiing kit, skis, snow goggles and beautiful hats with feather dusters on the side. The Shanghai hills are twenty miles away in Chinese territory, and September in Shanghai is pretty hot, as were our Italians.

The Japanese force is a considerable one and has grown out of all proportion to the others during the last few years.

In addition to these Government troops Shanghai has its own Russian Regiment, of about five hundred, enlisted from White Russians living there, a very able body. There are also the Volunteers, comprising the Shanghai Scottish, 'A' Company Light Horse, and Portuguese and Chinese Companies. The whole of this force is in the charge of a British Commandant. There you have internationalism at its best.

The Russian Regiment and the Volunteers are called out for internal security and have proved their worth many times in the past. At the outbreak of disturbances in 1927, 1932 and 1937, Shanghai depended on them for its safety for the first few days until reinforcements could arrive from Hong Kong and Manila.

The Japanese, as has been their habit in all countries to which they migrate, concentrated in one area of the Settlement known as Hongkew. This has become their 'Little Tokyo' and, in fact, reminds the visitor of Japan rather than of China. Hongkew, naturally, was the sector allotted to the Japanese in the defence of the Settlement. We will return later to 'Little Tokyo.'

The next, or perhaps it should be the first factor in safeguarding Shanghai's safety is the Municipal Police Force. It is one of the finest organizations to be found anywhere in the world. One must realize that these uprisings, or "incidents," or what you will, bring with them a mad hooliganism that cannot exist in a well-policed successful city at peace. With its mixed population, its open arms to all comers—no passports required—Shanghai has collected as good a gang of toughs—Chinese, Japanese, all nationalities as are to be found anywhere. In normal times the Police Force has kept them well in hand, but with the added burdens of a war of no mean dimensions at their front door their peacetime duties must suffer.

The Commissioner of Police is and always has been British (to-day he is an ex-I.P. Officer). His deputy is Japanese, a sop to our Japanese friends, and the remaining officers are comprised of British, Japanese and Russians. Constables are Chinese and Sikhs, with officers of their own nationality. This Police Force has always proved itself loyal to its international character and to the Council which it serves. All except the Japanese.

The policing of the Hongkew district—the Japanese area—was given over very slowly and very reluctantly to the Japanese representation in the Police Force although some stations manned by Japanese officers have steadily been maintained in the district. After the beginning of the '37 trouble the Japs showed themselves in their true colours, closed Hongkew to all but Japanese, and cocked a snook at the Municipal Council and at all it meant. Under the guise of safety precautions no one was allowed over the fifty-yard long bridge into Hongkew without Japanese police or military passes.

Unbelievable indignities were suffered by foreigners wishing to enter Hongkew, and at last Nippon was able to show to the world the contempt in which she held Europeans.

Japan is undoubtedly the biggest menace to the future of Shanghai, and Shanghai just now is going through a very difficult and tricky period. She has been through many such ones before, though perhaps none so serious as to-day. She has weathered

many a storm and come up smiling. Through all her vicissitudes her brightness and cheeriness have never deserted her, and her gay life has continued, even though curfew time and time again have prohibited residents from appearing on the streets between ten at night and five in the morning.

There is what is called a 'Shanghai Mind,' a peculiar thing that exists nowhere else in this world. It is a mind which permits one to enjoy the biggest booms in an open-handed full-of-the-joy-of-living manner. Money is easy to get and goes as easily as it comes; there are no cliques and your neighbour is your friend. So in times of slump. Little money is available, but what is there is given readily to the most deserving cause. It is a mind which believes that Shanghai will always come out top—it allows one to sit in the Shanghai club and watch the Japanese blowing China, and possibly one's own possessions, to pieces with guns not two hundred yards from where one is sitting, with a feeling that it has happened before and it will happen again but Shanghai will weather any storm.

Before concluding this attempt to describe the 'Modern Settlement' I must explain the many references made to White Russians. These people are the remnants of the Revolution of 1917 and their descendants. They fled eastwards through Siberia to Manchuria and a haven was offered to them in the city of Harbin in Manchuria by the Chinese. There they colonized and started life again. Many came as far as Shanghai, a city where no questions were asked. Most were penniless, but those who had money helped their less unfortunate brothers, and they have been a credit to the city which gave them a home.

Their records in the Police, the Chinese maritime customs services, and wherever a chance has been offered them, are records to be proud of. Their lady folk, as one already knows, have helped to make this city one of bright lights and cheerfulness, and have made the name 'Del Monte' one to be conjured with wherever the subject of night clubs and cabarets is raised.

So, these past hundred years have produced in far Cathay—a modern city and a world's foremost port, a city of twenty-storey skyscrapers, a city where Internationalism has been preached and successfully practised, an example in tolerance, high-heartedness and able administration which could be well followed to advantage in many parts of this world. We should be proud of our countrymen who founded this 'Model Settlement.'

## JARBOIVAH—1920

### SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EARLIER IRAQ REBELLION

By "Jebb"

It was originally intended to devote the whole of this article to a description of the defence and siege of the small post of Jarboivah during the Arab Rebellion (as it was commonly called) of 1920 in Mesopotamia. But in view of the events which took place in that ancient and turbulent country in April and May 1941, a short account of the earlier insurrection may also not be without interest. And different as the two rebellions were, both in cause and scope, there may, who knows, be lessons to be derived for the future from a comparison of the two.

It will be as well first to refer briefly to events in Mesopotamia which succeeded the signing of the armistice with Turkey in October 1918. From a military point of view the situation was all that could be desired, and British prestige in the country never stood higher. Mosul lay at the mercy of the 1st Corps which, after a rapid advance up the Tigris, had captured at Shergat the Turkish general, Ismail Haqqi, with his force of 11,000 men and 50 guns. The 3rd Corps were on the borders of South Kurdistan; while the 15th Division, operating on the Upper Euphrates, had successfully enveloped the 50th Turkish Division almost entire.

Further west, all had gone even better. In Syria, British, Australian and Indian cavalry, with infantry pressing close behind, had captured the whole of the Turkish army and were riding in triumph through the streets of Aleppo and Damascus. The British Fleet had passed the Dardanelles, and Constantinople had fallen. Bulgaria and Austria had already accepted armistice terms, and Germany was soon to follow.

All this was not lost on the people of Iraq, and they accepted with resignation the occupation by the victors of all the principal towns in Northern Iraq and South Kurdistan. On the Upper Euphrates, Anah and Dair al Zaur were also taken under our administration. But when they saw us apparently settling down in their country for keeps, they began to get a bit restive.

The Political officers to whom the administration of the country was entrusted consisted largely of demobilized officers of

very little experience, while the administrative work at headquarters was mainly in the hands of the Indian Civil Service. Stout-hearted and conscientious as many of these officers were, under the leadership of their gallant Chief Commissioner, Sir Arnold Wilson, there can be little doubt that their inexperience, coupled with the highly centralized and perhaps rather unimaginative system of control, was one of the principal causes of the unrest which came to a head in the summer of 1920. To the Arabs, accustomed to the elastic and easily evaded administration of the Turk, the meticulous collection of revenue, the heavy demands for forced labour, and our 'Sandeman' system of dealing through the Shaikhs rather than with individuals, to all of which they were unaccustomed, were distasteful in the extreme.

There were of course other causes. In Syria the Emir Faisal, son of Hussain of the Hedjaz, had been established as practically independent ruler, and many Iraqis dissatisfied with the non-introduction of a similar indigenous government in their own country, had gone to Syria and were now occupying important positions in the army and civil administration. From here, knowing well the state of feeling in Iraq, they began an insidious propaganda designed to secure their country's independence; which propaganda was sedulously fostered amongst the tribes by the 'Ulamas' or Shiah religious leaders of Karbala, Nejaf, and Kadhimain, the three holy places of Iraq. Current talk of the Anglo-Persian agreement, whereby the Iraqis got the idea that Persia would become a British dependency and that the same fate would soon overtake their own country, was also not without its influence.

Another contributory factor was the gradual departure of our troops after the armistice. There is an Arab saying that the brain of the Arab is in his eyes—"seeing is believing," in other words—and not being an over-intelligent individual, he failed to realize that the trains and steamers which took the troops away could equally readily bring them back, and did.

Altogether, what with one thing and another, there were by the end of 1919 all the ingredients of first-class trouble. These ingredients moreover had been given a stir on our part by a gratuitous piece of 'appeasement,' in the failure to re-occupy Dair-al-Zaur when that place was seized by a Sharifian firebrand on the 13th December 1919. This was followed by the evacuation of Albu Kamal.

Henceforth the betting on a rebellion taking place was odds-on; the question was merely—when? But in spite of steady pro-

paganda, underrated and unchecked, the first explosions did not occur until June 1920. There was a preliminary and very unpleasant incident at Tel-Afar, 36 miles West of Mosul, in which not only the Police and Political officers but the entire crew of an armoured car detachment were murdered; but the real beginning of the rebellion may be said to have taken place at Rumaithah on the Middle Euphrates.

Before describing this and subsequent events, we will pause for a moment to examine the military situation from the British side. At the moment of the outbreak there were under the command of Lieut.-General Sir Aylmer Haldane, G.O.C.-in-C., nominally some 60,000 men, consisting of 7,000 British and 53,000 Indian troops. In this total, however, were 3,000 British and 23,000 Indians employed on non-combatant duties such as guarding prisoners of war and refugees. After reductions, therefore, the balance amounted to only 4,000 British and 30,000 Indian troops, consisting of units many of which were understrength and weak in officers. Roughly speaking, they were disposed as follows: 18th Division, between Mosul and Baghdad, and 17th Division between Baghdad and Basra, plus two extra battalions at Baghdad and three on the L. of C. In addition there were five batteries of armoured cars, distributed in Persia, Mosul, Baghdad, and on the L. of C. Of the two squadrons of the Royal Air Force, three-quarters at least of one squadron was detached to Bushire, Kazvin and Mosul, leaving only four flights at Baghdad. There were no troop-carrying aircraft, nor were any available from India.

With the above forces a country three times the size of England had to be garrisoned and administered. But the study of a map conveys no idea of the time factor involved in moving troops from one part of the country to another, aggravated by indifferent railways, lack of roads, and the heat of a Mesopotamia summer. Actually, by 30th June when the rebellion broke out, only some 500 British and 2,500-3,000 Indian troops were available as a mobile force, of which one battalion only was in a position to reach the Middle Euphrates area within 24 hours. It was, therefore, no easy problem which faced General Haldane, and the proper exercise of those well-worn principles of war, Concentration and Economy of Force, were to give him much anxious thought.

It was at the little town of Rumaithah, standing on both banks of the Hillah branch of the Euphrates, about 28 miles above Samawah, that the insurrection burst into flame. On the 25th June the Assistant Political Officer had been ordered to arrest and

send to Diwaniyah one Sha'alan Abu, a Shaikh of the Bani Hachaim tribe, for non-payment of an agricultural loan. While the party was waiting for the train to Diwaniyah, the retainers of the Shaikh took the law into their own hands, killed the Arab guard and released Sha'alan.

This incident was perhaps the match that set the Middle Euphrates alight, but the country round Rumaithah had been in a highly disturbed state for some days and there were several incidents of railway cutting. At the urgent appeal of the Assistant Political Officer, one-and-a-half companies of the 114th Mahrattas arrived from Diwaniyah and Samawah on the 1st and 2nd July, and during the latter night all civilians were moved into the Political serai on the left bank of the river. On the 3rd a company of the 99th Infantry arrived from Hillah after an adventurous journey, and this brought the total of the garrison to 527, of whom 312 (including four B.O.s) were combatants.

Unfortunately, the force, which now became besieged, had only two days' rations, and the task of providing food for it soon became a cause for anxiety. Raids into the surrounding bazaar brought in food for a few days, but on the 12th supplies were again running short. However, another successful sortie on a large scale, with two platoons of the 114th acting as covering party and the remainder of the garrison armed with bags, tins, and blankets, produced rations for another twelve days, consisting of half a ton of grain besides some sheep and chickens. The covering party also accounted for 20 of the inhabitants without loss to themselves. On the 8th, three boxes of ammunition, asked for by helio through Samawah to Baghdad, were dropped by aircraft. The only box to land in the serai unfortunately also landed on and killed an N.C.O. of the 99th, but the other two boxes were eventually recovered—one from the river and one from among date-palms 100 yards from the serai.

Meanwhile a small relief column, accompanied by a train carrying ammunition, food and water, had reached on the 6th July a point some six miles north of Rumaithah. Next day the insurgents were encountered in very large numbers, and the force after suffering 200 casualties was compelled to withdraw to Imam Hamza, 18 miles north of Rumaithah, where it halted. It was by this time clear that a much larger force would be needed to effect the relief, and the G.O.C.-in-C., not liking the look of things generally, also took the precaution of asking the War Office for reinforcements, which to his disappointment he learnt could not embark before the end of July. He had, therefore, for over a



month in the most critical stage of the rebellion, to do the best he could with what he had got, and the juggling process must have given him nightmares. The immediate situation, let alone any others that might develop, was unpleasant enough. Only by denuding other areas to a dangerously low level could he concentrate a force adequate to the task, and this force he was committing into the blue over ill-guarded communications, and with every prospect of other tribes rising between the force and its base at Baghdad, 150 miles away.

The relief force, consisting this time of six battalions, with one squadron of cavalry, three batteries of artillery, a sapper and miner company and details, were concentrated by the 16th July within 16 miles of Rumaithah; and to cut a long story short, after considerable fighting it entered Rumaithah on the 20th and relieved the garrison. In this operation, in which there were about as many casualties as in the earlier abortive attempt, the 45th Sikhs and the 110th Gurkhas particularly distinguished themselves. Indeed, to the author, the Arab Rebellion of 1920 will always be linked in memory with the names of these two units, and of the intrepid commander of the Rumaithah relief column and many other columns, Brigadier General F. E. Coningham, C.M.G., D.S.O. One of the features of this and other operations that year was taking a railway train with the column. It meant of course tying troops to the railway and so hampering their freedom of manoeuvre, but the great advantage of having the wherewithal to carry plenty of water and ammunition and medical comforts, not to mention a mobile hospital far outweighed any disadvantages.

We must now leave the Rumaithah garrison, the relieving column and its train at Diwanayah, and turn to events nearer Hillah. What had happened at Rumaithah was happening in rather similar measure at Kufah, 33 miles South of Hillah on the other branch of the Euphrates. This place, which was situated only five miles from Nejaf, hotbed of intrigue, was originally garrisoned by two companies of the 108th Infantry (the author's unit), which garrisoned had been reinforced by another company early in July. By the 20th it too was in a state of siege, and General Haldane's intention was to send a brigade to Kif—21 miles South of Hillah and terminus of the 2 feet 6 inches railway from that place and then later with reinforcements from Diwanayah to set about the relief of Kufah. On the showing of Rumaithah it would be unwise to attempt the relief with less than a brigade-and-a-half.

Unfortunately, the local commander at Hillah, under pressure of the Political Officer, was persuaded to send a small detachment from the small garrison at Hillah in the direction of Kifl. All the usual arguments in such cases were brought to bear. We must show the flag—if we did not, other tribes would rise; and so forth. Here in passing would seem to be one of the outstanding lessons of the campaign—the clash between military and political interests. You constantly had on the one hand the urge of the political to scatter all available forces, often small in number, in order to maintain law and order, on the basis that such action would help to stave off greater trouble; and on the other, the deeply ingrained instinct of the soldier to concentrate his forces and so avoid the danger of being weak everywhere and strong nowhere. At any rate, the result on this occasion was the disaster to what came to be known as the Manchester Column; though it must be said in fairness to the political that though they were responsible for the situation arising, it was the failure in judgment and commonsense on the part of the commander that led to the actual disaster.

Briefly, what happened was that the column moved out on the 23rd July to a point six miles from Hillah, found the water brackish, moved on in the heat of the next morning to a canal ten miles further on, and there encamped. In the evening large numbers of Arabs were reported approaching, but instead of standing his ground—which was not too bad, being protected on three sides by bunds—the commander decided, on the advice of the Political Officer attached to the column, to withdraw in the dark to Hillah. Of course, the situation was one that any Pathan or Arab or savage enemy might dream of, and in spite of great gallantry by the 35th Scinde Horse acting as rearguard and a small party of the Manchesters, of whom Captain Henderson won the posthumous V.C., the Arabs got right in. The transport stampeded and there was deuce and all of a shemozzle. Of the 318 missing from the column on arrival at Hillah, 79 British and 81 Indians became prisoners with the Arabs, and our net loss in killed was thus little short of 200. One 18-pdr. gun of the 39th Battery was also lost, in spite of heroic efforts to save it, and many transport vehicles and animals.

It was altogether an unfortunate affair, occurring at a most inopportune moment. The answer seems to be—

- (a) If you must show the flag, be certain that you are strong enough to do it.

- (b) Make sure of your water before you start out into the blue in the desert.
- (c) Don't always believe the Political Officer but rely on your own military judgment.
- (d) If you have to withdraw in the face of a savage enemy, try and avoid doing it at night.

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And that, after a somewhat lengthy preamble, brings us to Jarboiyah. Relict of Kutah was now of course out of the question; the immediate necessity was to get Brigadier-General Coningham's column and train to Hillah, and 14 miles South of Hillah, at Jarboiyah, was a small but vitally important bridge, spanning the Hillah branch of the Euphrates, over which the column and train had to cross. General Leslie, commanding the 17th Division, rightly appreciated that if he didn't do something about it the Arabs certainly would; and so it was that at about 0330 hours on the 26th July the author, who was then Adjutant of the 108th Infantry (henceforth he will refer to himself in the first person) was woken up and told that what remained of the 108th (Headquarters and one rifle company, less details) would proceed in the morning to Jarboiyah and there, like Horatius, hold the bridge.

There were only two British officers with the small detachment—M., who was officiating for the C.O. then on his way back from leave, and myself—and our first job on arrival at Jarboiyah was to decide how the bridge was to be defended. It was an interesting little problem, of the same variety as that which faced the bewildered hero of "The Defence of Duffer's Drift" way back in the South African war. But there were really only two choices open to us: either to defend the original camp and station (see sketch) with a detachment at the bridge; or to let the two former look after themselves and have the post actually at the bridge. We were fortunate in having on the train Major Bradney, C.R.E., 17th Division (later to be Commandant of the Q.V.O. Madras Sappers and Miners), and he came in strongly on the side of the actual bridge site; so bridge site it was. But though obviously the right choice, it wasn't too pleasant a site, being completely overlooked by bunds on either flank and the fort to the west, and with a nasty thick belt of palm trees on the North, across the river. The river here is quite a little chap, being hardly wider than the average Punjab canal, and it was unnecessary to do more than wire the north side of the bridge; though later we were compelled to keep a post there at night. The bridge itself was a simple

affair, with one rather elongated set of wooden piles and one smaller set supporting the girders and rails; there was no roadway, and to get from one side to the other one had to hop across the sleepers.

So far all was peaceful on the Jarboiyah front. Whether the Arabs had been impressed by our sudden arrival, or whether they were waiting until they could attack *en masse*, I don't know; but the respite gained was very useful to us. In the evening, to our surprise, a railway construction train arrived from Diwaniyah, bringing three platoons of the 32nd Sikh Pioneers, with Major P. in command. (He was an M. too, but I call him P. for he was known affectionately as Pop throughout the Corps of Sikh Pioneers.) He being senior to our M., took over the post, and in an incredibly short space of time his Sikhs were out of the train, spaced on to their tasks and started digging, while our men put up the wire. The construction train, meanwhile, having started back for Diwaniyah, found the line cut and turned round and went to Hillah instead. Next morning it returned, bringing a platoon of Sappers and Miners, and what was more important, 15 days' rations for the garrison; but as a set-off to this it removed 100 men of the 108th to act as additional escort on its rail-mending journey to Diwaniyah. These three platoons were not seen again until the end of the siege, and we were left with roughly 300 rifles with nine Lewis guns, and 120 non-combatants. Not too bad.

By 7-30 p.m. on the 27th we were more or less dug and wired in and ready for anything that might transpire. Our particular little balloon went up in rather curious fashion. At that moment, 7-30 p.m., a party of Arabs set fire to a small bridge about 1,000 yards S.E. of the camp, and we decided to let them have a burst of L.G. fire to register our disapproval. This in turn brought a bout of sniping from the bund, and as though at a signal every blessed man in the garrison (we were standing to at the time) let off his musket in reply. Nerves were taut, I suppose; at any rate, it required all the whistle-blowing and shouts and oaths that B.O.s and I.O.s were capable of, to put a stop to it before all our ammunition was expended. But we were undoubtedly besieged from that moment. Next morning found it impossible to send out patrols and piquets in daylight, and any man unduly exposing himself was instantly fired at. One of our first casualties, as bad luck would have it, was Major P. himself, who was hit in the fleshy part of the right thigh while sitting rather too far up the railway embankment, talking to the author. Regrettable as it may seem, we had no doctor not even a sub-Assistant Surgeon: an

omission to which, doubtless, we ought to have drawn attention before leaving Hillah—but, well, we were busy and it is generally up to the staff to think of these little details. They had sent us back our station-master on the construction train (under arrest; he having deserted his post and jumped the train the previous evening, in the evident belief that Hillah was more healthy than Jarbouyah), but he did not quite fill the bill. Our only personnel with any claims to knowledge of medicine were therefore a Sanitary Havildar and a few stretcher-bearers, with some bandages, lint and a bottle of iodine. With these we dressed Major P.'s wound morning and night, and by a miracle it kept clean and he was eventually safely evacuated to Baghdad where he completely recovered, but it was an anxious time for both the patient and us. Casualties were not heavy on either side, in spite of *The Pioneer* of 6th August alleging that as a result of the Arab attack on the night of the 30th/31st (that was wrong too: it was 27th/28th) the ground round the post was "littered with rebels dead." Actually, the attack, if one could call it so, was a very half-hearted affair, and in the morning we saw only one corpse, though doubtless others had been removed during the night.

Our chief excitement in the early stages of the siege was the attempts by the rebels to set fire to our precious bridge with fire boats. The first time, at about 2.30 *ack emma* on the second night, i.e. only a few hours after the abortive attack, rather caught us bending; but we got away with it, because the boat they sent down was no more than a small raft (obviously constructed on the spur of the brain-wave), and though it bumped against the piles and set them alight we were able to put out the flames with our fire buckets. The raft then floated harmlessly on down stream. Such initiative on the part of the Arabs was unexpected, and might have earned a better reward had they remembered the lessons of German gas and British tanks; to wit don't spring your tactical surprise until it can be really effective. Of course, we were ready for them next time, on the following morning and again in the evening; but let me describe the latter occasion from my diary—the only diary I have kept at any length for any period of my service:

"7.30 p.m. Sun just going down. Another fire boat alarm—this time a big one. I can see it pushed out into the stream and then suddenly burst into flames. This is the third in about 18 hours, curse them! Well, we are ready, provided it isn't so big that it sticks under the girders of the bridge; this is the great danger. I make a leap and a jump across the railway embankment into the L.G. post on the left of the bridge and make them turn the gun round so as to fire on the Fort as soon as the polewalas go out.

The latter are ready, close to the L.G. post, and the bucket people behind them in case the bridge catches fire anywhere. I anxiously look out to see where it is coming—between the near piles or the middle ones. This time the brute is coming straight for the centre pile, and the pole-men will have to double out there; no other way of doing it. Things are pretty lively by this time; in fact I seldom remember spending a livelier 10 minutes. The old Arab is firing very heavily on the bridge and vicinity, and the crack-crack of the bullets seems unpleasantly close. The boat is within 50 yards now and it is time the men went out with the poles. I have to shout at the top of my voice at them for at least half a minute and for an awful moment I thought they didn't understand; then they get up and double across and let themselves down on to the middle pile, poles in readiness. What a scene! An artist would revel in it. The light of the setting sun made redder still by the flames from the boat, the flashes from the fort, the clatter of rifle and Lewis gun fire, and this fiendish boat floating slowly towards the bridge! It is almost on to the pile now and the men are pushing it away so that the wood won't catch. A roar of cheering as the third boat also passes harmlessly downstream. The men get up and double back from the central pile. These two men are going to be recommended for bravery.

"We feel fearfully cheered by this little fracas, at least I do, but we don't get off scot free. The havildar in charge of the bucket party, Yasin Khan, has been hit in the stomach, it is feared pretty badly; but on the whole we are remarkably lucky to have got off so lightly."

Quite picturesque. The two pole-bearers (Rajputana Mussulman Lance-Naiks) each got the I.D.S.M., but the havildar died of his wounds, which was not so good.

That finished the efforts of the Budhus to burn our bridge and as they obviously had no stomach for more attacks life settled down to trench warfare routine, sniping and all. It seemed incongruous to us somehow, stuck there in the middle of the desert and in a daily temperature of about 110° maximum, to be stumbling about in trenches and not able to put one's head over the top without getting a bullet fired at it. I forget how many bullet holes we found in our E.P. mess tent (dug down, of course, with Major P. on his stretcher in one corner), but there were quite a lot. Later the Budhus attempted to sap their way forward close to the bridge through the palm trees on the other side of the river, and we had to keep a bombing post there at night. Arabs sapping! A fantastic idea, but true enough.

In addition, we were completely cut off—from Brigade H.Q. in Hillah, from the rest of our battalion in Kufah, from the column at Diwaniyah—and we had no idea for how long. The only way G.H.Q. could get in touch with us was by air. We had noticed chaps flying about and put out our Popham Panel to encourage them, but having been designed primarily for France it was not a very intelligent means of communication. For instance such messages as "We are stopping out for the night," or "Where are the nearest infantry?" didn't seem appropriate. However, we

were at least able to show the pilots by means of signal No. 289 "Inform" that we hoped for a message, and sure enough, on the gist, an aircraft came over very low and dropped two streamers, both wide, but we were able to recover one without loss of life or limb. This was the message it contained:

"Please look out for helio from HILLAH and make every endeavour to get communication, keeping your station open as long as light allows.

"2. Expect Genl. Coningham to leave GUCHAN (9 miles S. E. of JEH) for you on 2nd August. Help with your construction train if you can. Will send cavalry to you to-morrow if there is safe camping place for horses. If so fire a Very Light when machine flies back over you and itself fires one RED Very Light. Keep good lookout for this, as there are many machines flying about. If no Very Lights fired by you, I will understand cavalry cannot go to you.

17th Division 0650."

An odd message to send to a small beleaguered garrison, we thought. Surely the chaps could see that there was no construction train within miles of us, and that we had put wire and barricades across the rails? As for the helio suggestion, M., who was our mathematician, worked out that our answering helio would have to be raised 30 feet up, which meant suspending a signaller from our solitary palm tree. He would certainly have been dead as mutton within a minute of getting there, so we didn't awfully like that idea either. Needless to say we fired no Very Light and hoped the cavalry were duly grateful. It was however cheering to hear that General Coningham might arrive on the 2nd; but plans might go awry and we felt we must be prepared for a much longer siege than that. Of rations and ammunition we had sufficient for a month by going carefully, and as mess secretary I amused myself by making out a list of stores for consumption by the four of us. (Did I say that we had a Sapper officer too? His chief claim to fame was the construction of a natty wire rope to fling across the river to catch fire boats; unfortunately, by the time it was in position there were no more fire boats.) This list of stores is recorded in my diary, and I see that while we could open one tin of bully beef every day for a month and one tin of milk every second day, we had to make judicious spacing of such items as tinned soups, fish, vegetables and fruit. I was indulgent in allowing coffee, porridge and bacon to be consumed every day while they lasted, but insisted on the retention of marmalade, jam, biscuits and curry powder. I suppose the idea was that if we were finally reduced to biscuits and bully, the jam and marmalade would improve the taste of the former, and the curry powder the latter.

So life went on. By the 1st August we felt it was time to take the initiative against these Arabs, whose sniping and singing and array of red, green and white flags on the bund were beginning to irritate us. Singing and beating of *dhols* usually reached its crescendo at about 7-30 *pip emma*, so we planned to send out at that hour a small raiding party consisting of two rifle sections of Sikh Pioneers and one bombing section 108th, under a Subadar of the 32nd: the party to creep up to the walls of the fort, hurl their bombs inside at a suitable moment, and then return. It all went off like clockwork and we hadn't a single casualty. The party interrupted the Arabs drinking tea, and from our posts in the trench it was most comforting to hear the crump of bursting bombs, followed by groans and then silence, instead of the usual nightly sing-song. My diary records in conclusion: "With a few more men we might have smote those Philistines hip and thigh to-night, but one never knows and after all it is our job to hold the bridge. These little outings are only to keep up the offensive spirit!"

We were now sending out patrols again, night and morning, up and down the line, who usually reported no enemy in sight but much damage to the track. It was astonishing the way those Arabs could mess the rails about. Every night we would hear banging and hammering and would hopefully let them have a burst or two of L.G. fire, but every morning it was the same: if the rails hadn't been bodily removed they had been bent completely out of shape.

It was early on 2nd August that we first heard sounds of gun fire from the S.E. in the direction of Guchan, and though we had only been six days in a state of siege we felt like the heroes of Mafeking at least. But it is undeniably thrilling in those circumstances to realize that in a day or two one may be able to walk about like free men again. There was also the sound of gun fire from Hillah on that day, indicating a battle in progress there too, which afterwards proved to be the truth. The Arabs had in fact made quite a determined assault on our home town, but like most of their ventures (fortunately for us, as again in 1941) it went off at half-cock.

But to return to Jarboiyah. Three more days were to elapse before we saw the relieving force, and meanwhile it became increasingly difficult to pass the time. Much as I liked my companions, I had one thing against them—none of them played bridge; and I was forced to take to patience. Our library consisted, not, I regret to say, of classics or even of military manuals,



but of three novels of mine and a copy of the "Motor Cycle" belonging to M!

August 4th, 1920, the sixth anniversary of the opening of the first world war, thus found one still at war and still in trenches, though there was a musical comedy atmosphere about this little war which had never existed in France. By this time our patrols were meeting with more opposition, and reported much movement of Arabs in a S.E. direction, doubtless all going to see what fun—or loot—could be got out of harassing General Coningham's column. With the morning of the 5th came the sound of gun fire much closer, and Major P. decided to send out about half the garrison to try and assist the oncoming troops. I found myself with two platoons 108th on the bund S.E. of the camp, and will let my diary describe events later on that morning—

"1.45 p.m. Things have been moving a bit. About a quarter of an hour ago we heard a perfect fusillade of firing from the river bank, and learn later that it was the 10th Gurkhas effecting a crossing of the river in order to work down the gardens on the other side. Our troops can be seen coming over the bund about 1,000 yards away. We realize that they may take us for some more Arabs trying to oppose their advance, and sure enough in about two minutes we get L.G. and rifle bullets whistling over our heads. Unfortunately, we have no means of showing them as we have no signalling flags or helio with us. It is really rather a comic situation. We fire several bursts of L.G. fire into the blue, and M. puts his helmet on a rifle and waves it frantically in the air! Still the bullets come over . . . Finally, a flag arrives from the 32nd and we signal with it, and Major P. from camp sends a bugler who blows the "Cease fire" and "No parade" at short repeated intervals. We cannot help laughing, especially when we see one of our men wandering slowly down the railway line waving my handkerchief tied on a stick. He is wounded in the arm during the process which is rather hard luck! Anyway, we finally work the oracle and the firing ceases."

Didn't I say there was a musical comedy atmosphere about this war? Half an hour later we had made contact with the 116th Mahrattas, advance guard of General Coningham's column, and the siege of Jarboiyah was over. The first British officer to greet us was H. of the 114th, attached 116th, who had been in the besieged Runaithah garrison. Irish of the Irish, his chief amusement, it transpired, had been to emerge from the fortress at dusk armed with rifle and bayonet and chase Arabs round their houses in search of a duck or hen for the evening dinner.

G.H.Q. would have liked the column back in Hillah on the 6th, but there was a full day's work ahead to get guns and transport over the bridge, which first had to have a roadway laid over it. One began to hear scraps of news and to piece together the adventures of the column since leaving Diwaniyah on the 30th July. Opposition until the final battle near Jarboiyah on the 5th

had not been severe; the delay in arrival had been due to the necessity for bringing the train back to Hillah too, and over a track which for miles was largely non-existent. The Arabs had removed sleepers and rails wholesale, and in spite of what the train was able to carry in the way of construction material, it often became necessary to pull up the rails from behind the train and lay them in front before it could proceed further. And what a train—oh boy! Over three-quarters of a mile long, it consisted of no less than six engines and 251 wagons. In these wagons were all the ammunition and stores that could be saved from Diwaniyah, together with numerous non-combatants which included amongst others 13 Armenian woman teachers who could not be left; while in addition to the train General Coningham had brought safely to Jarboiyah 4,000 troops and 2,000 non-combatants, nearly 400 A.T. carts, over 100 Ford vans, 8 lorries and 22 guns with their limbers and equipment. A notable achievement; but as my diary sadly remarks: "The tragedy is to think of all the stuff that *had* to be left in Diwaniyah for the Arabs. 500 E.P. tents and a huge amount of canteen stores, including 48 cases—of *beer*!"

At one time there was some chat to the effect that the train might be left at Jarboiyah with ourselves to guard it, while the troops marched post-haste for Hillah, a prospect which did not amuse us in the least; but after order and counter-order the 86th Carnatics with two mountain guns were left at Jarboiyah, while we and the train moved off at 3 p.m. on the 7th. But there was still a surprise in store for us from the practical joke department. At 3 p.m. on the 8th, having waited all morning in the heat of the August sun for the line to be repaired, we were told that the train would go on but that General Coningham's brigade would stay behind to build blockhouses, and that we, 108th, would garrison them. But, of course, it *was* only a practical joke. At 11 p.m. all previous orders were cancelled, and 3 p.m. on the 9th, exactly a fortnight from the day we had left Hillah, saw us marching into it again, very hot and dusty and sore about the feet.

So ended the siege of Jarboiyah. Although described as a "small affair" by General Haldane in his book—and doubtless it was, against the background of the rebellion as a whole—we felt we had played a not unworthy part. We had held the bridge; and the subsequent operations would have gone ill without the 6 engines and 251 trucks, which but for us would have remained on the wrong side of the Euphrates for some months. Our total

casualties in the post had been 6 killed and 10 wounded, the latter included Major P.

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We will now return to the main scene. There was now a large force assembled at Hillah, but before relieving Kufah, which it appeared had ample rations, there were other more important jobs to be done. The railway between Baghdad and Hillah had to be repaired and blockhouses built; the Baghdad defences must be improved and strengthened; and more important still, control had to be secured of the Hindiyah Barrage and the town of Musavib, 8 miles up the river from it. The Barrage, *i.e.* dam, built by the Turks before the great war on the advice of Sir William Willcocks, controls by means of its regulators the amount of water flowing down the Hillah and Hindiyah branches of the Euphrates; and though the local Arabs were unlikely to tinker with the works, since by so doing they might deprive large numbers of their countrymen of water, it was obviously better that we should be in control of the barrage and not **they**. The occupation of Musavib gave us control not only of the bridge over the Euphrates which carried the Baghdad Karbala road, but of the canal and regulator which supplied Karbala with water. This town, greatest of the Shiah centres of pilgrimage, with its tomb of Hussain son of 'Ali, had been in no small degree responsible for the insurrection, and the moral effect of seizing the regulator and thereby controlling its water supply was considerable. The blockhousing of the railway, started first, on the Hillah-Baghdad portion, eventually involved the garrisoning of some 300 blockhouses and 25 railway stations, distributed along 250 miles of railway. Meanwhile, Hillah was attacked again on the 21st August, and on the 27th a column reached Jarboiyah—our old friend—and withdrew its garrison which could no longer be spared to hold it. *Eheu fugaces!*

Thus another month had passed, but the relief of Kufah was to be delayed still further by events north-east of Baghdad, which necessitated transferring most of the available troops to that quarter. These operations followed the usual course and will not be gone into in detail. Their main object was to localize the rebellious areas as much as possible by a display of force, and at the same time to restore railway communication between Baghdad and Quaraitu and its branch line to Kingarban. Not only was there a considerable force in North Persia, whose communications had to be kept open, but some anxiety began to be felt for the large conglomeration of British families then camped at Karind

in Perisa. General Haldane, who had found this awkward baby on his hands (or should one say mother and baby?) on arrival in March, was determined to dispose it of as soon as possible; and this he was able to do as soon as the line had been opened and blockhoused. Fortunately, the Kut/Tigris area, thanks to the work of some excellent political officers and the good sense of the tribes, did not go up with the rest, and General Haldane was thus assured of his communications with Basra, along which fresh reinforcements were now reaching Baghdad weekly. The Upper Euphrates, under a stout-hearted Shaikh, also remained loyal; though lower down the Zoba tribe had risen and murdered at Khan Nuqtah Colonel Leachman, one of the outstanding political officers of his generation.

Thus it was not until the 6th October that a force at last moved out of Hillah to effect the relief of Kufah. This town, to digress for a moment, was founded as far back as 638 A.D., three years after Iraq had fallen to the Muhammedans. Its main interest lies in the fact that 'Ali, nephew of the Prophet Muhammed and originator of the Shiah Sect, was assassinated there in 661 A.D. He was actually buried at Nejaf, five miles to the west, the story being that as he lay dying he instructed those around him that as a Bedouin Arab he desired to be buried in the desert, and that after death his body was to be tied on the back of a camel; the camel would then be allowed to wander and graze at will, and wherever it lay down to rest, there would be the burial place.

By the time the relief force started the Arabs were getting a bit tired of being hounded from pillar to post, and opposition was slight compared to that which the Manchester Column had met in July. Progress though slow was steady, and on the 17th October at 9-30 a.m. Kufah was relieved, the leading infantry to reach the town being appropriately the balance of the 108th. All the troops of the garrison were found to be in good health and spirits, in spite of having to subsist on rice and horse-flesh for the last three weeks. The siege had followed the usual course, the Arabs being enterprising to begin with, with fire, mines and what not; but as soon as they realized that the garrison meant business, their efforts slackened off. What, however, distinguished this siege from the others was that the Arabs were able to use against the garrison the 18-pdr. gun which had come into their possession as a result of the Manchester Column disaster. Though the breech-block had been removed before capture, another had been roughly forged, and on the 17th August the gun opened fire on the gunboat *Firefly*,

which had arrived from the Upper Euphrates in the middle of July to assist the garrison. The first shot caused her to burn fiercely, and she had to be sunk by I.G. fire in case the ammunition exploded. Round One was undoubtedly to the Budhu in the contest Budhu vs. Dowling (Dowling being commander of the Kufah garrison). Next day the gun was discovered to be only 250 yards away, so all the I.G.s of the garrison were turned on the spot and the gun was damaged and the crew annihilated. Round Two, Dowling. That night the gun was removed, but turned up again like a bad penny at the end of the month though at a more respectful distance. From here it fired some 90 shells and caused a few casualties, but many were inflicted in return by rifle fire. Round Three was probably a draw. I was able to take a photograph of this gun later and its shield was perforated like the top of a pepper pot.

On the 18th October Nejaf made submission and next day the 79 British and 81 Indian prisoners taken on the 24th July were handed over. The British prisoners, already almost naked and without boots and socks, had been disgracefully treated on their march to Kufah, but thereafter, thanks to the good offices of a Deputy Assistant Political Officer, cousin of the Aga Khan, had been tolerably well looked after at Nejaf. Incidentally, in spite of having had their topees stolen with the rest of their clothes, except for a pair of shorts, not one of these British soldiers suffered from sunstroke. This would appear to lend proof to the theory that if your feet are bare as well as your head, you act as a conductor and the sun cannot hurt you. But the experiment is perhaps not one to be encouraged.

We have so far had our eyes focussed on the Hillah-Baghdad scene, but all this time stirring events were taking place in the River Area, as it is called, that is roughly all Mesopotamia South of the line Kut-Nasiriyah, and with the reader's indulgence they will be briefly described. The disturbances at Rumaithah at the end of June spread quickly South and displayed themselves mainly round Samawah. At this place were two-and-a-half companies of the 114th Mahrattas, and at Nasiriyah the 2/125th Rifles with a detachment at Ur (Ur of the Chaldees), the railway junction for Nasiriyah and 9 miles from it. These were the only troops between Jarboiyah and Basra.

Samawah being the centre of the trouble, reinforcements were sent in the shape of 100 men of the 2/125th, an armoured train from Basra, and the gunboats or more correctly, "protected defence vessels"—Greenfly and F. 10 from Nasiriyah. Seventy

five Euphrates Levies were also sent to Khidr, the only station between Samawah and Nasiriyah that lies close to the river and therefore of some importance in that waterless area.

With these reinforcements on the scene all remained quiet for over a month, but then things began to happen. First, the *Greenfly*, proceeding to Khidr on 10th August, ran aground five miles above that place, and all efforts to refloat her failed. (We were not at that time in control of the Hindiyah Barrage and the water was particularly low.) It then became necessary to evacuate Khidr, which operation was only achieved with great difficulty. The Levies in this action behaved with great coolness; but an accident occurred to the armoured train from Ur which had come up to assist and though the greater part of the garrison got away, 17 men of the 10th Gurkhas in the train were butchered.

Samawah could not now be evacuated as was General Haldane's hope, either by rail or river, and the garrison prepared to stand a siege. The trouble about Samawah was that no less than four different posts had to be defended: the main camp and supply camp, close together; the Barbuti bridge post half a mile west of the main camp, where the railway crosses the Euphrates; and the station, half a mile south of the main camp. On 26th August the Arabs attacked the railway station camp with great vigour, and it was here shortly afterwards that one of the most gallant actions of the whole campaign was fought. The garrison consisted of about 75 men each of the 10th Lancers and 2/125th Rifles, all under command of Captain Russell of the former regiment; and in addition was No. 1 Armoured Train, with its 13-pdr. gun and crew and loopholed trucks manned by the 10th Lancers. The post, badly sited and with an uncertain water supply, very soon became untenable, and it was decided to evacuate the garrison to the main camp. All went well until the armoured train jumped the track about 200 yards from the station. Some of its occupants were able to make a dash to safety, covered by the 114th Mahrattas, but Captain Russel, together with his Medical Officer, Captain Pigeon, deliberately stayed with the sick and wounded, and here after a heroic and bloody fight, during which with a few men they defended one of the loopholed trucks for many hours, they both perished. The Arabs hereabouts, long after the rebellion had ended, still spoke of the bravery of him whom they called "Abu sil Sillah" (Father of the Chains), on account of the steel chains worn on the shoulders of his khaki cavalry jacket. One lesson seems to stand out here; that in unsettled or semi-settled

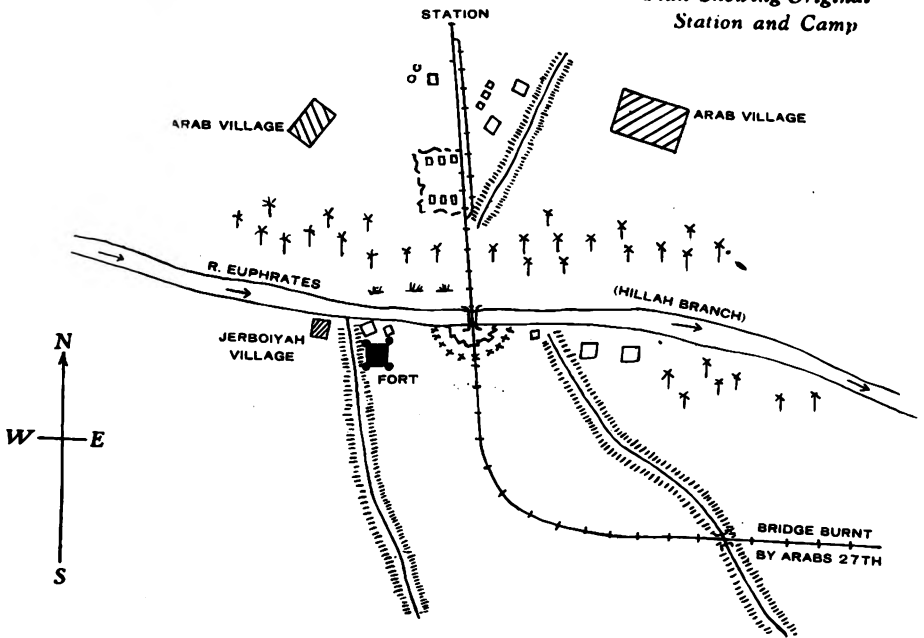
countries railway construction and other work for which protection may be demanded. e.g. stations and bridges, should not be undertaken without the advice of the military authorities as to security.

Samawah was finally relieved by the ubiquitous General Coningham on the 14th October, after a siege of about two months: he was just too late to save the crew of the ill-fated *Greenfly*, who had surrendered on 3rd October owing to lack of food, and were then murdered. "Cooped up in the unbearable heat of summer in what was little more than a tin box, with nothing to drink but the hot muddy water of the river, slowly to starve and not know that every effort was being made to relieve them, such was the fate of those on board." Thus writes General Haldane in his book. "It was certainly one of the grimmer episodes of the campaign, and there were not a few."

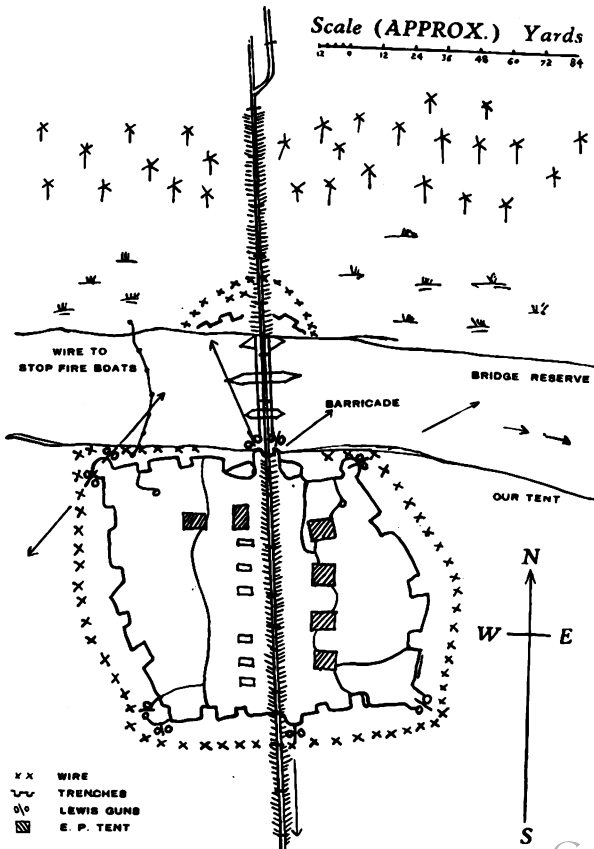
With the relief of Samawah and Kufah the most serious part of the rebellion was over. It is interesting to recall that while the Arabs were keeping us busy in Iraq, our forces in North Persia—"Norperforce" as it was called—were having inconclusive battles with the Bolsheviks. The force, which consisted of little more than a brigade, had its H.Q. at Kazvin and its main position at Manzil, S. E. of Enzeli (Pahlavi as it is now called). As the Bolsheviks advanced the force withdrew to Kazvin and vicinity "according to plan," whence they played a sort of hide-and-seek with their opponents in the mountains, with the Persian Cossack division every now and then joining in the fun. It was Norperforce that General Sir Edmund Ironside came out to command at the end of September 1920, but since its role by then was entirely defensive and continued so until it was withdrawn in the following Spring, it is to be feared that his command lacked interest and excitement.

The final stage of the Iraq operations, which lasted until the end of the year, was the disarming and fining of those tribes which had had the temerity to seek arbitrament by force. To ensure that there should be no nonsense about this, columns were sent hither and thither over the countryside, and as a result rifles and rupees came in with gratifying regularity: altogether over 63,000 rifles, 3 million rounds of S.A.A., and some Rs. 800,000 were either collected or extracted. As a grand finale, in January 1921, two formidable columns moved into the Shatt-al-Hai, one from Nasiriyah and one from Kut, which met about half-way at Karradi and then returned to their starting points. Though the well-armed Muntahq tribes inhabiting this area had been kept in check

Plan Showing Original  
Station and Camp

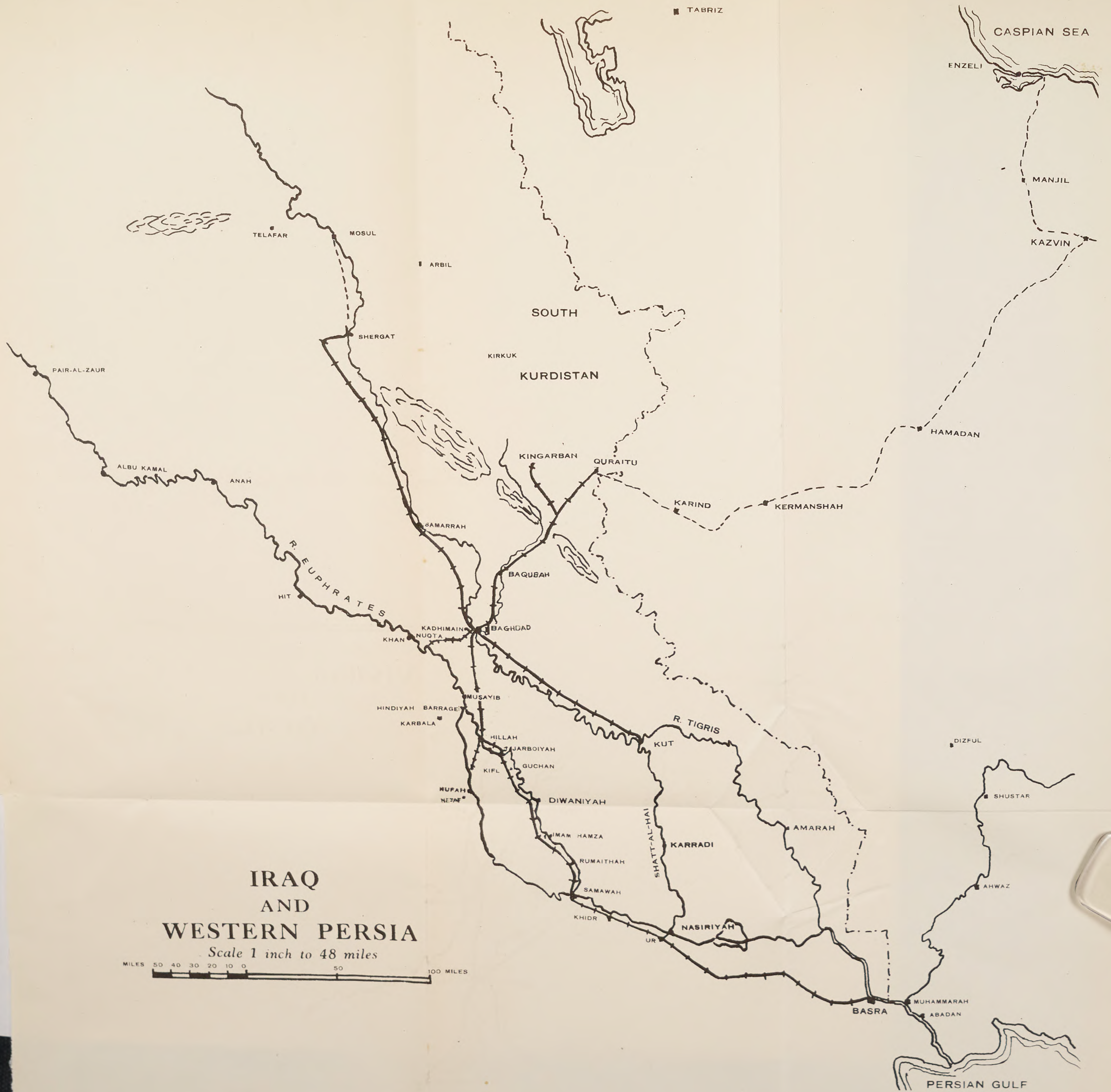


PLAN OF CAMP









# IRAQ AND WESTERN PERSIA

Scale 1 inch to 48 miles

MILES 50 40 30 20 10 0 50 100 MILES



during the rebellion, it was thought advisable for the future peace of Iraq to show them that we were capable of moving into their country at will, more especially as our earlier attempts to do so, in 1916, had resulted in a somewhat ignominious withdrawal.

So much for the Iraq Rebellion of 1920. Though not perhaps fraught with the same dangerous possibilities as its successor in 1941, it had nevertheless been a period of frequent mishaps, even greater anxiety, and more prolonged fighting under very trying conditions. "Indeed," as General Haldane himself put it, from the beginning of July till well into October, we lived on the edge of a precipice where the least slip might have led to a catastrophe." All credit to him and his troops, therefore, for their courage and constancy. Our G.O.C.-in-C. certainly deserved well of the telegram he received after the relief of Samawah in October. It was from Mr. Winston Churchill, then Secretary of State for War, and read as follows:

"During these difficult months your patience and steadfastness have been of great value, and I congratulate you upon the distinct improvement in the situation which has been effected by you."

## RAISING A LABOUR BATTALION

By "MUGGER"

"Raise a Labour Battalion," these were the orders that I received at short notice six months ago. Another officer and myself made up the entire British officer establishment of the unit at that time, and, for that matter, was all the Battalion consisted of for the first few days. I was soon to discover that except for two of the Indian officers, little assistance of much value would be at first forthcoming. Besides this, every one in the Area where the Battalion was to be raised was working to full capacity and could not be expected to give much time to my troubles. One Staff Officer in particular, however, was quick to realize that although it was only a Labour Battalion that was being raised, a considerable amount of exertion would be required to get it going, and, having lent an ear to some of my difficulties, produced assistance in the shape of drill instructors, etc., which helped very much to start the ball rolling.

Men soon began arriving in large numbers at a temporary Headquarters which was established in two rooms of another unit's lines. Food, clothes, stationery for the office, etc.—no one knowing very much about how to procure these—had to be hurriedly obtained. The young civilian enrolled clerks knew absolutely nothing about army work. They had to be taught. With considerable effort stopgaps were produced by borrowing, and we thus managed to contend with the situation. Sometimes what appeared to be dreadful and hair-raising problems arose, but somehow we solved them. Contending with the office work was a most exacting task, and the issue of the first Part II Orders became an achievement in itself. I had to be always on my guard when signing a document of any kind. A ration indent on an Arsenal was once hopefully placed before me for signature.

Soon we were 300 strong and were forced to find accommodation elsewhere. This resulted in a move of a few miles, where the Battalion remained until it left India for Overseas some months later.

Gradually the unit took form. Squads moved up and down the parade ground and stacks of equipment rose up around the Q. M. Stores. Desertions and other military offences were frequent. Some concern was caused by a section of one company entic-

ing others to mutiny. Accusations of harsh treatment, of disrespect of religious prejudices and of inadequate food were lodged against me and anonymously communicated to higher authority. These things made life more trying than usual, but, gradually, with perseverance, the unit took shape in spite of all that was said and done against it.

After pay-days extra outbreaks of crime and drunkenness were to be expected. Discipline in the lines was none too good, and the local inhabitants had good cause to complain of latrine smells and of being awakened in the small hours by unruly troops preparing for parade. However, onwards we progressed, each week showing some improvement.

The provision of Sub-Unit Commanders was a problem in itself. All respectable men were being taken for combatant units, and although the recruiting authorities did their utmost, suitable leaders very seldom appeared. I used to move about the mass of humanity looking for individuals who showed an intelligent gleam in their eyes and who had a reasonably good physique. It was amazing how men of any quality stood out from the rest, and I eventually had a crew selected as a framework on which to build the Battalion.

Later, personnel for an anti-aircraft platoon had to be selected from the non-combatants. This inclusion of a combatant platoon in the unit gave considerable moral uplift, and there was great competition to get a place in it. Why a large portion of India has been categorised as non-fighting seemed rather surprising as the so-called non-fighters that came to my unit took every opportunity they had to start a fight and, I am certain, could be formed into combatant troops. Get them overseas and arm them, and they would very soon be a useful body of men with which to confront an enemy.

And so did the unit develop, doing useful work in the Area in the meanwhile. Its *major opus* was the repair, which almost amounted to a reconstruction, of a mountain road. This was a great achievement, and having received the thanks and compliments of both the civil and military powers on this effort, I made the most of it to raise the morale of the men.

This raising of morale was one of the chief tasks that I set myself to do, and I seized upon every opportunity and introduced various schemes to accomplish it. One idea was that of Company flags and the award to them of silver or gold stripes for any good or specially good work of Sub-units. The Company that had constructed the mountain road mentioned above, received the

only gold stripe so far awarded. Another company already has four silver stripes on its company flag.

The reader must realise that the four enormous companies (approximately 400 strong each) were at that time each commanded by only one dug out Indian officer, he being the only officer in it. This seems astonishing, but such was the case. Since then, one British Officer per company has been added. However, that was the unit W. F. on which I had to work, but wonders still do happen, for one morning, on opening the dak, I read that four more real live British officers were being posted to the Unit. Almost by the same dak I received orders for the Battalion to be ready to proceed overseas at a future nearby date.

There was little time to form an Officers' Mess, but we managed to collect the necessary items, and soon had a Field Service Mess of sorts running.

The preparation of records and field service documents for such a large number of men was an enormous task. Piles upon piles of sheet rolls (in duplicate), had to be prepared, and sacks full of A.B.s 64—the vade mecum of the soldier on service had to be completed.

The daily dak was of considerable dimensions, swelled by returning verified descriptive rolls and letters from anxious relations to the "Officer Commanding in Chief" of the Battalion, asking about their absent offspring or absconded husbands.

At last, however, the unit was up to full strength, nearly all equipment had been received and documents ready, and I could state on my weekly report to Army Headquarters "Unit ready to proceed."

All this time I had been working at high pressure and with horrible feeling that I was trying to raise a unit that stood on very thin ice indeed. The news of the British officer reinforcement had been a considerable help, but on their arrival they brought fresh problems with them which had to be dealt with and overcome in their turn. "All is not gold that glitters."

I feel that I must mention the fact that had I not been so fortunate as to find a few friends locally, I might have given up the task that I had been set. I received much encouragement from these friends, and their cheerfulness and bright outlook on life invariably went to cheer me up after a long, hot, back-breaking day.

Orders to stand down, and, orders to prepare to move were received and then at last we did move.

The monsoon was raging at the time we left our mobilization station. We were to move in three trains, H.Q. and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  companies in first train, and the rest of the Battalion in two other trains a day later. The first train was wrecked on its way to the port of embarkation owing to flood-water washing away part of the railway line. The other two trains were held up for a whole week. Meanwhile, the personnel of the first train crossed the Arabian Sea in the teeth of the South West monsoon.

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## EPILOGUE.

### *After Three Months Overseas.*

On a sandy plain in the pale purple half-light of a dawning tropical day, 1,200 men are fallen in on parade. Short sharp orders and groups quietly move off and fade into the distance. These men have gone to their day's work and will not return to camp until evening. If you drive through the Base Ammunition Depot or Base Ordnance Depot with its widely dispersed branches, you will find these men working in groups, handling heavy boxes of ammunition and stores of all description throughout the heat of the day. Behind them these men have left an orderly camp, where the administrative staff of their unit is busy making preparations for the provision of food and water for those out on work and for the future maintenance of the unit as a whole. The anti-aircraft platoon might be seen swinging along towards the rifle ranges, and a smart quarter-guard may turn out to you, while the wail of pipes and the beat of *dhols* will signify to you that the unit pipe band is practising!

There are no drunks and practically no crime. Clerks know their duties, and the office work is proceeding smoothly. In the evening, when the men return, there will be football and volleyball for those who were so fortunate as to have been off work that afternoon, and if a Saturday, then there may be a "Tamasha" that night. At retreat a bugler (none on W.E.T.s) will sound the call, and with the age-old ceremony the Battalion Flag will be folded away for the night.

"A Labour Battalion has been raised and is serving in the Field."



## THE BATTLE OF AMBAR ALAGI OR THE FALL OF AN EMPIRE

BY CAPT. SHAUKAT HAYAT

With the fall of Massawa, Eritrea, the oldest colony of the Italians in East Africa, was now virtually in our hands. The only enemy in the country at the moment was the small bands of Italians who had drifted away from the main positions. These were seeking protection rather than a battle, because the Abyssinians, who had been waiting for such a state of affairs for a long time, were now definitely making much of their opportunities.

At this point 4th Indian Division was recalled to Egypt. This left to 5th Indian Division, rather weak and war-worn after their assaults on the heights of Cheren and their storming of the defences of Massawa, the task of providing protection to the newly fallen foes, of looking after those hordes of prisoners, of protecting their long L. of C., and of maintaining the British prestige in the conquered land. Taking into consideration the extent of these multifarious duties, we thought in our minds that we were going to get the sorely needed break from that Italian chasing, in order to repair and replenish our losses of the past ten weeks. It turned out to be only wishful thinking. The powers that be decided to give no respite to the Italians, to strike while their morale was still at a low ebb and to see if we could not end the campaign before the outbreak of the rains in May.

The enemy was reported at two different places. One force of some 14,000 strong at and about Gondar in Abyssinia. Another of a similar strength, under the Duke of Aosta, the Viceroy and C-in-C. of Italian East Africa, astride Asmara-Adis Abbaba road, some 250 miles South of Asmara.

The G.O.C.'s reconnaissance party came to a standstill some 40 miles from Gondar on account of a gigantic road block the Italians had prepared with the help of Nature. It was along the Great African Rift, where the Italians had literally carved out a road on either side, by letting down their workers by ropes, a few years previously and was now so thoroughly demolished that it once again assumed its original form. It was now apparent that even if our Sappers succeeded in achieving the impossible, the passage over the temporary road would prove to be a hazardous task even

under the best conditions. With the danger of rains looming above us it was decided to abandon this line of approach, at least for the time being. Consequently, a company of SDF MMG Group was left to guard the frontier, and our allies, the Patriots, were asked to keep the Italian garrison occupied. The Abyssinians did not have to be asked twice, as this was an occupation after their own hearts. Soon some 25,000 of them were skilfully and efficiently carrying out their operations.

The second line of advance was taken up by the Divisional Cavalry Regiment. Soon a Squadron was on its way along the main road. The Italians had withdrawn in such a frightful hurry, and so great seemed to be their confidence in the Alagi defences, that they had not even taken the trouble of carrying out any demolitions on their way back. Consequently, this Squadron arrived at a Brigade Garrison Town called Qiha, over 200 miles from Asmara, without meeting any opposition. Here they met the first hostile force of any strength. As the forward elements of the Squadron entered the town they encountered a whole Italian Battalion, about a thousand strong, all ready to march back towards Alagi, 20 miles further South. The Squadron Commander, true to the traditions of the force, challenged this out-numbering force to surrender. Obviously, they had not expected us to get there so soon as the officers were still having lunch in the mess. They came out to meet our officers but flatly refused to discuss the terms of surrender unless our officers went and shared lunch with them. When, after partaking of a sumptuous meal accompanied by Chianti and followed by excellent Mokha coffee, our officers came out, they found the Italians mounted on vehicles, which in the meanwhile had been turned about to face Asmara. The Italian officers were awaiting orders to march their commands into captivity. A small party was detailed to show these the way back, while the rest of the Squadron proceeded further to gain contact with the main force.

Soon the Cavalry came across an obstacle against which they could not make any headway. They were face to face with a mountain wall of inhospitable-looking hills, precipitously rising to a height of some 11,000 feet. It was a mass of rugged and bare hills intersected by deep and impassable ravines—quite a fortress in itself. The Italians had made exceptionally good use of this, nature's insurmountable barrier. They had dug themselves caves along the tops of these unscalable heights. The cliffs were bristling with these dug-outs, from which pointed guns at anyone who dare assault these defences. Even the road running

from Quiba to Fort Tosselli was thoroughly demolished at the numerous hair-pin bends, and extensively mined. Any advance along it was impossible till the seven well-covered blocks had been cleared. In fact, if the defenders had been other than the demoralised and disheartened Italian Army of the East, this would have become a well-nigh impregnable line of defences.

The G.O.C., General Mayne, decided to attack the enemy. On account of various reasons such as the long L. of C. which now extended over very nearly a thousand miles from Port Sudan, the limited amount of transport available, and the duties mentioned previously, all the Divisional Commander could muster together for the siege of the Duke of Aosta's fortress, manned by some 12,000 men and guns numbering over 200, consisted of Skinners Horse, the divisional Cavalry Regiment, the 18 R. Gharwal Rifles, and the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade, comprising the Worcestershire Regiment, 13th R.F.F. Regiment and 2nd Punjab Regiment. All these Regiments were below strength on account of the recent operations at Cheren and elsewhere. To support these we had two Regiments of 25 Pdr. gun Hows., two 60 Pdrs. in action and two batteries of 3.7 Hows., all of these mechanically drawn.

The plan was simple and well conceived. The commander knew that the Italians themselves had used the eastern track running over the Flaga Pass to get round behind the Abyssinians, who were holding the same position against them in 1936. Secondly, they displayed unshakable confidence that the hill-top defences were unassailable. Thirdly, at Cheren we had attacked the centre and taken the flanks in detail from the rear. Taking these and the various other factors into account, the following orders were issued:

- (a) The Gharwal Regiment to relieve Skinners Horse on the main road and demonstrate vigorously along it.
- (b) Skinners Horse to proceed along the Flaga Track and demonstrate on that flank.
- (c) Both (a) and (b) to intensify their demonstrations two days before Zero (4th May), (b) putting a feint attack on Flaga Pass itself, in order to stimulate an attack from that direction, drawing and pinning the enemy there.
- (d) 29 Indian Infantry Brigade to put in an attack from the west, moving along the top of the hills, taking each feature in turn. It was hoped that the Italians would fall into our eastern trap and that this attack at Zero would come as a complete surprise.

The Gharwalis moved forward and succeeded in puzzling the enemy along the main road by a series of original ruses.

Skinners Horse advanced along the Flaga Track, meeting no opposition other than heavy artillery concentrations and a couple of road-blocks covered by mines. Four days before Zero the troop of Commandoes attached to the Skinners Horse was ordered to put in a night attack on the western spur running from Flaga (later known as the Commandoe Ridge). After a stiff night-march the Commandoes assaulted the cliff itself hauling themselves up by means of ropes. The Italians had allowed the Cliff to beguile them into a sense of false security, and the attack went as a complete surprise. The enemy gunner O.P. was found to be without any other protection and was captured. This success worried the Italians very much and they subjected our troops on the Commandoe Ridge to a terrific strafing. The next day Skinners Horse moved forward and occupied the lower slopes of the eastern spur (Wireless Hill) without any opposition. Here a number of deserters surrendered to us.

A patrol soon reported that owing to our shelling the enemy had abandoned Wireless Hill, Skinners Horse advanced and occupied it by the evening. Our troops kept their position so well-concealed throughout the next day that the Italians thought that we had not taken it, so a party of some 250 enemy came forward to re-occupy the hill. Our troops held their fire till the enemy was crossing a nullah about 150 yards from our position. When fire was suddenly opened it surprised the enemy so much that we were able to capture the whole party. Thereafter the enemy very heavily mortared us, cutting the Artillery O.P.'s line which considerably delayed our counter battery fire. That night Skinners Horse put in their final attack on the feature commanding the Flaga Pass. Two squadrons were employed for this task. As they had to leave their drivers behind as well as the carrier troops, they were very low in bayonet strength, each being no stronger than a troop. One of these made its objective, but the other met a hail of hand-grenades when some 20 yards from top. Some men fell, others stopped to attend them and got wounded themselves. The squadron that had got into position found it impossible to assist owing to the close nature of fighting and to the complete darkness, and the attack had to be abandoned. Though the attack failed in itself, it served the purpose of worrying the Italians about this flank. When the next day the 12 R. F.F. Regiment (so far on L. of C.) moved on to the Wireless Hill it helped to conform their fears and they were convinced that the

main offensive was coming from this direction. Consequently, they moved a considerable number of troops to this side.

On the night of 3-4th May, 20th Indian Infantry Brigade after seven hours' march over that treacherous bit of country formed up on Sandy Ridge. Early on the morning of the 4th the 13th F.F.F. Regiment led the attack on Pyramid, Fin and Whale-back. Within 30 minutes' picketing, screens were seen reaching the tops of these features and a short but stiff hand-to-hand fight resulted in the capture of all those strong points. The Punjabis who were the next to go were not going to be outdone by their compatriots. They rushed forward and captured Elephant within 20 minutes. The comparatively easy progress here showed that the Italians had never expected an attack from that quarter and had weakened the garrisons of these very important posts to reinforce the eastern flank. On the capture of Elephant it was found that what had looked like a plateau joining this feature to Middle Hill, Little Alagi and Bald Hill was no more than a razor edge very well covered by enemy M.G.s, mortars and guns on those features. The next day the Worcesters did manage to get up to the lower slopes of the Little Alagi, but only to be beaten back by a shower of grenades and M.G. fire from the caves. They had to fall back on to Middle Hill which the Punjabis had secured. After this the advance from this direction came almost to a standstill. The Italians, however, tried hard to dislodge our troops by counter attacking us. Though their 4-inch mortars succeeded in making our position fairly unhealthy, all their attacks were repulsed with heavy losses to themselves.

On the Flaga front it was discovered that the track reported beyond the pass was non-existent. Therefore the cavalry was brought back to the main road to relieve the Gharwalis, who in turn took its place back at Flaga. On this front the 12 R.F.F. Regiment attacked and captured Gumsa, taking 1,000 prisoners and 7 mountain guns.

The Gharwalis on arrival, formed a new Brigade with the 12 R.F.F. Regiment and the Commandoes, but this Brigade was soon forced by the early rains to withdraw, except the Gharwalis.

Even without the rains the track was in a precarious condition. The portage of supplies over so many miles and then hauling them up by ropes took almost one battalion to maintain another. The Gharwalis however pushed forward towards the Twin Pyramids and the Triangle, in order to exploit our success on this front up to date.

The Patriots now arrived on the scene and volunteered to do their bit. They rushed up in swarms over the Twin Pyramids. Soon however we found their tactics at variance with the well-established customs of the British Armies. They reached their objectives, collected all the trophies that were to be found, slung them round their belts, and returned to the starting line proudly displaying the fruits of their toils. When the Gharwalis went forward they discovered that the Italians had once again taken possession of the features. They had to be attacked and captured all over again. Progress beyond this point was made impossible by well-controlled hostile fire from the Triangle, the Ft. Tosseli, Ambar Alagi, and the forward slopes of Bald Hill.

To resume the narrative of the force in the West, the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade on being held up, consolidated its gains and turned towards the South-West. The 13 R.F.F. Rifles after an approaching-march, which lasted some six hours during the night, over extremely difficult country and under pouring rain, attacked and captured the first two objectives on Castle Hill, to the South of Ambar Alagi. As one of the companies advanced towards the third objective it met a most familiar object, which had succeeded in expending most of the white yarn in the Italian Empire. The enemy in the position had hoisted the white flag. The Company being used to this form of adornment all over the housetops and the surrendering positions in the past, unsuspectingly advanced to secure prisoners. As they were making the last 50 yards they fell victims to the most villainous type of treachery used even by the conquerors of Abyssinia. They were welcomed by a shower of hand-grenades and an artillery and mortar barrage. Seventy three men in this company fell a prey to this foul play. There, however, was the Pathan Company of the Regiment just behind, a witness to the foul murder of their comrades. Unheeding the hail of M.G. bullets and the artillery concentrations they rushed forward with their famous war cry, and what they did to the Italians in that position, is nobody's business.

The South African Bde. which had to pass through to go to Egypt now arrived from Dessie. It was an extremely creditable performance, as they had to get over some impossible road-blocks to reach Alagi. They were put under our Div. Comd. Their gunners started pounding the enemy main positions from the rear. The only snag about this support, however, was that if their long-range guns missed the narrow target of Alagi the shells would have

landed in our Divisional Headquarters. Thanks to their superb gunnery such a situation did not ever arise. The next day, 14th May, the South Africans attacked the Triangle, but by the evening all they could achieve was to secure a footing in the lower slopes, the following day the S. A. Artillery supported the Gharwalis, who attacked the feature from the North. They got up without meeting much opposition because most of the Italians had skedaddled from the position overnight.

Meanwhile, the Divisional Cavalry had kept the enemy pinned down to the Bald Hill by various ruses such as sending carrier patrols along the main road and mortaring Bald Hill. They captured Cannefat a day before the fall of the Triangle, thus getting within small arms range of Alagi itself.

The Italians were all forced into Alagi-Bald Hill area, where life was being made most unpleasant by our gunners. If any of the cave-men ever dared to peep out of his hole he stopped a shell or two. Consequently, the Italian Haven of Refuge was rapidly assuming the ugly aspect of also becoming their grave. Alagi was not intended to hold such big numbers. Therefore, what with the multitude now herded together there, and the rotting dead bodies, existence was becoming rather insanitary even for our foes.

Desertions amongst their numbers now become rife. Their morale got to such a low ebb that on the slightest excuse they gave up the struggle. Reports of incidents where the Italians surrendered without putting up much of a resistance became more and more common. One of them that I heard was that of an N.C.O. who was out on a road reconnaissance, with a couple of men, when he perceived some movement under a culvert. Considering it to be a jackal or some such animal he threw his staff at it. To his horror he saw 40 Italians come out and surrender themselves. He had to keep all his wits about him to bring his prisoners back without disclosing the strength of his available force. Another similar incident was reported by an officer of the Worcesters who was out with a small patrol and encountered some enemy far superior in numbers. The enemy's party had apparently captured some patriots and were leading them back towards Alagi. On meeting our patrol, without trying to ascertain our strength, the enemy laid down their arms. The Officer faced with the problem of handling so many with so few, armed the patriots with the Italian rifles to help his escort the prisoners back.

Although our troops were all round and within a short range of the Fortress, our own supply problem was getting rather acute.

In order to maintain 29th Bde., supplies on locally commandeered mules now had to leave the base 24 hours previously to get to the forward troops, while for the Eastern Force the supplies had to be carried over more than 15 miles of difficult country. In addition, clouds were now hanging unpleasantly above us as a reminder of things to come. It was, therefore, decided to put an end to our task by resuming the attack on Alagi from all directions before the rains made the situation really precarious. 19th May was the day appointed for the advance.

As it turned out, the enemy were in a worse pass than ourselves. On the morning of 17th May, while I was having my morning cup of tea, I heard a tumult just below my H.Q. Someone was asking questions as to where I was, and an offended Jemadar was saying that if they did not hand in their arms, they would be produced before me. As the tempers seemed to be getting rather frayed, I considered it an opportune moment to intervene. The first person I saw was the sleek-looking Italian interpreter who had put me through it five months before when I was taken a prisoner. He heaved a sigh of relief on seeing me; evidently he was worried as to whether our troops employed the same tactics as our allies, the Patriots. On enquiry it transpired that this party had walked in under a white flag, and our troops wanted to disarm them. Despite the Italian claims of being envoys, my men were having, nothing to do with the white flags. I was shown the Duke of Aosta's request for their safe conduct, as they were the envoys of peace.

Having been blind-folded they were taken to the Divisional Headquarters. The General wanted a more responsible envoy, so the poor Italian Colonel had to climb back all those 11,000 feet to send another representative with full powers to negotiate the terms of peace. The new envoy had to be in by 1300 Hours. Armistice was proclaimed till 2100 hours that night.

Our representatives ceremoniously went out to the Rendezvous at 1245. There they waited and waited without the other party's appearance. At 1630 hours, although the Italians were seen moving about their positions, there were still no signs of their envoys. This gave rise to suspicion and doubts in our minds as to the genuineness of the Italian proposals, and our representatives returned rather disappointed. Orders were issued to resume operations at 2100 hours and to give them no rest, when a frantic request was flashed from the Duke's H.Q. asking us not to resume hostilities and if possible to control the Patriots. Then



followed an explanation about the non-appearance of their representatives. Apparently they had left then H. Q., but when the fire had ceased our Abyssinian allies had taken the decision to do their bit before the fun was really over. They had seen the Italian General Envoy coming down the hill with his four senior staff officers, so they pounced on them, laid them out and stripped their dead bodies rather thoroughly, an indignity which very nearly started the war all over again. The local villagers were now playing havoc even in the Italian lines.

The Italians quite naturally flatly refused to sacrifice any more generals as peace offerings. Consequently, we sunk our pride and sent our own party up. They were given a rousing reception by the defenders, but on seeing the sights and smelling the prevailing odours they soon realized why the Italians did not resist for as long as they had proclaimed originally.

Our terms included a flat refusal to the suggestion from Rome that the Duke of Aosta and his Staff should be permitted to remain in their caves for the duration. The rest was a nicely worded invitation virtually amounting to an unconditioned surrender.

The next day, the Italian and our sappers had cleared most of the road-blocks. Then, judging from the weight of their decorations, what looked like some three hundred generals and staff officers heading a procession of some 6,000 prisoners marched past and honourably laid down their arms. What could be a more satisfactory and befitting culmination to that glorious advance into the Italian Territory started sixteen weeks earlier.

These operations not only succeeded in the recapture of the recently conquered Empire of Abyssinia but they also achieved the magnificent result of removing Italian East Africa completely from the Map. Moreover, they tended to prove that libellous appreciation of the capabilities of the Italian armed forces, that if the Italians were our allies it would require twelve divisions to hold them, as opposed to only three to fight them if they were our enemies.

Why did the Italians miss the opportunity of invading Sudan, and what was the reason for the collapse of their army of the East, which had superiority, both in men and materials, to the extent of ten to one? The frivolous answer in American slang would be that they were yellow. But on the other hand, one had seen some brilliant examples of heroism and gallantry on the part of some Italian units. The reason for these being spasmodic rather

than consistent throughout was, apart from our superior generalship, to be found in the following qualities:

- (1) Morale;
- (2) Training, determination and initiative;
- (3) Bayonet; and
- (4) Confidence, cohesion and co-operation.

Taking each in turn one found that:

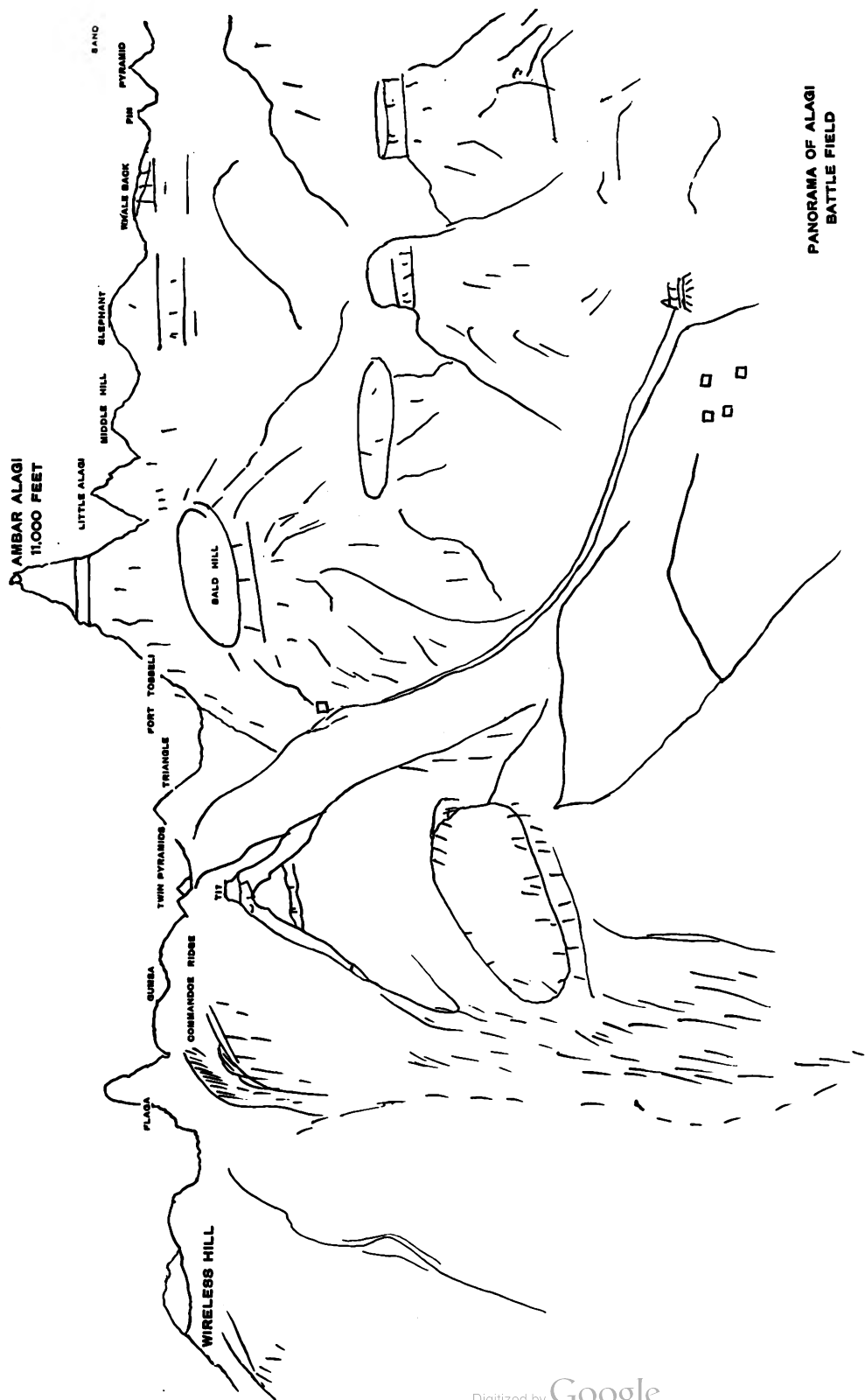
1. The Italian General when deciding to withdraw some 200 miles into the well prepared defences of Cheren, had apparently not taken the morale of his troops into account. Consequently, when the troops were suddenly ordered to withdraw, for want of reasons, assumed that the end had come and that we had arrived with something colossal instead of only the two Indian Divisions which we had. This demoralised them considerably. On the other hand our Generals had taken pains to build up the morale of our troops by well-conceived limited advances, so that when we really started, our morale was already high and every step forward tended to increase it. As time went on the Italians got more and more disheartened until at last they gave up the ghost altogether. The apologists for the Italian Generals used the lame excuse that having been faced by superior numbers, the generals had decided to withdraw. This did not improve matters for the Italian troops.

2. While our Junior Officers, N.C.O.s and men had been given an intensive training both in leadership and use of common-sense and initiative, a majority of the Italians displayed a complete lack of all those all-important qualities. The determination of our troops proved the dictum that "no position is impregnable for determined troops." There were in every phase of this advance, numerous and brilliant examples of courage, determination and the use of initiative by our junior leaders, N.C.O.s and even men. It was these qualities which to a large extent paved the way for our ultimate success in this junior leaders' campaign.

3. The successful use of the bayonet by our troops during these operations, proved even to the sceptic who termed it as the dead arm of the past, that it was still very much alive. Even the best Italian units did not stay to face it.

4. The Italians generally showed a lack of confidence in their cause, objected to the German domination of their country and criticised their leaders for the war and the general inefficiency. Co-operation and cohesion within the force was missing. The Blackshirt (Fascist) Army could not stand the sight

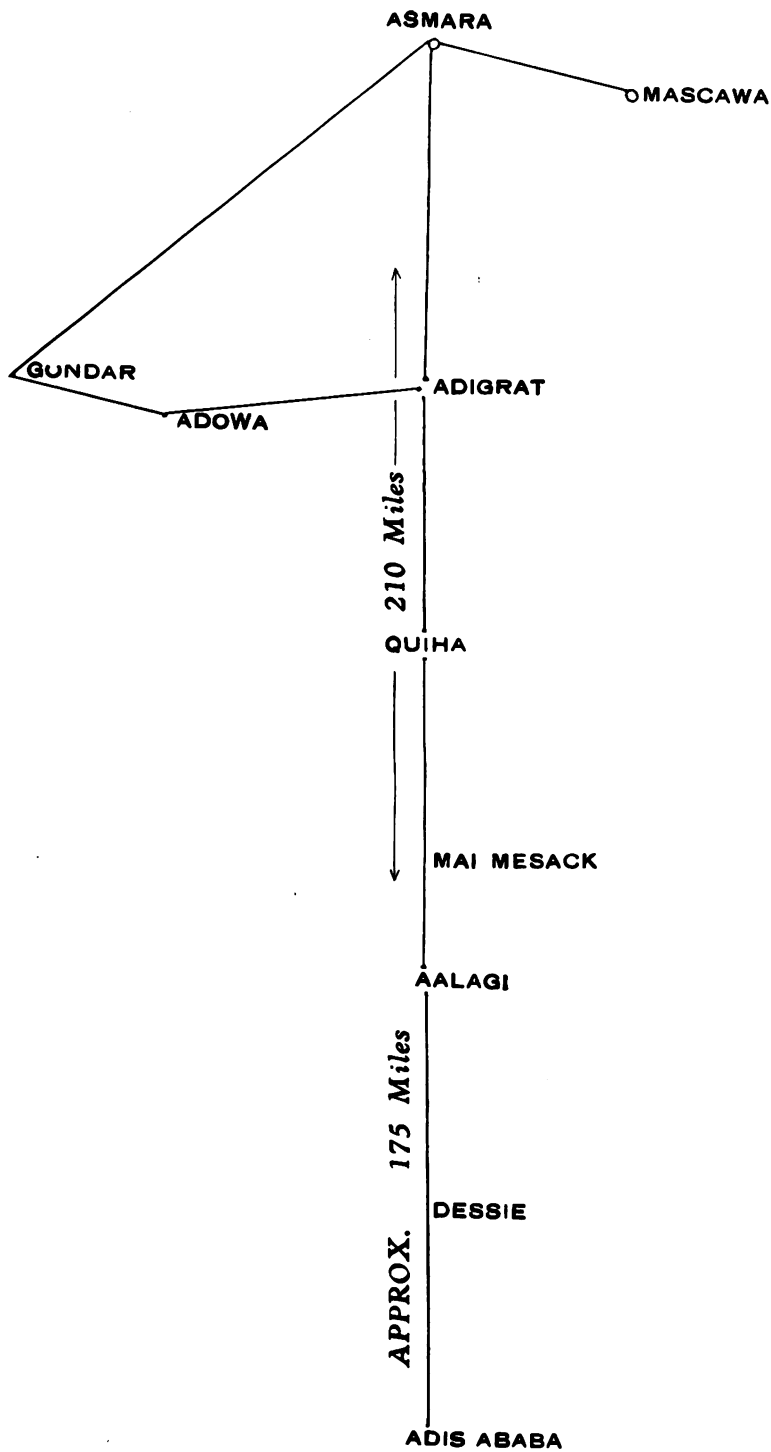
of the King's Regular Army, who in their turn loathed the sight of the so-called political imposters who wished to usurp their rightful place in the regular armed forces. Their generals, like their leaders, were unpopular. On our side the troops displayed great confidence in Providence, their cause and their officers. Understanding and cohesion within the force was magnificent. There was excellent cooperation between the Arms and the Services, between the Army and the Air Force, and, above all, between the British troops and the Indian troops. This last is evident from the following story. The G.O.C. was going up to inspect an O.P. position. On the way he saw an Indian Section post where two of the British Gunners were being entertained to tea and refreshments by the garrison. On his return the General stopped at the post and asked the Indian section if it was a practice with them to treat all passersby to tea. The answer was, "No, Sir, but the soldiers you saw having tea with us were our Gunners." Those Gunners belonged to the 5th Division. It was this spirit of friendship and comradeship which won for the 5th Division a place amongst one of the most successful formations of our times.



PANORAMA OF ALAGI  
BATTLE FIELD



*Rough Plan of L. of C.*





## THE INDIAN DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

BY LIEUT.-COL. H. BULLOCK, I.A.

The blue-and-red ribbon of the Indian Distinguished Service Medal is familiar to all who have served in India, but it is not generally realized that relatively few of these medals have been awarded—only about 4,200 in all, of which all but about 1,000 were for services during the War of 1914—18—and, moreover, no connected account of the medal has ever been published. Further, the I.D.S.M. has now existed during the reigns of four sovereigns and has from time to time undergone changes of design.

The following account, though not exhaustive may be of service to regimental annalists and to medal collectors, as well as of some general interest. The statistics, which I have tried to keep simple, show that the I.D.S.M. has always had a very high place among the orders and medals which are conferred upon the forces of the Empire. It is interesting to compare the figures for the I.D.S.M. with those for the D.C.M. and M.M., of which about 25,000 and 115,000 respectively were awarded during 1914—20 alone.

The Indian Distinguished Service Medal was instituted by Royal Warrant dated 27th June, 1907, and the first awards were notified in the *Gazette of India* in the following month. The obverse, *i.e.* front, bore the head of King Edward VII, crowned, surrounded by the words "EDWARDUS VII KAISAR-I-HIND": a design which appeared on the obverse of the Delhi Durbar Medal, 1903, but so far as I am aware on no other. The reverse, *i.e.* back, bore the words "FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE," in three lines, within a wreath of laurels. This reverse has never been varied subsequently.

During the reign of King Edward VII few medals were issued, as the King died within three years and only one campaign in which Indian troops were engaged took place during the period.

The number of Edward VII I.D.S.M.s awarded was:

Original awards, July 1907	...	48
Gazetted 1st January 1908	...	10
Mohmand operations, 26th June 1908		56
Gazetted 1st January 1909	...	5
Gazetted 24th June 1909	...	5
Gazetted 1st January 1910	...	9

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133

Two of the recipients were subsequently awarded bars, making the total number of medals without bar 131.



During King George V's reign, 1910—1936, a very large number of LDSMs was issued, owing to the War of 1914—18 and post War operations, and the longer reign. Details are as follows:

Year	Medals issued	Bars issued
1910	7	.
1911	9	.
1912	8	.
1913	10	.
1914	12	.
1914-20	3,171	25
1920	151	3
1921	237	6
1922	75	3
1923	56	2
1924	23	.
1925	8	.
1926	3	.
1927	3	.
1928-9	nil	nil
1930	26	.
1931	8	.
1932	2	.
1933	21	.
1934	5	.
1935	19	.
1936	14	.
	<hr/> 3,871 <hr/>	<hr/> 39 <hr/>

These figures for the period 1914-20 are principally taken from the official *Statistics of the Military Effort of the British Empire during the Great War 1914-18* (London, 1922), page 554; and for the remaining years from the *Gazette of India*. They may not be absolutely complete and accurate but may be taken as reasonably so.

The medals awarded during George V's reign, at any rate up to about 1930, were in all respects similar in design to those with Edward VII's effigy, except that the head of the new King was shown on the obverse, and "EDWARDUS VII" gave place to "GEORGIUS V". There was, however, a minor variety which was issued to some (at least of the Indian soldiers in the British Expeditionary Force in France and Flanders, 1914-18: it was evidently struck at the Royal Mint in London, instead of at the Calcutta Mint, and has the English pattern of scroll

suspender and scrolled attachment to the medal, which are easily distinguishable from the Indian-pattern suspender and claw attachment. If, as appears probable, the design on the obverse of the I.D.S.M. was changed about 1930 to a new pattern with a Latin inscription "GEORGIVS V D. G. BRITT. OMN. REX FT. INDIAE. IMP."—as was done for example with the Indian General Service Medal and the Indian Long Service and Good Conduct Medal—there is a second type of the I.D.S.M. with George V head, of which less than a hundred can have been issued.

Of the present type of I.D.S.M., with King George VI's head (which is understood also to have the Latin inscription, and not "Kaisar-i Hind"), the awards to date are:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Medals issued</i>	<i>Bars issued</i>
1937	80	2
1938	24	--
1939	8	--
1940	31	--
1941	57	-- (to 20th Sept. 1941.)
	<hr/> 200 <hr/>	<hr/> 2 <hr/>

It is understood that no medals were issued with the effigy of King Edward VIII.

The I.D.S.M. has on occasion been awarded to members of the Royal Indian Marine, now Royal Indian Navy; and I have an example given in 1919 to a Sikh sepoy of the Malaya States Guides.

By far the most uncommon examples of the I.D.S.M. are the 41 which have a bar added for a second act of gallantry. The particulars of all recipients of these are:

<i>Date of Gazette of India</i>	<i>Recipient</i>	<i>No. &amp; date of Gazette of original award</i>
17th Aug. 1917	Sub. ALI DOST, 106 Hazara Pioneers ..	4/1910
17th Aug. 1917	Sub. FAZAI SHAH, Bahadur, 1st S. & M. ..	187/1916
17th Aug. 1917	Sub. MIT SINGH, 47th Sikhs ..	1386/1916
1st Dec. 1917	Sub. NANDU GURUNG, /1 Gurkha Rif. ..	849/1916
22nd Dec. 1917	2475 Daf. JOT RAM, Cavalry ..	1151/1917
3rd May 1918	1937 Daf ATLAH DITTA KHAN, Lancers. ..	not traced
3rd May 1918	2026 A/L/Daf. SIBHA SINGH, Lancers ..	not traced
3rd Jun. 1918	1985 Hav. KHARKE PUN, Gurkha Rif. ..	L. G. 15-3-1918
3rd Jun. 1918	3374 Naik DEWA SINGH, Rifles ..	356/1915
19th Jul. 1918	Jem. AMIR SINGH, Cavalry ..	598/1917
26th Jul. 1918	Risldr. FARMAN ALI KHAN, Rifles* ..	not traced
26th July 1918	Jem. PARTAB SINGH, Rifles* ..	not traced
25th Oct. 1918	Sub. AKBAR KHAN, 51st Sikhs F. F. ..	1388/1916
8th Mar. 1919	Sub. AMAN GUL, 27th Punjabis ..	1360/1917
22nd Mar. 1919	Jem. NARBAHADUR GURUNG, 5th Gurkha Rif ..	680/1916
27th Jun. 1919	41 Hav. NUR MAHI, 1st Signal Co., S. & M. ..	89/1919
24th Oct. 1919	422 Naik CHANDU RAM, 27th Punjabis ..	9/1918

\*Apparently, Burma Mounted Rifles.

<i>Date of Gazette of India</i>	<i>Recipient</i>	<i>No. &amp; date of Gazette of original award</i>
24th Oct. 1919	Sub.-Maj. FARMAN ALI, M. C., I. O. M., 93 Punjabis ..	528/1915
1st Aug. 1919	Sub. FAUJA SINGH, Guides Infy. ..	527/1908
17th Oct. 1919	Sub. HUKMI, 48th Pioneers ..	728/1915
6th Apr. 1920	3376 Hav. SAMUNDER KHAN, 17th Fd. Co., 3rd S. & M. ..	1357/1917
6th Apr. 1920	573 Hav. BADLU, 1/76 Punjabis ..	1160/1915
6th Apr. 1920	3069 Hav. GANESHA RAM, 104th W. Rifles ..	1357/1917
6th Apr. 1920	1516 Nk. RAMBAHADUR RAI, 2/7th Gurkha Rifles ..	1160/1915
6th Aug. 1920	Sub. KUMBSING GURUNG, 4/3 Gurkha Rifles ..	1/1920
6th Aug. 1920	Jem. RANBAHADUR SAHI, 2/9 Gurkha Rifles ..	313/1915
10th Apr. 1920	Sub. SANSAR CHAND, 52nd Sikhs ..	2086/1919
20th Aug. 1920	Jem. SUNDAR SINGH, 166th Punjabis ..	1357/1919
19th Mar. 1921	Sub-Inspector SHER KHAN, Ind. Tel. Dept. ..	584 1919
26th Mar. 1921	537 Hav. MAGHAR SINGH, 2/41 Dogra (formerly 1,69 Punjabis) ..	1938/1917
5th Aug. 1921	Sub. MANSUR ALI, 1102 Grenadiers ..	525/1916
7th Oct. 1921	Risaldar AMIR MUHAMMAD, 5th Cavalry ..	2332/1920
7th Oct. 1921	3049 Dd. GULISTAN KHAN, 10th Lancers ..	846/1920
7th Oct. 1921	3256 Nk. GANU SAWANT, 114th Mahrattas ..	2076/1919
1st Apr. 1922	Jem. LALBER SUNWAR, 1/7th Gurkha Rifles ..	693/1920
1st Sep. 1922	3557 Hav. TEKBAHADUR KHATTRI 2/30th Gurkha Rif. ..	not traced
20th Sep. 1922	3533 Nk. MAN SING RAWAT, 1/39th Garhwal Rifles ..	1062/1919
19th May 1923	Sub. QUDRAT SHAH, Tochi Scouts ..	944/1922
20th Jul. 1923	167 Hav. DHERU KHAN, 2/13th F. F. Rif. ..	1388/1916
10th Dec. 1937	Jem. SAKTIPARCHAND MALL, 1/9th G. R. ..	not traced
21st Dec. 1937	Sub. DALIP SINGH, 39 Inlept. M. T. Sec., RIASC ..	not traced

## TWO WARS

BY CAPTAIN C. P. CHENEVIX-TRENCH.

During the last few months there have been frequent references in the Press to the similarity between this and the Napoleonic Wars. It is commonly believed that the newspapers are always wrong, but this is by no means so. There is quite often an element of truth even in leading articles, and in this case there is more than usual. Too much is made of the changes in the art of war brought about since 1918: too little of the essential similarity between this and other great wars of movement, particularly that which ended in 1815.

In 1789 a new political creed exploded in Europe which replaced in its adherents' minds all politics and all creeds. It owed something to the American example, but developed most fully in France. Although fiercely nationalist (its song was addressed to *enfants de la Patrie*) it soon began to propagate its ideas throughout Europe.

Substitute Germany for France, Italy for America, and the previous paragraph might have been written of the National Socialist Revolution during the last decade.

Purges, executions and concentration camps became common place, enforced by Committees of Public Safety and People's Courts. The European Powers took the gravest view of these horrors, but they took no action until they found themselves threatened. Then they formed alliances against the aggressor.

"Germany is encircled by the pluto-democracies," bellowed Hitler, an uninspiring echo of Danton's terrible challenge. "The kings of Europe rise up against us; we will hurl in their faces the head of a king!"

The motives underlying the aggressive spirit differ; in the one case the fierce idealism of 1789, in the other the racial nonsense of the 1930's combined with shrewd economics. But the result is identical; all democratic, all socialist ideas were thrown overboard, the army took control, and democratic France and National Socialist Germany changed into military dictatorships.

The aggressor country appeared to start with many handicaps. All the European Powers were actively or passively opposed to it. Its armies were outnumbered, its generals inexperienced, its trade vulnerable to blockade and its own people by no

means unanimous in support of the dictator. The greatest navy in the world led the opposition in alliance with the most famous army.

But many of the imponderables were on its side.

Its armies fought with a fire and enthusiasm which could not be matched by its enemies until its very victories created such a spirit among the peoples it had defeated: Austria after Austerlitz, Prussia after Jena, Spain after the occupation of Madrid and Britain after the evacuation of Dunkirk rose purged and invigorated from the most crushing disasters.

The inexperienced generals were not mentally constipated by misleading lessons of recent campaigns, and developed a speed and technique which dazzled their slow thinking, slower-moving antagonists. Directing their countries' policy were dictators who had the most utter contempt for considerations of honour, for the sanctity of treaties and for the rules of war.

The greatest military powers in the world, Prussia in the 18th and France in the 20th century, turned out to be the most hidebound in strategy, sluggish in manoeuvre and feeble in morale of all European Powers.

The blockade was countered by the conquest of Europe, the most ruthless and efficient organization of its resources and a counter-blockade of Britain.

Throughout Europe a Fifth Column undermined the opposition of the allied countries; everywhere were found Tom Paines and Quislings who favoured the Revolution. Though the conquered peoples later recovered their souls and revolted, Spanish guerillas, German Tollenbund, Serbian comitadjis and Czechoslovak saboteurs were unable to save their countries from defeat and occupation.

Only England, the greatest naval power in the world and fortunate in her geographical position, remained in the field. Deeper than any considerations of politics or alliances was the determination not to make peace while the English way of life was threatened, and in particular while a hostile great power held the European coast-line opposite Kent. (It had long been an axiom of British policy that this would mean defeat. It is being proved to-day, as it was 140 years ago, that we can overcome this grave strategic handicap.)

"The so-called strategy of British Cabinets," wrote Philip Guadalla, "has always consisted of a large number of divergent gestures."

He wrote this of the campaigns of Toulon, the Netherlands, Sweden, Sicily, South America and Corunna. Recently our efforts in Norway, Dakar, Greece and, very nearly, Finland have demonstrated our perennial affection for such gestures. Even the force which we evacuated from Dunkirk (all our gestures end in brilliant evacuations) was so small beside the huge French and German armies as to be scarcely more than a token army.

It is an advantage of sea-power that it enables us to make such gesture: a disadvantage, that it tempts us to do so at unsuitable times and places.

In both wars our powerful allies have been utterly defeated, leaving us alone. The same danger faced us in 1940 as in 1805. To win the war quickly, both Napoleon and Hitler had to invade England. Napoleon believed that he only needed a Channel clear of the British Fleet for 24 hours; Hitler needed a clear sea and sky for as long. So the first care of British strategy was the prevention of invasion. The great air battles over England during the summer and autumn of 1940 were as decisive as the battle of Trafalgar; like Trafalgar, they made it impossible for Britain to be suddenly defeated, though she could still be blockaded or stalemated. And the war went on for a long time after Trafalgar.

The second object was the maintenance of her sea-borne trade. It was not, perhaps, as vital then as now. None-the-less, Napoleon hoped to wear us out by building up a new order in Europe under French leadership, from which British influence and trade would be excluded by his Continental Decrees. His battle-fleet, after Trafalgar, was negligible; but his privaters forced us to convoy our merchant shipping with frigates just as we do to-day.

It was not enough to avoid defeat by blockade or invasion; there still remained the problem of how to achieve victory.

We had to face the fact that we could never land in Europe a force equal to the Grande Armée. But the Grande Armée had to defend the coasts of Europe from Poland to Dalmatia; it was a very long front. Therefore we should be able to land a force in some part of Europe which would have local superiority, and irritate the Empire like a running sore, hindering the creation of a New Europe until our blockade did its work.

Or until 'something turned up;' as it did in 1812, when Napoleon invaded Russia in spite of the non-aggression pact which he had signed with her.

Our land strategy was thus to harass the enemy with well-trained, well-equipped, locally superior forces until our blockade and his own ambition brought about his downfall. Our greatest General was Wellington, expert in defence and withdrawal, 'master of the cautious advance and the limited pounce.' It would have been very convenient if we could have kept open a running sore in the Balkans in 1911. As it is, we shall have to make our forces in the Middle East play the part of the Peninsular Army. They are commanded by another 'Sepoy General.'

The enemy's strategy was the blitzkrieg. There is nothing new about 'lightning war.' Tanks and bombers have merely developed the attack to the point where it can compete with the art of defensive warfare which was so highly developed between 1914 and 1918. Napoleon's blitzkrieg was as dazzling in speed and as devastating in its effect on the leisurely 18th century armies as Hitler's is to-day. It was achieved by the same methods, very rapid movement, the missing of overwhelming force at the decisive point of the attack, and a ruthless pursuit which he achieved by living largely on the country and by making demands on his men greater than the enemy could make. The march of the Army of the Coasts of the Ocean from the English Channel across Europe to encircle the Austrian army at Ulm averaged 16 miles a day for hundreds of miles: a staggering speed for any unmechanised army and unheard of at that time. The pursuit of the Prussian army after Jena was as relentless and as decisive as the pursuit across France in 1910.

Napoleon's methods were made possible by brilliant improvisations on the part of his subordinates. The capture of the Dutch battle-fleet by cavalry charging across the ice (\*) is, perhaps, only equalled as a daring and unorthodox operation of war by the capture of the island of Crete without command of the sea entirely by air-borne forces. And surely the two German Fifth Columnists who secured the bridge at Maestricht had heard of Lannes' and Murat's exploit on the Danube bridge before Austerlitz.

The Battle of Austerlitz was probably the supreme Napoleonic masterpiece. It has been judged the second tactical masterpiece in the world, the first being Hannibal's victory at Cannae. At Austerlitz Napoleon's left wing was in position on a strongly entrenched hill which formed a pivot of manœuvre.

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\* Napoleon had nothing to do with this action, but it is, for all that, a good example of Napoleonic warfare.

Davout's Corps on the extreme right succeeded in drawing the enemy left into an attempt to outflank him. The allied command sent more and more troops to extend and advance their left flank; when the 'battle was ripe,' Napoleon's hidden reserve, Soult's Corps, advanced out of dead ground, smashed through the weakened enemy centre and swung right to drive the whole allied left wing with shocking losses into the marshes in their left rear.

One hundred and thirty-five years later Hitler—with his left pivoted on the Siegfried Line, his hidden reserve behind the Ardennes in the centre and his right drawing the allied advance into Belgium—duplicated the whole battle on a rather larger scale.

The answer to the blitzkrieg to-day is the same as it was then: counter-blitz where we have sufficient strength (which will not be often, as the first essential is overwhelming force at the decisive point, and sea transport, formerly the fastest, is now the slowest method of moving an army); and 'scorched earth,' guerilla warfare and all-round defence at other times.

It is generally realized that the Spaniards and the Russians during the Napoleonic wars gave us an example of guerilla warfare and 'scorched earth' methods. One would imagine, though from reading and listening to our military correspondents, experts, spokesmen and commentators that all-round defence is something new. It is no newer than the all-out attack, to which it is the obvious answer. It is certainly as old as the British square.

Linear defence is an excellent form of defence provided the attack is not too strong. It succeeded at Agincourt in 1415, and generally on the Western Front during the last war, both periods when the defence was in the ascendant. It has the great advantage of bringing the maximum fire to bear on the attackers. Wellington's infantry stood in line to meet the dense, impetuous columns of French infantry, and blew away the head of those columns by superior fire-power.

But the line could not stand the charge of the French Panzer units (Cuirassiers) and other cavalry. To meet a cavalry charge the British infantry formed square; the line became a series of cavalry-proof, all-round-defended pockets between which the Panzer forces could pass with considerable losses, but on which they lost their momentum and formation. When they were suffi-



ciently disorganized, the British cavalry drove them off by a counter-attack assisted by fire from the squares. Let anyone who wishes to conduct a modern defensive battle study that of Waterloo.

A great deal has been written of the suffering of civilians in this war as if it were something new. As a matter of fact, it is a new idea that civilians should *not* suffer in war. Up to and during the Napoleonic Wars it was an accepted rule of war that a besieged town which held out after a practicable breach had been made in the walls should be given over to sack by the besieging army. Probably the citizens of Coventry, Rotterdam and Mannheim suffered no more than those of Saragossa and Badajoz.

The Napoleonic Wars lasted 23 years. What grounds have we for hope in a quicker victory?

We may base our hopes on four main factors:

1. The support we shall obtain from enemy-occupied countries.
2. The greater efficacy of the modern blockade.
3. The development of air bombing, and
4. The help we are obtaining from the overseas empire and the United States.

Eighteen months ago the Prime Minister described Britain as "the only champion now in arms of a world cause." In the Napoleonic Wars, too, we were often alone; but it was a long time before we came to be regarded as the champion of anything more than our own interests. The kings and emperors fought for their own crowns, and the peoples of Europe were inclined at first to welcome Napoleon as a liberator. It took many years of French exploitation to arouse among them a nationalist sentiment; and this only grew into revolt after the bloody, drawn battles of Eylau (1807) and Aspern-Essling (1809), the surrender of Dupont at Baylen (1808) and the retreat from Moscow in 1812. But when the break-up came it was final the long-suffering French people themselves welcomed Wellington's advance across the Pyrennees, and at last even the Marshals deserted Napoleon and took service under the Bourbons.

We are, perhaps, inclined to indulge in much wishful thinking about the effects of the blockade on Germany. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Europe to-day, in spite of the development of 'ersatz' substances, is much more susceptible to blockade than it was 140 years ago. Then, Europe was almost self-sufficient in the necessities for maintaining life and taking it.

If coffee was unobtainable, bread poor in quality and wool scarce, no one could expect the Grande Armée or the French morale to collapse quickly because of this. But now there are a large number of substances which can neither be obtained in sufficient quantities nor manufactured in good enough quality for the needs of a total war. German reserves and ingenuity may postpone the shortage for a long time, but hardly for 23 years.

This inevitable shortage and the consequent collapse in morale may be hastened by heavy air-bombing of the enemy's factories, communications and great cities. The necessary air-superiority can be achieved through the huge resources of the British Empire and the United States. In the Napoleonic Wars the empire was undeveloped and the United States non-belligerent or hostile; now they are becoming important sources of supply, virtually free from the threat of enemy bombers.

In 1815 European Democracy was decisively defeated; by 1848 it was shaking every throne in Europe. Will Fascism rise from the ashes of defeat to trouble the world again?

It may well do so if we make the mistake which was made at the Congress of Vienna, if we merely re-build the pre-war Europe buttressed by a few guarantees and sanctions. Whether we like it or not, we are fighting more than the Luftwaffe and the Reichswehr; we are fighting an idea, and the only way to defeat an idea, however false, is with a better idea. The re-establishment of the conditions and boundaries of 1935 is not a better idea; it shows a lack of ideas, even though we may be able to enforce it with a bigger stick.

## THE QU' HAILANDS OF ENGLAND

By "RS. AS. PS. RETIRED"

[*Being a digression on where to settle in post-war England—  
town, country or Qu' Hailand Spa.*]

While toiling through a bath of blood and sweat and tears and constantly jogging ourselves to remember that we must "go to it" and follow similar slogans of stern duty, it is meet and right that we should cock an enquiring eye at the place in which we will settle when we are entitled to a bath of the more rose-scented variety—the days of retirement in a bombed, poor, but pleasant England.

It happens that I have lived in "town" itself, in an industrial city, in the heart of the country, in a seaside resort and in a Qu' Hailand Spa. As to every Indian Army officer comes the day when he must choose between one of these, it is possible that my experiences (bound up as they have been with the need to reconcile my Indian-acquired tastes with the necessity of supplementing my pension and educating my children) may be a guide to others. You may argue that as one can arrive at no decision now, such ponderings are futile. Well, let us leave such single-minded thinkers to their straight and narrow path: I find it pleasant to wander off that dull road and dream my dreams of living under various pleasant conditions, tempering my dreams with a few practical pointed shafts such as the difficulty of finding a job near my favourite bathing bay or of catching a sizeable trout in Piccadilly. I hope in giving my little picture of life in each place, to take into account the post-war angle.

Needless to say, my tastes will suit few as well as myself, but in order that the reader may judge how far or near my experiences will tally with his desires, I give my dream of retirement. It has six ingredients: to settle in a humble house, to have my children under my roof, to get a job to supplement my pension, to see a little of town, a lot of trout and plenty of friends.

### WORK AND PENNIES

To those whose private incomes equal or exceed their pensions the problem is simple—they merely pour out their filthy lucre till their greedy lusts are satisfied! But the majority find that finance lays a cold delaying hand on their shoulder which

ever way they step. The two coldest hands are those of, firstly, that unknown spectre who reduces a pension of say £800 to about £745 because of (God forgive him!) the "fall in the cost of living" and, secondly, the Collector of Income-Tax who with a leer presents the following little sum:

Pension—	£745.	
Tax free—(a)	Earned income relief 1/10	= £ 75
	(b) married and two children	= £240
		<hr/>
Tax free ...		= £315
		<hr/>
	Balance taxable	= £430
Taxation—First	£165 @ 6/6	= £ 53-12-6
	Next £265 @ 10/-	= £132-10-0
		<hr/>
Total tax due		= £186- 2-6

leaving you with £558-17-6 or considerably less if you have completed your children's education, less still if you have no children and practically nothing at all if you have no wife! And quite right too!

If you have any income over this the Collector quietly pouches exactly half.

That kind of arithmetic, even if the tax remains as low as 10/-, brings out that the job which we thought would be desirable on retirement has become a necessity and this has a distinct bearing on our choice of locality.

Well, who am I to say where we will find work in England; we may make (or lose) it in the fields, in the pigsties or in the hen coops but I feel that in general it will be more likely to be found in towns, London or in an industrial city. I've tried both.

#### "THE LONDON I LOVE"

I don't expect everyone will hate London as much as I did but I fancy I will not be alone in my views. I disliked the petrol fumes and noise perhaps more than anything and though I admit one *can* live very cheaply there, it is a form of cheap living for which life in India has ill-prepared us. To live well, a big income is needed and even then we are cooped up in a flat or in a suburban house with, instead of a dusty sprawling compound and its mysterious basket hidden discreetly at the back, merely a 5-foot brick wall separating us from Mrs. Smith's scanties flying bravely on the line next door.

Theatres, cabarets and similar expensive so-and-sos of the flush days of leave see us but rarely, and the principal entertain-

ment is the cinema or a walk to the nearest park with the dog if he has survived life in the flat.

Golf or a day in the country? Yes, but it certainly entails a tiresome journey as one of an endless stream of cars to get there.

An evening's trouting? Oh yeah!

Well, there's the London I love—patently a biased view but of course one must remember that I am obviously not one of thosefortunates who can appreciate one of London's greatest advantages—the varied possibilities of satisfying a love of art in any form.

Incidentally, if London still appeals to you and you would like to settle there, I feel I should sound a note of warning on the house situation. The bombing of London has materially reduced the accommodation available and it is reasonable to expect that there are further reductions to come. Moreover, a number of houses now used as residences have been so shaken that a few winters' rains may make them scarcely worth repairing, so finding a house there will not, taking the most optimistic outlook, be as easy as in pre-war days.

However, there are still lots remaining and (facing a charge of extreme irrelevance to which I freely plead guilty) I would tell of a recent visit to London, a distance of round about 150 miles. I drove 125 miles by car across some half a dozen counties, passing through innumerable villages, several small towns and three cities without seeing any trace whatever of war. True, one of the cities had been bombed and by going out of my way I saw some demolished houses as well as old ladies having tea at the café as if they had never heard of a bomb. I passed into London by train feeling a bit of a hero till I saw a slip of a girl of 13 travelling off to tennis alone swinging her racket! On emerging from the main railway station in London and gazing round with expectant eyes I saw, believe it or not, no sign in any direction of bomb damage. Nearby was a long stretch of trim grass with neatly arranged rows of tulips—hardly what I had expected. I travelled down to the House of Commons and could see no trace of damage to the blooming place (charge of extreme irreverence) till I walked round to another side where I admit I did see its scars.

Of course I did not happen to visit the more heavily hit areas but it does show that all London is not flat and perhaps, therefore, my view that houses will be hard to find is unduly pessimistic.

However, let us return to our muttons which naturally enough we find around

**"THE LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST"**

Holding the views I do on London, I was lucky to be offered a soldiering job in the heart of the country with a famous trout river meandering along.

Instantly, one great advantage strikes one—houses are much easier to come by and there is usually more room to swing a cat indoors or outdoors should you feel so disposed. Just at the moment the house situation is very grave—in fact they are almost unobtainable—because though bombs are dropped here from time to time they are not, we feel, dropped with real malice, and so this is a "safe" area and houses are scarce. But this should not be the case in peacetime.

Well here I find my "humble home" and my "sizeable trout" which my wealthy friends most generously allow me to beguile from the water. What joy these occasional evenings are by the river many a reader in India will appreciate. After contenting oneself for years with mahseer spun out of a hot stony banked river, it is just plain Heaven to approach a stream on tiptoe through a mass of thigh-deep foxgloves and to throw a dry fly from one lush grass bank to that rising trout just under the leafy bough at the far side. And how hard it is to keep one's eye off the varying countryside—the spring lambs, the unhumped sleek fat blissful cows, even the clean pink baby pigs, to say nothing of the daily changing chestnuts and blossoms, buttercups, cowslips, pale primroses, brave bluebell and the honeyed meadow sweet. And to be awakened from this reverie, just as the sun sinks, by a screaming reel.....

Ah! there *are* good things still even in 1941.

But perhaps your wife is not one of those who loves you even though you fish—perhaps she is one of those who hates you because you fish! What then? You'll note that so far I have achieved only two ingredients of my dream and that there is no "little of town," no "children under my roof," few friends and in peacetime, I fear, no jobs.

Possibly one could do without the town part altogether if all the other amenities were included, but unfortunately as a rule good schools and universities are not at hand in the heart of the country. Of course one might argue that in any event the children would have to be away at universities or boarding schools; to this I reply that after a life's service in India many prefer to have

the family under one roof, and, secondly, that the one roof solution may be the only one financially possible on retirement. However, I will return to this aspect later. Anyway, meanwhile, let it be noted that there are no suitable schools in most country districts.

Financially I was much better off in every way in the country than in London or any of the places I shall describe later.

Friends? Yes, and very nice ones but they live so far apart that one rarely sees them. There is, for example, only one tennis club which fits our needs but this serves the whole county and so distances are great and games cannot be counted on except on one day a week. My friends are generosity itself with regard to their grouse moors and trout streams, but then I find that I can secure no pleasure of my own within my means which I can ask them to share.

Before leaving the country, there is one advantage of serious import today—food is easier to get and queues are shorter. No doubt this advantage will diminish when peace comes, but not, I feel, for some time.

And so it was with pained regret though with anticipatory interest that I found myself transferred to

### THE PROVINCIAL INDUSTRIAL CITY

The provincial city, as I viewed it in advance had, bearing in mind my dream, certain solid advantages compared with London or the country. A reasonable choice of houses of a modest type should be available, schools and a university might fill our needs, a job would anyway be more likely than in the country, and if there were no trout in the local park lake, at least there ought to be a greater chance of making friends than in vast London and of seeing them more often than in the scattered countryside. Golf too, and a day in the country would be nearer.

I found that some of my vision came true but only to a limited extent. The golf, the day in the country and the schools all worked out according to expectations, and the factor of "all under one roof" was nearly accomplished by sending one son to the local school and the other to the local university. Detailed enquiry proved, however, that while most provincial universities cover every career, this particular one only dealt with my son's subject at a very low standard; the standard at another was so much higher that we fell to the temptation of sending him off there.

As far as theatres and cinemas were concerned, this city of course put the country in the shade not only in comfort but in the

quality of the films and sound machines, while in the little theatre we saw occasional first-class London shows and, to our relief were able to afford the best seats.

Houses there certainly were in abundance and the furnished house I took was complete in every detail an enthusiastic housewife could ask. It was small, everything was completely modern, everything in the right place, near the shops, no houses opposite (there was a park with a lake) nothing was slightly dingy, nothing old, nothing rambling and *it had no soul*. No such house in such an environment could; it could never be a "home" and we felt damned in a prim suburbia as we have never been damned before.

"Too hard to please," you say.

All right, try it. I'm only giving my reactions; and try the Sunday walk along the lake with all the others.

Friends are certainly easier to make and easier to see often than in London, but I fear they found they had little in common with me, and the intensity of their local interest put up a veil which nothing could pierce; unless it is one's own "home town." In short I felt clean out of water. This aspect has, to my mind a distinct bearing on the possibility of getting a job and holding it down in a provincial city. However, little I see myself as acceptable to London men when a job is on offer, still less do I see myself as acceptable to provincial eyes.

Frankly I felt prim, pasty and podgy, and loathed every minute of it.

### THE SEASIDE TOWN

It was a strange chance which sent me in war-time to a well-known seaside town where on peacetime leave I had spent so many hours beautifully wasted on the beach. To those who retire with very young children, the seaside town has one obvious outstanding advantage and this can usually be followed up by good Prep. schools on the spot. Yachting too provides a recreation for those who are not so mentally deranged as I am about fishing; it is healthy, not too expensive if taken up permanently, and what better for turning young men into men? And by the way, now that I think of it, you can of course work in with it a little sea-fishing!

I found that a seaside town had several desirable qualities—golf and the country were near 'at hand as well as the sea, the shops were good and the town clean and bright. The cinemas and theatre were as good as those of the provincial city. Nice houses were to be had but at a very high price. In some places,



as well as a good Prep school, a good day or boarding Public school is to be found but in practically no case is there a university of repute: this latter may well be a deciding factor.

The choice of the actual seaside town is of primary importance from two angles—friends and post war conditions. My seaside town was pretty hopeless from the point of view of making friends as there were in the main two great communities—the imposing army of landladies who cater for a glamorous army of blondes. This however though general is not universal as there are many seaside towns with a residential community large and varied enough to meet the needs of most temperaments.

The present-day picture of my seaside town compared with it in the heyday of peacetime brings home to me the sad deterioration which has occurred in some. Those which are bombed fairly regularly or are likely to be invaded have suffered an exodus of not only visitors but the visitors' money and so vanishes the flowers, paint and so on, which that money provided. The army of blondes has been replaced by an army of less glamorous appearance which fills the curtainless windows of the empty hotels and boarding houses; hobnails in place of pink nails patrol the wired and protected beach. Of course no one complains of this to-day—it is all in the day's work—but will we like it in peace? It will take a considerable time and a lot of money (higher rates?) to restore it to its pristine glory.

For those to whom the seaside still appeals, let me end on a pessimistic note! Not only are jobs a rarity but I found by actual statistics that the cost of living was markedly higher than in the country or small town.

Having by now damned most parts of these isles, allow me to take you finally for a short trip to.

## THE QU' HAILANDS

By this I mean, of course, not specifically town, country or seaside resort but those centres, maybe in the country or at a Spa where Qu'hais congregate. I tried such a one. Of course the various factors which weighed for and against my inclinations in each of my experiences, weigh equally in Qu'Hailand. It is the Qu'hais more than the place I am considering.

You, young reader, may say "God forbid that I should join the Qu'hais." Yecess? But remember that one day you *must* be one yourself and perhaps a crack about the good old days of 1941 may not be so unacceptable as you now feel. Though I

found, I admit, a certain air of decay (to which I no doubt contributed) in the particular place I chose, I found more hospitality and more of a language I understood there than anywhere else in England.

If (I repeat if) I can ever find a Qu'Hailand which includes all the ingredients of my dream, I'll fly there.

### THE SOLUTION

Have I found a solution?

For you? Oh! No. Choose your own poison. But I've found my own—a compromise.

It is a house in the country within less than an hour of London whence my younger son can go to a day-school (he has a wide choice within a few miles) and my elder can go daily to a London University. I can get my little bit of town and when I am satiated with the evils of the great city can so easily reach the balm of my country home. I fear I shall see less of my spotty trouty friends than I would like, but I do not despair. I can certainly get coarse fishing locally and can at least visit the trout once a year at the perfect season—spring. Here, too, my prospects of seeing plenty of my friends are rosy for we are an even community. A few pass me graciously in their Rolls, and I do occasionally see rather more of Mrs. Smith's scanties than I had hoped, but anyway they are not so near as just over a 5-foot wall.

The job? Ask Hitler, but I feel that when the war does end I shall be in an area in which I have a better chance than in most, of accepting work without the necessity of moving from the small niche I have carved for myself and mine.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

12th December, 1941.

SIR,

Our Military Leaders and Statesmen combine in their reiteration of the essential need for the stimulation and continued maintenance thereafter of the rate of recruitment to all branches of the Defence Services.

Wise and weighty words on this topic were uttered some weeks back at the initial send-off from Lahore of the Touring Train. The Premier of Bengal shortly afterwards announced his intention of conducting a whirlwind recruiting tour in his province; a few days later the Labour Member in the Governor-General Executive Council suggested some eminently practical and practicable instructions relating to the liaison of the civil and military branches in the matter of recruiting. Then the Duke of Devonshire in a public speech alluded to the great voluntary effort being made in India, with special reference to the recruitment aspect of the question.

It is clear, and the argument needs no labouring, that men are needed, and will continue to be needed (in ever-increasing numbers) for as long as the present emergency lasts.

The point arises whether some System—simple, sure, practicable and economical—could not be devised to implement the present ways and means of recruiting, to act as a certain and steady feeder to our main current of new entries (the present method of supplying which is itself a highly organized and complex mechanism). I believe that there is such a one, almost all ready to hand, and needing only a little careful planning and co-ordination to enable it to function well from the start, and to continue to function satisfactorily.

I refer to our complicated and smoothly-running civil provincial Education Departments.

Would it not be possible, Sir, for the civil Liaison authorities to evolve a simple scheme, in conjunction with all heads of provincial Education Departments, whereby the organization of the latter could be used to bring home to the villager the great opportunities for helping the Motherland and himself and his family which are lying open to him almost at his door? (In these days

of rapid transport and incredibly speedy communications we are apt to overlook the fact that there are thousands of populous villages to which the battery wireless set is unknown: which never receive even a vernacular newspaper; which are far removed from a by-road—let alone a main or district one, and from the railway line) which would be willing to help—if only a simple way of helping were shown to them.

Now all of our soldiers have been, for varying periods, in a village school. At least once a year, and more often three times, they have had their progress examined by the Assistant District Inspector of Schools. They know him well. Their relatives know him well. He is (he has to be) a man of great authority and trust, of knowledge and of good repute. Most of his rural journeys are made on foot. He mingles freely with all classes, from the Deputy Commissioner downwards. A lot of his extra-inspection time is spent in discussing affairs with the village folk, in keeping in general touch with them on all aspects of their daily life. He is, very often, the only regularly-visiting official of the provincial government from the tehsil and district headquarters that they can ever be definitely certain of seeing, or of hearing of his presence in the locality, from one year's end to the other. (After all, nearly every village has its school nowadays, and even if there is not a school in a particular village, there's usually one in an adjacent one.)

If, therefore, liaison between the A.D.I.S. and the nearest recruiting officer is once established: if the A.D.I.S. is empowered, under clearly-defined instructions, to do his level best to rope in as many likely men as he can by means of discussion, persuasion, meetings, carefully-prepared literature and so on: if he and his Staff could be granted a capitation fee for every man finally and definitely enrolled: I feel confident that a steady additional stream of suitable men from the remoter areas could, at practically no cost, be obtained to swell the ranks of our Indian Army.

The submission is made to you, Sir, that the idea, along with its concomitant implications and ramifications is, at any rate, worthy of consideration and discussion.

KHABARDAR.

## **NOTES ON SOME BOOKS RECENTLY PLACED IN THE LIBRARY**

### **"Action Stations—The Royal Navy at War," by Rear-Admiral H. G. Thursfield.**

A copiously illustrated and brief account of each of the many branches of the Royal Navy and a summary of its activities in the present war. It describes the work of the Destroyers, the "Little Ships" such as Sloops, Trawlers, Motor Torpedo Boats, etc., Battleships, Cruisers, Submarines, and of the Fleet Air Arm.

### **"Engines of War—The Mechanized Army in Action," produced in collaboration with the War Office.**

It gives a short, vivid and as far as national security allows, a complete and freely illustrated picture of the various branches of our modern mechanized army, finishing with a short chapter on its technical training.

### **"War in the Air," by David Garnett.**

A very clear account of the position of the R.A.F. in 1939 before the commencement of war, the work of the different Air Commands, a comparison between the R.A.F. and the Luftwaffe, and the tasks of the R.A.F. in the different theatres after the outbreak of war.

### **"From Dunkirk to Benghazi" by Strategicus.**

This book is an attempt to select, now, what will prove to be the significant features of the war, and, dealing with them episodically, to group about them the events, which are logically connected with them. After describing the Battle of, and the Surrender and Fall of France, it goes on to describe the Battle of Britain. The air attacks on London and other cities are described in detail, and the story of the British Counter Air Offensive is recounted. The book finishes with the tale of the Italian invasion of Egypt, and later of Greece, and of the British reply in Libya.

### **"The Battle of Britain, 1940," by J. M. Spaight.**

Commencing by describing the German air attack, it discusses the threat of invasion, and the attempted blockade of Britain, and our counter offensive. After dealing with

German reports of their successes in the air, it has something to say on our Defence by day and by night, and ends with a summary of what has been described in the book and the conclusions drawn.

**"The Strategy of Indirect Approach," by Liddell Hart.**

This volume reproduces a book published by this author in 1929 under the title of "The Decisive Wars of History" and adds to it a few extensions of former chapters and some fresh chapters. The first part of the book consists of a survey covering wars from 490 B.C. to 1914 exemplifying the indirectness of approach and its results. It then goes on to "construct a new dwelling house for strategic thought" and gives a concentrated essence of strategy. In its second part it surveys the World War on its various fronts from 1914 to 1918, and in the last, part III, it discusses Hitler's strategy before and after the outbreak of war in 1939.

**"The Red Army Moves," by Geoffrey Cox.**

The story of the campaign between Russia and Finland, 1939-40.

**"The Eastern Question—A study in European Diplomacy," by J. A. R. Marriott.**

The original work consists of a study of this question upto 1914. Since then, the author has had it republished three times, bringing it up to date on each occasion. The present volume takes the study up to 1939.

**"Suicide of a Democracy," by Heinz Pol.**

The author starts by describing the birth and growth in France of the political body known as the Cagoullards. He then discusses the Fascists of France and their leaders, De La Rocque, Doriot, Deat, Bergery, Maurras, and others, and the work of Bonnet and the Fifth Column. The career of Mandel, ending with his attempt to find support in North Africa for the continuance of the War, is described. The effect of the Maginot Line on the French outlook is his next subject, and after a description of the concentration camps of France the book finishes with the tale of the collapse of the country.

**"The Viceroy and Governor-General of India," by A. B. Rudra.**

An historical and analytical study of the position of the Viceroy and Governor-General in the Indian constitutional system. Part I of the volume deals with the position of the Governor-General under the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms of 1919. In Part II the author makes an estimate of the place assigned to the Governor-General by the Government of India Act, 1935.

**"Military Science To-day," by Lieut.-Colonel Donald Portway, R. E.**

A short, illustrated account of the development of various branches of military activity in which scientific principles are involved, treated mainly from the soldier's point of view.

## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA

1. The United Service Institution of India is situated at Simla and is open daily, including Sundays, from 9 a.m. to sunset.
2. Officers wishing to become members of the United Service Institution of India should apply to the Secretary.
3. The reading room of the Institution is provided with the leading illustrated papers, newspapers, magazines, and journals of Service interest that are published.
4. There is a well-stocked library in the Institution, from which members can obtain books on loan free. Members not resident in Simla may have books from the library sent to them post free. (See Secretary's Notes.)
5. The Institution publishes a Quarterly Journal in the months of January, April, July and October which is issued, postage free, to members in any part of the world.
6. Members and the public are invited to contribute articles to the Journal of the Institution for which payment is made. Information for the guidance of contributors will be found in the Secretary's Notes.

### Rules of Membership

1. All officers of the Defence Services, whether they belong to the Imperial Forces, to forces raised by the Government of India, by an Indian State, by a British Dominion or Colony, and all gazetted officials of the Government of India or of a Provincial Government shall be entitled to become members, without ballot, on payment of the entrance fee and subscription.

Other gentlemen may become members if proposed and seconded by a member of the Institution and approved by the Council.

2. Life members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of a lump sum of Rs. 160, which sum includes entrance fee.

3. Ordinary members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of an entrance fee\* (see para. 4) of Rs. 10 on joining, and an annual subscription of Rs. 10 (or 15s.) to be paid in advance.

The period of subscription commences on the 1st January.

An ex-member on rejoining the Institution shall be charged a second entrance fee of Rs. 10 if since the date on which he ceased to be a member he has served or resided in India. In other cases no charge will be made.

4. British Service, Dominion and Colonial officers serving in India shall pay an entrance fee\* of Rs. 7 only.

5. Members receive the Journal of the Institution post free to any part of the world. Members in India may obtain books from the library which are issued postage free; the borrower will pay the return postage.

6. Government institutions and offices, military libraries, messes and clubs wishing to subscribe for the Journal shall pay Rs. 10 per annum. Non-members shall pay Rs. 10 per annum plus postage. Single copies of the Journal will be supplied to non-members at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy, plus postage.

7. If a member fails to pay his subscription for any year (commencing 1st January) by 1st June of that year, a registered notice shall be sent to him by the Secretary inviting his attention to the fact. If the subscription is not paid by 1st January following, his name shall be struck off the roll of members and, if the Executive Committee so decide, posted in the hall of the Institution for six months, or until the subscription is paid.

8. An ordinary member wishing to resign at any time during a year in which one or more Journals have been sent to him must pay his subscription in full for that year and notify his wish to resign before his name can be struck off the list of members.

9. Members who join the Institution on or after the 1st October and pay the entrance fee and annual subscription on joining will not be charged a further subscription on the following 1st January, unless the Journals for the current year have been supplied.

10. Members are responsible that they keep the Secretary carefully posted in regard to changes of rank and address. Duplicate copies of the Journal will not be supplied free to members when the original has been posted to a member's last known address and has not been returned by the post.

11. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla.

\* For the duration of the war, the entrance fees shall be waived.



**I.—NEW MEMBERS**

The following new members joined the Institution from 1st October to 31st December 1941:

**LIFE MEMBER**

Brigadier W. G. H. Gough, M.C.

**ORDINARY MEMBERS**

Sir G. P. Burton, M.A., K.C.I.E., I.C.S.

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W. Humphrey, Esq., I.P.

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„ „ K. K. Masud.

„ „ Mohindar Singh Bajwa.

„ „ Mohd. Sharif Khan.

„ „ Niranjan Singh.

„ „ Rajinder Singh.

„ „ F. R. Sardar.

„ „ Sarfaraz Khan.

**II.—CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE JOURNAL**

Preference is given to articles dealing with naval, military or air force matters likely to be of topical interest to the majority of readers of the Journal. Historical articles should have a direct bearing on the present war. One entirely non-military story and one article of financial interest to officers is included in each number of the Journal. The latter may be concerned with travel

sport, housing or any other subject which affects officers' pay and expenditure.

Articles may vary in length up to ten thousand words. They should be submitted in duplicate and typewritten, with double spacing between lines, on one side of the paper. Manuscript articles cannot be considered. Payment up to Rs. 150 is made on publication according to the value of the contribution.

With reference to R.A.I., Paragraph 333, and K.R. 535, the Executive Council of the Institution will take action, when necessary, to obtain the sanction of the Chief of the General Staff to the publication of an article in the Journal.

Members who wish to remain anonymous will inform the Secretary of the fact and include a pen-name if they so wish. In such cases the real name of the author is known to nobody except the Secretary, who has been instructed to divulge it to no one.

The Committee reserve to themselves the right to omit or amend any matter; if such alterations affect the sense of the article, it will be referred to the author before publication, unless the author has stated that the article may be edited as thought necessary without reference to him.

The April number of the Journal goes to Press on February 25th. Editing and selecting articles takes about ten days, so, as a general rule, articles should be submitted to the editor by February 15th. An article which may not be edited without reference to the author should arrive at least ten days earlier. From the Editor's point of view, February 1st is about the ideal date on which to receive articles. All these dates apply equivalently to the other numbers of the Journal.

### *III.—READING ROOM AND LIBRARY*

(1) The library is only open to members, who are requested to look on books as transferable to their friends.

Books are only issued on loan to members who are resident in India. Members borrowing books from the library in person must make the necessary entry in the register and record their address in India.

(2) Applications for books from members at outstations are dealt with as early as possible and books are sent post free by registered parcel post. They must be returned, carefully packed, by registered parcel post within two months of the date of issue, or immediately on recall.

(3) A member may not have on loan, at any one time, more than three books or sets of books without the Secretary's permission. Papers, magazines and works catalogued under the headings of "Works of Reference," "Not to be taken out" and "Confidential" may not be removed from the Institution.

(4) No particular limit is set on the number of days for which a member may keep a book, the Council wishing to make the library as useful as possible to members. This rule is, however, subject to the following limitations:

(a) If, after the expiration of three weeks from the date of issue, a book is wanted by another member, it will be recalled.

(b) A member wishing to retain a book for a period over two months from the date of issue must notify the Secretary to that effect, otherwise the book will be recalled.

(5) If a book is not returned within fourteen days of the date of recall, it must be paid for, if so required by the Executive Committee. Lost and defaced books shall be replaced at the cost of the member to whom they were issued. In the case of lost or defaced books that are out of print, the value shall be fixed by the Executive Committee and the member will be required to pay the cost so fixed.

(6) The issue of a book under these rules to any member implies the latter's compliance with the rules and the willingness to have them enforced, if necessary, against him.

(7) The revised 1940 catalogue is available at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy plus postage.

#### ***IV.—OLD BOOKS AND TROPHIES***

The Institution is in possession of a collection of old and rare books presented by members from time to time and while such books are not available for circulation, they can be seen by members visiting Simla.

The Secretary will be glad to acknowledge the gift of books, trophies, medals, etc., presented to the Institution.

#### ***V.—HISTORICAL RESEARCH***

The U. S. I. is prepared to supply members and units with typewritten copies of old Indian Army List pages, at the rate of Rs. 2 per typewritten page.

**VI.—THE MacGREGOR MEMORIAL MEDAL**

1. The MacGregor Memorial Medal was founded in 1888 as a memorial to the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor who founded the United Service Institution of India. The medals are awarded for the best military reconnaissances or journeys of exploration of the year.

2. The following awards are made annually in the month of June:

(a) For officers—British or Indian—silver medal.

(b) For soldiers—British or Indian—silver medal with Rs. 100 gratuity.

3. For especially valuable work, a gold medal may be awarded in place of one of the silver medals, or in addition to the silver medals, whenever the administrators of the Fund deem it desirable. Also the Council may award a special additional silver medal without gratuity, to a soldier, for especially good work.

4. The award of medals is made by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India, as Vice-Patron and the Council of the United Service Institution of India, who were appointed administrators of the Fund by the MacGregor Memorial Committee.

5. The following are eligible for the award, whether at the time of the reconnaissance they were in military or civil employ:

(a) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and the Dominion Forces, while serving on the Indian establishment.

(b) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Indian Navy, Indian Army, Indian Air Force and of the Indian States Forces, wherever serving.

**Note.**—The term "Indian Army" includes the Indian Auxiliary and Territorial Forces, Frontier Militia, Levies, Military Police and Military Corps under local governments.

6. The medal may be worn in uniform by Indian soldiers on ceremonial parades, suspended round the neck by the ribbon issued with the medal.\*

7. Personal risk to life during the reconnaissance or exploration is not a necessary qualification for the award of the medal: but, in the event of two journeys being of equal value, the man who has incurred the greater risk will be considered to have the greater claim to the award.

---

\*Replacements of the ribbon may be obtained on payment from the Secretary, U.S.I., Simla.

8. When the work of the year has either not been of sufficient value or notice of it has been received too late for consideration before the Council Meeting, the medal may be awarded for any reconnaissance during previous years considered by His Excellency the Commander in Chief in India to deserve it.

#### VII. GOLD MEDAL PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION

The Council has chosen the following subject for the Gold Medal Prize Essay Competition for 1942.

"In modern warfare the interests and operations of the three services—land, sea, and air—are inseparable. A doctrine of "Combined Warfare" in the widest sense of these words is necessary. Outline such a doctrine, and the organization to implement it, in relation with the problem of Imperial Defence."

The following are the conditions of the competition:

- (1) The competition is open to all gazetted officers of the Civil Administration in India and to all commissioned officers of His Majesty's Forces including Territorial Forces, wherever those forces have been raised and to officers of the Indian States Forces.
- (2) Essays must be typewritten and submitted in triplicate.
- (3) When reference is made to any work, the title of such work is to be quoted.
- (4) Essays are to be strictly anonymous. Each must have a motto, and, enclosed with the essay, there should be sent a sealed envelope with the motto written on the outside and the name of the competitor inside.
- (5) Essays will not be accepted unless received by the Secretary on or before the 30th June 1942.
- (6) Essays will be submitted for adjudication to three judges chosen by the Council. The judges may recommend a money award, not exceeding Rs. 500, either in addition to, or in substitution for the medal. The decision of the three judges will be submitted to the Council, who will decide whether the medal is to be awarded and whether the essay is to be published. The name of the successful candidate will be published in the October 1942 number of the Journal.
- (7) All essays submitted are to become the property of the United Service Institution of India absolutely, and authors will not be at liberty to make any use whatsoever of their essays without the sanction of the Council.

- (8) Essays should not exceed fifteen pages of the size and style of the Journal exclusive of any appendices, tables or maps.

#### VIII.—ADDRESSES

The difficulties of tracing addresses are now very much increased. Members are earnestly requested to keep the Secretary informed of changes in their addresses or if possible give a permanent address which will always find them, e.g., a Bank.

#### IX.—HONORARY MEMBERSHIP OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION

Honorary membership of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, is extended to commissioned officers of any military unit from the Dominions, India, or the Colonies, who may be visiting the United Kingdom during the war. They will be admitted to the Institution's premises on presentation of their cards.

#### X.—A. H. Q. STAFF COLLEGE COURSE SERIES, 1939

Sets of papers of the abovementioned series, with 4 maps, are available for sale at Rs. 8 per set.

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#### XI.—ENTRANCE FEES

The Council of the Institution have decided that for the duration of the war entrance fees shall be waived. Ordinary members shall, therefore, be admitted to the Institution on payment of an annual subscription of Rs. 10/-





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OF THE

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OF

## INDIA

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**Wartime and Post-War Jobs.** By "Rasp".  
**A Visit to Nepal.** By Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Phayre, M.C.  
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**Jungle Interlude.** By Officer Cadet F. C. O'Hara.  
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**Struma Valley 1919.**  
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# The Journal

OF THE

## United Service Institution of India

**Vol. LXXII**

**APRIL, 1942**

**No. 307**

*The views expressed in this Journal are in no sense official, and the opinions of contributors in their published articles are not necessarily those of the Council of the Institution.*

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# United Service Institution of India

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His Excellency the Governor of Orissa.  
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The General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Eastern Command.

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4. The Secretary, External Affairs Department.

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VERY MUCH INCREASED. MEMBERS ARE EARNESTLY  
REQUESTED TO KEEP THE SECRETARY INFORMED OF  
CHANGES IN THEIR ADDRESSES.**

## EDITORIAL

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Early in January, 1942, it was announced that as a result of proposals brought forward by the chiefs of staff of the United States and Great Britain it has been decided to create a system of unified command in the South West Pacific area which would control all the forces in that area, in the air, and on land and sea.

General Sir Archibald Wavell, G.C.B., C.M.G., M.C., A.D.C., the Commander-in-Chief in India, was selected for this appointment and left India for his new headquarters early in the month.

General Sir Alan Hartley, K.C.S.I., C.B., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Northern Command, was selected to succeed him in the post of Commander-in-Chief.

The rapid Japanese advance, and particularly the capture of Singapore and Sumatra, radically altered the situation in the South West Pacific. Java, which had been looked on as the base for the counter-attack which it had been hoped it would be possible to deliver, had now become practically the last stronghold of the United Nations in that area, was fighting on its own and was no longer a part of the general strategic scheme. It was decided, therefore, that the command of the land, sea and air forces of the United Nations in the Netherland East Indies should pass to the Dutch, and General Sir Archibald Wavell has returned to India to resume the appointment of Commander-in-Chief in India.

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In our last issue we summed up the Allied position as it appeared at the end of the year. Events since then have moved at a very rapid pace, and in the East we have had to suffer some very serious setbacks. The Japanese have succeeded in gaining possession of Malaya and Singapore, capturing our large forces there, and have extended their seizures of territory widely among the islands of the South West Pacific. They have brought the air war to the northern parts of Australia and are now in a far more favourable position to send a sea-borne expedition against that country if such is their intention. They have entered Burma and are now trying to advance towards Mandalay. Here their immediate object is, undoubtedly, to cut off the Burma road, an

object which if attained will help them very considerably in their attempts against China. It will also place them in a still stronger position for any attempt against India itself and against Allied shipping in the Indian ocean and the waters of Africa.

In Libya the situation, after the first successful advance to the east of El Agheila and the subsequent withdrawal of our forces in face of the reinforced German and Italian columns, has been more or less stationary. It has been announced that more reinforcements have been reaching the enemy, although our naval and air forces have been very active in interfering with the passage of enemy ships to the North African coast, and we may expect that there has been a steady flow of troops and material to our own forces there. With the approach of more suitable weather in other theatres it is probable that developments will occur in this theatre in the near future.

Our Russian allies have been continuing their very successful drive against the German armies all along their front, and in spite of numberless counter-attacks have forced back the German line in some places to a considerable distance. We watch with particular interest their efforts to wrest back the Crimea. If they can succeed in getting this important area again in their hands they would be in a very strong position to interfere with any German attempt towards the Caucasus oilfields or against Turkey.

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In August, 1940, the British Government issued a statement about the aims and policy being pursued in India. This amounted to a promise that as soon as possible after the war India should attain Dominion Status under a constitution to be framed by Indians by agreement amongst themselves and acceptable to the main elements in the Indian national life.

For some months there has been a growing feeling in the United Kingdom that the time had come to take definite and very considerably advanced steps in the attainment by India of Dominion Status and this has resulted in the arrival of Sir Stafford Cripps on a special mission to discuss the future of India with the political leaders in this country.

The War Cabinet have agreed unitedly upon conclusions for present and future actions, but before making a declaration of these conclusions, decided to send a member of the War Cabinet to India to satisfy himself on the spot by personal consultation that the conclusions will achieve their aim.

The object of the proposals is the creation of a new Indian Union which shall constitute a dominion associated with the United Kingdom and other Dominions by a common allegiance to the Crown but equal to them in every respect, in no way subordinate in any aspect of its domestic or external affairs.

Sir Stafford Cripps, the Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House, volunteered to undertake this task, and arrived in India on the 22nd of March, reaching New Delhi the next day.

Discussions with officials and with leaders of Indian opinion started in New Delhi immediately. As Sir Stafford Cripps was staying in India for two weeks only, discussions had of necessity to be short.

The proposals have now been made public and in a few days Sir Stafford Cripps will return to London to make his report on the response to them.

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The Royal Indian Navy, like its very much older sister service, qualifies for the title "The Silent Service", and as a result not much is known by the general public of its development or of the way it is carrying out its many duties in this war.

The veil was lifted to some extent by the Flag Officer Commanding Royal Indian Navy recently, in an address at a Press Conference. There has been very considerable expansion in the personnel, the number of officers alone being now more than five times the number commissioned before the war. The rank and file are drawn from all parts of India and have shown themselves to be magnificent material. Boys are now taken at an early age for training, and after four years at a training school are drafted into the service.

The ship-building yards of India, too, are now engaged in constructing ships for the Royal Indian Navy, and are already turning out corvettes, anti-submarine trawlers, patrol launches and smaller boats for hunting submarines.

The activities of the Royal Indian Navy have covered a wide area, and it has won laurels in the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the waters near Burma and Singapore, and has even taken part in the Battle of the Atlantic. Its latest exploit was when the *Jumna*, the last ship to leave Batavia, fought her way back to India successfully, her anti-aircraft guns accounting for four enemy aeroplanes on the way.

The increase in the Royal Indian Navy is of very recent growth and "Rome was not built in a day", but we look forward

with every confidence to a future in which a navy of ships built in India and manned by Indians will be carrying out the complete task of defending India's very extended coast line.

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It has frequently been said that in modern war, oil is an all important factor for victory and that the ultimate aim of many strategic movements will be to gain possession of the sources of this commodity.

For both the Axis and the Allied powers the oil situation has now changed considerably from what it was when battle was first joined two and a half years ago.

At the commencement of hostilities the Axis powers were far from well off in this respect. They now have control of the Rumanian oilfields, but these by themselves cannot be sufficient for their huge needs. The Russian oilfields and the large supply in Iraq and Iran are still far from being in their grasp.

The fruitful fields which existed in the Netherlands East Indies have, as a result of the Japanese aggressions, been wrested from the possession of the Allies, but owing to the policy adopted, these cannot be made available for Axis use for many months to come, and even if they were made productive once again, the difficulties of getting the essence to German bases would be enormous.

The Japanese advances in Burma now threaten the oil source in that country, and it is obvious that the loss of this supply in addition to that in the islands of the Dutch East Indies would be a very serious inconvenience to the Allied powers.

There are, however, still large supplies available for the Allies. Huge quantities are to be found in the United States, Mexico and Venezuela both have their oilfields which produce considerable quantities.

The question of supply from these countries hinges on the available shipping and this is realized by the Axis powers as strongly as by anyone else, as is evidenced by their intensive submarine attack on tankers in the waters of those countries. However, the building of ships cannot be hindered by hostile action to any appreciable extent and with the enormous facilities at the disposal of the United States the provision of a sufficient number of ships can be only a question of time. It will then remain to ensure their safe arrival at their destinations, and with increasing experience in this matter on the part of the American naval authorities, it should be possible to keep the

losses down as low in proportion to the number of vessels sailing the seas as has been done in the past.

On balance, therefore, it appears that the oil situation is now, and is likely to remain, considerably more favourable for the Allies than for their enemies.

It has been clear for a long time that the attainment of fresh sources of supply is essential for the Axis success, and in consequence we may expect to see, as soon as it becomes possible for them to undertake, the commencement of an even more widely extended pincer movement than heretofore, with its claws reaching from Russia, Africa and further east, aimed at the oil supplies of the Caucasus, Iraq and Iran.

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May the editor make an appeal for articles for the Journal! It is fully realized that members have little time outside their daily work for anything of this sort, but war experiences of any kind, particularly while they are fresh in the mind of the individual concerned in them, would be of such interest and value to others that the editor is emboldened to make this plea, and any contributions of this nature would be most welcome.

## A GURKHA WITH LAWRENCE

By "PHION"

The various books that have been written about the exploits of T. E. Lawrence in Arabia hardly mention the fact that a small force of Gurkhas took part in the final phases of his attack on the Hejaz railway. In fact, the writer was unaware that the Indian Army had been connected with this almost fabulous campaign until he found that there was an individual in his company who had participated in it. The discovery occurred some years ago. It was the time of the start of the annual collective training and the Company had been practising the "Platoon in the attack". At the evening conference on the day's work, in order to emphasise a point, I said: "We'll never win the war like that."

My senior Subedar nodded wisely and proclaimed: "Ah! yes. I know how we won the war."

This rather surprised me so, after the conference, I asked him how we had won the war. He replied: "We sent a party of men to blow up the Railway bridge and line behind the enemy position and then the General Sahib ordered the attack. The whole line charged and the enemy was defeated."

"Where did this happen?"

"In Palestine, Sahib, I was there."

This surprising information rather shook me, but thinking rapidly I decided that he must mean Lawrence's raid on the Hejaz railway. "Who blew up the railway line? How do you know about it?" I inquired.

"Havildar Manbahadur Gurung was one of the party who destroyed the railway; he was detached for special duty from the 3rd battalion. When he returns from furlough he can tell you all about it."

Manbahadur Gurung was a pleasant, rather stupid, N. C. O. who had failed to make the grade as Company Quarter-Master Havildar, and who was now merely waiting for his Havildar Pension to ripen.

On his return from furlough I sent for Manbahadur and questioned him. At first I had difficulty in explaining to him what I wanted, but finally found that he remembered the show

as "Camel work" (Unt ka kam). Even after he knew what I wanted he insisted on relating the whole of his adventures in the Great War of 1914—18.

This is a fair, though abbreviated, translation of his story: "In the German war I went to France with the Regiment in 1914. We were there for many months. Then the regiment moved to Egypt and I came home on sick leave, for I had been sick with fever in France. Many others were sick also; this was due to the fact that we had to wait for a ship at Karachi for many weeks in the middle of the hot weather. I rejoined the regiment in Egypt in the fourth month of 1917. There we dug many trenches." Manbahadur paused for some moments and then continued.

"After a while we went to Palestine. I was transferred to the 3rd battalion which was formed from parties from our battalion and some other regiments. We were at the battle of Gaza in October or November, I forget which, and also at the capture of Jerusalem. After this we had a lot of fighting. I was there when the company commander sahib got his M.C. But in one attack in mid-December I got wounded in the right arm. See, here is the scar—just above the elbow." Manbahadur drew his arm from the coat sleeve to show me. I made sympathetic noises.

"I was sent to hospital in Suez. A very big hospital beside the sea, down to the right of the town. They did not keep me there very long, only about a month. I was sent back to the base though my arm was still weak. I rejoined the regiment and was put on a drill cadre, but my arm hurt and gave me a lot of trouble. I was afraid to complain lest I should be sent back to hospital. In April, I was in another attack, when we had heavy casualties. About this time I got fever again and went back to hospital, only this time the hospital was near to the regiment. After I returned to the regiment, I was put on another drill cadre, but my arm still hurt when I did rifle exercises; so I was sent back to my platoon. In July or August volunteers were called for to go on a camel training course in Jerusalem. I did not like camels, but my arm still hurt when I did drill, so I volunteered."

"From our battalion one Havildar and twelve sepoy volunteered; I was only a sepoy then. There were also volunteers from other Gurkha regiments. In all there were about twenty-four of us,



We were put in a train, but instead of getting to Jerusalem we arrived at Suez. I thought that there had been a mistake, but the Captain Sahib, who was in charge of us, said that it was all right. He told us that there was no course, that the story about the course was only a lie to deceive the enemy, and that we were going on a secret and important mission. At Suez we went on board a steamship. We were several days and nights on board the ship and then we arrived at a place called . . . . . I forget the name."

"Was it Akaba?"

"Yes, yes, Akaba, that was the name. In Akaba we did one week's training in camel-riding. After the week none of us were very good camel-riders and all of us were stiff. But we were then ordered to march and were sent off into the desert. We rode for more than twenty days into the desert in a north-easterly direction. I began to think that we would go on riding for ever. We never had a rest, never stopped for more than one night in one place. It was hard work for we were still untrained camelmen, but the worst difficulty was food. The only ration that had been issued to us was *atta*. As you know in our regiments we eat rice. We had to cook *chapatties* somehow. On most nights we had to lie quiet on account of the enemy and fires were not allowed. During the day we only had one halt of an hour's duration, which was not long enough to cook the bread. One cannot eat uncooked flour. On many days we went hungry. The Sirkar, however, gave us one packet of cigarettes per man per day and sometimes we each got a tot of rum—but only sometimes, not always."

"Did you stop at a place called Ab el lissan, in the hills to the west of the railway?"

"No sahib, I don't remember that name. We stopped at no place for more than one night for about twenty-four days. Then we came to a place where there was a big building, like a fort. This fort was very old and was falling down. To the south of the fort there was a big pool of water surrounded by reeds and grass—like a *jheel* on the plains of India—there were lots of geese and duck there too."

"Was its name Azrak?"

"It might have been Azrak . . . but I forget. We rested there for one day. In this place there were many troops."

"They were mostly 'badus' that the Sirkar had made into soldiers for the war. They were rather like the frontier militia

we have in Waziristan—not proper troops. There were also some Egyptian Sappers and Miners and some French Artillery—not proper ‘Top khana’ but very small guns. The next day we went out with the Egyptians to break the railway line. We rode for a long way and then broke the rail for the first time near Maan.”

“Did you help to break it, or was that Sapper work?”

“We Gurkhas did some of the breaking. We tore down the telegraph lines and broke them by hammering the wires between two stones. When we finished the work we retired into the desert and rode north towards Amman. We travelled one or two days on the way. Near Amman we broke the line again. This time our party was employed on covering work only. After this we rode north again to a place about six miles north of Deraa. We arrived at our objective about daybreak after riding all night and we started work on the railway line about six o'clock in the morning. This time the Turks attacked us, but we had Lewis guns as well as rifles, and we drove them back; they never got nearer than six hundred yards from us.”

“Were there no other covering troops?”

“Oh yes, some ‘badus’, the small French cannon and an armoured car. They helped us. We worked right on at breaking the line and bridges until about twelve o'clock when a great number of Turkish aeroplanes came and attacked us.”

“How many aeroplanes—ten—twenty?”

“I can't say, but there were lots and lots of them; they seemed to be everywhere at once. We only had one aeroplane on our side. It used to stay with us all day but had to go away at night. It was with us when the Turkish aeroplanes attacked us and it counter-attacked them at once. Our aeroplane Sahib was very brave, but what could one do against so many and he was forced down lower and lower. Fortunately, there was a small *maidan* near us, so our aeroplane got down all right. Then the Turkish aeroplanes came right down on top of us, till they were only about five yards above our heads, and again attacked us. The French guns fired at them and I held a Lewis gun up to my shoulder, like a rifle, and fired at them too. So the aeroplanes got afraid and went up high again. They continued to drop bombs and to fire machine-guns at us but they were very bad shots and we had very little damage; only a few camels and ‘badus’ hit. Not like when our aeroplanes attacked the enemy, as I saw them do in Palestine. After a while the Turkish aero-

planes went away and we went on destroying the line. We worked all day and destroyed about four or five miles of line as well as the bridges; we helped the sappers. When it became dark the General Sahib came and said that the Egyptians could not see at all in the dark, so we Gurkhas would have to hold night piquets to cover the area."

"What was the general sahib's name?"

"I forget."

"Was it Lawrence?, No?, Joyce?, Peake?."

"No sahib I forget but he was the burra sahib who was in command of the Arab militia people. We held the piquets until one o'clock in the morning when our Captain sahib whose name I forget also, came and ordered us to retire. He told us that our troops in Palestine had orders to attack the Turks on the next day and that we had broken the railway line behind the enemy's position in order to prevent reinforcements reaching them. Now, if all went well, it was too late for the Turks to repair the line; for we would win the war first."

"We marched the rest of that night and all the next day. The Turkish aeroplanes came and attacked us again. They did us little harm, though one camel was killed near to me—it was blown into little pieces. The day after this we reached the place where the ruined fort was, the place from where we started the raid, where the pond was. There we had several days rest; we needed it badly in order to cook bread. It was a nice place, though there were far too many mosquitoes. Then one of our aeroplanes came and told us that we had attacked and defeated the Turks near Jaffa. The Turks were completely beaten and the war was over. We had helped a lot by destroying the railway."

"So we returned to Deraa, where we rested for several days. Then we marched on and halted at many places, whose names I forget. I was sent into Nablus to collect rations for the camels; I was away for some days on this work. Finally we reached Haifa and even went on for one or two days north of that. We were at this time ahead of nearly all our infantry, there were only cavalry and armoured cars in front of us. After a little however we managed to find a Gurkha regiment. It was the only one so far forward and we got decent food from them. We had not tasted rice or *dal* for weeks. All this time we received no pay so we had no money to buy food from the bazars. After some days we received orders to hand over our camels to the

transport people and we returned to our regiments by train. It was December when I rejoined the battalion at Kantara."

"How did you like camel riding?"

"It was not good but not bad. It made me ache at first but it was better than walking."

"How did you get on with the other troops?"

"We did not have anything to do with them. They were all Mussalmans, or something like that, not a Hindu among the lot. We had our own Captain sahib, who was from a Gurkha regiment, and we kept separate."

"How did you like it Manbahadur?"

"Oh it was all right; not worse than the rest of the war. Though the cooking was difficult of course, we did get rum sometimes, but not always."

## WARTIME AND POST-WAR JOBS

By RASB

No, Sir, it is *not* futile to consider at the present juncture the possibility of a job in the future.

This blunt opening denial seems necessary, because whereas in days of peace officers devoted considerable thought to the subject, to-day the reader will be inclined to pass it by as outside the realms of reality.

This is not so. Not only may it concern serving officers to-day more than they thought two years ago, but there are certain steps which can be taken now in India in wartime in anticipation of this eventuality.

It so happens that the writer's present duties are not only military and take him into contact with officers seeking jobs but take him into daily contact with the industrial world. These contacts have opened his eyes to several aspects, hitherto unrealized, of the job-getting situation, both military and civil.

### *Agenda*

In this article it is, therefore, proposed to make certain deductions from the military-cum-civil knowledge and to stress certain major changes which have occurred in job-getting since 1939. The possibility of *getting* a job will next be discussed very shortly, but the principal attention will be devoted to the *making* of a job and the steps which can be taken in India in wartime towards this aim.

### *Officers affected and Military jobs.*

The reason that many thought, at the beginning of the war, that this question of job-getting was as unreal as Peter Pan, was that the war appeared to be going to be a long one. This very length of the war already shows signs of causing the reverse effect—in short, officers will be requiring jobs before the war is over.

So far two categories of officers may be visualised. The first will be composed of middle-aged, or even young, officers who are retired through ill-health. This will admittedly be small, but it may include the reader of this article. Of course, every officer in India will feel that "it will not happen to him," just as all of us in England to-day feel about a bomb! But the longer

stretches in India without leave, which the conditions of war will impose, are bound to cause large increases above the peacetime wastage—particularly among the middle-aged.

However, be you an optimist and exclude yourself from that category, you may still fall within the second category.

This will consist of officers who retire in the normal course before the war is over. Here again the very length of the war tends to increase this category. Only the young and those one hundred per cent. fit can fight the good fight these days.

First let us see how the wind blows on military jobs in England. True, officers may be re-employed in a military capacity in England and this has been the lucky lot of many, but it should be noted that the tendency to cut the dead wood from the tree is increasing. Many fine soldiers are being retired from age, from the really active list of the British service. Being still fine soldiers, albeit somewhat lacking spring in the knees, jobs are being sought in which to place them, reward them and use their knowledge and experience. It follows that they will be placed in administrative jobs now held by older retired officers who have been re-employed and who will thus retreat again to the evening of their days.

Will the future retired Indian Army officers have good prospects in the face of this competition?

I leave it to the reader to judge.

So far, in discussing military posts the writer has had in mind primarily staff and administrative posts in the regular military machine. From time to time, however, new classes of jobs, slightly outside the border of regular service, arise.

A notable case has been the recent huge demand for adjutants for the Home Guard. An Indian Army officer would be eminently suitable for these, and though most vacancies are now filled, there will be, by the reason of their large numbers alone, a fairly frequent turnover. The work is pleasant, intensely practical and the successful applicant is paid for doing what he would be doing without pay if he had no job—for in such circumstances he would, as a matter of course, be devoting practically all his time to Home Guard duties. Adjutants are paid as Captains at £430 approximately, plus 25 per cent. in lieu of pension, totalling £537 per annum, plus important allowances. These allowances vary according to whether the officer is married, the number and age of his children and whether he is able to live with his family, and so on. But taking the case

of a married officer whose wife lives elsewhere and who has one child, the allowances amount to £285 per annum, making a grand total of £822 per annum. Note, however, that the allowances are entirely free of tax, a point of importance as will be examined later.

Whether the salary is a benefit to a retired officer depends on the rate of his pension. A valuable alternative is that he may draw in lieu his pension plus 25 per cent., all of which will, however, be taxable.

Another new large class of jobs recently thrown open is that of Administrative Officer at a Battalion, Group or Zone Headquarters of the Home Guard. In this case, too, a reasonable turnover may be expected. The pay is £300 per annum, all taxable.

Other opportunities which have recently been occasionally available are Ground Defence Officers at aerodromes. Casual unusual jobs appear from time to time: the writer has recently, for example, had difficulty in obtaining suitable ex-regular officers for a post in certain vast industrial undertakings which required officers for a civil post with the task "in addition to his other duties" of relieving the Manager of all defence matters. The pay offered was about £450 per annum. Such posts are, however, rare and to get a sense of proportion on the home outlook let me tell the aim of a Brigadier who is just about to retire for age. He contends that everyone says they want to do their bit. He says he is more honest and he not only wants to do his bit but must supplement his pension to the fullest extent possible. He, therefore, intends to join a Government Training Centre for a six months' course as a fitter. He will thus obtain a job in a munition factory and, thanks to his education and experience in leadership, hopes in time to be promoted to shop foreman who, including overtime, earns about £600 per annum. He is over 60 and realizes that he will have to take his place on the rota like everybody else for night shifts and to queue like the other workmen in rain and snow for the home-ward bus.

The writer does not contend that this is usual, but feels it gives an interesting sidelight to readers in India on the home view-point.

#### *The Major Change*

So much for military possibilities. Before turning to prospects in civil life the writer would like to stress one aspect which,

to his mind, alters the whole outlook on the job on retirement problem. This is an increase in the rate of Income-tax to 10/-. Who knows, by the time this appears in print, it may be raised to 12/6. The point is not that this 10/- tax makes it financially difficult to scrape along on a pension; the point is this: in pre-war days many officers felt that if they could get a job at £300 a year they would be content. To-day the position is that if you secure a job at £300 a year you net exactly £150. If, therefore, the job entails living in a place you would otherwise not inhabit, or which is, say, away from suitable day-schools, it will not be worth accepting. It might even be a source of debit rather than credit financially, especially when the cost of petrol (if you can get it) or rail and bus fares, smarter clothes and the cost of lunches and teas are taken into consideration. Will it, moreover, be worth the loss in health or strain on nerves which lack of open air and the rush and scramble of civil life may impose? Many officers may feel that they can do their duty best, and manage as well financially by living at home and devoting all their time to training a Platoon, Company or Battalion of the Home Guard which is, of course, unpaid but entails practically no expenditure.

If, however, we aim higher and need, say, a net £250 a year to supplement our pension it must be borne in mind that the salary to produce this, namely £500 a year, is not easily come by in wartime and will only fall to the very fortunate in peacetime. Even then there will not be a net gain of £250 a year, for the expenses referred to above must be deducted. If, for example, it entails sending children to a boarding school, who would otherwise go to a local day-school, the disadvantages will outweigh the financial benefit.

There is one case, however, in which it may pay the applicant to accept a salary which gives a small return, and this is the case where he sees prospects of a good rise later. If the rate of tax rises to 12/6, the situation will be worsened, for while it will be harder to live, it will be still harder to secure a job which will be worth accepting.

What a "gloomy Dean" he is, you exclaim!

True, but he will produce what he considers, for what it is worth, his silver lining. Not quite yet, however, for he has one depressing deduction from his experience in the industrial world to expound.



### *A Job in Business*

The writer had hoped that his experience in handling men would, in peacetime, help him to secure a job in a small way in big business.

Having now for over a year visited innumerable big businesses and having worked in intimate touch with men of varying grades from Managing Directors to foremen in a wide variety of trades, he is forced to see that the businessman would have few, if any, vacancies in a civil capacity which he could offer to ex-officers. It is patent to the writer himself that this view is sound. He could not hope to hold down a civil job to his own satisfaction, working daily with men who have had a specialized knowledge in each varied branch of each trade.

Another factor, apparently of slight moment, but which has a very real effect on the flow of work is that, except in London, nearly all employees excluding the important heads of departments, are local men. The writer has seen repeated cases of friction arising where a man comes in from outside. Yesterday the writer came across a whole factory which started nearby a certain town over three years ago. The Management was meeting friction from every quarter; they were regarded as "foreigners" and were openly referred to as "supercilious interlopers"!

This may seem petty, but if such is the reception of a big firm engaged on vital war production in wartime on entering the business world of a provincial town, the writer has no hopes that he could prove acceptable in peacetime. This, be it noted, is the opinion of one who is on a better wicket than most in that he is in close and amicable touch with many influential companies.

However, this is only the opinion of one, and those who hope to enter business can, if they have the opportunity in the meantime, usefully take up a Business Correspondence Course and on retirement will find the Bureau for the Employment of Ex-Officers invaluable in putting them in touch with firms of real standing.

Before leaving this aspect, the writer would like to record one class of job which is open in the business world to-day to ex-officers, namely Welfare Officer. This is a good post, but it is doubtful if the officer would be retained in peacetime.

### Possible Jobs

So far the experience offered has been more or less of a defeatist nature. It is now proposed to discuss more likely openings and in so doing the writer is guided by:

- (a) Whether the work is "away" or "at home".
- (b) If it requires big, little, or no money.
- (c) If influence is required.
- (d) If it can be studied in India in wartime.
- (e) If the earnings will be fully taxable.
- (f) If it is likely to boom after the war.

Having analysed each it is most convenient to consider them in three categories:

*First Category—Job-Getting: Jobs which take one away from home, or which need a good deal of capital or influence, or which cannot be studied in India.*

This category is dismissed briefly and only really possible careers considered.

The principal openings appear to be games or school master, Bursarships, Land or Estate agent, private secretary or hospital secretary. These do not appear likely to boom, but, on the other hand, do not call for capital. Air Raid Precaution officers and Fire Service Staff officers are included in this group as they normally take one away from home. A good deal of study can, however, be done in India by writing to H. M. Stationery Office or a reputable book-seller for all the Home Office handbooks on this subject.

Vacancies in these posts are continually open. Many people feel that these posts will continue after the war; probably no one knows whether this will be the case or not. In this category, too, are several possibles which will boom after the war. Motor-ing, commercial aviation and all forms of travel, especially to the sea and outside England, are bound to be in great demand. Most will call for a good deal of capital and experience and, of course, very sound advice before the risk is taken, but possibles are travel agencies, race horse training, various posts in connection with greyhounds, hotel management and reception for which an apprenticeship would be necessary unless one is setting up one's own business.

### *Job-"Making"*

Before dealing with the remaining categories there is one very important aspect which applies equally to both.

It is this.

If the retired officer can "make" a job instead of relying on "getting it" from someone else he will have several advantages. Firstly, he will be more or less his own master; secondly, he can probably make it round his own home and thus avoid the expenses which an "away" job entails. There is a still greater advantage not so easy to explain. If he secures a job at, say, £300 a year, he loses, as has been pointed out, half of this in tax. Now if he makes for himself a job which partially feeds or houses him he will be as well off as if he was "earning" twice as much as he saves through this job. If, for example he writes, or takes P. G.s or market gardens or keeps poultry, a certain amount of his income will be exempt from tax as "expenses".

If, to take another example, he kept himself in fruit, vegetables and eggs and thereby saved himself expenditure of, for simplicity's sake, £150 a year, this would be equivalent to earning £300. In addition to this, he would have his profit from the sales of his produce.

*Second Category: Careers "at home" which need some capital and cannot be studied in India.*

Many careers under this category will occur to the reader. It is proposed to consider those which are good possibilities and on which a certain amount of literature is available though they cannot be effectively and fully studied.

Firstly, there are those which provide the amusement which will be sought so widely, such as road houses, roadside cafés and petrol pumps, riding schools, wireless, television and pheasant breeding. Similarly, furs will be needed. There is a negligible quantity on the market now compared with even six months ago. Prices are soaring and the officer who breeds rabbits, silver fox and the like should be on a good wicket, especially if he can produce his skins shortly after the war.

Other careers for consideration are farming, pig keeping and fruit growing. Anyone who can produce this, especially during wartime—and who knows how long the war will last—cannot fail to make a good profit, and, incidentally, will be able to supplement his rations. The prices of fruit are high and there are many types of soft fruit bushes and apple trees which are quick bearing. A study of the growing of Cox's Orange Pippins in Mauser's "How to Live in England on a Pension" will be a great help to those interested.

*Third Category: Jobs "at home" which require little or no capital and which can be studied in India.*

If the reader is the type who would like a job in his own home, probably in the country, and in which his wife is willing to share the burden, there are quite a number which can be studied both in theory and practice in India.

This, of course, only applies to officers stationed in India, but in some cases where the husband is sent overseas, his wife, if in India, can continue both the theory and practice. In fact, in many cases her co-operation will be an essential to success.

Those who aim at securing an appointment as a Golf Club Secretary or Club Secretary have many opportunities, which should not be missed, of gaining useful experience in India. Where the Club is residential, particularly valuable experience can be gained.

Officers who are good with their hands and especially those whose hobby is carpentry, will find varied fields to explore in post-war England. Furniture is only obtainable at fantastic prices—furniture and cabinet making is not a reserved occupation so that no apprentices are being engaged, and there will be a great shortage of skilled and well-educated craftsmen. Skilled craftsmen will be in high demand not only as actual workers but as foremen and managers of furniture manufactories, and there is the possibility of establishing one's own furniture or cabinet-making workshop adjoining one's own home.

Journalism can certainly be attempted in India by joining a correspondence school for either free lance work or short stories. This work requires no capital, can be done by the family fireside, and if the writer can develop the knack of twisting his experience to bear on subjects of topical interest at home, his rewards will be both quick and big. If he fails, he will only have lost a few pounds in fees and these would be covered by even one or two acceptances.

Honey is always needed and bees can certainly be kept and studied in many parts of India, especially if one's wife, anyway, is likely to stay in the one place. This is well worth investigation, especially during wartime when the supplement to the ration for one's family will be invaluable. It could be combined too with any of the other careers suggested.

Market gardening on a large or small scale has the same benefit. The price of vegetables is beyond belief. Why not sack the *mali* in India or use him for flowers only and start vegetable

growing with one's own and one's wife's hands, particularly aiming at growing vegetables a little earlier and a little later than the normal "season."

Gundogs and well-bred house dogs are bound to be in demand in the days of peace to come. The breeding of house dogs and the breeding and training of gundogs can, and often has been successfully carried out in India as a pleasant and lucrative hobby.

Another step, which can be taken in India, which does not directly lead to a job but which will save considerable expenditure and discomfort in England is to become really competent in carrying out household repairs. There should be no difficulty in India in learning to cope with all repairs to electric light fittings, with soldering really efficiently, with small carpentry tasks and even plumbing. We have the example of the Prime Minister who took up brick-laying and who is doubtless able to build, say, a garage for himself. To-day it is impossible to get labour and the writer has been waiting three months to get a small plumbing job carried out. When he does get a plumber the bill will be very high. Following the argument previously adduced, every pound saved thus is equal to two pounds earned.

The keeping of poultry and eggs can easily be put into practice in India. Hens, ducks, turkeys, guinea fowl and, above all, eggs are worth their weight in gold in a land where one egg a fortnight is all one gets even in the country these days. Provided one has sufficient experience and seeks sound advice in England there appears to be no reason why this should not provide a very welcome addition to a pension. Admittedly, the procuring of chicken-feed is a serious problem in England to-day. All the more reason for studying *kachcha* Indian devices of coping with such problems.

In conclusion, it is emphasised that the careers suggested are by no means exhaustive nor, of course, will they suit all tastes; but it is stressed that if one's hobbies and inclinations are studied there are many careers for which wartime preparation is possible and which will not be subject to a deduction of half of every pound earned.

## A VISIT TO NEPAL

BY LT.-COLONEL R. B. PHAYRE, M.C.

The Gurkha soldier has always occupied a warm corner in the hearts of the British Commonwealth, but few know anything of his home life. The uninformed imagine that Nepal is an Indian State, whereas it is actually a foreign country similar, in some respects, to Afghanistan, for each country controls a long frontier adjoining British India. That of Nepal is some 450 miles in length, is situated on the North East Frontier of India, and its 150 miles of breadth is bounded on the north by Tibet

It possesses a king of its own, but one who takes no active part in the government of the country, the ruling power being the Prime Minister, the Supreme Commander in Chief, H. H. Maharaja Sir Joodha Shamsher Jung Bahadur Rana, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

Students of military history will recall the numerous campaigns in which the Gurkha has fought for the British Empire ever since the conclusion of the Nepalese War, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. During that war the Gurkha not only proved himself to be a redoubtable enemy, causing us severe losses, but he also exhibited a spirit of chivalry and trust which was, at that time, almost unknown in Eastern conflicts. Records show that, to the astonishment of the troops, a badly wounded Gurkha would stagger from a besieged fort into the British lines in order to have a wound dressed; when this was attended to, back he went to his post to continue his stubborn defence against us.

Nepal has always guarded its inaccessibility to the foreigner, so it is only with the greatest difficulty that a Muslim or European can enter the country. In the case of the British such entry is only made possible by the joint invitation of H. H. The Maharaja and H. B. M.'s Minister at the court of Nepal. Landon, in his fascinating book 'Nepal', describes a conversation on this subject with a former Maharaja, the late Sir Chandra Shamsher Jung. When asked why he insisted on such complete seclusion, H. H. replied:

"My friend, the English have at times difficulty in the Government of India. These difficulties arise from the fact that, in the days of easy travel, all English sahibs are not *sahibs*. Now

I am convinced that the prosperity of Nepal is bound up with the maintenance of the British predominance in India, and I am determined that the sahib, who is no sahib, shall never enter Nepal and weaken my peoples' belief that every Englishman is a gentleman."

Our friend and ally made a really great contribution to the war of 1914—18 in both men and money. When facts and figures can be disclosed, statistics will show that Nepals' War effort in the present World War is out of all proportion to the size of the country, and, is a truly magnificent one. Some two years back H. H. The Maharaja was awarded the G.C.B., and it is pleasing to note that his Ambassador at the Court of St. James has recently had the honour of Knighthood conferred on him by His Majesty King George VI.

Any traveller hoping to reach the fringes of Nepal by car would find it a very difficult business, owing to very bad roads, broken bridges, ferries, etc. Enquiries as to access by rail met with very guarded responses as the railway departments concerned were none too certain of their ground. The best route proved to be *via* Lucknow, thence on to the metre-gauge changing at Segauli for Raxaul.

At Raxaul, guests of the Minister are put up at the Legation bungalow. This is on the fringes of the Terai where breeds a particularly virulent form of mosquito responsible for the deadly "awal" fever which has caused more deaths to foreigners than any defending army. This fever forms a kind of Maginot line to Nepal between March and October. Only one tribe, the Tharus, are said to be immune.

Although there is a plentiful water supply in Nepal, there is supposed to be mica in suspension, consequently drinking water for the Legation is sent up to Katmandu from Raxaul in small metal tanks.

A Nepalese railway runs from Raxaul to Amlekganj with very primitive rolling stock and no workable fans. The distance is only 24 miles, mainly through sal and teak forests, but it takes four hours, a big slice of which is taken up at the first station for a prolonged inspection of passports.

Amlekganj is the terminus, the next stage of the journey being a trip of some thirty miles in modern Chevrolet lorries. A petrol pump at the start-off is a rather unexpected sight. There is a track which can be negotiated by motors between Raxaul and Amlekganj but no road has yet been made. The road from Amlekganj to Bhimphedi is metalled and graded up

the hillside. It is very much bridged, the planks in the fairway being laid rather loosely they rattle vigorously as the lorry leaps on these bridges and passes over them, there is also one tunnel of some 260 yards.

At Bhimphedi, the road ends abruptly and further progress has to be made on a pony, in a dandy, or on foot. A method of transport, peculiar to the Gurkha, is the kiltā; old men, old women and children and even young men, who should know better, can be seen with their legs dangling from the conical baskets fastened on to the back of a sturdy-limbed Gurkha who transports them up the khadside, it is attached by a brow-band which passes over his forehead.

Three and a half miles of a really stiff climb brings the traveller up to Sisagarhi where there is a fort and a garrison. There is a Rest House here for invited guests, with bedding and electric light. There is a fine view looking down over the plains. The scrub jungle has given way, first to pines, then to ilex and rhododendrons. A few deodars are scattered about and there are many orchids hanging in clusters from the forks of the trees.

An early start is advisable on the morrow for there is a long march ahead to reach the capital before nightfall, and the track is precipitous in places, very stony and hard on the feet.

A short pull up to the Chisapani Pass discloses a view of eternal snows with the Everest group some fifty miles away in the distance, some thousands of feet below tinkles the Marku River, and a yellow thread shows the onward track winding through the valley.

The Gurkha seems to be a veritable beast of burden for there are plenty of them on the road—men, women and children—humping impossible loads of wood, charcoal, timber, corrugated iron sheets and even motor cars. Two of the latter were passed on the journey slung in wooden frames and carried by 150 men, a larger one was said to have 800 carriers working in relays. Overhead runs a ropeway, halving the distance by taking a direct line. A family party is met, the women-folk carrying the loads with their lords and masters walking, unladen, behind.

The track winds through the valley crossing and re-crossing the river; at intervals there are suspension bridges. Fields are being prepared for the rice crop, but it is the women who are working in them, although the ploughing seems to be confined to men. Fish traps are set in the river but the catches are small and the fish merely tiddlers.



The villages are picturesque, many of the houses being richly carved. As the journey proceeds the type of house greatly improves, many being built of stone and mud, they are mostly two storied but some have three, the prevailing colour being terra cotta.

The villagers are friendly and are always ready to have a chat, even the women. The ice is very speedily broken especially if the language is known. The Gurkhas are devoted to their children and great interest is shown if the camera is produced and aimed at the little ones. The mother will, probably, ask you to wait while she goes into the house to fetch another naked mite, looking for all the world like a Japanese doll.

Some of the smaller children are lying on their little tummies in the sun, their bodies being covered with oil; this is supposed to be a remedy against various illnesses, particularly chills.

The track winds on until a vertical scar is seen in the midst of the trees on a high hill, looking very like a large fire belt. Actually it is the zig-zag track ascending at an impossible angle to the Chandragiri Pass. From the top of the Pass another superb view can be seen, not only of the wonderful expanse of snows but also of the Valley of Nepal. This is somewhat similar to the Valley of Kashmir but is only some twenty miles long by fifteen broad. Like Kashmir it was said to be once a lake, but Manjusri cleft the hills with his sword so allowing the pent-up waters to escape.

Descending some thousands of feet, at the end of a long march of about sixteen miles, is very hard on the feet especially as the surface in many places is jagged and rough. A prayer of thanksgiving goes up from the traveller that he was not born to be a coolie humping a car over such a road. A sigh of relief also when, far away in the distance, two cars can be picked out with the glasses in the hamlet of Thankot.

The next nine miles is luxury travel over a moderate road through densely populated villages and towns. The men are wearing cross-over coats with a thick white girdle into which a kukri is thrust, their nether limbs usually being clad in white jodhpurs but sometimes a kilt is worn. The women are attractive and gaily dressed in homespun of many colours.

As Katmandu is reached, a tall white pillar dominates the city. The carving on the doors and windows becomes richer

and more intricate. There is a large *maidan* on which some three thousand troops are drilling. To one side are their barracks, further along are white modern buildings such as the hospital and the palaces of the ruling families. There are several very fine equestrian statues of former Maharajas. After the mountainous trek when the *ultima thule* seems to have been reached it is surprising to see a modern roundabout with khaki-clad police on traffic control duty. In a side street can be seen two red, motor fire-engines ready to move off in an emergency, a very necessary precaution for the old timber of the houses will burn like matchwood.

It is almost unbelievable, as the car turns into the Legation drive, to see an English country house in a setting of green lawns and garden with tennis courts, and a squash court to one side. In former days it was known as the Residency but its status has been raised.

The inhabitants of the Valley are mainly Newars, Thakurs and Chettries. Other races usually enlisted in regular Gurkha units (Magars, Gurungs, Limbus and Rais) have their homes in the distant hills into which very few white men have ever been permitted to penetrate. No British Recruiting Officer is allowed into the country, recruitment has to be carried out by the Gurkha soldiers.

The Newars of the Valley are highly skilled artificers, famed for centuries as experts in metal work and wood carving. Many were employed by Tibet and even China. The eaves, doorways and windows of nearly every one of the old houses are richly carved, mostly in deodar wood black with age. It is doubtful whether any other country can compete with such a wealth of magnificent ornamentation. Many of the buildings, on most of the temples, are pagoda-shaped, suggesting a Chinese influence, but some of the great authorities deny this stating that the type of building originated in Nepal.

There is a superb door of metal work (gilded) at Bhatgaon and another at Patan, said by some experts to be unsurpassed in Asia. These two ancient cities are some nine miles away from Katmandu and date from the time when there were three rival capitals in Nepal.

Time is required in which to absorb these gems of architecture; they cluster together so closely in the Durbar squares that it causes the visitor sheer, mental bewilderment. Buddhist, Jain

and Hindu buildings are massed together; closeby is a group of Malla figures also Nepalese lions and dragons.

Irreparable damage was done by the severe earthquake some six years ago when several of the palaces and temples were destroyed and carved symbols crashed from their high pillars. The work of restoration is still proceeding.

The foreigner is an object of interest; a crowd quickly collects and stares, goggle-eyed, at the strange individual armed with a camera. Every visitor is accompanied by a Mukia, an under-official who denotes his rank by silver threads and a coat-of-arms on his headgear, the Subadar's badge being of gold. The Mukia's job is to see that the sight-seer does not stray into holy places.

The inhabitants seem to like being photographed; a broad grin spreads over their wide Mongolian features, and the girls laugh heartily when the Mukia suggests that the Sahib would like to take their pictures. They do not expect *bakhsheesh*, but a few copper coins are useful for the children. Hundreds of these Nepalese pice can be obtained for a rupee,—incidentally the British rupee is still known as "Kompani" (from the days of Hon. East India Company.)

The towns and cities are densely populated, crowds attending the markets in the squares. In the side streets the women are weaving cloth and numbers are seen washing their hair at the standpipes. The town streets are mostly paved with stone or brick tiles and open drains run through them exuding a none too pleasant aroma. Everybody seems to be carrying a load of sorts, *kittas* are laden up with merchandise and coolies progress at a jog-trot with heavy, conical, grain bags suspended from a pole balanced across the shoulder.

Troops are in evidence everywhere, their kit is very similar to that of the regular Gurkha units. They were formerly mostly armed with Martinis, but the bodyguard used to parade with Lee Enfields. This *corps d'elite* is a fine body of men, many of them six feet in height which seems astonishing in a Gurkha. There are daily parades on the *maidan* at Katmandu where every company appears to carry a small standard.

The durbar square at Katmandu is of great interest, filled as it is with historical buildings. Perhaps the most interesting is the original building from which the capital took its name (*Kath* wood, *Mandu* temple or house) which is reputed to have been constructed from a single-tree; it is now used as a shop. Here again many beautiful edifices are far too close together, and

the ancient grandeur is greatly marred by the uncouth standards and heavy cable of the electric light and telephones.

There are Buddhist relics everywhere. One of the most interesting is at Buddhnath where there is a fine temple. The Chini Lama is in charge. An interesting man, clad in a green silk coat and head-dress, he is most courteous and is always glad to show visitors round; he speaks English excellently and is a fund of knowledge. Most of these temples are attributed to the visit of Asoka who came to Nepal in 225 B.C. Of course a great deal of Nepal is unexplored by antiquarians and so much of interest may well remain hidden. In 1895 Doctor Fuhrer discovered an Asoka pillar on which was written "The Buddha Sakyamuni was born here."

A prominent landmark to the west of Katmandu is a high hill on which rests the giant stupa of Swayambhunath. Six hundred steps, graded and flanked at intervals by figures, give access to the summit as they ascend the wooded slopes of the hill. Throughout Nepal the Hindu and Buddhist religions are curiously intermingled.

Pashpati is the Benares of Nepal. Through its *ghats* and terraces of temples flows the sacred River Bagmati. Upstream are *ghats* reserved for the royal family, below the bridges are many other *ghats* for the more humble folk. Here the dying are laid on the sloping banks so that their feet may touch the holy stream, the ideal passing of the devout. Maidens place votive offerings at the innumerable shrines from which monkeys take their fill.

Nilkantha is worth visiting for here is a large, recumbent figure of Vishnu Narayan lying on a bed of cobras and awash in the water, sometimes entirely submerged. It is a very holy place and much visited by pilgrims. The King of Nepal is not allowed to visit this spot as he is supposed to be a reincarnation of Vishnu, consequently the results might be disastrous if not fatal. A replica has been built at Balaji where the king may make his devotions. It is a peaceful spot amidst tall trees and gigantic bamboos, flanked by large tanks in which huge carp break the surface of the waters when grain is cast in by the priests. Below the tanks is a picturesque wall of stone with a line of cobra heads through which the water flows.

In Katmandu, scattered about, are several white palaces of fine proportions and good design. That of the King is surrounded by a high wall with a smart guard at its gates. The Maharajah's residence is known as the Singha Durbar, it is approached

through a massive French gateway with iron gates and a huge garden gay with flowers. The square entrance hall is filled with trophies of the chase and pictures of incomparable sport of the Terai. The private reception rooms are upstairs, the walls being lined with mirrors. For official occasions, the distinctive head-dress of the Maharajah and the commanding generals is very remarkable with its bird of paradise plume and encrustations of jewels. That of His Highness is said to be valued at £1,000,000 and those of the generals at £10,000 each. They caused a great sensation when worn in England and France on the occasion of the visit of Maharajah Sir Chandra Shamshere Jung in 1908. The succession does not pass from father to son, but from brother to brother. When the last brother dies, the son of any brother (not necessarily the eldest), who happens to be born first, becomes Maharajah.

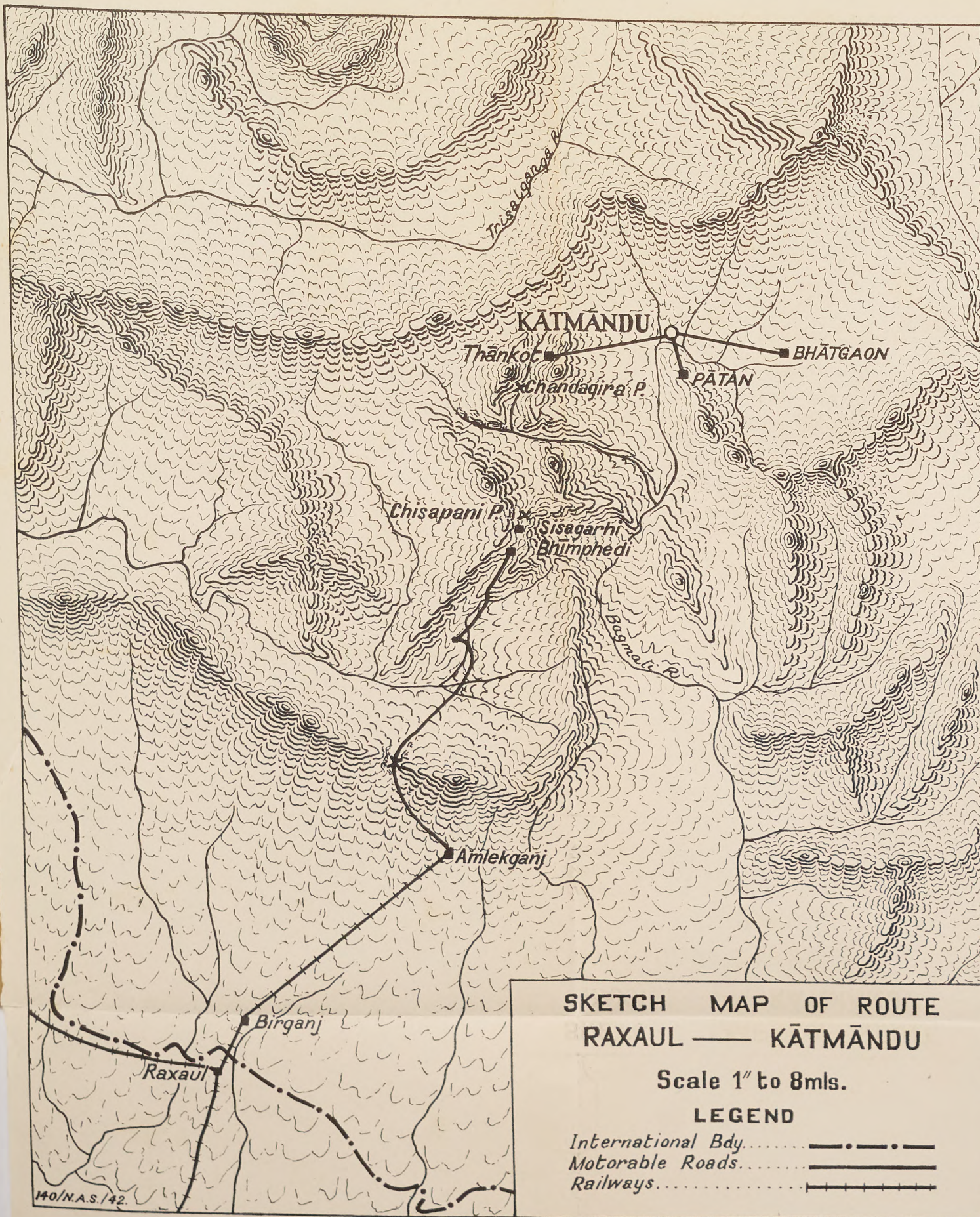
Sport in the Terai is perhaps the finest in the world and prodigious bags of tiger and rhino are accounted for. Game is marked down and surrounded by a wide ring of elephants; they gradually close in towards the centre of the circle until they are touching, flank to flank. The sportsman to take the shot is nominated and moves inside the circle of elephants until he sights his prey, be it rhino or tiger; then another gun is nominated and so on. A glance at the game book at the Rest House at Raxaul shows an incredible number of animals bagged in a single day.

The average height of the Valley is 4,500 feet, although some snow peaks can be seen the surrounding ring of high, wooded hills prevent a glimpse of Everest. To see it a stiff climb is necessary up the steep mountain tracks, even so the weather conditions must be favourable. Once seen, this magnificent panorama remains in the memory for ever.

It is hard to take farewell of this beautiful, "Forbidden" land. Returning homeward towards the heat of the plains, the track seems longer and more tiring. Patient little Gurkhas are toiling up the passes, halting to rest in the shady corners, supporting their heavy loads on forked sticks.

All good times come to an end, but such memories are imperishable.









## **THE INDIAN EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM IN RELATION TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE DEFENCE FORCES**

BY "GUNNER"

Modern war involves the use of complicated weapons, vehicles and scientific instruments needing a high standard of education, general intelligence, alertness, power of leadership and physical fitness. The high speed mechanical movements of to-day demand quick thinking and quick decision. Not only must officers have had a good general education, but to a lesser degree the rank and file must have sufficient elementary education to enable them to understand and carry out their duties efficiently.

The Defence Forces provide elementary education after enlistment for those of the rank and file who need it. As regards those who aspire to enter the services as Emergency Commissioned Officers, a standard of general education which is high enough to enable them to absorb rapidly the short intensive course of military training given at an Officers' Training School, is an absolutely essential qualification for selection as an Officer Cadet.

The War is now at the frontiers of India, and India is threatened with invasion. The fall of Singapore gives the Japanese naval superiority in the Bay of Bengal and in the Indian Ocean for an indeterminate period. Thus the long coastline of India is threatened, apart from the increasing pressure on Burma by the large Japanese land and air forces already massing on that front. The need for more rapid expansion of the Indian Defence Forces is obvious, and this entails the provision of a large number of officers.

The fullest co-operation of all classes and communities is essential in the task of providing potential officers for the rapidly expanding fighting forces. We need the best and most capable young men, both mentally and physically, that India can supply—and we need them quickly.

Hitherto, many people in India have regarded the war as something vague and distant. Many are in no sense "war-minded", the war being something in which their active participation is not considered by them to be essential, and regarding which they need only be interested spectators.



The entry of Japan into the war and the invasion of Burma have made many change their views, but even this serious threat to the security of India has not caused the best material in Universities and Schools to come forward and offer their services. The majority of "star" students still prefer to try for good posts in the Government Civil Services or in business. Though a large number of candidates offer themselves for Emergency Commissions, some being of excellent quality, the standard of education of many is so low that it is not possible for them to be turned into efficient officers in the short condensed course of training given at an Officers' Cadet School. Yet these men of ages from 19 to 35, have nearly all graduated at a University. Whereas a degree obtained at a University in England ensures the possessor to have sound general knowledge apart from the specialized knowledge of certain subjects taken up by him for his degree, this is not the case in India. It is found that elementary general knowledge, powers of observation, inquisitiveness and alertness are sadly lacking in the cases of many University graduates.

A number of University students appear to have passed examinations by learning paragraphs in text books by heart with little understanding. It is a regrettable fact that a B.A. or even a M.A. Degree taken at an Indian University is no hall-mark of having received a sound general education.

The Simon Commission in 1930 urged the need for education reform in no unmeasured terms. To quote from its report:

"The standards of admission to some Universities are deplorably low. Many of the students are unable to follow the lectures owing to their defective knowledge of English which is used as the medium of instruction. There are no signs of any consistent or sustained resolve to grapple with the coils arising from the large admission of unfit students. The Universities are overcrowded with men who are not profiting either intellectually or materially by their University 'Training'; and again 'The necessity of University reform can hardly be put too high. Its difficulty in the face of vested interests and fixed tradition is very great'".

It is regrettable to think that these words written in 1930, apply equally to 1942.

Now that India is fighting a war for existence, every effort should be made by educational authorities to produce the type required to take its place in the Army, Navy, or Air Force. As time is all important, priority should be given in all colleges and

schools to the production of the type required. Red tape should be cut out. Vested interests should be ignored. We need potential officers and ask Universities and Schools to give us of their best.

The conservatism of school masters and professors as a class is notorious in all countries. The teaching of the same subject to relays of students year after year causes the mind to move along a well-defined rut, out of which the teacher feels disinclined to extricate himself, and narrows his vision. Any radical change in the system of instruction, alterations in the curriculum, or a freer hand given to examiners in setting papers, would undoubtedly be unpopular to some members of the teaching staff, who would have to revise their methods and cover a larger field, even though this would benefit both themselves and their students.

It should not be possible to become a University graduate by learning paragraphs from text books by heart with little understanding. Examiners should be given a freer hand, enabling them to evaluate the powers of reasoning, deduction, and initiative of the candidate as well as his actual knowledge of bare facts. Professors and teachers unable to adapt themselves to reforms should be replaced.

So much for generalities.

Whilst the war lasts, we want our educational institutions to produce a satisfactory embryo officer. This, at the present time, is their most important task.

The qualifications looked for in a potential officer who is shortly to lead men in battle have been widely broadcast, and are qualities that are valuable in any walk of life. They may be summed up as follows, assuming that the candidate is within the age limit and up to the physical standard laid down:

(a) A good general education of a high standard. This includes good general knowledge, acquaintance with current world topics and the part played by the Army, especially the Indian Army, in the War, and fluency in English.

(b) Intelligence, quick thinking, and commonsense.

(c) Personality, so as to command the respect and obedience of Indian soldiers, and a capacity to assume responsibility.

(d) Resourcefulness.

(e) Initiative, and adaptability to circumstances.

(f) Power of drive without being aggressive.

(g) Tactful behaviour to superiors, subordinates and others.

It is of the greatest importance that educational authorities should do their best to produce as many students as possible with these characteristics. There is plenty of good material in the country. It needs guidance and development.

To make a few suggestions:

(a) Raise the Matriculation standard. This will cut out those who can never hope to benefit by University training, and who will be of far greater value to their country doing manual work. These "unfits" act as a drag on the student of average ability and hamper instruction, thus lowering the standard of the whole.

(b) Daily Physical Training to be compulsory for all students under properly qualified instructors.

(c) Enrolment in the U. I. C. to be compulsory for all potential candidates for Emergency Commissions. Attendance at camps and on parades to be compulsory for these candidates.

(d) A compulsory general knowledge paper to be included in all standard examinations.

(e) A weekly compulsory lecture to all students on the progress of the war and particularly the part being played by the Indian Army, Navy and Air Force.

(f) Special classes for those students who have entry into one of the Defence Forces in view. Any Government grant allotted to the educational institution should be given with the proviso that an adequate definite proportion is spent on development of qualities required by the Defence Forces.

(g) Personal encouragement and advice by the heads and staffs of educational institutions to be given to students having the necessary qualifications to urge them to join the Defence Forces in preference to any other career at the present time.

(h) Encouragement to be given to those unfit for the Defence Forces, physically or for other reasons, to join local Civil Defence Organizations, Civic Guards, A. R. P., etc.—the aim being to instil in the mind of every young man the need for him to play an active part in helping to win the war.

There is much to be done, which must be done quickly. Those who control educational establishments can do a great deal in this great country, which alone amongst the British Commonwealth of Nations, has not had conscription applied to it.

## JUNGLE INTERLUDE

BY OFFICER CADET F. C. O'HARA

Mac and I stood in the half-light of an April dawn and watched a fine herd of bison make their way leisurely into the jungle in front of us. This was our last camp on the open grass hills and as soon as the porters could be got under way, we were to follow the bison into the heavy rain-jungle which stretched below us farther than we could see.

Our party consisted of ourselves, half a dozen wiry, hooked-nosed hillmen and thirty-odd cooly porters. The hillmen who were our guides, sat together contemptuously, apart from the porters who were busy tying up the headloads into which our camp equipment had been divided. The head guide, whom I shall call 'K' for short, was my own shikari and, as well as being thoroughly trustworthy in a tight corner, was necessary for liaison between ourselves and the other members of his clan who came from the farther jungles and who had probably seen few white men.

We were out on the job of inspecting a remote district boundary and up till then it had been a pleasant, easy trek from one boundary cairn to the next, over rolling grasslands at about the 7,000 feet level. But this was over and for the next three days we knew we could expect difficult jungle country and the things which are seldom absent from those jungles—elephants, leeches and perhaps a tiger or two.

Before the sun rose we were under way and had soon entered the 10-foot wide ride in the jungle which connected the successive survey stones and so marked the boundary which we were inspecting. A community of hillmen, representatives of which were with us, had been paid a goodly sum to clear this path, and it was to see that they had done an honest job that this trip had been undertaken.

We had been going for several hours and were congratulating ourselves on the unexpectedly easy nature of the trail when we met our first obstacle. The path led out of the overhanging trees onto a large outcrop of rock, giving us a wonderful view over miles of evergreen jungle stretching out below us. But it was too early in the day to stop to admire views. "Where", I

asked, "does the boundary go now?" One of the guides motioned me forward and, leaning cautiously over the edge of the rock, I could see the track begin again several hundreds of feet below.

"And how does one get there?" Over the edge, I was told. When I asked whether there was no way round, my question only produced smiles at first—why should anyone want a way round when there was a perfectly good cliff to climb down? But then white men were unaccountable beings! No, no one knew of any way round.

The only thing to be done was to drop down the hillside off the path and to try to work round to the foot of the cliff. The descent was easy: the jungle trees were tall here and little grew beneath them to hinder our progress, though the slope was in places too steep for one to walk upright.

When we judged that we had dropped about 300 feet and should be opposite the bottom of the cliff, we turned at right angles and very soon our troubles started. Some giant landslide years before had carried away the tall jungle, and the secondary growth which had taken its place was a mass of bamboo and thorns. Through this we had to track our way and soon it became obvious that we were badly held up. From our map we knew that we were at least eight miles from the nearest accessible water, a stream at which we had planned to camp. Our guides, not dreaming that an almost perpendicular cliff could be counted as an obstacle, had not warned us of it, and consequently we were carrying little water: not nearly enough to go round.

At about 4 o'clock, after hours of cutting our way through dense thickets and at times lowering men and loads from rock to rock, we reached the track again and, looking up at the top of the cliff, we realized that we had progressed perhaps 20 yards on our way since we had that morning looked down from the top.

The guides were for pushing on to water, but the porters were in no shape for further travel and we decided to camp where we were. All hands were put to gathering dry wood, two large heaps were made in the path and camp was pitched between them. These heaps would be fired at sundown and would, we hoped, be sufficient to keep away any unwelcome visitors. We had seen few fresh signs of elephants and would, with luck, be undisturbed.

It was a cheerless camp. By an unfortunate mistake no cooked rice was being carried for the porters that day, and without water none could be prepared. Soon after sunset the hum

of talk ceased and the porters settled down to sleep, huddled in a group near one of the fires. Our blankets were spread near the other fire and in between were our guides. I noticed that they were a little closer to us than to our porters: I had often been told that they considered the smell of a white man to be offensive, but apparently it was preferable to that of a cooly.

I arranged to take the first two hours' watch and, telling K to keep awake, I settled down to wait with a ball-loaded shotgun across my knees. This may sound an unsuitable weapon for big game, but its stopping power at close quarters is considerable and it is very useful in a tight corner.

During my first spell all was quiet, but when I had taken over the watch again I soon realized that we had a visitor: a snapped twig, a rustle in the dry leaves, first this side, then that. A sign brought K to my side "Tiger—he has been here for ten minutes."

This may not sound very exciting, but if you can picture yourself with your back to one dwindling fire, your face to another fifteen yards away, on either side of you a black wall of jungle and a tiger—possibly ten feet away from you—I certainly wished I was somewhere else. Fortunately, man-eaters are rare in those jungles and after a while his curiosity seemed to be satisfied and when I woke Mac for his spell, I reported "all clear" and did not mention our visitor. Mac was not used to the jungle and I did not want any unnecessary fireworks.

By noon next day, we had reached water and after a hurried meal for the porters we pushed on towards our next camping place, a Forest Shed which I had visited before and which promised a secure night's rest as it was built high up on 'stilts' and was protected by a deep trench. It was, however, a good distance ahead and as the intervening country was, I knew, much favoured by elephants, it was desirable that we should reach the shed as early as possible.

We soon realized that we were going to be late. Some of the porters were tiring and I had to take my place at the end of the line to threaten with awful death by wild beast anyone who showed signs of falling by the wayside. We had to pass through the edge of an abandoned rubber estate, a favourite playground of elephants, and it looked as if we would get there just about the worst time of day—five o'clock in the evening.

In these jungles the elephant does not usually move about in the heat of the day. He chooses some cool shady spot and spends

the hot hours there, often fanning himself sleepily with a small branch broken from a tree. When the sun begins to sink he comes out for his evening drink and feed, and it is at that time that he is most likely to be met with as he makes his way to the nearest water.

We were making fair progress when I noticed that K was taking an interest in the track behind us. "What is it?" I asked. "There's a tusker following us." I was beginning to wish I had taken the head of the procession, instead of the rear, when the line stopped and a message came back that Mac wanted me.

I hurried up to the front and saw a sight which I shall always remember. The track had reached the wide ford of a river, and strung out across it was a herd of about a dozen elephants, ranging from a fine old bull down to a pair of little fellows, who looked about four feet high and were trying to push each other over in the water. They were all drinking and blowing water over themselves and each other and were obviously enjoying themselves thoroughly. A sight one would have loved to watch under other circumstances, but there was no time to lose—I did not like the thought of that tusker in our rear.

The long-suffering porters were hustled down into the river bed, a little upstream of the ford, and herded in the lee of a large boulder, while I went off with the guides to try to drive away the elephants which were holding us up. Fortunately, the wind was just right and we made our way carefully towards the herd to a position from which, K judged, we could drive them on to the bank which we had left and so leave free the ford which we had to cross.

Now, if a cooly wants to scare off an elephant he shouts at the top of his voice and beats a tin-can or anything else he can lay his hands on and as often as not brings an irate tusker to find out what all the noise is about. The hillman's method is very different. He emits a single high-pitched call and the elephant will usually move off obediently.

This was what happened in this case and it was with considerable relief that I saw the whole herd plunge out of the water with many squeals and trumpetings and disappear into the jungle in the direction from which we had come.

We hurried the porters on over the last few miles and though we saw several elephants, we were now in more open country which had once been a rubber estate and we were able to avoid them.

As we were nearing the Forest Shed in the dusk I realized how quickly uncurbed jungle will obliterate the traces of human occupation. The road I remembered from my previous visit three years before had almost disappeared. The bamboo had closed over it leaving only a narrow path and as we followed this we came out on to a large girder bridge, high above the river. Three years before it had carried lorries: now the nearest road, which would carry even a bullock-cart, was forty miles away.

A few minutes brought us to the shed. Here the bamboo had not yet taken complete control and the shed still stood, though the trench was almost filled in in places and elephants were evidently frequent visitors. However, it was at least a roof and we slept well and undisturbed.

This river marked the turning point of our route and also the lowest point of the boundary. Till then it had mostly been downhill: the last part would be mostly up.

Next morning it was plain that our porters were quite unfit to start the climb, so we decided to rest there for a day. This day was unremarkable except for a short encounter Mac and I had with a tusker. We were walking along a path near camp early in the afternoon, not thinking of elephants and talking, probably, of our next, or our last, home leave, when we met him at close quarters round a corner. We had scared him, so he gave chase and, remembering the fabled speed of an elephant over short distances, we covered the next few hundred yards in remarkably good time. Fortunately, he was only demonstrating and did not follow us far, but later gave us a good example of how quietly one of these beasts can move. We saw him leave the path 25 yards away from us and after a time went along to investigate. The track he had made down the hillside through the heavy undergrowth was plainly visible, but no sound had reached us as we stood a short distance away.

Next day at dawn, we were on the move again. The boundary from this point went in a wide arc, and our guides volunteered the information that they knew of a short cut through low ground to the next night's camping place, which would save the porters many miles. We eagerly accepted this suggestion and leaving Mac to cope with the 'baggage train', I set off alone with the guides.

My recollection of this day is one of unrelieved toil and monotony, and many times I cursed the necessity for such boundaries to be cut on the watershed. We were now in very dry,



bamboo-covered foothills. The path was a dark tunnel in the tall bamboo and every hill we met that day we climbed straight to the top and down the other side. The heat was intense. Incidentally the main characteristic of a watershed in this part of the world seems to be that there is no water within miles of it.

I can remember only one incident during that day's march. We were moving along the trail when without warning pandemonium broke loose around us and heavy animals could be heard crashing away through the undergrowth. When I had recovered from my first surprise, K was still beside me with my heavy rifle, but the rest of my escort—and arms—were high in the surrounding trees. We had surprised a herd of bison, but they had broken away from the track and we did not see any of them.

The good camping ground with water, which I had been promised, hardly came up to my expectations. The site was a large flat rock closely surrounded by thick jungle and the water only appeared after some scraping with knives among the jungle refuse in a nearby hollow. However, it is remarkable how a handful of strong tea can disguise both the taste and the colour of water.

We spent a quiet night and next morning prepared for the final stage. This was to be a short one but very steep in parts, and from the map it looked as if we had to climb about two thousand feet.

The going had been easier than the previous day's march—we were now much higher and the air was considerably cooler—when K suggested a rest for the porters as we were nearing a stiff climb. While we were sitting in the shade, I heard the loud report of bamboo broken by elephants and soon K appeared and explained that they were feeding in a hollow, just off the steep bit we were approaching, and that there was no way out of this hollow except on to our boundary track.

This was awkward: if the elephants heard us while some of the party were still below their feeding ground they would probably make off all down our narrow track with unpleasant results.

Our guides thought it unwise to try to get the porters past the danger point, but our luck had been in so far and we decided to trust it to see us through.

Before we started, we explained the position briefly to the coolies and told them exactly what was likely to happen to them if they made a sound. In a few minutes we reached the foot of

the climb we had been promised and we saw at once that it would be a stiff one, too steep to walk upright in many places. A few hundred yards from the foot we reached the point opposite which the animals were feeding and their track could be plainly seen leading off to the left.

Here, as leader of the party, I took my stand, whispering threats to each porter as he slipped and stumbled past me, and it was with feelings of relief and admiration that I saw the last one safely and silently past me. These men had spent five days in difficult and unfamiliar jungle, and yet they carried their 60-lb. headloads without a sound up a slope which had seemed difficult enough to me with two free hands to help me. The guides wanted us to fire a shot into the bamboo to watch the elephants bolt below us, but we thought this would be tempting providence too far and we left them in peace.

The final few miles were comparatively easy and uneventful and by early afternoon we were out of the jungle and back in the tea district from which we had started.

It had been a successful trip and we had several things to be thankful for: there had been no rain to bring the leeches out, the elephants had behaved like perfect gentlemen and we had had no casualties among the porters in spite of the difficult conditions we had met. I realized our luck fully when I reached home and found a warning from the District Magistrate waiting for me. He told me that a dangerous rogue elephant, with many deaths to his discredit, had been driven from the scene of his latest misdeeds and was reported to be in the country through which we had just come. The District Magistrate recommended that my trip should be postponed.

## INFANTRY PLATOON ORGANIZATION AND TACTICS

By CAPTAIN M. W. HARES

Prior to 1938 the infantry platoon consisted of a Platoon H. Q. and four sections. In the Indian Army three of these sections were known as rifle sections, and the fourth as the L. M. G. section. In the British Army there were two rifle and two L. M. G. sections.

Each section consisted of a leader, usually a L./Naik, and six or seven men. In the L. M. G. section one of these men was employed as the mule leader. The strength of the platoon was one officer and 31 other ranks.

In 1938, the organization was changed to a H. Q. and three sections. Each section was composed of a leader and ten men. The L. M. G. mule was replaced by a 15 cwt. truck, and the mule leader became the truck driver. Each section was armed with an L. M. G. Since the outbreak of war, the section armoury has been augmented by one Thompson gun, and the Platoon by one 2-inch mortar and one A. Tk. rifle.

These changes can best be seen if shown as follows:

	1937 Platoon	1941 Platoon
	Pl. Comd. ..	Pl. Comd. ..
	Pl. Hav. ..	Pl. Hav. ..
H. Q. ..	runner ..	runner ..
	mule holder ..	truck driver. ..
No. 1 Sec. ..	1 N. C. O. 6 men ..	1 N. C. O. 10 men ..
No. 2 Sec. ..	1 N. C. O. 6 men ..	1 N. C. O. 10 men ..
No. 3 Sec. ..	1 N. C. O. 6 men ..	1 N. C. O. 10 men ..
No. 4 Sec. ..	1 N. C. O. 6 men ..	.. ..
Total ..	1 Comd. 31 men ..	1 Com. 36 men ..
	1 L. M. G. ..	3 L. M. G.s ..
Weapons ..	26 Rifles ..	20 Rifles ..
	.. ..	3 Thompson guns ..
	.. ..	1 A. Tk. rifle ..
	grenades ..	1 3 inch mortar. ..
		grenades. ..

The rifle and bayonet strength is based on the probable number that would actually be employed in the field.

It can be seen at a glance, that, although the strength of the platoon has been only slightly increased, the fire-power has been increased three-fold. This is a very great point in favour of this new organization and scale of equipment.

There is one other point in its favour. The platoon commander has now only three sections to consider as against four, and can thus give more attention to the employment of his additional weapons, the mortar and A./Tk. rifle, which are under his direct command.

On the surface this may appear an important point, but is this so in reality? Each section is now composed of a leader and ten men, though it is admitted that some of these may, and very probably will, be required to man the mortar and A./Tk. rifle as well as for other duties within the company and battalion. However, in the words of Infantry Section Leading, 1941, page 16, "the section leader must be fully capable of handling a full strength section."

It has been an undisputed maxim of military organization that, in the field, it is difficult, if not impossible, for one man to command directly more than six subordinates. If this was true of yesterday, surely it is even more so of to-day. Yet we find that the most junior commander in the scale of military rank is expected to command almost double this number under conditions of modern warfare. Being the most junior, he it is who comes into closest and most frequent contact with the enemy. Is this a fair responsibility to place on the shoulders of so young and inexperienced a man, who yesterday was a sepoy, and the day before that a recruit in the Training Battalion?

In addition to a section almost double its pre-war strength the young lance-naik has other difficulties to contend with. Not least amongst these is the very considerable increase in the section and platoon weapons. In 1937, the section leader had to contend with *either* a rifle section composed entirely of riflemen *or* a L. M. G. section, whose primary weapon was one L. M. G., and secondary was the rifle; but chiefly it was the task of the section to keep the gun in action. Thus the role of the section was either to attack a given objective, or to support a rifle section onto that objective.

To-day *each* section is armed with a L. M. G., a Thompson gun, rifles, bayonets and grenades, and, in addition, may have one or both the platoon weapons placed temporarily under its command. Thus the section of to-day is capable of producing the same volume of fire as the platoon of yesterday, but the knowledge and experience of the controller of that fire is reduced from that of a V. C. O. to that of a junior N. C. O. With such increased fire-power and strength, section tactics have been so

enlarged as to resemble platoon tactics of 1937. Can the young section leader compete? In short, the section leader of to-day is expected to be just as competent as the platoon commander of pre-war days. With such rapid expansion and quick promotion in the Indian Army, it is obvious that the section commander cannot compete, and this through no fault of his own. He simply has not had the time, experience or opportunity to become proficient in his command.

What, then, of the platoon commander? Is his task increased to that of a company commander? We have already seen how his task has been made easier by the reduction of his command from four sections to three. We must also remember that he now has a 2-inch mortar and a A/Tk. rifle to control. However, these are comparatively simple weapons to handle, both tactically and technically. In addition, the platoon commander has a Havildar to assist him.

From the foregoing it is fairly obvious that the section commander's responsibilities have been increased out of all proportion to his rank, knowledge and ability, while those of the platoon commander remain very much the same as before the present war.

Tactically, however, the platoon commander is in a cleft stick, as the following example will, I hope, demonstrate:

Take the case of a platoon in a defensive position. The days of the thin red line have, at long last, ended. We are taught that we must adopt "area" defence. It is realized that the minimum requirements to hold an area are three sub-units. Hence we find three sections in a platoon, and three platoons in a company. But what of a reserve? We are constantly told that a commander must at all times keep a reserve, however small, with which he can influence the situation. We are also taught that there is no such thing as a front—we must expect attacks from all sides, and these attacks may develop simultaneously.

Visualize then a platoon holding a defended locality under conditions of modern war. It is separated from its neighbours by some 500 to 1,000 yards of open (or not so open) ground, through which the enemy infantry have infiltrated. The platoon is subjected to an attack from the front and flank or rear and, possibly, from the air at the same time.

The platoon commander has naturally disposed his sections in the shape of a triangle, with Pl. H.Q. in the centre or near a section locality. If one of his section posts is attacked and/or overrun by the enemy, what is he expected to do? His platoon

now no longer holds an area, but a line. Is he to counter-attack with one of his remaining sections, supported by the fire of the other L. M. G. and the 2-inch mortar? Is he to hold the enemy with fire, and wait for the company commander to do something?

The first course would be folly. The second unforgivable.

Should he adopt the first course of counter-attacking the section post if overrun, or reinforcing it if liable to assault, he would still find himself, geometrically, holding a line with a section at either extremity. Besides, two of his sections may be attacked simultaneously, and the third also engaged. To move a section already engaged with the enemy is madness, and yet to sit back and wait would, or should, result in a court martial.

The reason for this predicament is obviously that the platoon commander has no mobile reserve with which to influence the battle, and what applies to the platoon also applies to a greater extent to the company.

What then is the answer? I suggest that the fault lies in the organization of the infantry platoon.

I give below a suggested organization compared with the present one:

<i>Strength</i>		<i>1941 Pl.</i>	<i>Suggested Pl.</i>
H. Q.	{ Pl. Comd. (V. C. O.) ..	1	1
	{ Pl. Hav. ..	1	1
	{ Runner ..	1	2
	{ Driver ..	1	1
No. 1 Sec.	{ N. C. O. ..	1	1
	{ men ..	10	5
No. 2 Sec.	{ N. C. O. ..	1	1
	{ men ..	10	5
No. 3 Sec.	{ N. C. O. ..	1	1
	{ men ..	10	5
No. 4 Sec.	{ N. C. O. ..	..	1
	{ men ..	..	5
Mortar det	.. men	.. incl. in the above	4
A. Tk. rifle det	.. men	.. incl. in the above	4
Total .. ..		1 V. C. O. 36 men	1 V. C. O. 36 men
Weapons	{ L. M. G. ..	3	4
	{ Thompson gun ..	3	4
	{ 2-inch mortar ..	1	2
	{ A./Tk. rifle ..	1	2
	{ Rifles and bayonets ..	20	12

It will be seen that, although the strength of the platoon remains the same, the comparison of fire production is 8 rifles against 1 L. M. G. 1 Thompson gun, 1 2-inch mortar and 1 A./Tk. rifle.

Now let us review the position of the section and platoon commanders.

The L./Nk. will not now be expected to command more than five men as against ten. He will have the same variety of weapons as at present, but they would be much more concentrated under his control. He would seldom give a fire order to the whole section, but would confine his attention to the L. M. G. He would, in all probability, either fire the gun himself or act as No. 2. If not, he would certainly carry the Thompson gun himself, with Nos. 1 and 2 at the gun. No. 3 would be a reserve gun number, and Nos. 4 and 5 engaged as scouts, runners, flankers, connecting files or rifle-bombers, as the situation may demand. Seldom, if ever, would the section line a ditch, and the section commander give a fire order as laid down in S. A. T. Vol. II. In fact, the section commander is back where he was in 1937, only he himself is armed with a Thompson gun instead of a rifle. His task is to keep the gun in action, and to get onto the objective as soon as possible.

And what of the platoon commander? Again he has adopted a triangular formation with three sections at the angles. This time his H. Q. is in the centre with No. 4 Sec. as a reserve. No. 4 section commander is at the Pl. commander's side, while both watch No. 2 Sec. position being subjected to an assault. The Reserve Section L. M. G. is engaged in firing at an enemy dive-bomber, while Nos. 1 and 3 sections are putting down bursts of fire in front of No. 2 Sec. locality. Both 2-inch mortars are putting down H.E. bombs 150 yards in front of No. 2 section post. In spite of this fire, the enemy succeeded in getting a footing in No. 2 section post, but before they have succeeded in disposing of the garrison, the platoon commander has ordered No. 4 Section to counter-attack. This attack is supported by all the platoon weapons, and, if enemy tanks are not in the vicinity, the A./Tk. rifle detachments have taken over the role of rifle-bombers. Under cover of this hail of projectiles, No. 4 Sec. advances to the attack, the L. M. G. is carried and fired from the hip No. 1, the Thompson gun is in the hands of the section leader, Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 are armed with rifles, bayonets and hand grenades. The attack is successful. The enemy routed, and an otherwise dangerous situation is restored.

The decision as to whether the counter-attack should be launched just before or just after the enemy have reached No. 2

**Sec. post** will rest with the platoon commander. The mortar detachments and the reserve section commander are under the voice control of the platoon commander throughout, so that all may concentrate on expelling the enemy, should he get a footing within the platoon area.

It may be argued that a section of one N.C.O. and 5 men is too small a sub-unit to be of much material use in an immediate counter-attack such as that visualized above. The immediate counter-attack was abolished on this score in pre-war days. But it must be remembered that then the attack was carried out by a rifle section armed only with rifles and grenades, and supported by but one L.M.G. If this L.M.G. was knocked out by the assaulting troops, there was virtually no supporting fire at all. Under these circumstances the counter-attack may well have resulted in a dismal failure, and the last state of that platoon would have been infinitely worse than the first.

To-day such vast strides have been made in the equipment of the section and supporting fire of the platoon, that the enemy would find it a very much "tougher" proposition to beat off an immediate local counter-attack than formerly. The suggested organization of the section of six men would still possess practically the same fire-power as the 1937 platoon. While the supporting fire-power of the suggested platoon would be two L.M.G.s and 2-inch mortars. If the section is still considered too weak in personnel, then additional numbers could be raised from the two A./Tk. rifle detachments and P. H. Q.

It is suggested that the A./Tk. rifle detachment (of which there are two in the suggested organization) consisting of two men each should be especially trained in firing the Mills grenade from the rifle. This method gives the rifle bomber a range of about 220 yards. With one man handling the rifle, while his companion inserts the grenade into the discharger cup it has been found that the rate of fire can, with practice, be in the neighbourhood of 10 grenades a minute, with accuracy. Thus two such detachments could put down a concentration of grenades on No. 2 Section post amounting to about 18 bombs per minute, while the counter-attack was in progress. Ammunition, naturally would have to be dumped in the position before hand.

So much for the platoon in the defence. But what of its other roles?

The finding of fighting patrols is one of the infantry platoon's chief duties. Under present conditions, the whole pla-



toon must be used to find a patrol capable of producing effective fire-power. This, in turn, weakens the company finding the patrol, as the whole of the reserve of the company has to be employed, leaving the company dangerously weak if called upon to perform any duty while the patrol is absent.

The patrol itself is unnecessarily large in man-power and relatively weak in fire-power. For a fighting patrol these are very serious handicaps. Casualties may be many and the patrol is ill-equipped for dealing with them.







With the suggested organization, both these defects can be easily overcome. As will be seen, the platoon can readily be divided into two equal parts, one commanded by the platoon commander, the other by the platoon havildar. Each consists of two sections, one mortar and one A./Tk. rifle detachment. Its strength is a commander and 17 men. Its weapons two L.M.G.s, two Thompson guns, one 2 inch mortar, one A./Tk. rifle and 8 rifles and bayonets and grenades.










Should a company be called upon to produce a fighting patrol, it can do so and yet retain a reserve, capable of producing as much fire-power as the present day platoon, less one L.M.G.






It is admitted that the present day platoon can produce just such a fighting patrol as that outlined above, but the remainder would be so depleted in weapons, and consequently fire-power, that it would be virtually useless for any active operation. Furthermore a platoon on the suggested organization can produce two such patrols either simultaneously or throughout the day, and require no relief.

Fundamentally then, it is a question of providing the additional equipment, the possibilities of which are unknown to the writer. This is a war of machines and equipment, and not of man-power. Our object is to inflict the greatest possible loss to the enemy, with the minimum loss of life to ourselves. This can best be done by arming all units and sub-units to the maximum, consistent with efficient handling, or, alternatively, to reduce their strength to that absolutely necessary to handle the available equipment with the maximum efficiency. A comparison between the 1937 platoon with that of to-day will show what strides have already been made in this direction, but it is suggested that we can still go further before we reach saturation point in this respect.

# DIAGRAM OF PATROL FORMATION USED BY A PLATOON ON THE SUGGESTED ORGANIZATION

1 Sec. Scouts in front  4  5 Nos. 4 & 5 act as scouts.  
Sec. in patrol formation—  
L. M. G. near Sec. Comd.  
Alternatively   
L. M. G. may be kept  1  2 Nos. 1 & 2 with  
under Patrol Comd.'s L. M. G.  
hand at H. Q.  3  
No. 3 as connecting  
file.

H. Q. 2 " mortar and A./Tk-    R  
rifle under Patrol  
Comd.'s hand—No. 2        
Sec. Comd. and runner 2" M A./Tk.R  
with Patrol Comd.

2 Sec. Patrol formation   1 2  
in sight of Sec.  3  
Comd.  4  
 5  
Alternatively, No. 2  
Sec. may be sent  
out to a threatened  
flank and L. M. G.  
come under Patrol  
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### STRUMA VALLEY, 1919

From the snow-clad peaks of the Belaschitzza mountains, through the low-lying swamps of Southern Macedonia runs the river Struma. From its pestilential marshes arise swarms of mosquitoes in summer, the most deadly enemy of the Salonika Expeditionary Force in 1915—18. From these self-same marshes in winter arises the quacking and splashing of innumerable duck and geese. Seldom are these wild fowl disturbed by the sound of the shikari's gun. Such of the local peasants as possess twelve bores touch but the outskirts of this amazing feathered sanctuary. Certainly during the period 1915—18, affairs of a weightier nature had conspired to render offensives against the feathered inhabitants of the Struma Valley quite out of the question.

Their numbers and variety, however, were well known to the members of the Salonika Expeditionary Force and the opportunity only was wanting for the enthusiasts of my own regiment to commence such an offensive.

The opportunity presented itself in the Xmas season of 1919. My Battalion had been transferred from Macedonia to Constantinople, short leave had been opened, and the supply of 12-bore cartridges, previously a grievous difficulty, had become ample.

On the 20th December, 1919, therefore, four of us, the Major, the Adjutant, "Mules" (so called owing to his connection with the Battalion transport) and myself, functioning in the onerous position of mess president to the expedition, invaded the Constantinople-Salonika mail at Galata station *en route* for the promised land.

We were accompanied by eight orderlies, their numbers being dictated by the possibility of encountering brigands, two followers, four thousand cartridges, and an introductory letter from a junior staff officer of the Black Sea Army G. H. Q. to the Greek Divisional Commander at Ceres which was to be the jumping-off place of the expedition. In addition, the estimated requirements of the small army were provided for in the shape of 25 large packages and cases, each weighing approximately 60 lbs. We were fortunate enough to discover two empty horse trucks proceeding empty to Salonika and into these we packed

the orderlies, followers, and kit, while we ensconced ourselves in the extremely superior Wagon lit reserved for the occasion.

Our troubles started at Dedeagatch, which we reached in the middle of the night after 36 hours' running. Here the N. C. O. in charge of the orderlies awoke us from our pleasant dreams with the information that the horse trucks were being uncoupled. We interviewed officials, pleaded, swore, and threatened, without any effect at all. Finally, we played our last card. The station master was demanded, and, in very bad French, the mess president informed him that the party was travelling on direct orders from G. H. Q. Army of the Black Sea with very important stores for the Greek "General de Division" at Ceres. The introductory letter was produced (but not opened), a bottle of whiskey was also produced (and was opened), and finally with mutual compliments among hurrahs for Venezelos, for the Allies, for the Ceres Divisional General and for the Allied Commander-in-Chief, we proceeded on our way complete with our valuable stores for "Monsieur le General" still intact in their horse trucks.

About 5 a.m. on the 22nd December we decanted ourselves at the extremely dreary station of Ceres. A light drizzle was falling and the grey gloom of a dank and cheerless dawn encircled us. We were hungry, sleepy, and cold, but in the dim distance we could hear the "quack, quack" of duck, in the mist overhead sounded the ceaseless swishing of wings, and despite our discomfort it would have been hard to find four happier mortals than those shivering on Ceres platform that morning.

We could find nobody in the station except an aged grey beard who could understand no known language, so presently, having shared a cup of hot tea with the orderlies, we moved off towards the ruins of Ceres now dimly visible about a mile from the station, clutching our letter of introduction and wondering if "Monsieur le General" would stand us breakfast. Enquiries from a Greek sentry presently brought us to Divisional H.Q. which we proceeded to reconnoitre. As it was then only about 8 a.m. it was not to be anticipated that many of the higher Staff would be visible. Nevertheless, our reconnaissance was most successful for we lit upon a Greek Colonel who, on seeing our letter of introduction and hearing that we came from Constantinople, and were British Officers, literally received us with open arms. How we revered that man! Speaking no English and little French, not knowing us from Adam, and with no other passport than a short letter signed by a G.S.O. III of the British Army he led us to his

house, fed us with coffee, cognac, biscuits, cake, and fruit, rang up the A.D.C. of Monsieur le General, arranged an interview for us, and in fact so completely out-Samaritaned the good Samaritan that we nearly wept with joy and gratitude. We christened him Colonel Tate on account of his moustaches which ran sideways from near his left eye to about three inches below his right chin. He wore the DSO awarded in the last break through of the Allied Armies in Macedonia and he had one sentence of English "I have ze English medal." About eleven o'clock we interviewed the A.D.C., who spoke excellent French, too excellent for the mess president who was the linguist of the party and whose French was a relic of a public school education with later experience in such places as Salonika and Constantinople fame. He was desolated to inform us that M. le General was sick and much regretted his inability to receive us personally. We had only to ask for anything we required and it would immediately be provided for us. We asked for permission to shoot on the Struma marshes and for a local guide if available. We asked for some country carts to take our belongings out to our camp. We were informed that the whole country was ours. We were given a Greek Officer to act as guide, philosopher and friend during the whole of our shoot. We were informed that the entire pack transport of an Infantry regiment, with drivers and a working party, would be available to take our kit out to anywhere we wished to go at any time convenient to ourselves. A local Shikari was produced. Div. H.Q. was ransacked for maps of the Struma valley. A lunch party was given in our honour in the principal cafe; Colonel Tate presiding, and all the members of the Div. Staff being present to ensure that we were properly looked after. Never has such hospitality been dispensed with such little reason. Eventually, at 3 p.m., we set out complete with an infantry regiment's pack transport, our Greek officer, a local shikari, a supply of maps and a sack full of fresh bread, the last offering of our friend Colonel Tate.

Our objective was a small village called Jeni Mahale, some ten miles from Ceres, standing on the Northern end of one of the innumerable lakes which are formed by the Struma as it runs its marshy course towards the Aegean Sea. There had been heavy rain during the preceding weeks and all the minor streams and tributaries of the river, of which there are literally hundreds, were very full. The track we followed was only a track in places. In others it was a fully equipped snipe wheel, complete with snipe

which we shot as we marched. Our Greek Officer had brought his gun and was an enthusiast, but dangerous. His method of shooting snipe was to kneel down well behind the line and shoot at anything he saw. The Adjutant had the narrowest escape with a jack snipe that broke back. Both the snipe and the Adjutant were slightly wounded and after this incident Monsieur Vaselus was kept under strict discipline.

The ten miles dragged out its weary length. Four times did we have to ford turbulent streams that came up to our waists and which thoroughly wetted the mule-loads. About dark we came to a huddle of wattle huts occupying a slight rise in the dead level of the surrounding swamp. This was hailed by our guide as our objective and in view of the rapidly approaching darkness we determined to camp on the only level piece of ground available in close proximity to the village. It was not long before our tents were up and hot tea in the making, and despite the general dampness of tents, clothes, ground and bedding, we spent a fairly comfortable night. The mules and their drivers sought shelter in the village and the latter made merry over a measure of rum which we distributed for medicinal and warming purposes. They returned to Ceres, well rewarded for their troubles, the following morning.

The next day we devoted to reconnaissance. We changed our camp site to a position more remote from the village and explored the country for a radius of several miles in each direction. The Struma was still some considerable distance beyond Jeni Mahale but an arm of the lake extended in a semi-circle round the South edge of the village and from its reedy interior we could hear, and see, masses of wild fowl which promised well for our sport. During the day, we walked up all likely looking bits of cover. A vast amount of thorny bush covered all ground that was neither swamp nor cultivation. In the thornbush we found pheasant of the English variety, the cultivation held partridge and quail, the latter in great quantities, and snipe were prolific in the swamps. An occasional woodcock was flushed from the banks of the streams which fed the jheels.

The village of Jeni Mahale we discovered to be an island, occupying a small area of ground slightly higher than the surrounding country. South and East was the lake, West was a mass of bogland intercepted by streams which flowed into the lake, and North were the swamps and minor streams which we had traversed the previous day.

About mid day it commenced to rain and, save for brief intervals that could be measured in minutes, we never saw the sun again till we returned to Constantinople. This poisonous weather, apart from the discomfort it entailed in camp, was destined to play an important part in the closing phases of our expedition.

In the evening we splashed our way down an indescribably muddy road to the lake for the evening flighting. The road presently disappeared into the lake where it continued as a stream, somewhat deeper than the remainder of the jheel, to some unknown termination at what, in normal times, was the edge of the lake. In view of the complete absence of visible landmarks this road formed our only connection with dry land. We moved out into the lake for several hundred yards. The depth of water remained constant at about three feet. Numerous patches of reed formed good cover for guns and we eventually established ourselves in a rough line and awaited the movements of the duck. Just before dark the whole lake appeared to get up and fly around. Heavy duck whizzed about in parties of twenty-five to fifty, the wings of innumerable geese filled the air with a soft swish. Snipe and teal zoomed round at an incredible speed in every direction. A constant "bang, bang," followed by the dull splash of a bird hitting the water indicated that all the guns were making the most of their opportunities, and from far away over the water an occasional thunderous boom proved that one at least of the local villagers possessed some form of arquebus. Meantime, a most disconcerting phenomenon occurred. Mist began to rise from the water and within fifteen minutes a dense fog had completely blotted out the landscape. So thick was it that one could with difficulty make out the water round one's knees. All sense of direction was completely lost and the problem of getting back to the land became one of pressing importance. By shouting the members of the expedition succeeded in concentrating and argument then waxed strong as to the direction in which to move. The Major and Mules were positive that the sunken road lay in one direction, the Adjutant and the Mess President were equally positive that it lay in diametrically the opposite direction. As any error entailed the probability of spending the night up to one's waist in the lake, if not complete entanglement in the fifty square miles of jheel which lay before us, the decision was not one to be taken lightly. Eventually it was decided that the Major and Mules should reconnoitre their idea of the correct

route while the remaining members of the expedition stood fast. In no circumstance was the reconnaissance party to move out of shouting distance of the stand-fast party. After half an hour or so the disconsolate scouts rejoined with nothing to report, and the Adjutant and Mess President proceeded to reconnoitre the opposite direction. They had not moved more than ten yards before the Mess President completely disappeared. On coming to the surface again, he expressed his opinion that he had found something a blank-side deeper than the blank-blank jheel, but whether it was the blank-blank-blank road he was unable to say. Cautious proddings indicated that it was merely a hole and the reconnaissance proceeded even more depressed than before. It was then the Adjutant's turn to do a little deep sea diving, and this time it became evident that the sunken road had been discovered. It was now a question of discovering which way led to the dry land and which way entailed further entanglement in the lake. Fortunately, the route we decided to follow proved to be the correct one, and in a few minutes a wet and disconsolate party found dry ground under their feet once more. The sudden appearance of the mist had forbidden the gathering of the majority of fallen birds, but a large number of these were picked next morning before the hawks had got at them. We found that this mist was of nightly occurrence though it never again assumed quite such alarming density.

After this experience we always left one gun on the sunken road and never went out without a compass. Almost continuous rain now greatly interfered with our sport, and the water surrounding the Jeni Mahale high ground began to encroach with alarming rapidity. Four days before we were due to return to Ceres our daily Courier, sent out by the kindness of our Greek friends, with fresh bread and milk, failed to materialize. His absence on the second day convinced us that his failure to arrive was not due to forgetfulness but was owing to the fact that we were cut off by the rising of the water. A conference that night decided us that a determined effort had to be made to establish communication with Ceres as, failing the arrival of transport, we should overstay our leave.

At 8 a.m. the next day, the Adjutant and the Mess President set out to reconnoitre. It was decided to try to outflank the various streams interposing between our camp and Ceres by moving first in a westerly direction, thereby striking them nearer their head waters and possibly bringing us onto the main Salonika-



Ceres road, which ran some fifteen kilometres to the West of the Jeni Mahale marshes before turning at right angles to the East to reach Ceres.

Moving in the Westerly direction meant that, somehow or other, we had to circumvent the very extensive swamps which stretched between the village and the road, but we found a villager in Jeni Mahale who claimed to know a track.

For the first few miles the going was quite good, and as we were marching parallel to the streams we had little fording to do. We then met our first obstacle in the shape of a marshy strip of ground with a miniature river running through the middle. Getting across this was unpleasant and somewhat dangerous. The mud was definitely "Fasan", in other words without bottom, and we struck pockets where one sank, with horrid squelching noises, right up to the waist. After the first of these experiences we returned to the bank and cut ourselves bundles of reeds to act as life-buoys. With terrific struggles we gained the other side, but it was a pyrrhic victory, for our guide definitely refused to adventure the crossing. To turn back thus early did not appeal to us, so, squelching from head to foot, and leaving behind us a trail of thick black ooze, the odour of which definitely resembled very old gorgonzola cheese, we proceeded on our way, guideless.

We selected as a marching point one of the summits of the far away Belaschitza range which we adjudged to be due West, and towards this we squelched our weary way. The fording of each stream was an adventure in itself, for it was impossible to tell the depth until we had proved it by experiment. It was not the water we feared so much as the mud, but by the time we had struggled across our tenth river even this had begun to lose its menace through sheer familiarity. About 5 p.m., we sighted the main road and reached it after a final struggle through 500 yards of most tenacious bog which took us over half an hour to conquer. In the middle of this bog the Adjutant lost his boot which was pulled clean off his foot. The recovery of that boot was an undertaking which even now haunts my dreams. Standing thigh deep in odouriferous mud we scraped about with our arms immersed up to the shoulders. Eventually, it was retrieved and resting on the main road we thought our troubles were over. This, however, was a miscalculation for we had struck the road a good ten kilometres from Ceres, and the three-hour tramp, half of it in the pitchy dark, was a nightmare. About 8 p.m., we sighted the lights of Ceres and again we cast ourselves on the

mercy of our much-trying friend Colonel Tate. Our fears proved to be well founded. The courier had reported the route impossible and we found Div. H. Q. scratching their heads as to the best method of rescuing "Les panvres Anglais." We pleaded the urgency of our cause and the necessity of an immediate rescue party in view of the termination of our leave. With considerable misgiving our Greek friends allowed us to make the attempt to reach Jeni Mahale that same night with twelve mules and drivers. The rain had stopped and it was brilliant moonlight when, having fortified the inner man with cognac and sandwiches, we led forth the relieving party at mid-night. It was freezing hard, which did not make our night march any more comfortable. Despairing of retracing our footsteps by the route we had followed during the afternoon, we decided to make straight for the camp and trust to fording the intermediate streams.

Tired, and cold, we made good progress, negotiating the first few obstacles with comparative ease. By 2 a.m., we were within a kilometre or two of Jeni Mahale when we came to a swift broad stream where, on our outward journey, we remembered a minor water-course of no importance. The N. C. O. in charge of the mules looked at it and shook his head. Words of cheer and threats had no effect. Finally, we set an example by putting our mules at the flood. For a few steps all was well, then we found ourselves swimming. With considerable difficulty, and wet from the neck downwards, we gained the other bank and from this point of vantage cheered on the faint hearts on the other side. These, however, having made their decision stuck to it, and, after a few non-committal remarks, turned their mules round and headed back for Ceres.

With horrible oaths we once more swam that cursed river and hastened in pursuit. Not till we were within a mile or two of the town did we catch them and then, realizing the futility of further argument, we accompanied them back to our starting point. Chilled to the marrow, our teeth chattering like castenets, hungry, tired, and furiously angry, we demanded to be shown somewhere to sleep. The main hotel of Ceres was pointed out to us, a dingy wooden building without a light showing. As it was then 4 a.m. in the morning, this was possibly not surprising. Bangings and shoutings produced an incredible number of ferocious dogs, and an aged crone who was prevailed on by our chief muleteer to give us shelter for what was left of the night. Our immediate demand was food and drink, for, apart from some sandwiches, we had eaten nothing since breakfast the pre-

vious day. All that could be produced was a couple of eggs and half a bottle of some foul brew, surnamed "douzico", which tasted and smelt like pure alcohol. Thus refreshed we sought our couches, but here a further hiatus occurred. No beds were available. Eventually, we were shepherded by the old woman into a room containing four beds, on each of which were stretched in noisy slumber two recumbent forms. Horror-stricken, we recoiled and demanded blankets, and finally adopted the kitchen floor as our sleeping chamber. Even here we found no privacy, for the multitudinous inhabitants of our borrowed blankets soon made their presence felt, and we passed the last few hours till daylight crouched over the tired embers of last night's fire. At 8 a.m. we were again in the presence of Col. Tate who listened with working whiskers to the tale of our night's adventures. His rage and grief at the story of our desertion by the mule drivers was dramatic in its intensity. He swore vengeance upon those wretched men, and promised that in one hour's time the pick of the Divisional Transport led by a Greek Officer, renowned for his valour and energy, should set out from Ceres to effect the relief of our flood beleaguered comrades.

Thus assured, we left to fortify the inner man against the potential trials of the day, and, finding the Colonel as good as his word, once more left Ceres *en route* for Jeni Mahale at 9 a.m. with the selected heroes. This time there was no going back. Urged on by the whirlwind enthusiasm of our valiant and energetic Greek Officer, the mules swam the last river in magnificent style, and by mid-day we had reached camp and set about the business of loading up.

During our absence the Major and Mules had been reconnoitring eastwards along the edge of the lake and they had found a ford, some three miles downstream, across the nearest and biggest of the streams that had caused our downfall the night before. On consideration it seemed preferable to add on extra hour's walking onto the return journey rather than to risk the loss of baggage and mules in the hazardous business of swimming the original crossing.

All would have gone well had we contented ourselves with rejoining the known track after the fording of the big stream. Foolishly we allowed ourselves to be beguiled into heading straight for Ceres after the ford, only to find ourselves once more bogged. Hours were wasted retracing our steps and getting onto the track, and it was not till well after dark that we reached our

objective, the railway station. Even here our troubles were not over. The Salonika-Constantinople mail stopped for ten minutes at Ceres. During this brief period we had to entrain the orderlies, the followers, the odd half ton of baggage, and ourselves. There were no porters to assist, very few lights, and, when the train arrived, no accommodation.

On viewing our small mountain of kit the guard quite positively refused to open his brake-van door. By this time we were quite desperate. On the pretext of seeing what of our stores we could get into the van we prevailed upon the guard to open up the brake. Before he had time to utter a formal protest we had removed the engine driver forcibly from his engine, thereby preventing any untoward movement of the train till we were ready, piled into the brake-van our half ton of kit, our orderlies, and our followers, and, finally, pulled ourselves up into the corridor of the wagon lit as the infuriated engine-driver, released from his durance vile, bounded into the engine and turned all his wheels at once to make up for the precious time overdue.

Little more remains to be told. We completed the railway journey to Constantinople in an atmosphere of intense official hostility. By the time we had detrained we had given our names, the names of our fathers and mothers, our children and our wives, to at least a dozen different railway officials, all of whom evidently regarded us as criminals of the most dangerous type. Determined efforts were made at several intermediate stations to disgorge our orderlies and our kit from the brake-van. These assaults we left the orderlies to deal with themselves, merely telling them on no account to open the doors. Eventually, the battered expedition arrived still intact at Galata, and the brake-van doors were opened. From it, in the middle of a blue haze, staggered our devoted retinue, while, with one accord, the crowd of enraged officials, porters, policemen, and spectators fell back aghast. The crowded atmosphere of the van had proved too much for the game. It had definitely not survived the journey.

## PRICE MARCHES ON

By RASE

*A sequel to "How to live in India on your Pay"*  
and *"Financial Ramblings in Retrospect and Prospect"*

To wake up one morning to the realization that although one's pay has risen by £200 per annum, one has actually suffered a loss of £200 per annum before stepping out of the hall door to meet a higher cost of living, is a grim thought. Yet, such is the plight of many in England today, though all do not appreciate it.

Brooding on this and scanning two articles I wrote on this subject about a year ago, I feel it may be a help to review facts in the light of changed conditions. In those articles I had "found no great increase in the cost of living". I suggested measures to save £2,000 for a house and £500 for furniture, and to put by £200 for leave home. I suggested ways and means of providing for one's family and for education.

But plans made a year ago need revision owing to the change in taxation and cost of living. The latter has increased most considerably in the course of one year. What will it be in two or three years? Will it go back to the 1939 level after the war? All that one can say is, that after the last war, prices never even approached the 1914 level. To consider them is like considering the gallon of whiskey which the Victorian generation tell one they bought for £1. The wise family budgeteer will, therefore, assume that 1939 scale of living has gone for ever, and will provide accordingly.

Before considering the increase in the cost of daily purchases in the shops, let me explain the opening statement of this article.

Since last year, pay has increased by £50 per annum, but taxation has increased by £100. A house, furnished or unfurnished, in this town is unobtainable and, in consequence, rooms or an hotel are the only alternatives.

The cost of these has risen since a year ago from £7 to £10 per week (40 per cent.) making an increase of £150 a year. The owners of the rooms are honest and non-profiteering and there

appears to be no justifiable reason for objecting to the increase. The net effect of the above, however, is that apart from the enhanced cost of everything it is necessary to buy, one is £200 worse off than last year. This is a serious matter and must be faced as a reasonable expectation by those coming to this country later on leave or retirement.

### *The Increased Cost of Living*

In previous articles, detailed costs of living were given under every conceivable head. It would be wearisome to read a re-hash of these, but a few random examples may put the reader in India in the picture.

The purchase tax does not apply to food, but in spite of this, eggs cost now nearly fourpence each, a beetroot 1/- and a cauliflower 1/3. Even the most daring *Khansamah* would not venture to charge 19 annas for a cauliflower! In general the increased cost of housekeeping may be taken at 20 per cent.

Other articles are affected by two factors; firstly, the purchase tax and, secondly, the law of supply and demand.

The purchase tax is as high as 33 per cent. on certain articles, so that an article which cost £4 last year may well have risen to, say, £6 this year owing to the general rise in price; adding to this £2 purchase tax, it would now cost £8.

The law of supply and demand naturally increases prices. A tin kettle and "parchment" lampshade which used to be obtainable for sixpence at a well-known stores were bought last week for 1/9 each. No more kettles are expected in this town for three months.

It is not known how many cigarettes can be got for a rupee in India nowadays, but here it would cost 3/9 for a tin of 50—were such a thing obtainable.

Whiskey has risen 40 per cent. from 12/6 to 17/6. Clothes, especially women's clothes, have soared in price and some of the prices given in catalogues are almost unbelievable. In a previous article, Colonel Flounder's wife boasted that she dressed from the Guinea shops and was shod by Bata. Poor woman, she'll be naked and barefoot if she sticks to those ideals!

However, enough of such details—possibly even the writer has sounded too pessimistic a note. It must certainly be stressed that there is no sign of suffering in respect of food or clothing, nor sign of a decrease in purchasers. Shops are well filled and

brightly dressed. Still, those who are making a long term budget for saving for security after the war, should take the undoubted rise in the cost of living into account.

### *The Post-War Home*

In a saving scheme previously suggested, the figures of £2,000 for a house, £500 for furniture and £200 for a leave home were taken.

As regards the house, it is felt that the general rise in prices combined with a post-war house shortage is bound to increase the figures. Moreover, a house cannot be bought on the instalment system to-day. Whether the building societies will revise this after the war is not known—probably they will—but to-day even an insurance policy combined with an arrangement for house purchase after the war is difficult to secure.

Furniture is not only very scarce, but is subject to a 33 per cent. tax. In many cases it has increased by 100 per cent. and even furniture shops advised the writer against purchase. One firm offered a plain oak writing table 3 ft. by 18 ins. for £20! As the demand for furniture after the war will be on a huge scale, prices cannot be expected to fall for some years.

### *Education*

In the writer's experience, the cost of education has not risen. This is most commendable on the part of schools as their expenses have unquestionably increased. An increase in fees would appear inevitable.

Previously the writer argued that Oxford University would cost little more than London and estimated the cost of the former at a minimum of £260 per annum.

Accurate statistics which have been recorded for one year at Oxford may be of interest to parents.

Fees, battels and college expenses amounted to £213, while pocket money, travelling, books and the bulk of clothing purchased came to £38, making a total of £251. As the case is that of a medical student, which involves slightly higher fees and a longer period in residence than other students, it is creditably low. This figure, of course, takes no account of the cost of living for four or five months' vacation.

It is stated that the cost for a woman student would be about £90 less, but as yet the writer has no proof of this. The cost would be considerably less if the man or woman was a "Home Student" at Oxford.

*Current cost of one year's living in England*

In "Financial Ramblings in Retrospect and Prospect" expenditure for June, 1940, was given in detail. The total amounted to £54 15s. The exact cost under all major heads for one year in humble and quiet circumstances is illuminating and is as follows:

Medical student at Oxford	...	£251
Daughter at school	... ..	171
Income-Tax	... ..	240
Insurance	... ..	46
Sub-total ...		£708
All other expenses, including 4 to 5 months' vacation for son and daughter	... ..	716*
Grand-total ...		£1,424

The statement that this covered a humble and quiet existence is literally true. A car was maintained, but there were no dinner parties, one dance, a good deal of visits to the Cinema and a negligible drink bill. There were no cocktail parties—as often as not there was no whisky nor sherry in the house. One week's leave in the year was, however, included at a first-class seaside hotel, the hotel bill alone being £30 for the week. Very few clothes were bought and needless to say no "useless" ones such as evening dresses.

As Mr. Grice of the radio says: "It makes you think—it makes you think."

*Passages Home and Post-War Leave*

These important subjects remain to be considered. It may be remembered that every time Mrs. Flounder used to go home on leave, her husband reluctantly handed £100 to Mr. Cook. If the post-war Mrs. Flounder has no Lee Commission passages left, I fear she will only get about as far as Port Said!

Then, too, pre-war expenses showed that about £200 was needed for each leave home. In view of the figures above, a saving of at least £300 is suggested as necessary in future.

*The Man of Property*

Well, after such a vista of gloom, will it really be worth while living at all!

Why not? It's only money we've been discussing after all and everyone will be in the same boat; but we must take every

\* Average of approximately £60 per month.



step we can to become like, Mr. Soames Forsyte, a Man of Property, and build up a reserve of not only money but household goods.

A plan is necessary, following some such line as was suggested in "How to live in India on your Pay," but with greater sacrifice towards the "savings" aspect. In view of the increase in taxation, the Provident Fund should be used to the full permissible limit. Those who did not take out Insurance policies before the war, may have difficulty in securing cover for the present hostilities, but long-term endowment policies to cover post-war conditions may be obtainable. As regards savings, one solution is to assume that the tax is 8 annas in the Rupee (as it is in England) and place the difference between this and the actual tax paid, in savings.

Above all, those who are in India and not overseas, should steadily acquire property which is reasonably movable and useful in Europe. Property cannot, like money, be taxed. Even furniture to a limited extent, and of the folding type, might well repay eventual shipment home. If you try to buy a bed for your wife now, you will be taxed, but no Chancellor of the Exchequer has devised a system of taxing your wife's bed once purchased! Cushions, curtains, china, glass and the host of things so often sold in India must be hoarded and husbanded so that one day they may take their share in helping a dream to materialize—that dream of so many in India—a home in England on retirement.

## DEFENCE AND DISPERSION

BY B. O. W. ARROW

This is not a dissertation on the comparative values of attack and defence. Even if there ever existed such a thing as a soldier who believed that a war could be won by defence alone, he must have changed his mind by now, because even the civilian who before the war begrudged us the means to enable us to act offensively, has discovered it, and tells us all about it. It may be galling to the professional soldier, sailor and airman, but he can 'take it' because the maximum effort to put us in the position to be offensive is taking shape.

We are all agreed on the offensive; so, some say, let's not worry about defence, this war has shown that its no use anyhow. Has it? Or is it that during the last two years, we have ignored the principles of defence? Or failed to differentiate between defensive and delaying action, with the result that the junior leader's mind is now thoroughly confused on the subject? There is no doubt whatever that it is confused, hence this article.

Even when the offensive opens there will be places where small, and perhaps even large, forces will have to act in a defensive role. The company and platoon commander will often find himself temporarily on the defensive, however well the general offensive is going, and he must be confident that he can defend himself even against very superior forces. Recent events and conflicting ideas have shaken that confidence considerably, and the sooner it is regained the better.

In the War of 1914—18, we became accustomed to the defence holding out for protracted periods against superior numbers and overwhelming and accurate artillery fire, often supported by clouds of gas, and tanks. Why is it in this war, defences get overrun with such apparent ease? Some of the reasons put forward are:

Fast tanks with air support can maintain the momentum of the advance to such depth that the defence has no chance.

The concrete mentality causes the defender to put his trust in defences rather than in his will to resist.

The morale of the attacker is always bound to be higher than that of the defender.

The mobility of the attacker necessitates the defence being strung out over vast frontages.

Let us examine these reasons, and see whether they are really valid.

Fast tanks and air support are also the best way of paralysing the momentum of an attack.

The concrete mentality. The Germans never even tried to break the Maginot line.

The morale of the attacker may be higher, but throughout the history of war the defence has time and again overcome this disadvantage.

Dispersion of the defence. German 'shock' infiltration and Japanese 'seepage' have both been successful, so it looks as though this is the Achilles Heel!

During the past two years I have been concerned in the training of 16 battalions. Every one of them was steeped to start with in the 'penny packet' idea of defence, and in some cases it died hard. One of my most staunch adherents has recently found himself isolated with his company, fought it out for two days, then rejoined his battalion with his company more or less intact, having inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy. I am quite sure his company was not in penny packets and he now wears a Military Cross.

It does not seem logical to say that men behind well-sited defences cannot hold up superior numbers for a long time, even if the enemy has air superiority. I suggest that we have drawn the wrong lesson from Desert warfare. The vast frontages in Africa were not defensive positions, they were covering positions, with the exception of Tobruk, and whatever the junior commander thought of them the high command never attempted to use them as anything but covering positions, and they were only held as long as there was no serious attack on them. Nevertheless, there seems to be a very widely accepted idea that the compact-platoon-defended locality is a thing of the past, and that its place has been taken by widely separated section posts. A defensive system based on dispersed section posts will not stop seepage, nor will it stop shock infiltration. Seepage can only be stopped by a continuous front or active and constant patrolling

in depth. Shock infiltration can only be stopped by mutually supporting localities too strong to be easily overrun.

The greater the dispersal, the greater the number of static sentries required, and, consequently, the fewer men there will be available for active patrolling. Moreover, control by platoon and company commanders becomes more difficult and, consequently, concentration of fire and rapid local counter-attack become an impossibility.

There are a few simple and well-proven rules for resolute defence: Frontages must be governed by what you can hold by night. Ability to concentrate fire on threatened points. Ability to launch an immediate counter-attack on any enemy, who reach a vital point in the defences, before he can organize.

Someone will say that the air threat forces wide dispersion of small sub-units, in defence. Let it be remembered, however, that it has been stated time and again that against entrenched troops dive-bombing has little effect, while even to fairly low level bombing a platoon locality is a very small target. The greatest danger to ground troops is still observed artillery fire, and by skilful use of ground that danger can be greatly minimised. There are two final pleas against the 'penny packet' complex. It takes far more mines and wire to protect a large number of widely dispersed section posts than it does to protect a compact platoon locality. If the whole area is dotted with little posts it makes it very difficult, if not impossible to lay on a counter-penetration fire plan, which is after all the most effective stopper of shock-penetration.

The object of defence is not to stop the enemy—if you merely stop him he can still attack again or walk round you—but to KILL him. In order to do this, it is essential to have the power to concentrate heavy and accurate fire on any point of attack, or if the country is very close, to have local reserves to destroy infiltrated elements by shock tactics. If the defence is too widely dispersed neither of these essentials is possible.

I am the last person to decry dispersion, but there is in my opinion a very urgent need to strike a balance between dispersion and the principle of concentration. If we think of it in terms of TIME only it may help. A motorised force moving at 20 m.p.h. can disperse itself seven times as widely as one moving at 3 m.p.h., and as a very rough guide I would say a battalion can disperse itself to 20 minutes and a company to 5 minutes.

Rough guides are in a way dangerous things as they have a habit of assuming the status of rules, but with the vast number of officers with little experience there are in the Army nowadays we must have guides, and the majority will I think use them intelligently.

One could write many thousand words on this subject, but paper and time are in these days very valuable. I hope enough has been said to give food for thought on a subject which, I have found, causes considerable confusion in the minds of many.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### BADGES

In 1919, most regiments received a letter, asking if they would present the Imperial War Museum with a set of the badges worn by them in the war of 1914—1918.

As a result the Imperial War Museum has a set of the, now forgotten, badges of most Indian regiments of that period. They are mounted in glass-framed cases and hung on the walls of the Indian Army section of the Museum, where they may be seen by the Public.

Unfortunately, quite a number of regiments, batteries, battalions and smaller corps, who wore distinctive badges or titles, omitted to send them—or had by 1919 been disbanded or amalgamated. Their places are blank in this record of the Grand Army of India.

After the conclusion of the present conflict, the I. W. M. will again ask O. C. units kindly to present a set of the distinctive 'badges', 'flashes' or 'signs' worn by their command.

It would be nice if all would respond.

Can we suggest that in each unit somebody should "take care" of this small matter, and that a distinctive little collection from *every* unit and formation of the Indian Army shall be available for presentation and record when the "Cease fire" blows?

They should not be sent to the I. W. M. before that time, even if only for reasons of security.

Unless some arrangement is made during the war, the danger is that after it in the general melee of reorganization and dismemberment, these souvenirs will have for ever disappeared.

Some people will ask why the Indian Ordnance could not supply these? Well, we hope that they will supply an official set, but, in addition to these "issue" titles, etc., there are always many units who wear a variety of their own—possibly entirely unofficial—there are also the odd corps, raised under queer circumstances, in strange places, who provide for themselves.

We do not wish to miss these out, nor perhaps others who, after a short life, have ceased to exist and are already forgotten ere peace descends.

Will those interested kindly see to it that souvenirs of what Bahadur Singh wears in the Second World War will be available to be placed alongside those borne by his valiant parent in the First World War?

## NOTES ON SOME BOOKS RECENTLY PLACED IN THE LIBRARY

### **"The R.A.F. in Action", by Adam and Charles Black.**

This book gives a very short description, with many illustrations, of the Coastal, Bomber and Fighter Commands of the R.A.F., during the first year of this war.

### **"Berlin Diary", by William L. Shirer.**

A comprehensive eye-witness account of German activities up to the end of 1940. The writer was in Germany during the occupation of the Rhineland and the invasion of Austria. He covered the Munich Crisis. He went with the German armies into Poland, Belgium and France, and was in Berlin during the first air raids on that city. He spent most of his time in Berlin as Berlin Correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System of America and tells of life in Berlin, with shrewd comments on the information he was able to gather from German sources.

### **"Canada", by B. K. Sandwell.**

This book describes, shortly, the country's progress from colonial status to that of a federal self-governing nation.

### **"Fishermen at War", by Leo Walmsley.**

An account of the lives and experiences of the fishermen of the east coast of England during the war.

### **"Blitz Krieg", by F. O. Miksche.**

The book deals briefly with the principal questions of modern tactical science. It is based on the experience gained and the lessons learnt by the writer during the Spanish War where he served with the Republican Forces. It begins with thrust and pocket tactics and battle on narrow fronts. It goes on to the use of the Air Arm over the battle, the Panzer divisions and their work, and the tactics of combat teams against this arm and the question of the decentralization of the artillery. It then touches the principles of defence, and finishes by discussing islands of resistance, web-resistance and the counter-blitz.



**"The Rise of American Naval Power—1776—1918", by Harold and Margaret Sprout.**

This work deals with the problems of sea power as they affected the American nation from the time when the nation first realized the necessity of that power, 1783, through the developments caused by the change from sails to steam to the beginnings of a new American Navy in 1881. It describes the growth of the American Navy from that date and the influence in producing that growth of some of the leading Americans. It discusses the politics and policy of the use of the Navy on the eve of 1914 and the American neutrality and preparedness until they entered the Great War, and finishes with the strategic lessons and political consequences of the share of this Navy in that War.

**"Toward a New Order of Sea Power", by Harold and Margaret Sprout.**

This book describes American Naval Policy and the world scene from 1918 to 1922.

**"China Shall Rise Again", by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.**

A book written in three parts. In the first part, "I Shall Rise Again," the authoress discusses the faults of the Chinese and ways to overcome them. The second part consists of statements, prepared by responsible officials, showing how reforms are being inaugurated and how various departments of the government have been able to meet the national calamities. The third part deals with the "New Life Movement in China", the part played by women in China's reconstruction programme, and Chinese thought on democratic policy.

**"The March of the Barbarians", by Harold Lamb.**

It describes the rise of Genghis Khan to power, the welding of his followers into a powerful fighting nation, the extension of his kingdom to North China, the Indus, the Caspian Sea and Persia, and the steps he took to preserve that kingdom. It goes on to tell the tale of events after his death when the Mongols reached out as far as Central Europe, and the fortunes of the kingdom under successive rulers up to Kubilai Khan up to the thirteenth century. It finishes with a short description of the disintegration of the Mongol kingdom.

**"Thus Spake Germany",** edited by W. W. Cook and M. F. Potter.

A book of some three hundred pages, consisting of quotations drawn from the works of German statesmen, politicians, soldiers, philosophers, jurists, etc., from the time of Frederick the Great to the present day.

The first chapter deals with the cult of force and on subordination to force of religion, morality and law. The book then goes on to consider the Germans as a people of rulers, their view of other races and nations, their aims in international politics and in war, how they make war, and Germany in defeat. It finishes with the fate reserved for the vanquished.

**"Valley of Forgotten People",** by George Sava.

An account of various small tribes in the Caucasus, with description of some of their strange antiquated customs.



## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA

1. The United Service Institution of India is situated at Simla and is open daily, including Sundays, from 9 a.m. to sunset.
2. Officers wishing to become members of the United Service Institution of India should apply to the Secretary.
3. The reading room of the Institution is provided with the leading illustrated papers, newspapers, magazines, and journals of Service interest that are published.
4. There is a well-stocked library in the Institution, from which members can obtain books on loan free. Members not resident in Simla may have books from the library sent to them post free. (See Secretary's Notes.)
5. The Institution publishes a Quarterly Journal in the months of January, April, July and October which is issued, postage free, to members in any part of the world.
6. Members and the public are invited to contribute articles to the Journal of the Institution for which payment is made. Information for the guidance of contributors will be found in the Secretary's Notes.

### Rules of Membership

1. All officers of the Defence Services, whether they belong to the Imperial Forces, to forces raised by the Government of India, by an Indian State, by a British Dominion or Colony, and all gazetted officials of the Government of India or of a Provincial Government shall be entitled to become members, without ballot, on payment of the entrance fee and subscription.

Other gentlemen may become members if proposed and seconded by a member of the Institution and approved by the Council.

2. Life members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of a lump sum of Rs. 160, which sum includes entrance fee.

3. Ordinary members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of an entrance fee\* (see para. 4) of Rs. 10 on joining, and an annual subscription of Rs. 10 (or 15s.) to be paid in advance.

The period of subscription commences on the 1st January.

An ex-member on rejoining the Institution will be charged a second entrance fee of Rs. 10 if since the date on which he ceased to be a member he has served or resided in India. In other cases no charge will be made.

4. British Service, Dominion and Colonial officers serving in India shall pay an entrance fee\* of Rs. 7 only.

5. Members receive the Journal of the Institution post free to any part of the world. Members in India may obtain books from the library which are issued postage free; the borrower will pay the return postage.

6. Government institutions and offices, military libraries, messes and clubs wishing to subscribe for the Journal shall pay Rs. 10 per annum. Non-members shall pay Rs. 10 per annum plus postage. Single copies of the Journal will be supplied to non-members at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy, plus postage.

7. If a member fails to pay his subscription for any year (commencing 1st January) by 1st June of that year, a registered notice shall be sent to him by the Secretary inviting his attention to the fact. If the subscription is not paid by 1st January following, his name shall be struck off the roll of members and, if the Executive Committee so decide, posted in the hall of the Institution for six months, or until the subscription is paid.

8. An ordinary member wishing to resign at any time during a year in which one or more Journals have been sent to him must pay his subscription in full for that year and notify his wish to resign before his name can be struck off the list of members.

9. Members who join the Institution on or after the 1st October and pay the entrance fee and annual subscription on joining will not be charged a further subscription on the following 1st January, unless the Journals for the current year have been supplied.

10. Members are responsible that they keep the Secretary carefully posted in regard to changes of rank and address. Duplicate copies of the Journal will not be supplied free to members when the original has been posted to a member's last known address and has not been returned by the post.

11. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla.

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\* For the duration of the war, the entrance fees shall be waived.

**I.—NEW MEMBERS**

The following new members joined the Institution from 1st January to 31st March 1942:

Lieut-General E. L. Morris, C.B., O.B.E., M.C.

Lieut-Colonel K. Jermyn

Lieut-Colonel R. B. Phayre, M.C.

Wing Commander H. F. Nowell, R.A.F.

Captain C. P. Chenevix Trench.

Captain R. C. Eldridge

Captain S. Evans.

Captain A. G. Packer

Captain R. E. G. Twelvetees.

Lieut. P. M. Glover.

Officer Cadet C. Ghose.

.. .. Makhari Singh.

.. .. J. C. Pande.

.. .. Randhir Singh Nag.

.. .. Rifat Pasha Sheikh.

.. .. D. D. St. Romaine

.. .. Tejinder Singh Gill.

S. G. Barve, Esq., I.C.S.

J. B. F. Field, Esq., I.P.

H. T. Lane, Esq., I.C.S.

A. P. Low, Esq., I.C.S.

W. R. C. Smith, Esq., C.I.E., I.P.

**II.—CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE JOURNAL.**

Preference is given to articles dealing with naval, military or air force matters likely to be of topical interest to the majority of readers of the Journal. Historical articles should have a direct bearing on the present war. One entirely non-military story and one article of financial interest to officers is included in each number of the Journal. The latter may be concerned with travel, sport, housing or any other subject which affects officers' pay and expenditure.

Articles may vary in length up to ten thousand words. They should be submitted in duplicate and typewritten, with double spacing between lines, on one side of the paper. Manuscript articles cannot be considered. Payment up to Rs. 150 is made on publication according to the value of the contribution.

With reference to R.A.I., Paragraph 333, and K.R. 535, the Executive Council of the Institution will take action, when necessary, to obtain the sanction of the Chief of the General Staff to the publication of an article in the Journal.

Members who wish to remain anonymous will inform the Secretary of the fact and include a pen-name if they so wish. In such cases the real name of the author is known to nobody except the Secretary, who has been instructed to divulge it to no one.

The Committee reserve to themselves the right to omit or amend any matter; if such alterations affect the sense of the article, it will be referred to the author before publication, unless the author has stated that the article may be edited as thought necessary without reference to him.

The July number of the Journal goes to Press on May 25th. Editing and selecting articles takes about ten days, so, as a general rule, articles should be submitted to the editor by May 15th. An article which may not be edited without reference to the author should arrive at least ten days earlier. From the Editor's point of view, May 1st is about the ideal date on which to receive articles. All these dates apply equivalently to the other numbers of the Journal.

### *III.—READING ROOM AND LIBRARY*

(1) The library is only open to members, who are requested to look on books as transferable to their friends.

Books are only issued on loan to members who are resident in India. Members borrowing books from the library in person must make the necessary entry in the register and record their address in India.

(2) Applications for books from members at outstations are dealt with as early as possible and books are sent post free by registered parcel post. They must be returned, carefully packed, by registered parcel post within two months of the date of issue, or immediately on recall.

(3) A member may not have on loan, at any one time, more than three books or sets of books without the Secretary's permission. Papers, magazines and works catalogued under the headings of "Works of Reference," "Not to be taken out" and "Confidential" may not be removed from the Institution.

(4) No particular limit is set on the number of days for which a member may keep a book, the Council wishing to make the library as useful as possible to members. This rule is, however, subject to the following limitations:

(a) If, after the expiration of three weeks from the date of issue, a book is wanted by another member, it will be recalled.

(b) A member wishing to retain a book for a period over two months from the date of issue must notify the Secretary to that effect, otherwise the book will be recalled.

(5) If a book is not returned within fourteen days of the date of recall, it must be paid for, if so required by the Executive Committee. Lost and defaced books shall be replaced at the cost of the member to whom they were issued. In the case of lost or defaced books that are out of print, the value shall be fixed by the Executive Committee and the member will be required to pay the cost so fixed.

(6) The issue of a book under these rules to any member implies the latter's compliance with the rules and the willingness to have them enforced, if necessary, against him.

(7) The revised 1940 catalogue is available at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy plus postage.

#### ***IV.—OLD BOOKS AND TROPHIES***

The Institution is in possession of a collection of old and rare books presented by members from time to time and while such books are not available for circulation, they can be seen by members visiting Simla.

The Secretary will be glad to acknowledge the gift of books, trophies, medals, etc., presented to the Institution.

#### ***V.—HISTORICAL RESEARCH***

The U. S. I. is prepared to supply members and units with typewritten copies of old Indian Army List pages, at the rate of Rs. 2 per typewritten page.

## VI.—THE MacGREGOR MEMORIAL MEDAL

1. The MacGregor Memorial Medal was founded in 1888 as a memorial to the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor who founded the United Service Institution of India. The medals are awarded for the best military reconnaissances or journeys of exploration of the year.

2. The following awards are made annually in the month of June:

(a) For officers—British or Indian—silver medal.

(b) For soldiers—British or Indian—silver medal with Rs. 100 gratuity.

3. For especially valuable work, a gold medal may be awarded in place of one of the silver medals, or in addition to the silver medals, whenever the administrators of the Fund deem it desirable. Also the Council may award a special additional silver medal without gratuity, to a soldier, for especially good work.

4. The award of medals is made by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India, as Vice-Patron and the Council of the United Service Institution of India, who were appointed administrators of the Fund by the MacGregor Memorial Committee.

5. The following are eligible for the award, whether at the time of the reconnaissance they were in military or civil employ:

(a) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and the Dominion Forces, while serving on the Indian establishment.

(b) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Indian Navy, Indian Army, Indian Air Force and of the Indian States Forces, wherever serving.

Note.—The term "Indian Army" includes the Indian Auxiliary and Territorial Forces, Frontier Militia, Levies, Military Police and Military Corps under local governments.

6. The medal may be worn in uniform by Indian soldiers on ceremonial parades, suspended round the neck by the ribbon issued with the medal.\*

7. Personal risk to life during the reconnaissance or exploration is not a necessary qualification for the award of the medal: but, in the event of two journeys being of equal value, the man who has incurred the greater risk will be considered to have the greater claim to the award.

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\* Replacements of the ribbon may be obtained on payment from Secretary, U.S.I., Simla.



8. When the work of the year has either not been of sufficient value or notice of it has been received too late for consideration before the Council Meeting, the medal may be awarded for any reconnaissance during previous years considered by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India to deserve it.

#### VII.—GOLD MEDAL PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION

The Council has chosen the following subject for the Gold Medal Prize Essay Competition for 1942.

"In modern warfare the interests and operations of the three services—land, sea, and air—are inseparable. A doctrine of "Combined Warfare" in the widest sense of these words is necessary. Outline such a doctrine, and the organization to implement it, in relation with the problem of Imperial Defence."

The following are the conditions of the competition:

- (1) The competition is open to all gazetted officers of the Civil Administration in India and to all commissioned officers of His Majesty's Forces including Territorial Forces, wherever those forces have been raised and to officers of the Indian States Forces.
- (2) Essays must be typewritten and submitted in triplicate.
- (3) When reference is made to any work, the title of such work is to be quoted.
- (4) Essays are to be strictly anonymous. Each must have a motto, and, enclosed with the essay, there should be sent a sealed envelope with the motto written on the outside and the name of the competitor inside.
- (5) Essays will not be accepted unless received by the Secretary on or before the 30th June 1942.
- (6) Essays will be submitted for adjudication to three judges chosen by the Council. The judges may recommend a money award, not exceeding Rs. 500, either in addition to, or in substitution for, the medal. The decision of the three judges will be submitted to the Council, who will decide whether the medal is to be awarded and whether the essay is to be published. The name of the successful candidate will be published in the October 1942 number of the Journal.
- (7) All essays submitted are to become the property of the United Service Institution of India absolutely, and authors will not be at liberty to make any use whatsoever of their essays without the sanction of the Council.

- (8) Essays should not exceed fifteen pages of the size and style of the Journal exclusive of any appendices, tables or maps.

#### **VIII.—ADDRESSES**

The difficulties of tracing addresses are now very much increased. Members are earnestly requested to keep the Secretary informed of changes in their addresses or if possible give a permanent address which will always find them, e.g., a Bank.

#### **IX.—HONORARY MEMBERSHIP OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION**

Honorary membership of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, is extended to commissioned officers of any military unit from the Dominions, India, or the Colonies, who may be visiting the United Kingdom during the war. They will be admitted to the Institution's premises on presentation of their cards.

#### **X.—A. H. Q. STAFF COLLEGE COURSE SERIES, 1939**

Sets of papers of the abovementioned series, with 4 maps, are available for sale at Rs. 8 per set.

(i) *Precis of lectures and papers* ... Rs. 2/-

(ii) *Strategy and Tactics papers, including*  
4 maps . . . Rs. 6/-

#### **XI.—ENTRANCE FEES**

The Council of the Institution have decided that for the duration of the war entrance fees shall be waived. Ordinary members shall, therefore, be admitted to the Institution on payment of an annual subscription of Rs. 10/-.





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and edited and published by Brigadier C. M. S. Manners for  
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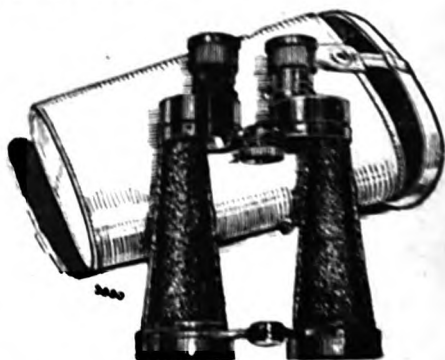
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# THE JOURNAL

OF THE

## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION

OF

## INDIA

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## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA

The headquarter building of the United Service Institution of India in Simla is open daily, including Sundays, from 9 a.m. to sunset. It contains a reading room, in which is available a wide range of illustrated periodicals, newspapers, magazines, etc., as well as a number of Service journals. A well-stocked library is also open to members, who may borrow volumes without charge, while members stationed elsewhere may obtain books on loan post-free.

Members also receive, post-free, each of the quarterly issues of the Journal of the Institution.

### Rules of Membership

1. All officers of the Defence Services, whether they belong to the Imperial Forces, to forces raised by the Government of India, by an Indian State, by a British Dominion or Colony, and all gazetted officials of the Government of India or of a Provincial Government shall be entitled to become members, without ballot, on payment of the entrance fee and subscription.

Other gentlemen may become members if proposed and seconded by a member of the Institution and approved by the Council.

2. Life members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of a lump sum of Rs. 160, which sum includes entrance fee.

3. Ordinary members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of an entrance fee\* (see para. 4) of Rs. 10 on joining, and an annual subscription of Rs. 10 (or 15s.) to be paid in advance.

The period of subscription commences on the 1st January.

An ex-member on rejoining the Institution will be charged a second entrance fee of Rs. 10 if since the date on which he ceased to be a member he has served or resided in India. In other cases no charge will be made.

4. British Service, Dominion and Colonial officers serving in India shall pay an entrance fee\* of Rs. 7 only.

5. Members receive the Journal of the Institution post free to any part of the world. Members in India may obtain books from the library which are issued postage free, the borrower paying the return postage.

6. Government institutions and offices, military libraries, messes and clubs wishing to subscribe for the Journal shall pay Rs. 10 per annum. Non-members shall pay Rs. 10 per annum plus postage. Single copies of the Journal will be supplied to non-members at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy, plus postage.

7. If a member fails to pay his subscription for any year (commencing 1st January) by 1st June of that year, a registered notice shall be sent to him by the Secretary inviting his attention to the fact. If the subscription is not paid by 1st January following, his name shall be struck off the roll of members and, if the Executive Committee so decide, posted in the hall of the Institution for six months, or until the subscription is paid.

8. An ordinary member wishing to resign at any time during a year in which one or more Journals have been sent to him must pay his subscription in full for that year and notify his wish to resign before his name can be struck off the list of members.

9. Members who join the Institution on or after the 1st October and pay the entrance fee and annual subscription on joining will not be charged a further subscription on the following 1st January, unless the Journals for the current year have been supplied.

10. Members are responsible that they keep the Secretary carefully posted in regard to changes of rank and address. Duplicate copies of the Journal will not be supplied free to members when the original has been posted to a member's last known address and has not been returned by the post.

11. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla.

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\* For the duration of the war, the entrance fee has been waived.

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## **GOLD MEDAL PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION**

The Council has selected the following subject for the Gold Medal Prize Essay Competition for 1943 :

*"Consider the foreign relations of a self-governing Union of India and their bearing on the problem of the defence of the country."*

Entries are invited from all commissioned officers of His Majesty's Forces, from gazetted officers of the Civil Administration in India, and from officers of the Indian States Forces.

Essays, which should be typewritten (double spacing) and submitted in triplicate, must be received by the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla, on or before June 30, 1943. In order that the anonymity of each candidate should be preserved, a motto should be written at the top of each entry. A sealed envelope, bearing on the outside the motto, and containing inside the name and address of the author of the essay, must accompany each entry.

Entries should not exceed fifteen pages (approx. 8,000 words) of the size and style of the Journal. Should any authority be quoted in the essay, the title of the work referred to should be given.

Three judges chosen by the Council will adjudicate. They may recommend a money award not exceeding Rs. 500, either in addition to, or in substitution of, the Gold Medal, and will submit their decision to the Council. The name of the successful candidate will be published in the October, 1943 issue of the Journal.

Copyright of all essays submitted will be reserved by the Council of the United Service Institution of India.

## NOTES BY THE SECRETARY

### Our July Issue

The July issue of the Journal aroused considerable interest among officers throughout India, and many readers have expressed appreciation of the exclusive descriptive articles on the fighting in Burma and Malaya. A few copies of the number are still available, and those wishing to receive one should apply as soon as possible.

### New Members

Among the new members of the Institution enrolled during the period July 1, 1942, to September 30, 1942, were:

Badshah, Captain M. M.,	Eyles, Captain F. E.,
Bell, Captain A. J. N.,	Faridkot, His Highness Sir
Biggs, 2nd Lieut. M. K.,	Har Indar Singh, Brar
Bird, Lieut.-Colonel W. T.,	Bans Bahadur, K.C.S.I.,
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Dunn, Captain P. O.,	land,
Dykes, Lieut.-Colonel O. C. T.,	Hayes, Major G. T. M., M.C.,
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 Hemming, Captain D.,  
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 Johnstone, Major T. G. B.,  
 Jones, Major B. O.,  
 Jones, Lieut.-Colonel S. G. D.,  
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 Lewis, Major D. Ll.,  
 Lunt, Captain J. D.,  
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 Maurice, Major J. O. F.,  
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 Mootham, Major O. H.,  
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 Weber, 2nd Lieut. J. P.,  
 Weigall, Major G. S. C.,  
 Wild, Captain Kendal D.,  
 Willis, Captain A. W.,  
 Wilson, Major J.,  
**Woodgate, Captain J. A.**

The number of Officers' Messes subscribing to the Journal has been greatly augmented during the last quarter, some 102 messes having been added to our subscription list.

The following Clubs have also been added to the list of those already subscribing to the Journal:

Bangalore United Service Club.	Madras Club.
Bareilly Club.	Ootacamund Club.
Bengal Club.	Peshawar Club.
Bombay Gymkhana Club.	Quetta Club.
Cosmopolitan Club, Madras.	Royal Bombay Yacht Club.
Dacca Club.	Royal Western Indian Turf Club.
Dalhousie Club.	Sind Club.
Imperial Delhi Gymkhana Club.	Trichinopoly Club.
	Wheler Club, Meerut.

### Contributions to the Journal

Articles on all naval, military, and Air Force matters of topical interest are welcomed. They may run to 10,000 words, but contributions of 4,000 to 5,000 words are preferred. Historical articles should have a bearing on the present war. One non-military story and an article of general interest may be included in each issue.

Contributions should be typewritten, double spacing, and in view of the need for paper economy, may be typed on both sides, providing a moderately thick paper is used. Many would-be contributors are possibly unable to submit articles already typed. In such cases they may be sent in manuscript form, and arrangements will be made for them to be typed in Simla, the small charge being deducted from the contributor's fee. Payment for articles is made on publication, at rates up to Rs. 150 according to the value of the contribution.

All articles of a military nature are submitted to the authorities before publication, for security reasons. No further articles concerning operations in Burma and Malaya can be accepted, unless they are of direct military training interest and value.

Contributions may, if the author desires, appear under a pseudonym. In such cases, the name of the author remains strictly confidential. The right to omit or amend any part of an article is reserved by the Executive Committee.

### **Reading Room and Library**

The Library is open, and only available to members of the Institution. Books may be loaned to members resident in India, and those borrowing works in person must enter the particulars in the book provided. Members stationed elsewhere than Simla may receive books on application. Such volumes are sent post free by registered parcel post; they must be returned within two months, or immediately on recall. No more than three volumes may be issued to members at any one time. Reference books and works marked "Confidential" may not be removed from the library.

A catalogue of books in the Library may be obtained on payment of Rs. 2-8- per copy, plus As. - 11- postage.

In order that the Library may be as useful as possible to members, it is requested that if a member wishes to retain a work for more than two months, he should notify the Secretary to that effect. If, after the expiration of three weeks from the date of issue, a book is wanted by another member, it will be recalled.

Should a book not be returned within fourteen days of the date of recall, it must be paid for, the cost of lost or defaced books being refunded by the member to whom they were issued. Such volumes which may have become out of print will be valued by the Executive Committee, the member being required to pay the cost so fixed.

The issue of a book under the above rules to any member implies the latter's agreement with the regulations.

### **Gold Medal Essay Competition**

Particulars concerning the Gold Medal Prize Essay Competition for 1943 are published elsewhere in this issue.

### **Old Books and Trophies**

A valuable collection of old and rare books which have been presented to the Institution from time to time may be inspected by members in Simla. They are, however, not available for circulation.

Gifts of rare volumes, trophies, medals, etc., which members may desire to present to the Institution, will be gratefully received.

Copies of old Indian Army Lists dating back to 1795 are available for inspection at the office of the Institution in Simla. Any member or unit desirous of receiving typewritten copies of pages from such records may have them on payment of Rs. 2 per typewritten page.

### **The MacGregor Memorial Medal**

The MacGregor Memorial Medal for 1941-1942 has been awarded to Captain M. W. H. White, M.B.E., for his exploratory work of four passes between Northern Chitral and Wakhan.

Particulars governing the award of this Medal are as follows:

(1) The MacGregor Memorial Medal was founded in 1888 as a memorial to the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor, who founded the United Service Institution of India. The medals are awarded for the best military reconnaissances or journeys of exploration of the year. Members of Overseas Commands who fulfil the conditions in paragraph 5, are cordially invited to enter for this award.

(2) The following awards are made annually in the month of June:

(a) For officers—British or Indian—silver medal.

(b) For soldiers—British or Indian—silver medal with Rs. 100 gratuity.

(3) For especially valuable work, a gold medal may be awarded in place of one of the silver medals, or in addition to the silver medals, whenever the administrators of the Fund deem it desirable. Also the Council may award a special additional silver medal without gratuity, to a soldier, for especially good work.

(4) The award of medals is made by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India, as Vice-Patron, and the Council of the United Service Institution of India, who were appointed administrators of the Fund by the MacGregor Memorial Committee.

(5) The following are eligible for the award, whether at the time of the reconnaissance they were in military or civil employ:

(a) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and the Dominion Forces, while serving on the Indian establishment.

(b) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Indian Navy, Indian Army, Indian Air Force and of the Indian States Forces, wherever serving.

The term "Indian Army" includes the Indian Auxiliary and Territorial Forces, Frontier Militia, Levies, Military Police and Military Corps under local governments.

(6) The medal may be worn in uniform by Indian soldiers on ceremonial parades, suspended round the neck by the ribbon issued with the medal.\*

(7) Personal risk to life during the reconnaissance or exploration is not a necessary qualification for the award of the medal: but, in the event of two journeys being of equal value, the man who has incurred the greater risk will be considered to have the greater claim to the award.

(8) When the work of the year has either not been of sufficient value or notice of it has been received too late for consideration before the Council Meeting, the medal may be awarded for any reconnaissance during previous years considered by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India to deserve it.

### **Addresses**

Members are earnestly requested to keep the Secretary informed of change in their addresses; or, if they so wish, to have their Journal and other matter sent to them c/o their Bank.

### **Royal United Service Institution, London**

Commissioned officers from India, the Dominions or the Colonies who may be visiting London are invited to become honorary members of the Royal United Service Institution. They will be admitted to the Institution's premises on presentation of their cards.

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### **Membership**

As will be seen from the rules of membership which appear elsewhere in this issue, the entrance fee to the Institution has been waived for the duration of the War. Ordinary members may, therefore, be admitted to the Institution on payment of an annual subscription of Rs. 10.

\* Replacements of the ribbon may be obtained on payment from Secretary, U.S.I., Simla.

# The Journal

of the

## United Service Institution of India

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# The Journal

of the

## United Service Institution of India

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Vol. LXXII

OCTOBER, 1942

No. 309

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*The views expressed in this Journal are in no sense official, and the opinions of contributors in their published articles are not necessarily those of the Council of the Institution.*

### MATTERS OF MOMENT

---

**T**HESE ARE THE DAYS when optimism backed by sound reasoning is a tonic. For that reason General Sir Archibald Wavell's broadcast talk as we entered the fourth year of the war was as stimulating as it was sound.

**A Tonic  
Broadcast**

His words carried conviction by cold, hard facts, which braced his listeners and confounded those who for ever fret and fuss about our shortcomings. It is well that some one in authority in India has cast up a balance sheet, the sum total of which demonstrates beyond all doubt that this war can have but one result—pre-supposing that we cast aside complacency and face the future with grim resolution. On the credit side we have the four mightiest nations on earth, each led by men of courage, vigour and vision; output of munitions, aeroplanes, tanks, guns and ships is rising; reports from the occupied countries of Europe talk of revolt among the enslaved peoples.



### The Fuehrer's Anxieties

How can the enemy view the situation? Harassed by a less plentiful larder, with labour shortages on all sides, with the need for conserving stocks, with the prospect of more intensive bombing raids, and with the uncertainty of a second front, not the least of the Fuehrer's anxieties must be the effect of the enormous German losses in Russia on the millions of his dupes in the Fatherland. As the Commander-in-Chief said: "The shape of things to come is taking on an ever grimmer aspect for the German people; their hearts are sinking into their empty stomachs; soon they will sink still lower into their *ersatz* boots". Hitler may well change the tune of his speeches. By treachery he has achieved his successes; by misleading propaganda he has sought to prove his statement in *Mein Kampf* that the bigger the lie the more likelihood there is that it will be believed. But the iron hand of the Gestapo may prove as brittle as glass when defeat stares him and his followers in the face. The moral to the despondent, the grumbler, and the doubter is plain: Make up your mental balance sheet, and go to your task, whatever it may be, invigorated, heartened, and refreshed.

..

..

..

**I**T IS, WE BELIEVE, within the sphere of this Journal to survey briefly a subject which attracted considerable attention in Great Britain a short time ago, when the desirability of establishing a Combined General Staff was widely debated. The subject is not new, but the course of the war has led many to search for what is widely held, rightly or wrongly, to be a fault in our system. Lack of a proper and necessary balance between the different arms of the Services has seemed to dog our steps hitherto, and if there is a defect it will be generally agreed that every endeavour should be made to put it right. We do not propose to comment on the pros and cons of the sub-

### A Combined General Staff

ject, but it is perhaps permissible to point out that such a reform has in fact been tested out in the present war on a small scale, for a "Combined Operations Headquarters", of which Lord Louis Mountbatten is Chairman, has been responsible for the organisation of the inspiring raids recently made on the French coast. It is justifiable to surmise that if a "Combined General Staff" on a small scale was deemed desirable for those operations, it is likely to be equally efficacious in the war as a whole, for nearly all the factors to be found in major operations are present in these small but effective raids. The summary of the discussion is, however, included in our pages solely with the object of keeping our readers well-informed on an important military subject.

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**WE** MAKE NO APOLOGY for returning to the subject of salvage, which becomes of increasing importance

**The  
Salvage  
Front**

as the war drags on. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a survey of what was done in the Great War and what is being done in India to-day. It will be

seen that in the main, the organisation compares favourably with 1914-18, but is the individual, the main-spring of the movement, doing enough? Why not face the facts frankly and admit that he or she is not? We need a more aggressive spirit on this salvage front. Months of planning at Headquarters are now yielding fruit; factories, machinery and staffs are now in full swing, improvising, inventing, and salvaging a wide variety of articles. What is essential now is a nation-wide revival of the spirit which seized the whole British nation a quarter of a century ago. To carry out the bare orders on this particular "war front" is not enough. We want individual men and women to determine that he or she will not waste a single article, and, if its first life is spent, to see that means are found whereby its ingredients can be utilised in other ways. In the last

War salvage played no small part in leading us to victory. In this War its influence will be even greater.

.. ..

**T**HE ALLIANCE OF OUR two countries has been born of political and military history: it must become a human reality". These words of sound common sense are culled from the "Ten Commandments" compiled by General Sir Archibald Wavell for members of the Fighting Services in India. This is a timely opportunity to put them into practice, for with so many newcomers in this country the more each individual strives to learn of India and its peoples, the better will be the relations between the two communities. English customs are as strange to Indians as many Indian practices are to the Britisher. The smile that appears on the face of an Englishman when asked "where the bazaar is in London" is comparable with the look of amazement which greets the new British Officer who regards as strange the fact that his men play football in bare feet.

• • •

How, then, can we foster this "human" atmosphere? One method, we suggest, is to establish small "Brains Trusts" in camps housing British troops, and to invite two or three local Indians, or English-speaking V.C.O.'s, to become members. The response would be immediate, and members of the audience seeking knowledge of any particular Indian custom, whether it deals with religion or any of the hundred and one details of everyday life, would gain valuable first-hand information. Interspersed with such questions would be inquiries of a general nature, which the British members of the Trust might be able to deal with. To inaugurate such a scheme requires little organisation. A Brains Trust would have as Question-

**Set up  
Brains  
Trusts**

master a man of broad ideas, tact, and intuition; its members could be composed of all ranks; questions could be invited beforehand from those who intend to be present, and the problems selected might well yield much interesting, instructive and entertaining answers. The fruits of such meetings would be a better understanding by Britain's new Citizen Army of the Indian and his customs, a fostering of good relationship between the two communities, and a warmer feeling of friendship. As the Commander-in-Chief has written in another of his "Ten Commandments:" "Our common task is not only to win the war but the peace as well. This we will only be able to do if we remain united. We will only remain united if we understand one another."

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**B**RAZIL'S DECLARATION OF WAR against Germany and Italy, "in face of the acts of war against our sovereignty," has for some time been a foregone conclusion. For years Germany has sought to apply her well-known infiltration policy to this enormous South American Republic, among whose inhabitants are 1,500,000 Italians, nearly 200,000 Germans, and a similar number of Japanese. Economically, by means of barter agreements, Nazi Germany had in the pre-War years exchanged much of her machinery for Brazil's agricultural and mineral products, and by propaganda through the well-organised German and Italian inhabitants, had endeavoured to foster the National Socialist cult there. She achieved a certain measure of success, which, however, has been nullified by the action of her submarine commanders in ruthlessly sinking many Brazilian ships. By her action Brazil has given a significant lead to other Latin American countries, notably Uruguay, Argentina and Chile.

**Brazil  
Declares  
War**

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Strategically, our new Ally will be of great value in providing bases and re-fuelling depots in the ten valuable harbours on her 3,500 mile-long Atlantic seaboard. The passage of Allied convoys in the Central Atlantic will be assisted by the anti-submarine chasers which will now be able to set out from these ports. Moreover, Port Natal being only 1,700 miles from the African mainland will prove to be a valuable bridgehead from which aircraft can fly to West Africa *en route* either for Great Britain or the Middle East. Her armed forces, as such, are comparatively small, numbering only some 100,000 in 1939, but for years her youth has had a good grounding in her conscripted army, so that her reserves are not inconsiderable.

**A  
Valuable  
Ally**

In the field of raw materials the United Nations will benefit greatly. As an exporter of minerals used extensively for war equipment, coupled with her agricultural output, Brazil will prove a most useful Ally. She exports, for instance, over 250,000 tons of manganese annually; her coal reserves are estimated at 5,000 million tons; she owns one of the richest iron ore deposits in the world and exports nearly 200,000 tons annually. Rubber is an important natural product of the country, which is also the chief source of carnauba wax, used for electric insulation and gramophone records. As an agricultural producer Brazil will be valuable in augmenting the national larder of Britain. In round figures, she has nearly 20,000,000 acres under cultivation, some 600,000 of which are under maize, 400,000 acres under coffee, and 150,000 acres under rice. She is the second highest producer of cocoa in the world, and third in sugar and tobacco. Brazil now ranks second only to the United States of America in the export of oranges, sending abroad nearly 3,500,000 boxes every year. As a source of meat supplies she is of

**Brazil's  
Vast  
Resources**

difficulties there are, of course, but the added protection the United Navies will be able to give by the use of Brazilian harbours may have a profound effect on Hitler's submarine campaign in the Atlantic. Thus this new Ally of the democratic cause will not only assist materially the resources of the United Nations, but will give an inspiring lead to those of her neighbours who are hesitating.

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**I**S THERE NEED AMONG US of a revival of faith in the purpose of the British Empire? A member of the Institution says there is, and not a few will agree with him, for there is a spiritual link between that suggestion and the attitude of mind one encounters occasionally to-day. If we are sincere in our beliefs, for a Jap to land in Burma should be as great an insult to us as for a German to land in England. Is it? The question is one for the individual to answer honestly. If it is in the negative, can the questioner hope to impart to his men that spark of enthusiasm which will be not the least of the driving force when we evict the invader from Burma, Malaya and other Far Eastern countries?

**The  
"Empire"  
Mind**

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Mr. Amery declared in England recently that the Empire can not merely survive the onslaughts of its enemies, but prosper beyond the boldest imagination of any of its sons. To do that we must discover a new high purpose in life.

**A  
Spiritual  
Impulse**

We must have more solid faith in our aims, develop anew an Imperial pride, show the world and posterity that the sons of Britain, the Dominions and India are as virile, determined and unconquerable as their forefathers. This is a subject which deserves to be pondered over by those who are going to lead the Crusade against the Far Eastern gangsters. It will provide the spiritual impulse which has inspired whole nations in the past—and will do so again in the future.

**W**HEN RISING COSTS of living assail every individual and more and more calls are made on incomes, an appeal for saving may seem strange, but it is not only patriotic but wise to support to the full the national war loans which are being raised. In this field it is but right that officers of the Defence Services should take the lead.

**Support  
War  
Loans**

Many are doing so, for they realise that the raising of money with which to buy and manufacture weapons of war is a vital section of our war economy. But more can be done. At times such as these a big bank balance is not a matter of pride. Every anna that can be spared should be invested in one or other war loan. A specific instruction to the Bank to allocate ten per cent., or even five per cent. of the proceeds of the monthly pay bill will materially assist the country's Exchequer, and yield the lender interest which would not accrue when it is merely standing to his credit in the bank.

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*Members are earnestly requested to notify any change of address to the Secretary without delay. Such cooperation will not only help to ease postal traffic at a time when mail services are over burdened, but will also ensure prompt receipt of the Journal each quarter.*

## "WHAT DO I DO NEXT?"

**THE ARMY IN INDIA**, in contrast to its enemies, each of whom has no more than a single problem to worry him, must be prepared to fight anywhere from the Western Desert to Burma and beyond. Differences in equipment and tactical methods introduce the inevitable complications in to training, and there must be many a harassed commander who feels that life would be very much simpler if only he could be told what to train for, and then left to get on with it. Unfortunately, and with the best will in the world, this is not always possible, so it is worth while examining the whole problem of training to find out what can be got on with now and what must await a final polish in the part of the world in which the unit or formation is eventually called upon to fight. For of that there can be no doubt; opposed as we are by first-class enemies who are specifically trained for the task they have in hand, we must ensure that our troops do not go into battle unless they too have had equal opportunity for specialised training.

For the purposes of this examination we can conveniently break the subject down into technical training, which covers the whole field of military subjects requiring specialised skill or knowledge; physical training; and mental training. The last two are self-explanatory.

In peace we probably paid more than its fair share of attention to technical training, which generally reached a very high standard; a number of units insisted on physical fitness, though not generally to an extent that is common to-day; and mental training, except for one aspect of it, was very much neglected.

However, we are not training for peace, but for war, and the three headings call for investigation into the extent to which each can be divided into what can and should be done during preparatory or basic training, and what must await the final specialised training under conditions resembling as closely as possible those in which the troops will fight.

It must be obvious that a very considerably expanded war-time army cannot hope to reach the technical standards of its peace-time parent, and it will be as well to face this fact, particularly during the very early stages, and to consider whether a



completely different method of approach is not desirable. Instruction must be much more gradual, while at the same time passing up the various grades as rapidly as possible. This point will require very careful supervision. The average non-commissioned officer, however well he may do at a school of instruction, is not capable of the necessary discrimination, and he will attempt to drag his bewildered listeners through a maze of technicalities which he himself probably no more than half understands. Instruction must be limited to what the learner needs to know at the particular stage he has reached; that and no more.

Again, in peace, we aimed at acquiring a good general knowledge to form a sound working basis to which more specialised knowledge can very rapidly be added as necessary. There is no time for that now. We must concentrate strictly on essentials; and instead of wasting the best part of a morning arguing in how many ways a hill might be captured, we should devote a fragal quarter of an hour to discovering how few alternatives will pass the scrutiny of a really objective examination and emerge as possibilities. We should then go and practise them, for discussion in these days is valueless unless it is linked to execution. And practice, or methods of execution, must be ruthlessly overhauled and standardized for simplicity as far as possible.

We can conclude, for the moment therefore, that our technical training must be very carefully progressed, that it must be rigidly economical, and we are left with the certainty that there will be a lot that will require a final polish on the day before the race.

There is a popular fallacy, which was effectively exploded in an article in the last number of this journal—"Burma: A New Technique of War," that there is no need to harden oneself against discomfort; all will be well on the day. Quite apart from the fact that the physical strain of war can and does reduce men to physical wrecks, the road to this final collapse is marked by a steadily diminishing efficiency. And the road will be all the shorter, and efficiency will disappear all the more rapidly, unless we do something about it. The slum child thrives in conditions which would kill a child film star in a fortnight; not because physically he is any stronger, but because he is used to them.

The first responsibility of a commander in this matter is undoubtedly to mitigate the hardships his men must suffer. Their food and their clothing must be suited to the conditions of the

country, and a very heavy responsibility rests on the medical profession as the expert advisers in these matters. Promiscuous amateur experiments can do more harm than good.

The next step is to ensure that food and extra warmth will be available when wanted. Most commanding officers pick their quartermaster from the second eleven; they would be well advised to give the appointment to the best officer they have. The individual man must then be taught to look after himself, to make the most economical use of what comforts can be provided for him, to avoid the crasser forms of stupidity which can be just as destructive as a self-inflicted wound, and to learn to do his work as efficiently as possible in the circumstances. Finally, a carefully graded course of physical exercise will enormously increase resistance to fatigue, bodily and mental. It seems, then, that a very great deal can be done under this heading in the preliminary stages, and that little should be left to the last except to condition the man to any special climatic atrocity of the country he has to fight in.

The form of mental training which did receive a lot of attention in peace, and which demands equally careful attention in war—for it is a plant of slow growth—is the relations and confidence which must exist at all levels between the leader and the led. In a new unit there will be little of tradition or custom to build on, and, in any case, it is a problem which every leader must solve for himself, for the solution must depend upon the gifts nature has given him. But there are ways how not to do it, and every commander must see that his subordinates are not setting forth on a hopelessly wrong bearing.

The next step is to conquer man's natural reactions to fear. Fear of noise, and fear of that which flies, descend to us from the days when our ancestors lived a good deal further up the tree than we do. But a man can be taught that noise does not kill; and that flies can be swotted. The instinct of self-preservation is naturally far more highly developed in some than in others, but there is no doubt that by proving conclusively to the more cautious that immediate physical dissolution does not inevitably follow a leap from a fifteen-foot wall, a progressively increasing disregard for danger can be fostered. Guts is the Anglo-Saxon word for it.

It will be most important to link this training to any purely physical hardening that may be in progress: obstacle courses must not be just stupidly difficult, and there is ample scope for the introduction of psychological as well as physical hazards,

Lastly, short periods of drill, when men are in a state of considerable physical and mental distress, must be introduced as the tonic to restore control, both to the individual and to the leader.

The patriotic and spiritual aspect cannot be neglected; for such reserves of strength, though often not very obvious to the eye, will not only carry a man through when all else fails him, but will provide the vital spark that can animate a whole army.

Here again much, in fact nearly all, is basic training, and very little should need modification to meet special conditions.

Having examined the problem in detail, what collectively remains to be done? We must train the leader to see everything in its proper proportion and to watch detail without becoming hypnotized by it, for only thus can he hope to co-ordinate the working of his command as a whole. One big lesson he must learn is to decentralize; and for the commander of a newly-raising unit or formation it is a lesson which will try human nature to the last limit. There are three reasons why he must learn it. The first has already been mentioned—decentralization provides the only safe refuge from the demon detail. The second is that, whether he likes it or not, the commander will have to decentralize on the day of battle, so that it is imperative that he practises it now; the third will be discussed in a moment.

Decentralization, as a habit, can and must be introduced as part and parcel of any system of training. The first essential is that the subordinate should know, before he ever begins, what he is out to do. He will require therefore clear orders; and during training he may also require preliminary instruction. But once he sets his hand to it he must feel he is trusted to carry through, and, what is equally important, the leader must feel that confidence too. Interference during execution is justified only to correct the absolutely blatant blunder, criticism generally being reserved until later. And decentralization must go right down to the lowest ranks. Let us accept that when we send a man away with a barrow, we need not send a naik to watch him wheel it.

The second essential to decentralization is the perfection of the whole machinery of command. The leader must feel confident not only that his subordinate can be trusted to carry out his orders, but that the orders once given will inevitably reach the proper subordinate, and in time for him to act on them. For unless he enjoys the resultant freedom from anxiety he will never be free to exercise that essential function of a leader,

which alone and of itself makes decentralization essential. He will not be free to think, and to think ahead. The speed and complexity of modern battle impose upon the commander the need incessantly to study the future development of events, and to prepare for them. Without some forethought he is doomed to ignominious defeat at the hands of a more quick-thinking enemy; without a whole lot of forethought he can never hope to snatch and hold that elusive preliminary to success, the initiative.

Even when the immediate task seems well and truly finished, it is as well to remember that the war, as a whole, is not yet over. Others are moving up to carry on where we left off, and it is more than likely that we can in some measure prepare things for them; and, oddly enough, even the enemy may feel that the last word has not yet been said in the matter. Think and plan with proper care, but when the time for planning is over grudge every moment spent upon the present. In battle there is one, and only one, motto for the successful commander:

*"What do I do next?"*

## BOMBING: THE WORM'S-EYE VIEW

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL G. T. WHEELER

*This article is based on collected evidence which has been sifted and collated with the help of a little personal experience. The author makes no claim to have suffered all the indignities which would be necessary to render the article entirely first-hand.*

**AERIAL BOMBARDMENT** and ground-strafting of troops has played such a large part in land operations during the present war that any knowledge which can ameliorate the lot of the target is worthy of study. The necessary knowledge divides itself broadly into two subjects: the methods used by enemy aircraft and the counter-measures which should be taken by troops.

The methods used by enemy aircraft naturally differ for each of the three main types, viz., normal bombers, dive-bombers and fighters. It is, therefore, necessary that troops should learn to distinguish these types very early in their career. The formations in which they fly, and the tactics they employ, help one to recognize each type.

The normal bombers, which include the high-level and low-level bombers, work in a deliberate manner, and their target is usually a well defined installation which has been selected some time before the raid. It is very exceptional for level bombers to engage an opportunity target, such as a battery coming into action. The reason for this is that it is far more difficult than the soldier believes for a bomber formation to fly over an area and select and bomb any suitable target that may happen to be there. So many mistakes are liable to occur that such an operation is not usually attempted. There are, in any case, plenty of permanent targets in or behind any battle area.

The high-level bomber is more disturbing to troops than the low-level formation, because the target area is harder to determine. Bombers at 18,000 feet passing over troops, even a mile to one side, will cause some apprehension: they have a horrid look of being right overhead. In fact, of course, the higher the bombers the more certain is it that their target is well-defined, and the less need for the small unit or individual to worry. The low-level bomber is probably after some target which is rather

hard to see: a small headquarters or a collection of concealed vehicles. Bomber pilots do not risk light A. A. fire and having our fighters on top of them for no reason.

Level-bombers' targets are usually selected either as a result of aerial reconnaissance or from information supplied by ground troops or fifth columnists. Troops that have been caught congested by a reconnaissance plane or flight will become possible objects for later attack. Similarly, troops engaged with the enemy who see their opponents moving clear of them for no apparent reason have probably been notified to enemy bombers as a target.

Dive-bombers are manned by pilots who have been specially trained to engage targets of opportunity. They come over at about 10,000 to 15,000 feet and dive on any good target within their area. The direction of their dive cannot be foreseen until it starts, so very little warning is given of their attack. In one way this has mental advantages, for the awful ordeal of seeing slow bombers grinding up towards one is avoided; the raid is over and finished with restful speed; in all other ways the event is somewhat shattering!

The dive-bomber has very little control over his aim once his dive is fairly launched, and has practically no power to increase the steepness of his dive; so if a moving vehicle is the target, it should be turned and driven hurriedly towards the diving plane in the hope of passing under it. This is a counsel of perfection which can seldom be followed, though it has been by armoured vehicles in the desert. The German dive-bombers usually come down twice in fairly quick succession on to the same target. The interval between the two attacks is about a minute, and that minute can often be spent very profitably by those who have been caught lying in the open.

Fighters attack from low level, very low, with machine-gun or cannon fire. Their target is usually a vehicle or vehicles moving on a road. They, also, attack twice or even more times. They are seldom alone, so the resultant attack from the target's point of view may seem a rather prolonged event. The attack is more horrid if made by two-seater fighters because the rear-gunner joins in as the machine pulls out of his dive, and for some reason he seems to be more deadly than the pilot.

Now let us see what general rules can be formed from these facts and tendencies of enemy aircraft:

(a) New arrivals in any area need not worry overmuch about level-bombers, unless they are in some permanent target area, such as a railway station or dump site.

(b) The higher the bombers the larger the target, so only very obvious targets should stop work when these pass on their way. It is of course only human for each individual to regard himself as very large and very obvious whenever enemy aircraft are overhead; but this thought must be combated.

(c) Troops who have been caught in good target formation by either enemy reconnaissance aircraft or by enemy ground troops will lengthen their lives if they spend the next twenty minutes reducing their target value.

(d) All troops who can, should disperse when enemy dive-bombers are about. Batteries of artillery should, if possible, avoid these periods for coming into action.

(e) Enemy fighters are harmless to troops so long as they keep high. When they fly in low or start to swoop they are probably after vehicles, so drivers should take some avoiding action. Vehicles, using roads within range of enemy ground-strafer should carry an air sentry, as the driver can neither hear nor see approaching planes.

We now come to the various methods which troops can adopt to save casualties from enemy air action. The Indian follower, and to a less extent the Indian soldier, has a strong natural desire to sit, or even stand, under a tree when bombers are overhead. He reckons that the danger is centred in the bomb falling directly on top of him; and all too frequently dies from the error of this thought. It is, furthermore, extremely difficult to convince him that he is much safer living in the open than standing under a tree. The process of conversion should begin during his early training.

The first essential of air defence is a warning system suited to the local conditions. Any form of siren or hooter is quite out of place anywhere except in very large headquarters, and even there it probably does more harm by stopping work than it does good by preventing casualties. If heavy A. A. fire is available it is an ideal warning system. It should be the signal for roof-spotters to take posts, and not for a general stampede. When the roof-spotters see that the enemy aircraft are flying straight towards their headquarters they blow a whistle and the staff disperse with speed and dignity to their trenches or shelters. Dignity in an air raid is as essential as restraint in love; if either is missing, the event is apt to become chaotic and will be followed by regret.

Large headquarters frequently have one great advantage in air raids over other military formations, and that is the presence

of women. It has been proved beyond doubt that women are braver than men during a raid. It may be due to the fact that their brain weighs three ounces less than that of a man, but is more likely a compensation given to them by the Almighty for the unflinching courage that men show in the face of mice and spiders. Whatever the cause, there is many an officer and clerk who has had his courage restored by the absolute coolness of a twenty-year-old typist walking slowly to a slit trench. They apparently have no fear whatever.

Bofors and Light automatics cannot engage high bombers, so their fire is not a reliable warning system. Nor is it fair on the gunner to use it as such, for the last thing one wants is to give away an A. A. gun position prematurely.

The most suitable warning system in a Corps or Divisional Headquarters is whistle blasts by an air-sentry. The warning should be given when enemy aircraft are seen to be approaching, and should not wait for the attack to develop. The action taken will, in practice, be for everyone who is not urgently engaged, say telephoning, to come outside and look up.

Those that are unoccupied should walk towards the more distant slit trenches, leaving the closer ones for the last minute rush of those who are more busy. When the attack develops all take cover as best they can, remembering that it is far safer to be lying down in the open than running for a trench at the moment that a bomb bursts. It is, of course, better to lie in a slight depression, or ditch rather than on flat ground.

Small headquarters and troops in action normally work to a whistle alarm; but since they cannot do much about it their chief warning system is the bomb itself. This is more satisfactory than it appears at first sight, because a bomb, by its scream, will give anything between three and ten seconds' warning, and one can do a lot in even three seconds when one's heart is in the job. A bomb that screams on a level note and at a fairly constant intensity is safe, because it is some way off. When the scream sounds something like an express train coming out of a tunnel, *i.e.* with greatly increasing intensity, then it is going to fall close and very rapid action is recommended. In practice it takes a brave man (or normal woman!) to do nothing even when the bomb scream is constant.

For all that has been said and written in official manuals, troops who have suffered much from enemy air action will not open fire on enemy planes with their rifles. They fear that it will attract unwelcome attention. In the case of Bofors guns



this may be true; but any airman will agree that a pilot simply does not know when small arms fire is opened on him, so he cannot be influenced by it into retaliation. This fact should be more widely spread, for it is either not known or not believed.

The part that slit trenches play in air defence is possibly exaggerated by the mental comfort that they give to the majority of people. There is a minority which prefers a small ditch or even the open country to a trench: their preference is probably based on a desire to be alone, which is understandable. Slit trenches undoubtedly provide almost complete protection against anything but a direct hit by a bomb and the machine-gun bullets of a steeply diving aeroplane. A ditch is about equally effective against bombs but not so good against bullets. The open country is a good bet against bombs and an unlikely target for machine-gunning.

Sitting in a slit trench is something of an art. One should not lean against the sides, because a near miss will deliver a tremendous shock to the spine if one's back is against the earth-side of the trench. One's head should be below ground level, but not so low that it can be buried by a near miss. Lastly, if the bombs are falling close, one should cover the ears with one's hands to avoid the shock of blast on the ear-drums. There is a belief that the mouth should be open, and it may be right.

The problem of the motorist when faced with ground-strafting is largely unsolved. In the Desert the drill is fairly well established. As soon as the enemy aircraft looks like attacking, the vehicle is put in full-lock to one side or the other and stopped as soon as possible. This is usually sufficient to avoid the first attack. The occupants then dismount hurriedly, run some thirty yards from the vehicle and lie down preparatory to the next attack.

This system does not apply on a Burman highway, where one cannot suddenly turn off the road. The enemy airman naturally selects a stretch of straight road in open country for his operations, so a bolt into the jungle is seldom possible. The usual practice is to stop, dismount and hope for a ditch or borrow-pit by the side of the road. Anything in the nature of a long run for cover is inadvisable against the Japanese, who use bombs on even single vehicles.

At one time in the Desert an attempt was made to piquet all main roads with permanent air-sentries, who, posted on all available prominent hills, hoisted a red flag when enemy aircraft were about. The idea is good, and might well be applied to the main traffic routes of less open country. The lone motorist is quite

powerless to spot enemy aircraft, and the noise of his vehicle prevents him from hearing them. The roof-spotter which most vehicles carry has a tiring job, and it might well be economical to adopt permanent road air-sentries. It would certainly be very comforting to see a sentry with his flag down as one approached a long straight stretch of road. It would relax the nerves of the drivers, which get very taut under constant air threat.

Let us summarise the main facts which concern the individual's protection from air attack:

(a) Indian followers should be provided with, and converted to the use of, slit trenches. Apart from humanitarian reasons, it is well to remember that, at one time, sweepers were top of the priority list for personnel to be flown into Burma. They were above a rather urgently needed major-general! The casualties sustained by officers' cooks from air bombardment were also grievously heavy in Burma; and it is important that such essential and irreplaceable people should have long lives.

(b) The warning system must be designed to suit existing conditions, and the over-riding factor is usually the avoidance of stopping work unnecessarily rather than producing a timely warning. In the case of troops that have suffered much from the enemy air force and seen little of our own the warning system might well take the form of a signal for "own aircraft—resume work" only; for such troops will need no warning about enemy aircraft.

(c) Slit trenches should be dug with an eye to those who will have to use them. There should always be one close to a telephone, and sufficient close to a wireless set for all the operators. As many as possible should be concealed and distant from the main target, for the German particularly will regard slit trenches as indication of a target. In one famous headquarter site in the Desert it was a point of honour for all who occupied it that no slit trenches should be dug. That site was never bombed.

(d) Troops who have had much experience of being bombed, may have learnt a lot about taking cover and interpreting bombing and aeroplane noises, but they will not, on balance with morale, be improved thereby. Such troops need special treatment, particularly in the matter of warning systems. The subject is dealt with later when morale is considered. There is, however, at least one soldier who improved with experience of enemy air action. A headquarters was established near the Lybian border wire. A flight of German bombers came over from the South, and, when still south of the headquarters their bombs were released. A well-known brigadier watching the display from beside

an armoured car moved with dignity to the north side of the car, where he would have the shelter of the turret. All the bombs then burst just north of the car, and for his solution of that problem in aerodynamics he got just one mark. He has it still, under his right eye. The point of the story is, however, that the next time he was bombed he lay down: so some soldiers do improve with experience, but most do not, because constant bombing breeds a fear that induces irrational action.

If ever it were true to say that the moral is to the physical as three is to one, it is true regarding enemy air action. The actual physical damage done by bombing is usually negligible, sometimes considerable, but never disastrous. The moral effect of constant enemy air superiority is usually disastrous and always considerable. This has been proved in Poland, Greece, Crete, Malaya and Burma; and to some extent in France.

When troops have become shaken by air action, the first thing to do is for officers to display, and insist on, dignity during an air alert. Men must continue at their jobs as long as possible and then walk, not run, to slit trenches. Officers must be prepared to stand up as long as possible, and lie down in the open when the time comes. Officers who have to do this should choose the softest possible ground to walk about on, because a bomb bursting in soft ground does most of its damage upwards, not sideways.

Defiles, such as bridges, should be piquetted with reliably stolid officers or sentries who can make encouraging remarks to the men as they approach the defile. The most welcome remark is, of course, "It's one of our's". Unfortunately, this cannot always be said; but any comment such as "It's old Uncle George and his party again, they've been over twice already and can't hit a ball's county" will help the men to get over without checking the traffic.

After a raid officers should talk to their men and let them admit any fear that they felt. It relaxes the nerves and helps a lot for the next raid. Three examples of this will help to show the types of comfort that can be given.

An obviously brave sergeant of the Tank Corps arose with dignity from a ditch where he had been sitting during a brief raid. An officer asked him if he was frightened. He obviously had not been. "A lot more than the two men beside me" he replied. The two men, and everyone else who heard, could be seen relaxing. They felt that their fear had passed unnoticed and, in any case, was nothing to go on worrying about.

Three Japanese dive-bombers once descended on a small headquarters and put six bombs neatly to one side of it, where an orderly was walking. As he got up from the ground someone asked him, "Any damage?" "Yes", he said, "I made a bad mistake, I jumped into a slit and dropped my bottle of beer in the open as I ran. It's broke. Next time I'll be sensible and change places with the bottle." The thought of that man dropping his bottle of beer into a slit trench and lying in the open himself must have helped a lot of people through the next raid.

The last example happened in Burma Army Headquarters in Maymyo. The office chaprassis came from an Orphan School for Burmese boys. One particularly cheerful boy had the name of Maung Maung, which being normally abbreviated to Mg Mg, led to the boy being called "Young Mug Mug" by the English-speaking members.

There was a raid on Maymyo, in which the Japanese milled around overhead looking for a gap in the clouds in a rather disconcerting manner. Finally the bombs fell at least a mile from the headquarters, and clerks and officers walked back to their rooms. On the way an officer said to a Burman clerk: "Ask Young Mug Mug how he felt during the raid." Young Mug Mug had a lot to say in Burmese, then the clerk turned to the officer and said: "He says, Sir, that it was the most enjoyable sight he's ever seen in his life, and he hopes, Sir, that there will be a raid every day."

Thereafter that particular office took little thought of air alarms, for no one could avoid the thought of the joyful anticipation that was coursing through Young Mug Mug's happy heart. The "All Clear" almost brought groans of regret for the ecstasy that had been snatched from a lonely love child. Incidentally, Young Mug Mug reached India intact and is worth acquiring in any war headquarters.

## THE HISTORY OF FLYING IN INDIA

By "HERWARD"

**F**EW PEOPLE are aware that the earliest flights in India took place in Calcutta as early as the end of 1910. They were purely civilian flights, the first recorded flight by an Army officer in India being by Captain Maxwell, Brigade Major of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, on February 17, 1911. The following day Captain Brancker (later Sir Sefton Brancker) flew as a passenger in a Bristol biplane during Army manoeuvres at Midnapore, the flight being officially observed by Captain Aspinall of the General Staff.

These interesting facts came to light when I set out to trace the origin and growth of the Air Forces in India. This article is the result. It shows how the spirit of air-mindedness has developed among the peoples of India, and how aviation has played an increasingly important part in this country in peace and war since 1910.

Following the early flights referred to above, a number of Indian Army officers learnt to fly, mostly while at home on leave, and the first to take his pilot's certificate is believed to have been Captain P. W. L. Broke-Smith, R. E. In 1912 an officer of the Royal Artillery imported at his own expense a Farman biplane and a French pilot, with whom he flew over the Army manoeuvres at Rawalpindi. Although this aircraft was finally wrecked, the flights drew the attention of the military authorities in India to the potentialities of the new arm as an additional source of reconnaissance to the army in the field.

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF MILITARY AVIATION

On June 3, 1913, a proposal was submitted to the Secretary of State for India for the formation of an Indian Flying School at Sitapur in the United Provinces, to open on October 1, 1913. The intention was to start by training 12 officers in two batches of six each in the first year.

The scheme was approved in a modified form and the first aircraft arrived at Sitapur in December 1913. Flying commenced on February 14, 1914, at which time the instructional staff consisted of Captain S. D. Massey, of the 29th Punjabis as Commandant, the Instructors being Captain Hoare, of the 39th C.I.H.; Captain Pitcher, 39th C.I.H., and Lieut. Newall, and Gurkhas.

and later Chief of the Air Staff. The Adjutant and Quartermaster was Captain Reilly of the 82nd Punjabis.

In May, 1914, the Indian C.F.S. possessed the following aircraft:

One B. E. (70 h.p. Renault) biplane.

Two B.E. (80 h.p. Gnome) biplanes.

Three Maurice Farman (70 h.p. Renault) biplanes.

It is interesting to note that Indian mechanics were to be trained and employed if the school had continued, but on August 11, 1914, the Government of India sent home a telegram offering to close the school and to send home the personnel to supplement the resources of England in aviation for the war. The officers and aircraft were eventually sent to Egypt as a unit, and there they first saw active service with the Indian Expeditionary Force defending the Suez Canal. Later, the Indian unit was transferred to Mesopotamia, and the winter of 1915 saw the end of the Indian Flying Corps as a separate body.

After the departure of the Indian Central Flying School to Egypt, there was no further military flying in India until December, 1915, when, as a result of an urgent request by the Viceroy, one flight of No. 31 Squadron and a nucleus Aircraft Park arrived at Nowshera for work on the North-West Frontier. Thus No. 31 Squadron was the first regular air force unit to serve in India, and it has maintained an unbroken record of service in this country until the present time. The Squadron crest is the five pointed Star of India with the motto: "In Caelum Indicum Primus"—"First into Indian Skies". On its arrival it was equipped with B.E.2c aircraft. By June, 1916, it was completed to full strength with 18 aircraft, and was commanded by Major C. R. Bradley.

On October 6, 1916—for the first time in India—aircraft were employed on active operations, though for reconnaissance duties only, in the Shabkadar district of the N.W.F.P. The first offensive air operations in India were against the Mohmands in November, 1916.

During 1917, No. 31 Squadron was expanded to five flights and re-equipped with Henri Farman aircraft. By the end of September the fourth and fifth flights were formed into No. 114 Squadron, R.F.C., at Lahore, with a half-flight detachment destined for Aden, the first flight at Aden being carried out on December 5, 1917. In June, 1918, No. 52 Wing R.A.F. was formed at Simla, and assumed command of all R.A.F. units in India and Aden.

The first flight from Egypt to India took place in December, 1918, when Major-General W. G. H. Salmond, Brigadier-General A. E. Borton, and Captain Ross Smith arrived in Karachi.

Post war re-organization of the air forces in India was entrusted to Brigadier N. D. K. MacEwen, D.S.O., who arrived from England by air on January 15, 1919, having made the first England to India flight. During the year four additional squadrons arrived in India by sea and were located initially as follows: No. 99 Squadron: Ambala; No. 48 Squadron: Quetta; No. 97 Squadron: Allahabad; and No. 20 Squadron: Risalpur.

By the end of the year the air forces were organized under a Group Headquarters, situated with Army Headquarters, and the older types of aircraft had been replaced by Bristol Fighters, D. H. 9s and D.H. 10, with a total of 109 aircraft in India.

Nos. 31 and 114 Squadrons took an active part in the 3rd Afghan War in the summer of 1919, and in 1920 the increase in operations in Waziristan provided ample opportunity for the development of air support for ground forces and of simple though effective methods of intercommunication by the use of smoke and ground strips. Nos. 1 and 3 Fighter Squadrons and the Aircraft Depot were formed during 1920 and, by the end of that year, the air forces were organized into two Wings with Headquarters at Peshawar and Ambala. Air Headquarters moved from Simla to Ambala. A Hill Depot was established at Lower Barian in the Murree Hills in April, 1920.

The policy of retrenchment which followed the Great War resulted in the cessation of supply of stores and equipment from England in 1921, and rendered the R.A.F. virtually ineffective. For the same reason, No. 1 Fighter Squadron was transferred to Iraq in April, 1921, and No. 3 Fighter Squadron was disbanded in September. By the end of 1921, there were 147 officers and 1844 airmen in India and the total of aircraft of all types was 94.

In September, 1922, the Government of India decided on the scheme for the permanent control of Waziristan, and in the same month, Sir John Salmond rendered his report on the future of the Air Forces in India. His recommendations were accepted, and henceforth the R.A.F. in India was to be established on a workable if comparatively small basis. The immediate result of this definition of policy was a marked improvement in the general efficiency of all units. At the end of 1923 there were 223 officers and 1,751 airmen in India, while the total of aircraft had risen to 144. The R.A.F. budget appeared under a separate

head for the first time, and expenditure for 1923 amounted to Rs. 1,93,47,731.

With a view to encouraging the spirit of airmindedness in India, the first R.A.F. Display took place in Delhi in February, 1927. Aircraft from all units took part, and the display was a great success. Since then, and until the outbreak of the present war, the Air Display became an almost annual event, and was increasingly popular among all sections of the Indian community.

Towards the end of 1927 the first Inter-Command flight passed through India on its way to Australia. This flight consisted of four Supermarine flying boats under Group Captain Cave-Brown-Cave, of whom the following amusing—though unauthenticated—story is told. On arrival at the slipway at Port Darwin, the Group Captain stepped out of his aircraft clad in flying overalls without any visible badges of rank. He was met by the Duty Officer, a young Canadian Flight Lieutenant, who appeared utterly unimpressed by the importance of the occasion. Somewhat disturbed by this unceremonious welcome, the Group Captain said: "I don't suppose you know me. I am Cave-Brown-Cave". Still unabashed the Flight Lieutenant replied: "Is that so? Well I'm glad to know you—my name is Home-Sweet-Home."

With the increase of air activity on the Frontier it became necessary in 1928 to centralise the control of all R.A.F. units and formations in this area under one command. Consequently, No. 1 (Indian) Group was formed in November with Headquarters at Peshawar, and the Officer Commanding was charged with the day-to-day control of all air operations.

In January, 1929, the R.A.F. was further reinforced by the arrival in India of Nos. 11 and 39 Bomber Squadrons, making a total of eight squadrons in this country. Agreement was reached between the Home Government and the Government of India that this force should thenceforward be maintained as the standard peace-time strength of the Air Force in India, with the role of assisting the political and military authorities in the control of the North-West Frontier and in the maintenance of internal security throughout the country. It has since provided the R.A.F. with a very valuable training area, where flying conditions are generally excellent and where personnel can become accustomed to overseas service. We have also been able to develop India as an important link in the chain of R.A.F. Stations throughout the Empire. Aerodrome development during 1929 included work on the Burma-Singapore route at Moulmein, Mergui and Victoria



Point, and the construction of Landing Grounds at Gilgit and Chilas. The latter were to facilitate communications and co-operation with the Scouts.

Since the arrival of No. 31 Squadron in December, 1915, the R.A.F. has played an important part in the control of the N.W.F.P. both in co-operation with land forces and independently.

Flying over the mountainous country of Waziristan, and under conditions where close support of land forces is essential, entails considerable training for both pilots and air-gunners. In addition, the skill with which the tribesman has adapted his tactics to meet attack from the air, and his instinctive flair for concealment and camouflage, make identification and attack from the air extremely difficult.

It has, therefore, been necessary to evolve a series of simple but efficient means of communication between land forces and aircraft, and, in the succession of frontier operations, much has been done to develop and improve rapid inter-communication by ground strip codes and wireless. The mutual confidence now existing between the land and air forces employed on frontier operations and normal Watch and Ward duties is proof of the success of the systems evolved.

R.A.F. operations on the Frontier can be divided into three categories:

(a) In co-operation with military and irregular forces in comparatively major operations for which the area is placed under the control of a military commander.

(b) Routine operations in co-operation with the Frontier Corps, or Constabulary.

(c) Independent operations in which general control remains with H.E. the Governor, N.W.F.P., or with a Political Officer designated by him.

Since the first employment of aircraft in October, 1916, the R.A.F. has been engaged in many operations of all categories, and a very large turnover of personnel has thereby gained valuable experience before the start of the present war.

A Bomber Transport flight was originally formed at Lahore in April, 1929, and began life in India with one aircraft only. The value of this type of aircraft in a country of good flying conditions and great distances was always appreciated, and although the flight was later expanded to a complete squadron, the demands made upon it have at all times been heavy. The aircraft have been employed as transports for the equipment of long distance

flights to other R.A.F. Commands, and have thus obtained much valuable data on the problems of Inter-Command reinforcement.

During the disturbed conditions in Afghanistan in 1928-29, the Transport Flight, augmented by aircraft from Iraq, helped in the evacuation of 712 people from Kabul, at a time when evacuation by other means was impossible. On several occasions since its expansion to squadron strength, the unit has assisted in the relief of the military garrison at Chitral, flying in the new troops and their stores, and bringing back the troops thus relieved.

Together with all other available aircraft, the Transport Squadron took part in the relief and evacuation work following the earthquake at Quetta in June, 1935. This entailed many hours of flying by day and night in the conveyance of doctors, nurses, medical supplies and food to Quetta, and the evacuation of wounded and homeless persons.

In 1932 all Indian enrolled personnel serving with the R.A.F. in India were formed into the Indian Technical and Followers Corps, to be subject to the Indian Air Force Act. This Act came into force on April, 1933, on the formation of the first regular Flight of the Indian Air Force. "A" Flight, No. 1 Squadron, I.A.F., formed at Drigh Road, Karachi, the Indian officers having been trained at Cranwell, and the technical airmen at the R.A.F. Depot, India.

The intention was that the Unit should eventually be manned entirely by Indians, but during the period of its formation and development, R.A.F. officers and N.C.O.'s were to be attached for supervisory duties. This policy persisted throughout the expansion period, and the Indian Air Force has since grown appreciably. A number of units are now commanded by officers from the original squadron.

Units of the Indian Air Force with Indian Commanding Officers have already served with considerable distinction in the present war, and re-equipment with modern aircraft is being welcomed as an incentive to still greater efforts in the future. The young men who are at present joining the I.A.F. as Cadets for flying training are enthusiastic and eager to master the art of flying and fighting with modern aircraft, and there should be no shortage of volunteers for this attractive and obviously vital arm of India's defence.

The newly-sanctioned I.A.F. Ensign and Crest were presented by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester at Risalpur during his recent extended tour of the India Command.

Since the inception of the Indian Air Force, flying and technical training schools have been opened in India, and the general standard of instruction brought into line with the Empire Air Training Scheme, so that pupils pass into the service fully qualified to take their share in the expansion of the service and its part in the general war effort. From the flying training school, several batches of Indian pilots have been sent to England for operational training and subsequent attachment to R.A.F. squadrons, where they have seen service over England and Europe.

Turning to civil aviation in India, the development of air routes in the country began in 1919 with a temporary service between Karachi and Bombay, operated by R.A.F. aircraft and personnel. This was followed by the arrival of three aircraft and operating personnel sent out by Messrs. Handley Page to inaugurate an air mail service between Bombay, Calcutta and Rangoon. Although this venture was not a commercial success, the Company continued its services for two years and helped considerably to lay the foundations for the later Imperial Airways and other trans-continental air services.

In 1925 the site for an Airship Base was fixed at Drigh Road, Karachi, and in 1927 the Base with its mooring mast and airship hangar, was inspected by Sir Sefton Brancker. It will be remembered that the first airship to leave England for Karachi—the R. 101—crashed at Beauvais in France in October, 1930. Among those who lost their lives in this disaster was Sir Sefton Brancker himself, to whom India owes much of the development of aviation.

From 1926 onwards, the general interest in long-distance flying resulted in a great increase in trans-India flights, and a corresponding though gradual improvement in aerodrome and navigational facilities in India. Early in 1927 a Director of Civil Aviation was appointed, and the R.A.F. was relieved of a great deal of work in connection with civil flying.

In preparation for the employment of flying-boats on the Empire air services, the trans-India route at present used was surveyed in 1934. Since then, flying-boats have taken an increasingly important part in the development of the Empire air routes.

The interest in civil and military flying, which began in India almost as early as at home, has led to a slow but nonetheless sure development of aerodrome, supply and navigational facilities, forming the foundation on which the present expansion was based. As a whole, the country was slow to appreciate the possibilities of the aeroplane in peace and in war, and considerable leeway has

had to be made up before Air Forces could play their full and vital part in the defence of India.

The expansion of the Indian Air Force and the excellent work already achieved by its units in this war, are proof that the spirit of air-mindedness exists, ready for encouragement and further development.

With the present organization, the R.A.F. and I.A.F. in India will be able to develop their maximum efforts, and, after the war, the change-over to civil flying will be facilitated by the greatly-improved aerodrome systems now being organized. Air routes in India will have been opened up and developed on a scale never before envisaged, and post-war air travel throughout India will become as familiar as the Indian train.

## A COMBINED GENERAL STAFF

ATTENTION WAS RECENTLY focussed in England on the subject of a Combined General Staff, and as the question is one which concerns all students of military matters, the views expressed by several leading authorities in London are summarized below:

Sir Edward Grigg, M.P., former Joint Secretary to the War Office, raised the subject in an article in *The Times*. "Victory", he wrote "will depend upon close co-ordination of the three fighting services in a common strategical plan. Defects in such co-ordination were evident enough in Norway, Flanders, Greece and Crete. They were heavily paid for by the Navy, and the Army, but accepted as insurmountable in the conditions of that time. Our strength is now much greater, and it should suffice to provide the essential balance between the Services wherever critical operations are in hand."

He recalled General Sir Archibald Wavell's views, expressed in his lectures on generalship, upon the task of any leader who should qualify as a "great captain" in coming wars:

"On the ground that he will have to handle forces moving at a speed and ranging at a distance far exceeding that of the most mobile cavalry of the past, a study of naval strategy and tactics as well as those of cavalry will be essential to him. He must be able to handle air forces with the same knowledge as forces on land. It seems to me immaterial whether he is a soldier who has really studied the air or an airmen who has really studied land forces. It is the combination of the two, never the action of one alone, that will bring success for a future war."

Sir Edward pointed out that a single command over all three services had already been instituted in more than one theatre of war, but such co-ordination in each theatre "could not give what we needed unless the same co-ordination was thoroughly effective in the central system which allots the forces to the different theatres and forms the strategic plans". After writing that General Wavell's experience during his short tenure of the South-West Pacific Command made that plain, Sir Edward continued:

"The fault is manifest; but neither the Naval nor the General nor the Air Staff can justly be held to blame. The

fault is not in any one of them but in the system under which their respective lines of action are combined (or not combined) in a common plan. We know how that system works. The three Chiefs of Staff sit daily together to decide what needs to be done; they have various co-ordinating committees at lower levels to assist them in their plans; the Prime Minister himself presides at their meetings when he feels inclined; and the Prime Minister again reviews their recommendations with the Defence Committee and the War Cabinet when such further scrutiny appears to him to be required.

"This elaborate machinery is unquestionably a great advance upon any system of inter-service co-ordination that has existed before; but it is not producing the balanced strategy or the co-ordination of our strength by sea, land, and air which the exacting task before us demands. . . .

"A considerable measure of agreement exists on the main reform required. It lies in the direction of giving greater scope and power to the Combined General Staffs of the three services which is already at work in sub-committees below the level where decisions are made. Lord Swinton has pointed out that the problem of defence at Singapore was completely transformed at the moment, many months ago, when Indo-China passed under Japanese control. It certainly appears that the need of combined three-service defence which then became grave would have been anticipated and met by a Combined General Staff with adequate opportunity and power.

"The question is how a Combined General Staff is to be given adequate influence over strategy in its early formative stages at the centre of affairs. I find it hard to believe that a Combined General Staff will give us what we require so long as it has no chief of its own. The Chiefs of Staff whom the Combined Staff sub-committees at present serve have each of their separate pre-occupations, and an immense amount of work to discharge. However able the Combined General Staff, it must be handicapped by the fact that it serves a committee of that tripartite kind.

"It is said that the Chiefs of Staff seldom disagree. If that be indeed so, their recommendations must often be a matter of compromise, a lowest common denomination between incompatible ideas. That is not a method which wins wars. Lord Swinton has suggested that the functions proper to a Chief of the Combined General Staff are not functions which a Minister is best suited to exercise. . . . If I define those functions as I

see them, the type of mind required will not, I think, be in doubt.

"The Chief of the Combined General Staff should have no executive power at all. His post should be a service post, or at any rate, a non-Ministerial one, with no responsibility but that of presiding over the Chiefs of Staff Committee and advising the War Cabinet on the long range conduct of the war. He would be responsible only for the three main duties of a non-executive kind, namely—

"1. He would as C.C.G.S. be responsible for presenting its plans to the Chiefs of Staff Committee, sifting them with that committee and thereafter submitting them to the War Cabinet.

"2. He would be responsible for seeing that our strategic plans took full account of what the production staff and transport authorities may be expected to achieve. The present system, for instance, puts sudden strains upon our shipping programmes which greater foresight would minimize.

"3. He would above all be responsible that in all operational plans the proper balance between the services was maintained, so that the Commander-in-Chief in the various theatres could use the three services wherever necessary as instruments of a single balanced plan.

"It has, after all, been found essential to appoint a Minister of Production to bring the whole field of production under the direction of a single brain and will. Our strategic plans seem to me to require a similar process of co-ordination under a single mind.

"Whereas, however, production is a highly political business which only a Minister can handle as a whole, that is not the case with professional strategic plans. These latter should be immune from political influence at the formative stage; the merits and demerits of any course of action should be weighed in the first instance by cool and concrete professional minds, and these should work unhampered by political suggestion or surveillance of any kind. The C.C.G.S. should therefore be a professional or non-Ministerial middle-man, bringing all essential factors together and serving all three Service Chiefs by laying combined plans before them, and also by sifting and fusing their special knowledge and separate service ideas".

In a leading article supporting Sir Edward, *The Times* said, *inter alia*:

"A Combined General Staff . . . would be the right body not only to produce that 'balanced strategy' and 'co-ordination of our strength by sea, land and air', but also to establish the appropriate relation between strategy and production through Mr. Lyttleton's 'general staff' at the Ministry of Production. If it is true that resources—and therefore production—condition strategy, it is essential that strategy, planned in advance in all its implications, should have a decisive voice in the planning of production; and failure to dovetail production policy with strategy is not the smallest of the penalties we have paid for the lack of a combined strategic plan.

"Nor would the services of a Combined General Staff be restricted to the function which it can itself discharge. Co-operation between the Services tends already to be more whole-hearted and more effective at the lower than at the higher levels. A new combined organization at the top would give a fresh impetus to co-operation.

"It is wholly desirable that it should be matched and completed by a system of combined headquarters and combined local commands. Only by living together and working together on the same tasks will the best men in all services learn to think and act in terms, not of three separate units assisting one another for a common end, but of a single fighting unit animated by the same spirit and the same conception of a single task."

Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes followed with a letter in the course of which he wrote:

"There are two important lacunæ in our present organisation. First, the machinery for welding our naval, military and air forces into one combined instrument of attack and defence is inadequate. There is the Minister of Defence and the War Cabinet. There is also the Committee of the Chiefs of Staff. But, so far as one can make out, there is no combined staff to prepare plans, and, when they are approved, to ensure that they are carried out. To provide them is the duty of the Minister of Defence or a deputy appointed by him, who for this purpose should have a Combined Staff composed of members of the three services headed by a C.C.G.S. These plans would then be submitted to the War Cabinet for approval. These having been approved, the Combined Staff would have the duty of ensuring that they were carried into effect. If the War Cabinet as a whole does not bear the responsibility, it shrinks into a body whose sole duty is the endorsement of decisions already taken by the Minister of Defence. The crucial factor would be



the choice of a suitable man as C.C.G.S. I think he must be a service officer and not a civilian, if he is to command the confidence of those serving under him, and I cannot think of a better man for the post than General Wavell with his unique experience of the war in all its aspects."

Lord Hankey, who was Secretary of the War Cabinet in the Great War, and up to his retirement a few years ago was Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence, said that though it was true Chiefs of Staff seldom disagreed, that was mainly because combined study and experience over many years had produced a large measure of common doctrine. "There is, however, a risk that they may overlook their 'individual and collective responsibility for advising on defence policy as a whole' and tend unconsciously to stitch together the plans of each fighting service instead of focussing all resources on a single war plan. As Mr. Lloyd George said on a notable occasion, 'stitching is not strategy'. Here a C.C.G.S. might render valuable service. Success would depend on the man. He would need the confidence of the Prime Minister, the War Cabinet, and the Chiefs of Staff, as well as a profound and up-to-date knowledge of war and of the system of higher control. He would require drive, tact, and an instinct to leave well alone."

Lord Swinton, former Air Minister, commented that the Combined General Staff must be the Chiefs of Staff in their corporate capacity. It would be radically unsound, he added, to set up a parallel organization divorced from real responsibility. "I agree with Sir Edward Grigg's plea for a man who will be the Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff in their corporate capacity, and who can devote his whole time to the task. I think, too, that if the right man can be found, a service Chief is the ideal. At the same time, the economic side is important. Economic needs and risks should always be present in the minds of the Combined General Staff, and should be seen as far forward as strategy itself, envisaged and provided for before economic risks become actual dangers.

"In the choice of a service Chairman two things are necessary: (i) He must have the three-service mind, that of the great captain, as General Wavell has described him. The most brilliant officer in his own service without that mind and outlook is not the man for the job. (ii) Each of the three services must feel they have as complete confidence in this service chief as they would have in a member of their own service. Both these conditions are essential. If these be the spirit and functions of a

Great General Staff I believe that, while a Service Chairman is the ideal, if he has the necessary qualifications, the post can be adequately filled by a civilian with the right kind of mind and outlook, and accustomed to working with Service Chiefs and Service departments."

Viscount Trenchard said a few days later in a debate in the House of Lords: "In the Middle East our air forces, together with naval and army aircraft, have been at one and the same moment co-operating tactically with the naval forces and strategically with the land forces. This example shows how indivisible are all our three fighting forces. They were three elements, but one service."

Lord Winster reminded the House of Lords that in Germany all agencies for attaining victory were co-ordinated in a high command—a general, who was assisted by a combined general staff, which co-ordinated the heads of the three services. For any given operation this combined general staff selected the best man for the operation, regardless of the service to which he belonged and regardless of seniority. This man in turn selected his own staff and drew up his own plans. In other words, he added, whereas Germany enjoyed co-ordination and control we relied on co-operation and agreement.

Commander R. T. Bower, M.P., wrote to *The Times*: "In peace-time in combined operations the three staffs worked together in conditions approximating to those suggested by Sir Edward Grigg in his advocacy of a Great General Staff. In war-time, however, they work separately, but experience has shown that no amount of co-operation can rival integration.

"The daily meeting of the Chiefs of Staff is not enough; it is vitiated by the fact that they all have to devote the greater part of their energies to look at their respective trees, and not enough combined attention is devoted to regarding the wood as a whole.

"It is the machine which has failed, but it can easily be remodelled in the light of our experiences on the lines suggested, and hope lies in the fact that the men to work it are there, a splendid team, all imbued with a sound common doctrine on the waging of war."

## THE WAR ON THE SALVAGE FRONT

By THE EDITOR

**THIS WAR** differs from the Great War in practically everything—but in one sphere it is the same. Salvage, practised with such assiduity and enthusiasm in 1914—1918, is again a vital factor; and India, for decades the land of plenty, must now follow the lead of Great Britain, where salvage of material, properly organized, has resulted in the saving of millions of pounds sterling, thousands of tons of shipping space, besides giving the population a fine opportunity of using its genius in obtaining every ounce of usefulness from articles hitherto discarded as worthless.

What better guide for the present could we have than the Great War? Our troubles to-day are no less severe, and our difficulties equally surmountable. Let us recall, then, how well the Defence Services played their part in this sphere during those years.

Towards the end of the war salvage was prominent in the minds of public and Forces alike. It became a craze. From posters, press, public platform and music hall came the call to save. A Salvage Club was formed, its newspaper showing members how they could turn an article to further use. Ideas came in by the thousand, and *Punch* lightheartedly included a picture of a child holding up a tabby which was in the last stages of decay, the caption reading: "Look, Mummy, I've saved a perfectly good dead cat".

In the Army, as in England to-day, special salvage centres were established, statistics were issued of what had been collected by units, and there developed a healthy rivalry in all formations serving at home and overseas as to which could show the best results.

"Never has the practical genius of the English revealed itself so strongly as in this War", wrote a famous Russian war correspondent in *The Times* in 1916 after a visit to France. "It is marvellous to see the things done. Our soldiers, for instance, throw away their boots when they are worn out. Heaps of them were to be seen in Galicia and Poland. But here in France we see sheds full of old boots, all of which are later repaired or the parts used again in some other form."

Here are some examples of improvisation carried out by the Services in 1914—1918. From the uppers of old boots leather laces were made, the remainder of the upper, if worthless, being used as fuel; solder was recovered from old tins; lead from the linings of tea chests; nosebags and cooks' clothing from old tents; worn-out ground sheets and waterproof capes reappeared as ration bags and cap covers; old oil drums became braziers, kerosine tins were converted into fire buckets, arm or leg baths for hospitals were made from petrol tins, and the spokes of old wheels turned into legs for tables and chairs.

Even the blood of slaughtered animals was commandeered from the A.S.C. butchery and used in place of linseed oil for making paint, according to the "History of the Army Ordnance Services during the Great War."

Initiative had its practical as well as financial reward in Salonika, where the Ordnance Service organized and erected a soap factory—and showed a net profit of £36,000, in addition to saving a substantial shipping tonnage. Waste fats from rations and the carcasses from slaughtered animals, together with any margarine, cheese, etc., that might have been condemned, were collected.

A small plant was erected, and from these by-products the total local army requirements of hard soap, soft soap and dubbin were made. Soaps of higher quality made in the factory were sold to the Canteens; while the French Army sent in its waste products and received soap in exchange. A further valuable by-product was produced—glycerine, an essential munitions ingredient, and according to the above-quoted volume sufficient glycerine was sent to England to make up a quarter of a million 18-pr. shells.

This was not the only example of unusual enterprise in matters pertaining to salvage. It is on record that on the eve of the final offensive in Salonika in 1918 the supply of ink ran dry and operation orders could neither be typed nor duplicated. Lieutenant Baker, an infantry officer chemist working in the Laboratory, obtained some blue aniline dye in Salonika, and, with glycerine produced at the Ordnance soap factory, plus other ingredients, manufactured ink, which was rapidly delivered where needed.

These instances, quoted at random, give a vivid picture of enterprise and initiative in the last war. That the lessons they taught have been well learned can be proved by what is being done in India to-day.

It is often said that the American Continent is the Arsenal for the United Nations. India may be also, though there are some major differences. America has an abundance of raw materials of all kinds, and an industrial organization that has been harnessed to convert raw materials into weapons of war, and into those goods necessary for the economic life of the people.

India, on the other hand, though possessing abundant raw material supplies, has in the past relied very largely on exporting them rather than converting them into manufactured goods to meet her own requirements. The advantage of this policy in peacetime is obvious, and India has thus benefited in having a favourable trade balance for many years past.

During war time, however, this policy cannot be maintained. Owing to the difficulty in shipping, loss of trade routes and the heavy call made on her to support the needs of armies in the Near East and other fronts, India's industrial production has been unable to expand in proportion to the demands made on her.

A natural consequence of this, therefore, has been "Conservation"—conservation of stocks of all kinds—to endeavour to adjust this unfavourable trade balance, and also to set off, as far as possible, the loss of such areas as Burma, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, all of which previously supplied almost all India's domestic requirements in tin, timber, rubber, quinine and other essential commodities.

Whilst giant strides have been made to increase factory production of every type, the fact still remains that owing to the difficulty of procuring specialized machinery and equipment, production is still far below demand.

Energetic measures have therefore been taken to conserve and economize in every way possible. Salvage dumps are being created at ports and in the various army formations to deal with overseas salvage and salvage which is beyond the capacity of existing installations to deal with. All this is being done to make absolutely certain that all possible action is being taken to re-use all discarded articles to the best advantage of the war effort.

How do the efforts so far made compare with what was done in the Great War? From the following *résumé* of what is being practised now it will be seen that very little escapes the salvage

net. Boots which are completely unserviceable are being robbed of essential parts and re-used, and the scrap remaining is being converted into leather-boards. Unserviceable clothing has all buttons, hooks, eyes, buckles, etc., removed and re-used. Tunics with worn-out sleeves are either patched or with sleeves cut to the elbows made into bush-shirts.

Knitted woollen garments are unravelled and the wool used again for re-knitting, while other woollen and cotton garments are processed by rag-pulling machines to recover wool and cotton. Finger-worn gloves are changed into mittens by cutting off the fingers and binding tape over the loose strands. Unserviceable mosquito-netting is used in a variety of ways in hospitals, and in canteens, as food covers, etc., and it has also been found valuable for camouflage purposes.

All ferrous and non-ferrous scrap is carefully accounted for, and either re-issued to smelting plants or re-converted into ingots. Sump oils from mechanised vehicles and all forms of lubricants are collected and refined; component parts from unserviceable aircraft and M.T. vehicles are being used in maintenance workshops. Glass bottles of all kinds are collected and re-issued for use as beer, fruit-juice and medical necessities containers.

These few examples illustrate what is being done to utilise to their maximum life every type of article. They do not give the complete picture, for, with commendable foresight, a number of Substitutes Committees have been set up for the purpose of inventing (and considering inventions and suggestions), improving and bringing into use every form of material to replace those which are in short supply.

As in the last war necessity compelled research chemists to seek substitutes for wood and metal (one result of which was the speedy development of plastics in their stead), so in this war India is showing an inventiveness and imagination which may prove the basis of new secondary industries in the post-war world.

Jute fabric tents, for instance, are being made; terne plate is now being used for tin-plate containers; rope-soled shoes and chaplies are replacing boots and rubber-soled shoes; shellac-treated wooden plugs are being used instead of cork and glass stoppers; hollowed out bamboos are utilized as oil fluxes and other liquid containers.

While, therefore, much has already been done, a very great deal more can and must be done in the matter of salvage and conservation. It is a field in which everyone can play a part; it requires the whole-hearted co-operation of every individual. Persistent and sustained effort will assuredly produce results which will not be measured in terms of money but in hastening the day of victory.

## REGIMENTAL NICKNAMES—AND THEIR ORIGIN

By T. H. B.

**I**T IS OFTEN said that unfortunate is the man who has never been human enough to qualify for a nickname. And that goes for most institutions in general and the Army in particular.

In 1816 a military writer said: "Nicknames among military men are familiarly used in a collective sense. Thus: the Light Infantry are called 'Light Bobs'; the Grenadiers 'Tow Rows', and the battalion men 'Flat-foots'; and in many instances whole corps have been particularised in this manner."

Undoubtedly in the past nicknames were in more general use and more widely known than they are to-day. Many regiments, however, still proudly cherish their old nicknames, and it is the object of this article to set down many that have been applied to our regiments from time to time, and to explain briefly how these interesting and historical names have been acquired. Before doing so, it is perhaps better to be clear as to the various designations held by regiments since their formation. Briefly, the position is as follows:

Prior to 1750, regiments were known by the name of their Colonels, more often than not by those who raised them, and the Army List of 1740 designates regiments by their Colonel's name. Numerical designations were assigned to regiments in 1751, but they are not found in official correspondence until 1754.

Despite this, the Colonel was still very much the owner of his regiment, and the numbers found it hard to win their way into general use, as, indeed, did the territorial titles by which the numbers were officially superseded some 130 years later. Right through the "Seven Years' War" people continued to speak of "Kingsley's" or "Bragg's" instead of the 20th or 28th Foot, and even in official documents like the Commission Register names and numbers were used concurrently right down to the end of the 18th century.

In 1881 the Cardwell system, which remains to this day, was introduced. The old single battalion infantry units bearing historic numbers were grouped into pairs—the two forming a single unit—and the old numerical designations were dropped, all being linked with counties or towns, on a territorial basis.



The origins of nicknames are numerous. They can be traced to the names of Colonels who raised the regiments, to the colours of old uniforms and facings, to historical events, both in battle and elsewhere, or sometimes to play or puns on the old numerical titles. Some are comparatively modern, while with the passage of time the source of others has been forgotten and become obscure. Moreover, it should be remembered that it is somewhat easy for any inventive soldier, especially in a canteen or club, to label almost every corps in the Army with an appropriate nickname.

The oldest regiment of the British Infantry of the Line is the Royal Scots. Out of regard for the remoteness of its beginnings it is referred to as "Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard". Legend has it that this rather strange nickname arose in the following manner: whilst serving on the Continent as *Le Regiment de Douglas* (1633—1678) the officers entered into an argument with the French regiment *de Picardie* as to the antiquity of their respective corps. The Frenchmen claimed to have been on guard at the Crucifixion, whereupon the Scotsmen retorted: "Well, if we had been on guard we wouldn't have slept at our posts—and in any case, that night we were acting as Pontius Pilate's bodyguard".

Another famous Highland regiment, The Seaforths, has had two well-known nicknames, "The Macraes" (1st Battalion), from the very large number of men of the Macrae clan who joined the Regiment, and "The King's Men" (2nd Battalion), from its motto (that of the McKenzies) "Cuidich'n Righ", which means: "Help the King" or "He saved the King".

Still another distinguished Highland regiment, the Argyle and Sutherlands, who recently fought so well in Malaya, are justly proud of being known as "The Thin Red Line" from their gallant conduct at Balaklava, where they withstood, without support, the charges of the Russian cavalry and put them to rout. It is the only infantry regiment to carry "Balaklava" on its colour.

And before leaving Highland regiments, why is it that the Gordon Highlanders are always known as "The Gay Gordons"? It is a fact that the flamboyant Duchess of Gordon originally helped her husband to raise the regiment. Wearing a diced bonnet, and mounted on a white horse, she rode around the "feeing" markets and offered a guinea from her lips to each

recruit who stepped forward to join up. This stimulating event took place over 150 years ago, and one is reasonable in wondering why the gaiety has extended to the present day.

Most English regiments, too, have been christened with famous nicknames. Take, for example, The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey). Raised in 1661 to garrison Tangier, part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, wife of King Charles II, it received on its formation the badge of the Paschal Lamb, the crest of the House of Braganza. The name Tangier at once gave rise to the soubriquet "The Tangerines", but its alternative nickname, "Kirke's Lambs" is the correct one. This was derived from the name of its Colonel, and, of course, its badge. During the Peninsula War, The Queens were also known as "The Sleepy Queens", owing to their carelessness in allowing General Brenner to escape at Almeida in 1810.

The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment) were originally designated "The Buffs" from being the first whose accoutrements, such as pouches, sword-belts, etc., were made of leather prepared from the buffalo, after the manner of chamois. In 1749 they became known as "The Old Buffs" to distinguish them from the 31st Foot (East Surrey Regiment). This came about from an incident at the Battle of Dettingen. The East Surreys were mistaken by George II for The Buffs, as both regiments had similar buff facings. On being informed of his mistake, the King said: "Well done, then, Young Buffs". The East Surreys still retain this name with esteem, as a memento of their gallant conduct at Dettingen.

The Buffs have also been known as "The Resurrectionists", sometimes attributed to the fact that they lay claim to an ancestry as old as that of the Royal Scots. But more probably it was due to their extraordinary recuperative powers after they had been ridden down by cavalry at Albuera (1811) and in which battle they particularly distinguished themselves. Finally, during the period 1737—1749. The Buffs were also known as "The Buff Howards", to distinguish them from "The Green Howards". Both regiments were serving in Flanders during 1742—45, both Colonels bore the name of Howard, and, as will be remembered, in those days regiments were named after their Colonels. The facings of the second-named regiment were green. Hence its nickname—which is now its official title.

The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers have earned several distinctive nicknames. The one by which they are generally

known, "The Fighting Fifth", arose from a favourite saying of the Duke of Wellington in connection with the services of the regiment in the Peninsula. "The Ever-fighting, Never-failing Fifth". They have also been known as "The Old and Bold" by reason of their long and gallant conduct in war, and as "Lord Wellington's Bodyguard" from their constant association with Wellington. In 1811 The Fifth were attached to headquarters. About 1770 they were known as "The Shiners", which commemorated their reputation for cleanliness and smartness about that time.

The nickname "Elegant Extracts" was given to The Royal Fusiliers by other regiments because from the date of its foundation they had no officers of the rank of Ensign—only full Lieutenants. Thus when an officer was posted to the regiment, an Ensign or Second Lieutenant from another regiment had to be chosen and promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. This custom continued until the Crimea, when, owing to heavy losses in officers, newly-commissioned officers had to be posted direct. During the Great War this title was revived and adopted by the 4th Battalion Concert Party.

The badge of the figure of Britannia, said to have been given to The Royal Norfolk Regiment by Queen Anne, is responsible for it being known as "The Holy Boys". This somewhat irreverent nickname was due, according to one story, to the men selling Bibles for drink in the Peninsula. But it is more reliably due to the Spaniards mistaking the figure on their badge for that of the Virgin Mary.

About the same time, at Salamanca, the 11th Foot (Devons) were nearly cut to pieces by the French, and only about seventy men of all ranks survived. The regiment was, therefore, dubbed "The Bloody Eleventh". Some thirty-one years later the 15th Foot (Somerset Light Infantry) gained fame by their gallant defence of Jallalabad, and thereby earned for themselves the distinguished nickname of "The Illustrious Garrison". To this day they carry the word "Jallalabad" on their badge.

If by chance the reader should see a football match in which the team of certain regiment is taking part the shout "Come on the Snappers" will undoubtedly be heard. This is the nickname by which the 15th Foot (East Yorkshire Regiment) is still familiarly known, and is in memory of the action during the American War, in which a detachment of the 15th was surrounded by the enemy, and, running out of ammunition, the men snapped their

muskets in the usual way, and so deceived the enemy and prevented them from coming any closer.

A tiger, surmounted by the word "Hindoostan", is the badge which recalls their many years of hard service in India and Afghanistan, and is responsible for The Leicestershire Regiment being known as "The Green Tigers" and "The Tigers."

When known as Kingsley's Regiment, the now Lancashire Fusiliers won great fame at Minden in 1759, and hence their nicknames "The Minden Boys" and "Kingsley's Stand". At Minden they suffered 300 casualties and were ordered to rest on the following day, but, at the request of the survivors, this order was cancelled. For this action they were awarded a laurel wreath, and to this day, on the anniversary of the battle, officers and men of the Regiment wear a rose in their headdress because on their way into action, in passing through a rose garden, their predecessors plucked the flowers and decorated their hats with them. Their old numerical designation, 20th Foot, is responsible for their having been known also as "The Double X's" and "The Two Tens".

In a similar way the Cheshire Regiment (22nd Foot) are known as "The Two Two's." They, however, own another and more distinguished nickname—"The Meanee Boys", in commemoration of Meanee (1843), when, under Sir Charles Napier, they were the only white troops among the 1,800 opposed to 22,000 native troops and are thus the only British regiment entitled to the battle honour "Meanee."

The Royal Welch Fusiliers, with their privilege of being led on parade by a goat, were obviously cut out for the name "The Nanny Goats". They also own another unique privilege, that of wearing a flash of black ribbons attached to the back of the collar. In 1805 pig-tails for the Army were abolished, but when the order was promulgated, the 24th were at sea, and so the order did not reach them. They were, therefore, the last to wear the pig-tail, and in commemoration of this they obtained the distinction of wearing the "flash", which represents the leather-bag formerly used to sheath the pig-tail or queue, and so protect the uniform from grease and powder.

It is often erroneously supposed that "The Fore and Afts" or "The Back Numbers" are nicknames of The Gloucestershire Regiment, on account of their conduct at Alexandria in 1801, where they were attacked by French Cavalry. There was not time to form square, and so they were ordered to stand back to back, which they did, and beat off the attack. To commemorate this

event they have the distinction of wearing a second small badge at the back of the cap. While these two names are appropriate, it is believed they are entirely the invention of a well-known military publisher. The only historical nicknames officially recognized are "The Old Braggys", "Braggys" and "The Slashers", the first two being derived from their Colonel of that name from 1734 to 1751, and the third from an incident in the American War. This is attributed to two sources. One, from their gallant conduct at the battle of the Bronx, and the other from a story which says that while serving in America some officers of the Regiment dressed themselves up as Indians and cut off the ears of a magistrate by the name of Walker, who had refused to give billets to the families of the regiment during a particularly hard winter.

Alone of all Line regiments, The Worcestershire Regiment were allowed to retain the old valise ornament when it was abolished in 1784. This star is the same as that of The Coldstream Guards—the Star of the Garter, and accounts for their nickname "The Guards of the Line", while their motto "Firm" accounts for another "The Firms". They own to yet another soubriquet "The Eversworded 29th" (1st Battalion). The origin of this is obscure, but until 1850 it was customary for officers to wear swords on all occasions, even in Mess.

It is, of course, somewhat obvious that The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, famous for their defence of Lucknow in 1857, should be christened "The Docs."

The 33rd Foot (The Duke of Wellington's Regiment), commanded by the Duke in 1806, is the only regiment named after a subject other than one of Royal blood. Their crest is that of the Duke of Wellington, and they earned for themselves the title "Immortals" from their conspicuous service in India about the end of the 18th century. The 33rd also used to be called "The Havercake Lads" because a well-known recruiter for the regiment used to invite recruits by displaying an oatcake on the point of sword.

The badge of the Roussillon plume was gained by The Royal Sussex Regiment at Quebec in 1759, when it captured the colours of the French Roussillon Grenadiers. On this standard the golden *fleur-de-lys* were shown, and thus the regiment received the nickname of "Orange Lilies".

The Dorsetshire Regiment, which was the first King's Regiment to fight in India, gained for themselves the motto *Primus in Indis* and earned a quaint nickname in Almanza. Fearing they

would be late for the encounter they were mounted on mules in order to arrive more quickly, and were thereupon given the name of "Sankey's Horse", Sankey being the name of the Colonel.

Prior to 1941, the 1st Battalion, South Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales Volunteers), had twenty-nine Colour honours, a number exceeded by only one other corps. They had served in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia and North and South America, a unique record. Its old title of the 40th Foot (XLI) resulted in it being called "The Excellers".

In 1719 the authorities decided to economize, and one step taken was to form a regiment of invalids. Thus came into existence the 1st Invalids. It is on record that in 1767 the youngest officer was a Captain of 42, there were two totally blind officers—an Ensign of 71 and a Lieutenant of 80—and there was also a major of 82. In 1787 they paraded for the last time as Invalids, and two years later the regiment was thoroughly sound. Wellington was among the officers. In 1822 they became the 41st Welsh—now spelt with a "c"—Regiment of Foot, and, of course, the nickname "The Invalids" has always stuck to them.

Serving at the close of the year 1796 as marines for the third time in their history, a portion of the 2nd Battalion of this regiment was employed on H.M.S. "Brittania", H.M.S. "Courageous", and H.M.S. "Agamennon", under Nelson. The following year "The Old Agamennons", as Nelson called them, accompanied him when he transferred his flag to "The Captain", and were present at the battle of Cape St. Vincent. The Welch Regiment is the only regiment to have the honour of bearing "St. Vincent" on its colours.

About 180 years ago, in 1756 to be exact, the 56th Foot had crimson facings. These wore so badly that the Colonel wished to have them changed to blue. This, however, not being allowed, he adopted that particular hue known as "pompadour", so named from its being the favourite colour of Mme. de Pompadour, the beautiful and shrewd mistress of King Louis XI of France. And here is the origin of the nicknames "Saucy Pompy's" or "Pompadours" now used by both battalions of the Essex Regiment. That these were in use over 140 years ago can be seen from the following recruiting poster which appeared in 1800:

"The Highest Bounty in National Bank Notes, or Hard Guineas. 56th Regiment, Major Keating, Now wants Sixty men of Spirit and Enterprise to complete the Fifty-Sixth Regiment, or Old Saucy Pompadours. Any lads chusing to

follow the Honourable Profession of a Soldier, may apply at the Sign of the Fighting Cocks, Rathkeale. The Major begs to remind his countrymen of the preference already given by One Hundred and Sixty County Limerick and Kerry Lads who have joined the Pompadour standard, and he hopes, for a continuance of that partiality which he has so amply experienced".

The Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire) served with Wolfe at Quebec, and it is in memory of his death that officers wear a double line of black lace in their gold lace, and it also accounts for the 1st Battalion being known as "Wolfe's Own".

The 48th Foot (Northamptonshire Regiment) achieved great fame at Talavera and in remembrance of this action are known as "The Heroes of Talavera". It was in this battle that their Colonel, the last officer in the British Army to wear the old three-cornered hat or "Nivirais", being seriously wounded, called the next senior officer, bowed, raised his hat, and said: "Major Middlemore, you will have the honour of leading the 48th to the attack."

Whatever others may think of it, the nickname "Dirty Half-Hundred" is not at all what it appears to be at first sight. At Vimiera (1808) the 50th Foot (Queens Own Royal West Kent Regiment) particularly distinguished itself, and when one reads in Napier's account of the battle: "their faces were begrimed with powder and black as their own lapels . . . and 900 tumbling down on Laborde's division of French (5,300 strong) amidst a fearful war-cry and with a shock that nothing could withstand", the reader will realize how glorious a deed this uncomplimentary-sounding nickname commemorates.

Almost everyone has heard of the title "Die-Hards", which The Middlesex Regiment won at Albuhera (1811), when over 400 officers and men fell, and where their Colonel, fatally wounded, rallied the 57th by the cry: "Die hard, my men, die hard". It is unfortunate that this name is frequently used as a term of contempt in these days, when it is to be hoped that those of us who are fated to die *will* "die hard". The 2nd Battalion of this Regiment is known as "The Pothooks" in reference to their number (77th Foot).

The 60th (King's Royal Rifle Corps) and The Rifle Brigade used to wear dark green uniforms in the days when full dress was worn. Hence their nickname "Greenjackets". As Rifle Regiments they carry no colours, and therefore wear their battle honours on their badges and other appointments.

According to one story, it is in tribute to a much-cherished local ballad that the Wiltshire Regiment answer to the title of "The Moonrakers", while another says it is due to some members of the regiment being surprised one dark night dragging a pond with long rakes, looking, as it turned out, for smuggled brandy kegs, or as they said, for the moon. They gained another nickname, "The Springers", because of their alertness during the American War, while yet another, "The Splashers", was earned within the British Isles.

In 1760 they were serving at Carrickfergus Castle. At this time the regiment had a large number of young recruits, and they found themselves, when without guns and with little small arms ammunition, confronted by 1,200 Frenchmen. Consequently, they had to use their buttons as bullets. Later they had to resort to stones and bricks, and, finally, they charged with the bayonet. The Castle was taken in the end, but the 62nd were allowed to march out with the full honours of war, as were, incidentally, the Duke of Aosta and the Italians at Amba Alagi during the present war. In memory of this episode the regiment wore a "splash" or dent on their buttons for some time.

Finally, that grand old regiment, The Royal Irish Fusiliers, who captured the first French eagle in the Peninsula War. This episode accounts for two of their nicknames, "The Aiglers", and "The Eagle Takers", while their motto, "Faugh-a-Ballagh" (Clear The Way) is the reason for two others, "The Old Fogs" and "Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys".

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Well! there they are—some of the grand old nicknames which recall many years of courageous and hard service of the British Army all over the world. May this Army of ours, which has laid the foundation of the British Commonwealth of Nations, long continue to fight in the cause of freedom for all peoples!



## AFTER THE WAR . . . ?

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL G. F. BUNBURY

**HAVE YOU DECIDED** what you are going to do in England when you have finished with the army and have earned a pension which, even in pre-war days, allowed of few extravagances? Perhaps you are not going to live in England, or have already made up your mind what to do in retirement. If so, this article can have no more than a passing interest for you; it is written for those who are still undecided.

Most of us, despite present preoccupations, find our thoughts wandering from time to time into the future. We have misgivings. We wonder whether post-war England will be anything like the pre-war England of our infrequent but utterly wonderful leaves. We imagine, probably correctly, that the purchasing power of our small pensions will be greatly reduced and that we will be unable to afford the leisure and relaxation we feel we have earned.

But have we earned a twilight of ease just because we have served twenty-five to thirty years in the army? I doubt it. Why should we, because of the years spent in soldiering on good pay, consider that we have no further responsibility to society? Why, having earned our pensions, should we become social parasites at whom the ever-increasing socialist element will jeer?

These jeers are well deserved. The working man does not sit back at the age of fifty and do nothing. He more often than not dies in harness at a ripe old age. The necessity for wearing that harness prolongs his useful life and increases his happiness. Why should not we accept a new harness and thus prolong our usefulness, both to ourselves and to the nation? To what, you may ask, does all this lead? It leads to the possibly unpopular statement that England will not want, and will tolerate only with resentment, the physically fit *bouche inutile*. What, then, is the answer? It is that every one of us must, despite the fact that we have given the noonday of our lives to the army, find some useful occupation which will end only with our death, or with the complete loss of our physical powers.

Some, and they are optimists, may think that they can get jobs. Some may already have useful hobbies. A few may think, erroneously, that their wealth relieves them of the necessity for doing anything but enjoy themselves. Most of us will want to do something useful but do not know how to set about it. Our only

hobby has been our profession. What can we begin at the age of fifty that will be of any practical use? It is to those in this category that the following suggestions are offered.

Without claiming undue originality or perspicacity, the writer believes that many of our national misfortunes have been due to over-industrialization and over-specialization of production. Also that we will regain our national strength and virility only by exploiting to the utmost the natural resources of the country: in fact, by going back to the land.

Any one of us, with little knowledge but plenty of industry, can wrest treasures from the land and thereby find that mental and physical satisfaction which results from quenching the thirst of creative instinct. The financial satisfaction of reducing expenditure by producing foodstuffs at home must also loom large in times when the balancing of the family budget is an acrobatic feat.

On the lowest financial level the "back to the land" enthusiast can get this satisfaction by working an allotment; on the highest he owns or rents a farm. The latter connotes a highly specialized knowledge, and more capital than most of us possess. The retired officer who loves a country life will obviously fall into a category between these two. This middle category itself can be divided into the small holder and the small farmer; that is to say the pensioner with nothing but his pension in the former, and the pensioner with a certain amount of capital in the latter.

If you retire with £1,000 with which to buy yourself a house, and nothing but your pension on which to live, you are a potential small holder. Do not spend your money on a villa in Cheltenham, or in any other of the "army suburbs". Such a sum will purchase a pleasant and convenient small house and a few acres of land in a rural area. Five acres or so of good land will provide you, if you are industrious, with the means of reducing your household expenses by almost £100 a year. With five acres you can keep your family supplied with eggs, vegetables and dairy produce, and at the same time keep yourself fit and happy. Your wife can help to cut down expenses by doing the work of the house and by doing the household laundry at home. This is no longer the weekly nightmare that it used to be, as the modern machines for both washing and ironing are simple to use and, taking into consideration the saving on laundry bills, inexpensive.

But surely with your education and social assets, you are worth more than £100 a year. Undoubtedly you are, but where

can you demand such a wage? If your hobby, be it writing, painting, carpentry or stamp collecting, were to bring you in a steady income of £100 per year you would be delighted. How much more proud you should be if your physical energy and mental balance can reduce your budget by this sum, at the same time keeping you usefully employed?

Now we will see how this saving is to be affected. You must keep a cow and you must learn to milk it: it will keep you in milk, butter and cream for nine months of the year. You must buy your milk for the remaining three months. Learning to milk presents few difficulties, and if you want an occasional day off, a local farmer's son is usually delighted to earn some pocket-money by doing the evening milking for you. A dozen good fowls will, in their youth, provide sufficient eggs for the household and when they stop laying will boil. Fifty pullets, raised from day-old chicks, will give you a chicken once a week. A good vegetable garden with some carefully tended fruit trees will save you packets.

All this will get you out of bed early in the mornings, both in summer and in winter; will keep you healthily and happily occupied all day, and you will find that you have neither the time nor the inclination for the expensive recreations that might have tempted you if you were less busy.

Now for the small farmer. Assume that you have, or have saved, three or four thousand pounds capital. This should buy a good farm house and sufficient suitable outbuildings and land (say 50 acres) to enable you to be practically self-supporting in all your household needs except meat, tea, sugar, tobacco and alcohol. But a word of warning. Do not think that you can be a successful farmer, however small, without some practical and theoretical knowledge of the subject. Many a farmer would be willing to take you and your family as P.G.s for a year, and in return for your manual labour he would gladly teach you all he can. You will thus gain experience of a complete seasonal cycle, and should be ready to plough your own furrow. If you want still more instruction, spend six months at Reading University. There you will be taught exactly what you ask to learn, and the fee is incredibly small.

Now for the job for which you have spent this time of preparation. For the type of small farm envisaged you will have to employ a full-time labourer to help you. His wages will be about £120 per annum and your plans must cater for supplying

your household needs and for making enough cash profit to pay for his hire.

The following suggestions are offered:

2 cows (the skim milk to feed the pigs);

One dozen fowls for laying;

50 pullets for the table;

10 sows and a boar;

12 store cattle;

$\frac{1}{2}$  acre vegetable garden;

$\frac{1}{2}$  acre fruit;

15 acres for hay or silage for cows and store cattle;

1 acre for roots;

8 acres of arable land for corn;

16 acres for grazing cows and store cattle;

6 acres for folding pigs.

The progeny of the sows, sold as weaners, should bring you in sufficient cash profit to pay the wages of your man. The arable land will provide grain for your livestock, and whole-meal flour for the household. The straw will be trodden into muck for your fields by the cattle in the yards during the winter. In the summer the store cattle will each want an acre of pasture, and if they are bought as yearlings in the autumn, and sold as Christmas beef the following year, these should bring in a substantial profit.

The above is only an outline of a scheme which can have untold variations. Your imagination, foresight and initiative is given all the scope required, and the whole-time healthy outdoor work will keep you fitter than you have ever been. Most important, perhaps, is the fact that for the first time in your life you are your own master, answerable to no man. What a pleasant change for a soldier!

These suggestions are not intended to belittle the usefulness of the market gardener, apiarist or fruit grower: they are all producing essentials, and are useful units in the national life. It is suggested, however, that these occupations are somewhat limited in scope, and that they are more dependant on the vagaries of the English climate than general farming.

If this article has stirred the imagination of any it has achieved its object. Whatever you may decide to do, make up your mind that your future life will be useful to England who, debilitated by years of war, needs the brains, courage and physical energy of all of us, for so long as we possess such qualities. Let us, like the phoenix, arise from the ashes of war to a new and happier life.

## OUR MILITARY MAN-POWER PROBLEM

By LIEUTENANT COLONEL F. L. ROBERTS

**NO ONE WILL** deny that the demands on our man-power in this war are far heavier than were similar demands in the last war. Furthermore, the Empire's population has not by any means increased between these two wars to such an extent as to be commensurate with the demands made upon it now. Again, within the army itself there are now many more and varied calls upon our available men than ever entered our peace-time philosophy. The hundred and one different weapons and vehicles which our land forces must use, and the various new individual roles which must be carried out, have resulted in varying degrees of specialization, which, in their turn, have increased our requirements in *trained* soldiers of various types and categories.

Consequently, we are not finding it any too easy to provide trained—and by this I mean fully trained—soldiers for our very enlarged and growing land armies. And so what is the result? We are reduced to a process known as "milking", which, in effect, more or less amounts to "taking away from him even that which he hath."

Any Officer who has recently returned to India from overseas will bear witness to the fact that this "milking" process, in its application to Indian Army units overseas, results in, or has been resulting, in a drastic if not a dangerous turn-over of personnel. Units which have been 100 per cent. war-experienced in officers and men have been reduced to a 40 per cent. or 30 per cent. strength in war-experienced men after a lapse of a few weeks away from active operations.

Nowadays units in any theatre of war are apt to be moved from non-active areas to very active areas in the space of a few hours. Hence it will be appreciated that a drastic change-over in the quality of their personnel might well be classified as "dangerous". Modern war imposes such a strain on endurance that those who have experienced its strains and who have proved to themselves that they can "take it" are of far, far, greater value to any fighting force than the percentage which have yet to be tested. This is a factor far more potent to-day than it has ever been in the whole history of warfare.

To turn to the home front in India. There are in India to-day many battalions which, through no choice or fault of their own, have so far had no experience of modern war. But what they have experienced to no ordinary extent is this process known as "milking". They must have started their war-time careers with a very high percentage of regular soldiers, and the milking system has subsequently drained off a high percentage of their original personnel during the two-and-a-half years that we have been at war.

It may be argued that the drastic result, in the case of these battalions, is a necessary evil which cannot be avoided, and that the situation is not as dangerous with them as it is in the case of battalions overseas. There is, however, one aspect which, if disregarded, might well result in apathy—and apathy at a time like the present is more dangerous than any Fifth Column. I refer to the psychological affect on men who are keyed up to fight and who perforce belong to a unit which is being repeatedly "milked" while they themselves are left behind.

As an example, let us take the case of a war-time battalion raised, probably, soon after war began and consisting of drafts from its sister regular battalions. In this nucleus, with its proportion of recalled reservists, you had a unit the officers and men in which were all imbued with the natural desire of every good soldier—to fight as a part of his own unit. This keenness resulted in the rapid knitting together of the drafts sent to form the units. How long is this keenness likely to be retained at concert-pitch when officers and men must watch "milked" elements of their unit sent away to other units overseas while they themselves remain behind, month after month, to see their own battalion repeatedly reduced to a skeleton of its former self? This may seem to be an exaggeration, but you can't deny the psychological fact that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Having thus criticised our present system, the writer now makes bold to offer a solution to the problem. Let us revert, for a moment, to the title of this article. There are two types of milk considered as being fit for human consumption at any time in India—pasteurized and/or condensed milk (powdered milk is in the latter category).

Now, supposing you were made responsible for feeding several hundred human beings and/or animals on a milk diet for a period of several months—months during which conditions were likely to be so trying as possibly to necessitate extra issues from

your stock of milk. You must bear in mind that, owing to Dame Nature's ways, the people animals in your charge are apt to increase and to decrease appreciably, in numbers, at short notice; with resultant changes in the demands on your stock of milk. Supposing also that, at the moment of taking over this responsibility for supply of milk diet, you had to make the choice between holding stocks of pasteurized or condensed milk, at an equal bulk tonnage of either. Which would you choose? (You may assume that the pasteurized milk would not go bad, no matter how long you had to keep it.)

Whatever you may say in favour of pasteurized milk, the correct answer is "condensed" milk. The reason is obvious, but in case you feel argumentative let me tell you why.

At the time when you have to make this momentous decision—a decision upon which the lives and future happiness of your population will depend—you cannot possibly state with any accuracy what your daily demand for milk will be. Some foul disease may suddenly deplete your population and thus cause a decreased demand for weeks. On the other hand, an equally sudden increase in your population, whether human or animal, may almost double the demands on your stock; or again, debility among some of your charges may necessitate an extra issue to these weak folk. The pasteurized milk stock remains constant in capacity—ounce for fluid ounce you can't increase your stock unless you water it, which is a foul.

But your stock of condensed milk is ideal—in name as well as in nature—for issue on an as-required basis. Its concentrated form gives you a very much larger stock from which to draw (if you remember, the bulk tonnage in either case was to be the same). This concentrated characteristic of the condensed milk enables you to meet demands with the greatest possible economy without having to stint supply. Look at it whichever way you like, you *must* be prepared for a constant fluctuation in demand, and the only type of milk suited to meet such conditions is condensed milk. See?

Now then, how can we apply this principle to the problem of providing "milk" (in the shape of *trained* fighting men) to our war-time "population"—the units of our Field Armies?

Firstly, what is the procedure now?

Our recruits receive their basic and initial training at selected training units. If time allows, which is seldom, the recruit is given a measure of advanced training in the handling of some of the many weapons used in Active Battalions overseas.

He may, if he is lucky, even undergo a brief period of section training, *i.e.* he begins to be taught that he is part of a machine and that his individual training has been a means to that end. But his training unit can do no more; it is, very rightly, not designed to teach Company and Battalion training.

Even so, the supply of *trained* soldiers from these training establishments does not meet the demands of our active battalions in an ever-increasing army; so we have to "milk" these active battalions, which should be *receivers* of "milk" rather than the donors if they are to be kept up to a high standard of fitness for war.

In other words the present system is rather "pasteurized"—over a period of months we have a more-or-less fixed quantity of trained men, and we transfer them from one unit to another just to meet the immediate demands of the moment. In actual fact we are watering the pasteurized milk, which does neither the consumer nor the milk any good and can never be a satisfactory answer to our problem.

Have I laboured the point? Well then, "him that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

How can we change over from a "pasteurized" to a "condensed" system? By introducing into each Regiment or Group one or more units whose sole object will be to carry out post-recruit training. They become our tins of condensed milk, and this is how I see the system working:

(a) Training battalions should aim only at completing the four-and-a-half months' course necessary to produce the trained rifleman (or his equivalent in other units). On completion of this course the recruits should be consigned to "condensed" battalions only—NOT to Active Battalions in fighting formations.

(b) Condensed battalions to carry out the specialist and collective training which the modern unit expects, or hopes, that its drafts have been through. And, as circumstances demand, these highly trained soldiers are sent as reinforcements—in fact as well as in name—to units of fighting formations, and to form new units.

(c) Units in fighting formations should never be asked to surrender any of their men, except when they themselves find it necessary for purposes of leave, pension, relief and the like. In this connexion it might be argued that Training Battalions could do this work without having to resort to making other battalions do it. The fact is that they could not. You would have to



increase the number of officers and instructors, the amount of equipment and the extent of the accommodation at each T.B.; you would drive an already overworked commandant mad; and you would submerge and therefore lose that valuable and indispensable outlook which only life in a battalion of trained men can develop—the experience of being part of an active unit organized and trained to function as such.

That is the broad outline of the “condensed” milk scheme. There are one or two points, however, affecting the “condensed” battalions:

(a) Within the equipment of the “condensed” battalion there must be included a proportion of the weapons and vehicles with which the active battalions are armed. To wrap a log of wood in leather and call it a “token” 2-inch mortar will never fit any man who handles it to take his place in a mortar team engaged in active operations. No, these “condensed” battalions *must* have a small proportion of carriers, mortars, trucks, lorries, anti-tank weapons and so on.

(b) Men who return from overseas for a much-needed change after months of strenuous fighting must, after their leave, be posted to “condensed” battalions. There they can pass on the valuable knowledge which they have gained from personal experience. Such officers and men should get their leave from their T.B. and then be sent at once to one of their “condensed” battalions.

Now then! What advantages do we obtain from this proposed system?

The advantages which I see can be summarised as follows:

1. The strain on the administrative staff of training units is appreciably reduced. Instead of having to cope with demands and forecasted demands from a large number of active battalions, that staff can concentrate on training recruits and passing them out to the “condensed” battalions.

2. The number of specialist instructors at training units can be reduced to nil. All you want are drill and musketry instructors. Furthermore, as specialists will no longer be required at the T.B., the average age and length of service of the T.B. instructor can be greater without any loss of efficiency—the instructor will not become out of date.

3. Correspondence as regards the supply and movement of reinforcements will be whittled down to letters between G.H.Q. India and one or two battalions per Regiment, as opposed to

the present necessity for having to write to every unit in the army.

4. The regular flow of man-power from recruiter to training unit and from training unit to "condensed" unit must inevitably make things much easier for those who have to forecast and to control intake and output.

5. The "condensed" battalions would still continue to pull their weight in the internal security problems of India. There might be occasions when heavy demands would reduce them to a 30 per cent. or even 25 per cent. shadow of their former selves, but that would not be for long, nor would it detract from their value as potentials in the meeting of internal security commitments.

6. At a pinch the "condensed" battalions could be used for active service against a tribal enemy on the N. W. Frontier. This step is not advocated except as a last resort, because there would be a natural tendency for local formation commanders to expect a higher standard of "mountain warfare" training to the detriment of the many types of more specialized training which modern open warfare demands.

7. Active battalions would be able to retain their high percentage of war-experienced men, no matter how long they might have to spend between bouts of active operations.

8. The supply of "red hot" items of equipment, *i.e.* those which have to be imported, would mostly go to the active battalions in India which need them. A very reduced minimum only need be allotted to condensed battalions for training. And no M.T. need be allotted to Training Battalions. This alone should make for economy. Added to these factors is another—the men drafted to active battalions would have received training in the use of these valuable weapons and vehicles, and so they would not be so liable to damage the equipment of active battalions.

9. It should be possible, to earmark certain active battalions for a N. W. Frontier defence role for the duration of the war; thereby economising on this very expensive hired civilian M.T., and also economising in "red hot" items of equipment. Incidentally, were such earmarking at all possible, it should result in a further economy of man-power, because the strength of such battalions could be reduced to a "S.P.P.-level".

10. The psychological factor of disappointment and resultant loss of keenness is overcome once and for all. Each individual in a "condensed" battalion would know that though the

battalion as such would never go overseas, his turn would come sooner or later. The departure of a draft, instead of postponing the great day as it does now, would mean that the chances of being sent overseas had increased—the keen individual would know that his name had neared the top of the roster.

11. Finally, were this system to be adopted, or one very akin to it, we would be able to spill from our military vocabulary this dreadful phraseology about milking—surely a sign of something weak somewhere. I would suggest, in lieu, the following nomenclature:

“Training” battalions, as at present;

“Drafting” battalions, as suggested in this article; and

“Active” battalions, unadulterated as they used to be.

I am sure there is something in this philosophy, dear reader; and were William Shakespeare alive to-day I feel equally sure that he would condone my bowdlerisation as being in a righteous cause when I say—

“Whom to milk and whom *not* to milk, that is the question.”

## SIDELIGHTS ON GURKHA RECRUITING

BY H. R. K. GIBBS

**THE PRESENT** is no time for giving figures of recruiting, but the future will show what a truly magnificent effort has been made by the small mountain Kingdom of Nepal in providing men for the armed forces of the British Empire. Youngsters who in 1939 were peacefully tending their cattle and sheep in the high pastures of the Himalaya, or tilling the little terraced fields on the hillsides, are to-day driving armoured carriers and manning anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons in the plains of Egypt, Ceylon, Iraq and Persia, and on the threatened frontiers of India.

Incidentally, it is no mean tribute to the training system of the Indian Army that the same lads who are now fully-trained mechanized soldiers, never saw a motor car, an aircraft or even a railway train before they enlisted. How it is done is best known to those hard-worked officers of the various Gurkha Regimental Training Centres, for whom no praise can be too high.

It is, however, concerning the side issues of the great expansion that this article is written. A longish period of work as an Assistant Recruiting Officer has shown the writer some things which may be of general interest.

Next to the actual work of recruiting, dealing with the Gurkha's family affairs is undoubtedly the most important part of the Recruiting staff's work. There is no District Soldiers' Board to deal with these affairs, and all such work falls to the lot of the Recruiting Officer for Gurkhas and his officers. The Gurkha woman, untrammelled by any system of purdah or seclusion, plays a very big part in the management of the family's affairs.

Each year many thousands come into the Recruiting Depots at Kunraghat, Ghoom and Laheria Serai. When the pensioners come to draw their pensions, as often as not their wives come too. During the last cold weather some eleven and a half thousand pensions were paid between December and mid-March in Kunraghat alone. Over and above these, many more thousands come to collect family allotments, receive sums of money sent by serving soldiers or get news of relatives. A very large number of family pension claims are also dealt with each

year. Some of the hill folk come just for the fun of the thing, and the Gurkha Brigade War Memorial Dharamsalas at Kunraghat and Ghoom are always full of family parties, complete with the baby.

Investigation of claims for family pensions and estates of deceased soldiers takes up many hours. Great patience is called for in unravelling the often-complicated family relationships, and when a Gurkha woman is hot on the trail she is not to be put off; she has her say in no uncertain manner. The worried A.R.O. will often find one baby parked in his letter-tray while mother produces lunch for one even smaller, what time an old gentleman who has been brought as a witness insists on telling you how he helped to defend Wana in 1894.

Perhaps the most trying cases are those in which the claim to a family pension is suddenly complicated by the arrival of a hitherto unknown widow. The retired Gurkha Officer especially is prone to take unto himself a young junior wife when he retires in comparative affluence. When in the fullness of time he is gathered to his fathers it is often found that the younger wife has been nominated as his heiress. Thereupon the elder wife comes down to the Recruiting Depot to press her claim and enlist the help of the Recruiting Officer, who, of course, needs the wisdom of Solomon.

In present circumstances disbursing family allotments is a major task. The Gurkha is as a rule very generous in such matters, and his confidence in the ability of his wife to run the home farm during his absence is seldom misplaced, although cases do occur which disprove the adage that absence makes the heart grow fonder.

When the wives, fathers or mothers come to collect the family allotments identification is an important business, and it is often amusing. A hot and bothered Assistant Recruiting Officer must see that moles, scars or other beauty spots are in the places stated in the payment registers. It is not always realized that little girls grow up, and birthmarks and the like should therefore be selected which will cause the minimum of embarrassment to all concerned in the years to come.

Another point often overlooked is that in a country where the people are entirely pastoral and agricultural, cutting grass or corn with a sickle or wood with a kukri is bound to result in a cut finger sometimes or other. A scar on the little finger of the left hand is, therefore, not a reliable means of identification, as fully 90 per cent. of adults have it,

At the other end of the scale is the case of the man who appeared recently to get a new wooden leg. Besides this souvenir of France in 1914 he had the gash of a bullet wound the whole way across his cheek, yet the identification marks officially recognized in his pension papers were still the two small moles on his chest recorded on the day he enlisted in 1909.

Mention has been made of the part played by women in the Gurkha's family life. Anyone who is fortunate enough to travel in Nepal will have ample confirmation of this fact. Some years ago I was able to make a short trip beyond the frontier at Nautanwa to the ridge above Batoli, the first Nepalese town beyond the Terai. The bridge over the Tinu Khola river provided an obvious excuse to rest awhile. Here beside an ancient temple of Siva an enterprising little Gurkha lady had her *bati*, a sort of teashop-cum-pub, which served as a good observation point. Other women carrying firewood, grass or freshly-cut sheaves of corn paused for a rest. Men, too, were similarly engaged, but the majority were women and girls.

All were only too ready to chat to the sahib, while the sight of the camera invariably caused laughter and a thinly-disguised readiness to be photographed. Further up the hill-path were the snug little houses, reminiscent of the crofters cottages of Scotland. All the household work was being done by the women, and many of them were busy hoeing and weeding the inevitable cabbage patch, then full of chillies, beans, spinach and turnips. Here and there an old woman would be spinning or weaving rough homespun cloth, while others chopped firewood for cooking the evening meal.

On the return journey, by one of those unexpected strokes of luck, I was spotted by a little girl of about twelve, who remembered me in the Regiment. She had seen me pass earlier in the day, and had awaited my return. As I approached she jumped from the boulder where she had been looking out for me and seized my arm. Before I had time to think, her name came to my tongue. "Dhannu! What are you doing here?" I asked. "I live with my mother just along the road, where we have a teashop," she replied. "Please come and sit down. I saw you pass this morning, and so I waited for you to come back."

The teashop was just a temporary shed of bamboo and thatch put up for the winter season, when the road is thronged with recruiters and their recruits and the thousands going to and from India for pensions, trade and pilgrimages. Here presided the dumpy but pleasant-looking little Gurkha woman

whom I had so often seen knitting in the verandah of the orderlies' quarters behind the Mess. Her husband had not lived to enjoy his pension for long, and so his widow eked out her savings with the profits of her small catering business. We were soon exchanging news, and I learnt that her only son had joined another Gurkha Regiment. Hot tea, well spiced with pepper, helped our conversation till I regretfully left to begin my return to India through the Terai.

Although Gurkhas are as a whole backward from an educational point of view, except those who live in the British districts near Darjeeling, army service does much to change that. Practically all recruits are illiterate on arrival, but soon pick up a smattering of Hindustani before tackling Roman-Urdu. Many only learn the Devanagiri script in later life. Their womenfolk, too, are becoming literate during their residence in India.

Darjeeling, of course, abounds in schools, and many thousands of little Gurkha boys and girls work their way through to the glory of the matriculation. Whether we will in due course see little Gurkha ladies employed as clerks and secretaries remains to be seen, but the recruiting staff has already had two girl applicants. Both were apparently extremely well qualified but they could not be accepted. One has since married a Havildar and settled down to domestic bliss, while the other has returned to her desk as a school mistress. Perhaps their younger sisters or daughters may have better luck in the future.

Of recent years I have twice had the luck to visit Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal. Here, again, the fact is forced on one's attention that women play a big part in the affairs of Nepal. These visits were made during the present war, and news soon got round that a sahib from the Recruiting Depot was present.

The Chancery of the British Legation there deals with many thousands of pensioners and Family Allottees whose homes are nearer to the capital than to the Recruiting Depots in India. News of regiments on active service, and of relations now serving with them, is eagerly sought. However, it is not in Kathmandu that one meets with typical Gurkhas in any great numbers, although a week-end some distance along the road to the district of Gorkha, did enable me to see a fair number.

The valley is unique in its sanctity, and as a historic centre of ancient Buddhist and Hindu culture. Kathmandu is no more typical of the country than London is, say, of the rest of England. The vast majority of the local population is made up of the Newars, an aboriginal race. Although in normal times few

Newars are enlisted in our Gurkha regiments, many fine soldiers have come from them in the past. A perusal of old regimental histories and photograph albums will reveal how many of them have distinguished themselves in past campaigns. As in 1914—1918, so now in this Great War, many Newars are coming forward to enlist and are serving wherever Gurkha units go. The Newars are extremely capable artisans, and the glorious carvings which adorn the windows, doorways and gables of old Kathmandu are their handiwork. Modern developments have tended to do away with much of this craftsmanship, but there are signs that the present Prime Minister, Maharaja Sir Joodha Shamsheer Jang Bahadur Rana, is awake to the need of keeping such artistic skill alive.

The Valley of Nepal has, however, one great characteristic in common with the rest of the country. Agriculture is intensive and of a very high order of efficiency. Wherever the Gurkha soldier has the chance he soon starts a vegetable patch, and they are skilful gardeners. They grow a great variety of crops, but naturally the staple crops are food crops such as wheat, soya beans, maize and, above all, rice. Allied with agriculture goes animal husbandry, and the breeding of cattle. These pursuits occupy the lives of fully 90 per cent. of the population of Nepal, and form the background against which the character of the people must be studied.

Dealing as he does with the facts of nature, the Gurkha is a realist and philosophically takes things as they come. Naturally truthful, he is straightforward and outspoken even to the point of rudeness. Like all hillmen, he is cheerful and has a greatly developed sense of fun, even if at times it is somewhat crude. Many generations of military ancestors have made him turn to soldiering as a normal part of his life. A system of universal liability for military service obtains in Nepal; indeed the whole system of government is of a military character and all high officials bear military titles.

Pressure of population on the comparatively small area of land in the hill districts means that in normal times of peace many younger sons enlist in the regular Gurkha regiments of the Indian Army, Burma Military Police, Burma Frontier Force, Assam Rifles and Kashmir State Forces. For many years, too, this pressure has caused a steady flow of immigrants into Sikkim, Bhutan and Assam, as well as into the hill districts of the United Provinces. These areas, more particularly those to the east of



Nepal, are now proving valuable reservoirs of recruits for the greatly expanded army of today.

Many tribes not represented in the army during peacetime are now furnishing large numbers of excellent recruits, and though the Magar and Gurung of the older regiments together with the Limbu and Rai will always be the *beau ideal* of the recruiting staff, these newcomers are already proving their value as soldiers.

Buddhism was once a great force in Nepal, and though to-day it still lingers on, mainly in the north and east of the country, it has been almost entirely supplanted by Hinduism. The ruling classes are invariably staunchly orthodox in their lives, and Hinduism provides the mainspring of the national culture. As has been noted before, the Valley of Nepal is a centre of intense sanctity and religious custom, and probably no place away from Benares contains so many temples and shrines. You cannot move a yard without encountering some object or building of piety. Every phase of life is affected by religion, and much of the daily life of Kathmandu is centred on religious observance.

The Gurkha soldiers from the mountainous districts away from the valley are more casual and perfunctory in their religious observances, but nevertheless they are strict about essentials, although they are tolerant of other creeds. They observe the rules of castes, and members of the higher castes enjoy considerable social prestige. Their military traditions have an effect on this matter of caste customs, and tend to put them into a proper perspective; for instance, field service and the exigencies of war conditions override the necessity of practically all restrictive caste rules, and no harm results, provided always that the purification ceremonies of *Pani-Patya* are properly carried out on return from service overseas.

Brahmins and menials are precluded from active military service and are never enlisted as combatants. So great is the desire for service, however, that each year many of these classes try to enlist under false colours. Normally they are detected and rejected by the Recruiting Staff, but occasionally one slips through the net owing to his appearance being exactly similar to that of the class to which he claims to belong. He is invariably found out later on, as in so small a country he cannot get away from his neighbours for long. Should he have shared food with other men of the higher castes, they become *pani band*, i.e. outcasted, and elaborate ceremonies have to be performed to restore them to caste.

No article dealing with Nepal would be complete without a reference to the enormous assistance given by His Highness the Maharaja Sir Joodha Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana. His position is unique. As Prime Minister and Supreme Marshal of Nepal he is the actual ruler of the country, since His Majesty the King of Nepal takes no part in the actual government. The office of Prime Minister is hereditary. The Roll of Succession includes the brothers of the Prime Minister in power according to age, and thereafter his own and his brothers' sons according to age, not necessarily the son of the Prime Minister himself. All departments of the Government come directly under the Maharaja, or *Tin Sirkar* as he is called. He is assisted by the other members of the Rana family.

Sir Joodha has done much to earn the gratitude of the British Government; he is ever ready to facilitate recruiting and he has taken a lively interest in the great expansion of the Gurkha Brigade. A large contingent of Nepalese troops have been assisting in the defence of India since the outbreak of war, and recently a force of Pioneer Battalions has been lent for service in India.

In Nepal itself His Highness has enacted a law to safeguard the rights of the families of Gurkhas now serving in the British forces. He has also had lists called for from all Gurkha units giving the names and addresses of all next-of-kin, in order that his officials may carry out his orders to see that no family shall suffer owing to the absence of their menfolk. This interest and sympathy does not end there, and practical help is extended to the many old pensioners who visit the Recruiting Depots. The Maharaja Joodha Hospital at Kunraghat was his gift, and is maintained by him for their benefit. He has always appreciated that recruiting and welfare are closely inter-connected, and that the Recruiting Staff is indeed more occupied over the twelve months with welfare and records work than with straightforward recruiting.

## COMMANDOS AND WAZIRISTAN

By "WATCH AND WARD"

SINCE ABOUT 1924 Waziristan has been controlled mainly through a Resident, assisted by Political Agents backed up by the Civil Armed Forces and the Army. The Civil Armed Forces are generally employed in rounding up villages, laying ambushes, and showing the Union Jack in the form of large-scale patrolling. The Army in Waziristan, on the other hand, spends most of its time living in Frontier Posts carrying out routine post duties, rather monotonous road protection work combined with the occasional column.

Life for the majority of Army personnel in Waziristan, when every officer and man is genuinely a hundred per cent keen to see active service in Libya or on the Burma Frontier, tends to be tedious and uninteresting. Admittedly, much theoretical training in extensive warfare tactics is given to both officers and men, but unfortunately there is little or no opportunity for putting this training into actual practice, as specialised Frontier warfare tactics must take priority when operating on the Frontier.

With a view to relieving this monotony and in order to train Army personnel in Waziristan in modern Commando tactics, a scheme ought to be introduced whereby a large number of Commando troops could be trained on the Frontier before being sent to a major theatre of operations. By employing Commando tactics on the Frontier there is an excellent chance of completely surprising the Pathan and giving him a good hard knock which, incidentally, is the only thing he understands!

For years the tribesman has been inwardly ridiculing our somewhat stereotyped military Frontier columns, and he is extremely well acquainted with the tactical drill of such. This, combined with his own detailed knowledge of the Frontier, enables him to adopt the initiative on many occasions, with the result that it is comparatively easy for him to ambush and to snipe troops both on road protection duty and on columns.

Commando troops would have to be selected and trained on lines similar to those in England, with modifications for Frontier conditions. Troops would be specially picked tough men given a liberal danger allowance, and led and trained by

young but experienced Frontier officers. Ex-Scout officers would be invaluable for this work. Officers who have completed a three-year tour of duty with Scouts have automatically developed a keen eye for ground, and they know practically every village, goat track, and nullah in the particular area in which they have served. They speak Pushtu fluently, and having completed three years in a Pathan unit, understand the Pathan mentality.

Such officers, the majority of whom have seen active service, would make excellent Commando leaders, both on the Frontier and in any other theatre of war, and as everyone knows, the Indian Army provides excellent material for the selection of Commando N.C.O.'s and men—Pathans, Punjabi Musalman, Sikhs, and Gurkhas, to mention only a few of the many classes enlisted.

Specialised Commando equipment, essentially light, would have to be used. The main armaments which would have to be issued on a suitable scale might consist of all or any of the following:

- (a) The Service rifle; (b) the Tommy Gun; (c) the Revolver; (d) hand grenades; (e) bandoliers of S.A.A.; (f) 2-inch mortar in lieu of the infantry gun and artillery support.

The 2-inch mortar would have to be either manhandled or carried on an improvised light vehicle on the few occasions where the terrain allows of such a vehicle being used. With regard to improvisation, useful lessons can be learned from a study of Japanese methods which have proved so valuable to them in this present war.

Communications within the Commando raiding party might be maintained with small man-pack wireless sets. Such wireless sets as the Marconi H.9A worked off an accumulator are extremely light and give talking communication up to approximately five miles. In mountainous country, such as Waziristan, communication up to a distance of twelve miles has been successfully obtained.

The training of specialised Commando demolition troops to accompany raiding parties would be essential in order to carry out efficient and rapid demolition work destroying towers, etc.

In a country such as Waziristan, Commando detachments would have to be stationed strategically so that each detachment would be able to cover its own allotted area of operation. Plans would have to be prepared whereby the whole of Waziristan

would be covered by a network of Commando troops. A Commando raiding party would not be ordered out on a major operation, except under the authority of the Military Commander in Waziristan, and with the previous concurrence of the Political authorities. Such troops would be invaluable for the rounding-up of villages, carrying out certain demolitions and showing the tribesman that two can play at his own game, *i.e.* laying ambushes, and carrying out raids.

For example, if it were reliably reported that a gang responsible for the killing or wounding of either a Political or Army officer was being harboured in the village of X—provided it was politically advisable to demolish certain towers in that village as well as to round-up this particular gang—Commando troops could be ordered out for this work.

With a view to secrecy, which is so difficult to maintain not only on the Frontier but anywhere in the East, it would be important that locally only the minimum number of people concerned should know about the proposed plan, namely the Resident, the Political Agent concerned, the Military Commander, one senior Staff Officer, and the Commando Officer selected for the operation.

Should the selected Commando officer and his troops be stationed some distance from where the actual planning had taken place, and personal discussions with him were not possible, then his orders would have to be sent to him in the briefest form possible in cipher, being despatched as late as possible in the form of instructions rather than cut and dried orders. He in turn should issue his own orders to his men just before moving off on the raid. It is thought that only the more vital points in the orders need be confirmed in writing for Commando personnel.

At the appointed time Commando troops would move off from camp, normally under cover of darkness, moving to their objectives silently and quickly. On approaching the village in question, suitable dispositions would be adopted to surround it, the village would be systematically searched, all male villagers rounded-up and the necessary demolitions as ordered by the Political authorities carried out. Separate arrangements would have to be made for the Air Force to give the necessary air support from first light or as required.

On occasions Army regular troops could assist in the withdrawal in the form of a layback, but this would be dependent on the time-factor and would only be possible if orders could be given to regular troops after, and not before, the village had been

surrounded by Commando troops. This would be necessary in order to maintain secrecy.

Pathan women would be unmolested and only male villagers collected, but the tendency of the Pathan, when cornered, to disguise himself as a woman must not be forgotten. In the event of any shooting or Pathan trickery, then all male villagers would have to be suitably dealt with by Commandos on the spot. The knowledge that the Army is capable of giving the tribesmen a good hard knock when and where it pleases, might tend to bring about more peaceful conditions in Waziristan.

By employing the above tactics and being extremely mobile, the old Frontier principle of never leaving out a wounded man would have to go by the board. Commando troops would have to accept as normal the fact that casualties unable to make the pace during a withdrawal from a village must be left behind; they must take their chance of being captured, mutilated, and/or killed by tribesmen.

Money, it is said, talks all languages, and it is thought that if the Government were to give each Commando troop a written guarantee that a definite reward would be paid to the individual or individuals returning him alive, it is possible that captured or wounded Commandos would be brought back to camp alive. This "blood money" chit system has been successfully used in the case of R.A.F. pilots operating against the tribesmen in Waziristan.

The main advantages for the employment of Commando troops on the Frontier can be briefly summarised as follows:

- (a) The chance of surprising the tribesmen is extremely good.
- (b) A successful Commando show would give the tribesman a good hard knock—the only thing a Pathan understands.
- (c) Commando raids would tend to abolish long, slow-moving Army columns, and might even, if necessary, be responsible for releasing a fair number of troops, animals, and transport from Waziristan for more important theatres of war.
- (d) Much money could be saved.
- (e) Commando training which, up to date, has proved invaluable in this present war, will give practical active service training to troops who in all probability might be carrying out similar tactics against the Japanese in the near future.

There are many experienced officers serving in the Army at the present time who have seen considerably more active service in the various theatres of war than the majority of Frontier experts, and it would be interesting to know their ideas on the possibility of employing Commando troops on the Frontier. From the pessimistic point of view, even if the employment of Commando troops on the Frontier were not a success then no serious loss to British prestige would have been involved. So why not give a number of both British and Indian troops practice in Commando training under more or less active service conditions?

## WHAT SHALL WE TALK ?

BY "NIMIS"

DISCUSSIONS, sometimes heated, have been going on ever since the writer first saw India, regarding a common language, both for the Indian Army, and for the country as a whole. What has been the result so far? India supplied its own answer in the shape of Hindustani, which caters for large parts of the north, while English has to a smaller extent filled the need for much of the south.

The Army has adopted what is described as Roman Urdu, but only to a very limited extent. It is a sealed book to the English and English-speaking arrivals, and remains so to the great majority; it is no less a foreign language to many of the newer elements, while even to those who speak Urdu as their mother-tongue the Roman script and the large number of English words make it almost a new language to be learnt. In some cases they have to water down the Urdu side of their mother-tongue; in most cases they have to raise its standard.

It might be the place here to put in a plea for ceasing to apply the word Urdu to our present rather debased Hindustani as it is spoken and written. It is a rather bombastic claim to a standard which only the "Urdu" interpreter can really pretend to attain.

The call of the Army for a common language has been expounded too often before in this Journal for it to be gone into here, but it is claimed that the Roman Urdu which has been evolved does not meet our needs, and a better alternative is well worth looking for.

The drawback which seems greatest is the comparative difficulty of Hindustani as a language after the first steps have been taken; a very low standard indeed gets past the compulsory examinations, after which much greater efforts are necessary to raise the students to a level where he can really converse intelligently and freely; and, rightly or wrongly, the number who do so raise themselves is small enough in peace and probably negligible in war. In passing, we might glance at the squabbles which have from time to time arisen in the academic world of India through the Urdu-Hindi controversy.



There is a perfectly good alternative, which no self-respecting Englishman has ever regarded with much favour, though in many bilingual parts of the world it has come into fairly general use. Esperanto is a genuinely used second language in many parts of Europe which are mixed in their languages; Switzerland, the Flemish-Walloon parts of Belgium, Poland; while before the war it was taught quite a lot in Germany.

Poland was its home, and the Russian-Polish-Yiddish-German district of Bielostok was the inspiration of Dr. Zamenhof. The language has now been a living organism for 55 years, and, that it is practically unknown in England, or, at best, looked on as a fad, is not the fault of the language. The time seems ripe for a small-scale experiment in the back areas of India, to see how it would work. It is now proposed to give some idea of the nature of the language; to arrive at a rough estimate of the effort needed to learn it, by comparison with Urdu; of its effectiveness to the Army and to India at large, possibly; and to outline a possible experiment.

The grammar, having been devised *ab initio* and *ad hoc* (if one may quote the other new language we have been recently introduced to), the grammar is naturally regular throughout, and Dr. Zamenhof put the whole thing in 16 rules and into 750 words. There are no "odd" letters in the alphabet of 28: there are some accented ones, to differentiate, for instance G (hard) and G (soft); C is pronounced "TS," while Ĉ is as CH in "church;" H is as the Welsh or Scottish "CH." J has the value of Y (consonant), while Ĵ is as in French. There is an S, pronounced "SH." No letter, vowel or consonant, ever has more than one sound; and, except for two diphthongs, no sound needs more than one letter. Q, W, X and Y drop out, as being more nuisance than they are worth. The remaining letter is U, which appears only as the second component of the diphthongs AU and EU. While the accents shewn are the official ones, any other distinguishing mark is acceptable, such as a dot over the letters, so printing is not difficult.

The structure of the language is not unlike Basic English, but in a more developed form, in that the whole thing is built on quite a small number of "roots." The uses to which these can be put are far more numerous than in Basic; a single root, for example, by the use of some half-dozen prefixes and 25 suffixes, forms innumerable words; again, by altering the termination one can make a substantive, a verb, a number of adjectives and an adverb at least from every root.

These roots are taken, where they are in general use in European languages, from the Latin; some are English, German or Dutch; and knowledge of a couple of European languages or of Latin gives one the meaning of practically all of them, at sight.

To take a random example of a few of the uses to which such a root can be put:

<i>Doni</i>	... <i>To give.</i>
<i>Donas</i>	... <i>Give (s).</i> ( <i>No change for person</i> ).
<i>Donis</i>	... <i>Gave.</i>
<i>Dono</i>	... <i>Gift.</i>
<i>Doninda</i>	... <i>Worth giving.</i>
<i>Donulega</i>	... <i>Munificent.</i>
<i>Donanto</i>	... <i>Giver (with present sense).</i>
<i>Doninto</i>	... <i>Giver (with past sense).</i>
<i>Done</i>	... <i>In Giving.</i>

Added to these roots there is of course a complete system of prepositions, conjunctions and pronouns, as minor means of "making the wheels go round:" the correlative pronouns are all formed on a comprehensive but simple framework, and most of the prepositions and conjunctions come straight from Latin, such as *Apud*, *Dum*, *Sed*, *Ekster*, *Adiau*, *Hodiau*, and so on.

To give an idea of what the language looks like, the reader may care to run his eye over the following, and see how much of it he knows already. It is a passage from a normal leading article in an Esperanto newspaper, and has not in any way been "simplified." It expresses the writer's mind, without suppression. How many British Officers can say as much for their Urdu?

*Kiam la lernanto de Esperanto—post la kurso—farigis kapabla uzi nian lingvon, starigas al li la demando—"Por kio utilas al mi Esperanto?" Se li ne ricevas tujaŭ respondon al tiu demando, eble lia fervoro malvarmigis; iom post iom li forlasos niajn vicojn; car lia scio estas sencala.*

An often-heard criticism is of the somewhat monotonous tone of the language; that, however, seems to be a defect of its qualities, and the alternative would presumably be many hours of drudging at irregularities.

Which brings us to the probable time it would take to learn. The really good linguist, it is estimated, with a background of Latin and one or two other languages known, would read Esperanto books fluently after two or three hours' study, and speak and understand it quite well after ten.

The average British Officer, who now devotes anything over 120 hours to acquiring a villainous brand of dog Hindustani, could certainly learn Esperanto to perfection for practical purposes in that time, and would be well past his present so-called "Urdu" standard in less than half. And so, probably would the brighter 50 per cent. of British soldiers. Other ranks, British and Indian, would not need to learn 100 per cent., but it should be a *sine qua non* for promotion in all branches in the services in India. An hour a day for three months would bring any potential N.C.O. up to such a standard that he could study a text-book and carry on a reasonable conversation with anyone. The real studying of a text-book in Roman Urdu is a standard that few N.C.O.'s have yet attained, even of the classes which claim it as their mother-tongue, in the writer's experience. The reading takes all their attention, and the digestion of the matter read is too much of an effort.

To sum up, therefore, there is this to be said for Esperanto for India:

It is far easier, for those who have to learn a new language, than any of the possible alternatives—English, Basic English or Urdu, Roman or otherwise.

For those with Urdu as their mother-tongue, it is probably as easy to learn as Roman Urdu, which, as written in the Army with a third English words, is to all intents a new language.

Esperanto has all the machinery for putting across any kind of matter, however technical, and to assimilate it into itself. Any technical term not in the dictionary can be readily arrived at by common sense.

It is a neutral language, and thus cannot ever raise any racial repercussions.

Against all this there is, of course, besides dead conservatism, the reluctance to change horses in midstream, and a number of transition problems, but there seems to be nothing particularly fatal here.

It is now desired to outline an initial experiment on a very small scale to ascertain what might be the prospects of success. It is presumed there must be quite a number of officers surplus to immediate requirements in the country at the moment, with the formation of Pools, stragglers arriving, and convalescents. Probably there are, too, a number of British Ranks, V.C.O.'s and I.O.R.'s in the same boat, who would be available to make up a small class from each category, so that it could be really established whether it was a practicable thing to teach or not.

Should the estimate which was given above prove correct—60 hours for an English speaker and 120 hours for an Indian—the experiment should go on, and we may have found our cultural and training medium for the future without interfering very much with our other activities more directly war-winning.

In conclusion, it may be said that the writer has been out of touch with Esperanto affairs these twenty years or more: but at that time there was a very active British Esperanto Association, besides many international and foreign ones, and ample expert assistance would have been available. Whether this is still so or not, an organization could be built up quite easily; there must be a number serving in India who have enough knowledge to pass on. Acquiring a knowledge of the language in the days referred to was quite worth while, in view of the interesting people it was possible to meet on Esperanto Conferences and so on; the writer has never unfortunately been to one, but he has found quite a fair amount of Esperanto conversation in practice—particularly aboard an Italian ship with Shanghai passengers, almost all of whom were quite fluent.

Should any members of the institute be interested, the writer would be delighted to hear from them.

#### EDITORIAL NOTE

[The subject of Urdu study is one exercising the minds of so many British Officers in India at the present time that we felt it would be helpful to obtain the views of an authority on the subject of languages. The above article was accordingly shown to Lieutenant-Colonel F. R. Gifford, O.B.E., Secretary to the Board of Examiners, who comments as follows :

"The principle which strikes me after reading this article is that the author bases his arguments on two premises : (i) that Urdu is difficult, and (ii) that Esperanto is easy. Let us take each in turn, and apply to each the query : "Difficult for whom—British or Indian?"

"Urdu is difficult'. Urdu of the standard required for everyday use in the Indian Army is not really a difficult language for any foreigner to learn. The basic rules of grammar are few and not irregular; the vocabulary required in the Indian Army is not enormous, being eked out by an ever-increasing importation of English words for technicalities. Once the newly-arrived student has mastered the elementary grammar and has disabused himself of the only too common idea that Urdu study is a schoolroom subject to be loathed and avoided in the true British schoolboy fashion, he will find that his progress in fluency will surprise even himself. For the Indian of any race, Urdu as spoken in the Indian Army is in structure and spirit much more easily acquired than any foreign importation can hope to be. Methods of thought and forms of expression are the same in all truly Indian languages, and experience and experiment have shown that it is the only practical solution of the problem as to what is the best *lingua franca* for the Indian Army.

"Now to (ii). Esperanto is of European origin. It represents the efforts of a very ingenious European to evolve the simplest form of speech possible from European languages. For the British student who has a smattering of French and a nodding acquaintance with Latin it offers few difficulties, except that for technicalities he must turn to European rather than to English sources; but to the ordinary British soldier I would say that it offered many difficulties, and to the Indian soldier it would mean the acquisition of a form of speech foreign to him in construction and vocabulary, pronunciation and script."]

## MUSINGS ON SEA-TROUT FISHING

BY LT COLONEL R. B. PHAYRE, M.C.

**I**T SEEMS AN odd time, and an odd country, in which to muse on the habits of the sea-trout (*Salmo trutta*). There are moments when a diversion from vital interests creates a peaceful atmosphere; and there are few more restful subjects that I can think of, for the mind of many a keen angler wanders to some particular favourite water, be it in England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland, which he longs to visit again at the first opportunity. It is for such as these that I make no apology for venturing to jot down a few notes—the outcome of personal experience.

Fishing for sea-trout in the United Kingdom has a great appeal to many anglers. Not only is he a great sporting fish, fighting to the last with leap after leap, but he is excellent for the table, many gourmets preferring him to the salmon.

He has many idiosyncracies and, consequently, is well worthy of study. For a good few years, after going on pension, I had the leisure to attempt a little very elementary research work on his habits in the South-Western counties of England. I fished for him at night, at dawn, and spent hours by a salmon ladder near my house watching him overcome the spates on his journey up to the gravel bottoms of brooks and leats where he breeds; but I must confess, at once, that I have very little indeed to show for my efforts, though I scrutinized his lies through polarized glasses.

A good deal of scientific research work has now been carried out by means of marked fish, so more information is coming in; even so, there is still a great deal that we should like to learn. The textbook on the subject is "Life of the Sea-trout," by G. H. Nall, and other writers have devoted chapters or paragraphs which are of interest.

Perhaps the most curious point about sea-trout is that, in parts of the United Kingdom, he can be caught with comparative ease in daylight on fly or minnow, whereas in the South-West counties of England it is the rarest thing to get him to rise before the half-light in the evening. Then he begins to move, and will take freely all night up to the half-light at dawn on the next morning. All sorts of theories have been evolved, and it has become quite a controversial subject. You may take a peal in

Devon and Cornwall by day on a small dry-fly, but most anglers will agree that it is very exceptional in those waters.

Various experiments were carried out with the aid of a submerged telescope. Gut casts of varying thickness were moved among a shoal of salmon, and it obviously frightened them, even down to the fineness of 4x. A black thread was then experimented with and they took no notice, although the thread moved among a shoal of them; further experiments are being made with *Trutta*.

Sea-trout, like salmon, return to the same river, and even to the same side-stream, in which their ova hatched out. Such information is, of course, obtained from marked fish. Further details are available from catches in trawls. They have been captured off the coasts of Holland and Denmark, but evidence shows that they do not, as a rule, travel anything like the same distances as salmon, but are often taken in the estuaries.

*Life History of Sea-trout Ova.*—Ova hatches out quickly in warm water and slowly in cold water (some 30 to 90 days). Warm water and good feed affects the fry and parr stage, consequently their stay in fresh water before their first migration to the sea averages three years (from 1 to 5 years). In appearance they are very similar to brown trout, but they keep in shoals more than brown trout do.

*Smolts.*—Conditions being favourable, they move to the sea usually from March to May when they change their colour to silver. At this stage they closely resemble salmon smolts, but are usually a trifle longer as they have been a greater time in fresh water. Although they may migrate for the first time, their age may vary by a year or two, the older fish putting on weight much more speedily when it reaches the sea. Size depends mainly on the amount of food procurable.

Records show that Scottish fish are taken off the coasts of Denmark and Holland; one from N. E. Scotland was caught in Ireland.

As a general rule they return to spawn much more quickly than salmon, the time varying from six months to even four years. All these facts can be obtained by scale reading; this is an art in itself, and is better left to the expert; for in this case "a little knowledge" may prove misleading.

Some experts consider that the farther the sea-trout travel, the more feed they get, which accounts for the larger fish. Other migrants seem to hibernate in the brackish waters of the

estuaries, which is said to account for the smaller run of fish. Unlike the salmon, they certainly feed in fresh water, but not to the same extent as brown trout.

My personal experience, in South-Western rivers, has led me to expect a run of heavy fish in the early summer, starting usually in May, and a later run in the late summer and early autumn. These latter are commonly known as school peal, and vary between  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Both types spawn about October and November. Some sea-trout remain in fresh water, and, after a time, closely resemble brown trout, although their colour changes to silver for a short period during the spring of each year.

*Trutta* avoids rivers which have muddy bottoms. It is especially marked in certain rivers where the estuaries are close together or, in rare cases, where a common estuary is shared. In the muddy rivers the catches are negligible, whereas the season's bag in the adjoining, non-muddy river, runs into four figures.

In Welsh rivers, such as the Dovey and Towey, the sizes of the *Sewin*, as they call them, run to fantastic weights, and it takes an expert to distinguish them from salmon. Sea-trout up to 18 lbs. have been taken on rod and line, and records show that one of  $23\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. was taken in the nets. This weight was beaten in the Orkneys, where a sea-trout of 29 lbs. was killed on a line baited for sea fish. The age of this fish is not recorded. As a rule *trutta* does not live beyond 13 years. Major Kenneth Dawson mentions a Dovey fish of 16 lbs. which had spawned three times and which was only six-and-a-half years old.

On the South-Western rivers I have heard of sea-trout up to 10 lbs. and have observed fish of approximately this size in the pools. My best sport has been with maiden, fresh-run fish from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 lbs. Their stream-lined bodies are very beautiful; pure silver, with very few spots.

Observation in the pools will show a blank on one day, when the next will disclose a shoal of heavy fish lying in the shady spots, usually after a run following a spate.

As *trutta* is such a shy fish he will generally take best in coloured water. By day it is advisable to fish as fine as one dare, but at night it is courting disaster to fish too fine, and a cast not lighter than 1x is considered essential. One yard in length is quite sufficient; its short length helps to obviate the difficulties of knotting up the cast in the dark, which so often happens, unseen

by the angler. I am afraid it gives me a sinister satisfaction when I see the acknowledged expert making mistakes, for I make so many myself.

This night fishing is a difficult business. Some skilled anglers use a dropper. There is a good deal to be said for this in theory, for a dark fly at the tail and a light one on the dropper can be used. Against this, there is the multiplied danger of a tangle or a knotted cast, which is so fatal, should a heavy fish take; it also adds to the extreme difficulty of landing a useful fish at night, when the dropper may sometimes catch up in the net or undergrowth, and consequently a valuable prize is lost. After bitter experience, I decided to discard the dropper and my results were definitely more successful.

Very useful baskets can also be obtained with the thread-line. The baits should be small, not over  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches, the trace should be of gut or fine Alasticum wire of about 5 lbs. breaking strain, used in conjunction with a thread-line having a breaking strain of about 6 lbs. A celluloid scarab cover is very effective in places where a natural bait is permitted. Baits should be fished near the surface at night.

All minnows, or fly, should be presented as delicately as possible, so as not to disturb feeding fish which are very easily put down. As a general rule it adds to the angler's difficulties if he indulges in long casting. To prevent a "drowned" line it is advisable to grease the line, with the exception of the last five yards. *Trutta* often moves down to the tail of the pool at night, possibly just above a dam where there is a fall. It is, frequently, very shallow water, well oxygenated.

When he takes, the fun begins. Unlike the salmon, the initial rush is often a very long one, when this is over he often comes back a beaten fish. His mouth is very tender; consequently it is inadvisable to hold him too hard; it is better to let him run, exerting only very light pressure. Any sudden check may lose him, so it is advisable to ensure that the reel runs smoothly, and that it is set only with sufficient tension to prevent the line over-running. I was driven to this expedient by my inexperience in holding a fish too hard; consequently, at first, I lost many through bad fishing. With a lighter touch, many more fish were landed.

When the bank is lined with over-hanging bushes, the sea-trout will often rush for them. At night it is very hard to see your fish, and, if the rod is very short, it is not at all easy to steer him clear of trouble.



Landing in the dark always presents a problem. The fish should be played out completely; the landing net should not be too shallow and have a wide mouth. I have found an electric torch to be essential, never forgetting a spare bulb, for many are the tosses taken at night, and there is always the cross-country walk home, or to the car, to be considered.

My experience has been that it is advisable to make a careful reconnaissance beforehand in order to see not only where the fish are lying, but also the ground you may have to traverse in the dark. Where night fishing is concerned, never attempt to cast until the fish are beginning to move, and the half-light has well set in. Concealment is essential; avoid any vibration on the bank. A great deal can be done beforehand to see that the selected landing place is free from snags, and that the background is cleared as much as possible. This can sometimes be effected a day or two before it is decided to fish the pool.

Once the fish are taking well, it usually pays to "stay put." A number of fish can often be killed from one stance; besides, it is often difficult to move about at night, especially when encumbered with gear. If the fish go off completely, it is time to think about moving; they will sometimes be found to be taking well in another pool, perhaps a hundred yards away. A rest at the original pool may be effective. I recollect on one occasion I relinquished my ground, prematurely, after taking a number of fish. A friend came along, so I warned him that the pool seemed to be fished out. Undeterred, he was into a fish at his first cast, which I helped to land for him, and a very nice seven-pounder at that.

Fishing by moonlight is rather a controversial point on which many anglers hold very firm theories, often diametrically\* opposed to each other. On bright moonlight nights, bottom food is on the move, and fish are inclined to feed on the bottom freely; consequently, after a bright moonlight night, many fish appear to be gorged and will not rise. My own view is that moonlight nights are favourable to sea-trout, but care must be taken, as in sunlight, not to cast a shadow on the water.

Low mist has been found to be not unfavourable, but mist, rising in wisps from the water, is generally most adverse to making a good basket. Thundery weather I find most deleterious to good results; on the other hand some of the largest fish have been killed during thunderstorms. My favourite water is when the river is fining down after a spate.

At one time I began to feel that I was really beginning to learn something about sea-trout, but what a disillusionment! Ideal days came when conditions seemed perfect, but there was never a touch. On other days, when the portents seemed to be most unfavourable, every fish in the river seemed to be taking. Many anglers for *trutta* come to this stage, when their previous experience melts into mediocrity, and they own themselves to be completely baffled. Nevertheless, they sally forth again, and would sooner win this battle of wits than land any other fish.

The selection of flies and lures for sea-trout is rather a vexed question. Anglers will tell you, after their fourth quick one, in the strictest confidence of course, of some infallible tip. I have made notes of these and have tried them out, but not, unfortunately, with the devastating success predicted by the exponent.

One day, when fishing on some famous private water in Devon, I came across a local fisherman of repute who was allowed one day each year on this particular beat. It was a brilliant summer's day, and I had been doing little good. He told me that he, invariably, used a "pheasant's tail", fished dry, both for brown and sea-trout. He had taken two peal on dry fly, which he showed me, and I should have been proud to emulate this feat.

Another angler, who was reputed to have killed more *trutta* than most on these waters, said he always fished with one fly, of which he kindly gave me a specimen. It resembled a Logie more than any other type, and I killed a number of fish with it.

Major Kenneth Dawson, a well-known authority on the subject, gives a list of useful universal favourites which will kill anywhere: Mallard and Claret, Teal and Red, Teal and Silver, Zulu, Butcher, Mallard and Yellow, Peter Ross and Blae and Black. He is right when he says, "It pays best to use the flies in which one has the most confidence." Mr. Eyde, another authority, however, pins his faith to one particular fly. Jungle cock wing, silver body, black hackle and a red tail; and he adds, "Substitute a yellow tail, as fly-dressers sometimes do, and I condemn the fly as useless." That, of course, is that!

Others prefer 3 ins. lures (with 3 hooks like the "Terror"), sand eels (fresh and artificial) spoons (1½ inch gold and silver), pearl spoons, and worm on Pennell tackle fished under the bank (when permitted); these are all recommended. A strip, cut from

the belly of a fresh-run sea-trout, gurnet, or mackerel, is also popular, especially in some parts of Scotland. In the Shetlands, a red fly of the Cardinal type is reputed to be a great killer.

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In the quiet evening hours of relaxation after a heavy day, the mind of the angler may conjure up a picture of his favourite stretch of water.

My favourite bit of country is one of the lesser rivers of the South-West counties. The car purrs down the narrow lanes with their high banks, and is parked behind one of the farm gates. There follows a trek down a side lane which, in wet weather, is intersected with watercourses. A locked gate with barbed wire has to be surmounted. The sloping fields show specks of white, the scuts of startled rabbits as they dash for their burrows. A labourer passes with a curt "good-evening". He lives in the solitary thatched cottage by the river, and is suspected of being a poacher, but has never been caught red-handed.

Some partridges are calling from the meadow above, and a buzzard wheels, mewing in the sky. There is the bass croak of the raven as he makes his way to his rocky heights, and the impertinent, tenor yap of some belated jackdaws.

Two more barbed wire gates to be passed, and then comes the faint rustle of the river as it dances over its rocky bed. The hush of the evening begins to set in, with a whisper of wind through the spruces, oaks and silver birches which lie below the ancient camps on the heights. A wary old cock pheasant crows from his roosting place.

The river is a deep, peaty brown after the recent spate, and there are signs that it has fallen at least a couple of feet. An old red salmon leaps in the pool, but it is too early to commence operations for one could easily observe a fly if cast from the bank. There is time for a pipe under the old oak tree.

The water bailiff passes along the far bank on his formidable walk along the beat. He tells of successes of the day, and wishes a cheery good night, and good luck.

The dusk creeps on. The thrush and the blackbird have concluded their evening chant, but there is still a faint twitter of the birds in the trees, and the croak of the frogs in the marshy borders is beginning. A heron, with leaden wings, neck and wings outstretched, sails rather low over the water.

A few moths are fluttering over the river, and there are two dimples as the brown trout rise. Soon, there is a wedge of water across the pool; then another. Later there is a silvery flash as the sea-trout leaps with a peculiar whirring noise of its tail, as if some wild-fowl were rising.

It is time to get to work. There is the thermos flask in the car, and sandwiches and a bottle of beer handy in the bag. If *trutta* is taking well, it will, probably, be a case of staying all night till the morning half light. Time is no object; the first cast is made and accepted straightaway. The reel sings as the gallant fish makes his rush upstream. It is now quite dark, and all around is the infinite peace of the English countryside.

**SHORT STORY****THE HUNTED**

By "Bevis"

**[I WAS RAINING** as the train crawled up the Nilgiris. Quite like home, I had been told. And it was even down to the cold drizzle that is so characteristic of the Highlands in summer. The clouds through which we were passing allowed us to see just a few yards on either side of the track, revealing thick woods: occasionally a sudden gap showed a clear drop down to the plains below. Then the rain and mist closed the white barrier round us again.

Gradually the woods thinned out. Wellington had been passed. Stretches of green turf appeared between the trees. Still the drizzling rain beat down, blowing in the unglazed windows of the carriages. Yet the clouds seemed to have thinned out as Ootacamund station loomed ahead. I could see faintly the houses lining the semi-circle of hills.

I took a taxi to the house where I was going to stay. It lay along a sunken green lake, and the fir trees that surrounded it made it even more difficult to believe that one was in India. The lady in charge must have had to deal with a large number of officers recently, as she showed me round in military terms, calling the dining room the mess, and so on: finally she introduced me to such of the guests as happened to be in at the moment.

"Lieutenant Davies. He's in the Lancers".

"Mechanised, I presume."

"Lieutenant Potson, Artillery. I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name".

"Captain Mallory, usually known as Paddy".

"Whell, and how d'ye do"?

He had tow-coloured hair and an exuberant moustache. His thick-set body and red round face exuded geniality: only his clear, grey eyes seemed somehow out of place. What you might call the buffoon type, I thought: he gets on in the world by letting other people laugh at him.

He took one hand out of his thick grey corduroy trousers and thrust it at me.

"You'll find it as weth as the Shannon here, my bhoys."

With a kind of mental jerk I found myself suddenly back at the small south German town of Deggendorf on the Danube. It was the summer just before the war, and we were drifting down

the swift-flowing river from Ulm to Vienna in fold-boats. We stopped usually at "Jugendherbergen", and at this particular one we had found a party of Austrian medical students. One of them, I remembered, had clowned particularly well, and amused us especially with his imitation in the vernacular of an Irish peasant.

For a moment I hesitated and started to blush, as if caught thinking something that I shouldn't. I glanced sideways; but Captain Mallory evidently hadn't noticed. He was in the middle of giving me full particulars about the amusements here: what the golf was like and the riding and shooting.

I had wondered at the time how he managed to speak Irish so well. Now I came to think of it, he hadn't said whether he was Irish or German: I had just assumed the latter because all his friends were. If it was possibly the same man, he had no moustache then, and had looked much thinner and younger. It seemed fantastic that I could associate someone I'd just met with a medical student that I had once known for a few hours, but every gesture of his seemed to strengthen the impression in my mind.

I suppose I should have mentioned my suspicions straight away and left the matter in other hands. But I was on leave and somehow wanted to test the correctness of my theory myself. I saw a lot of Paddy the next few days: we played golf together and walked together, when the weather allowed, but more often sat indoors and groused together at the rain. All the time I was watching for the slightest clue to justify my suspicions. I argued to myself that a broad Irish brogue was probably the best way of concealing any trace of a German accent: and the last person people would tend to suspect is the cheerful clown who takes nothing seriously.

At last one morning he announced after breakfast: "Faith, and to-morrow I shall be leaving for a few days' shooting."

"Coming back here, Paddy?"

"No, I'll take the bus the way to Mysore."

"Sorry about that." There was general regret.

The next morning I tried my last test. In the midst of the general fluster of his departure I stretched out my hand.

"Good-bye", I said, and bowed slightly and clicked my heels. I believe this is one of the most instinctive actions of a German. I watched his feet: for a moment I thought I had caught him off his guard—his legs jerked and he began a stiff, formal bow. Then suddenly he seemed to regain some control of himself.

"Sure", he said quite illogically, and turned away.

Yet I was still uncertain. Had my imagination magnified his action? At any rate, I had shown my hand.

• • • • •

A few days later I set off for the neighbourhood of the Mekund River: fishing was really the object of my leave. The first day I tried the reservoir. I had put on some fairly strong gut and a sizeable lake fly in the hope of catching some of the large rainbow trout that are said to abound there: but my success was meagre. The rain began to come through my raincoat: I tried to shelter behind a rock, but without much avail. With rainfall like this, I decided, it was only natural that Ooty downs should be such a brilliant green. The solitude seemed almost uncanny: only a few native cattle showed up as grey spots half way up the side of the hill, and a jackal stood silhouetted on the crest of a ridge.

The light was failing early when I decided to try my luck for the last time, casting long with the wind behind me. The third cast I hooked something, but the steady pull immediately told me it wasn't a fish. I struck right and left to try and free the hook: it seemed to have caught fairly fast, but I found I could reel in slowly. It felt as though I had caught a waterlogged piece of timber: I could feel it bumping over the rocky bed as I reeled in. In the grey light I saw a dark shape in the shallows, with a white splodge at one end.

With a sudden shock I realized what I had caught. I jerked frantically at the line, and as it swished free, I turned and stumbled off. The fly still swung on the end of the gut, and caught in it was a piece of watersoaked grey corduroy.

## BACKGROUND NEWS AND VIEWS

### How Long Will the War Last?

"President Roosevelt has said that 'we are going to have a couple of years, perhaps three years, before we can make sure that our type of civilization is going to survive.' As this timetable is interpreted by Washington, the most reasonable estimate is as follows:

*"In 1942:* Try to halt Hitler. Here the vital point is to bring all possible aid to Russia, while carrying out all practicable diversions, and keeping the Middle East as well defended as possible. If Hitler is stopped throughout this year, it is generally concluded that his jig is up. If he gets to oil and other resources in 1942, the prospect is for a very long war.

*"In 1943:* Finish the job on Hitler, if he has been stopped in 1942. It is felt that the Nazi decline in power might come rather swiftly, after another winter—or even sooner, provided Hitler does not get to or flank the Caucasus. Meantime, 1943 should see the war of attrition against Japan intensify, pushing back over ground that has now been lost.

*"In 1944:* Bring the war to a climax against both Germany and Japan, trying hard for a decisive knock-out. If Hitler is held in 1942, it is felt that, though the overthrow of Japan may be even more difficult than the defeat of Germany, it is no less certain."—*The Round Table*.

### Post-War Germany

"Advocates of federalism seem to agree that Germany is to be disarmed. But when the central administrative body of the federation is established, shall Germany be represented on it or not? If not, that is to say, if Germany remains outside, the federation will not be a federation at all, but an anti-German alliance. If Germany is to be inside, and therefore to be represented on the central body, she will demand equality of status with the other Powers and either secure it or leave the federation. If she leaves, the federation will become an anti-German alliance from which Germany will try to detach as many Powers as she can by threats or bribes or through the emergence of common interests. The Third World War will be the outcome. If Germany secures equality of status with the other Powers in the federation, she will have, or will insist on having, equality



with respect to national armaments. If her demand is not fulfilled, she will leave the federation. If it is fulfilled, she will again be the greatest military Power in Europe, not only potentially, but in fact. And she will become master of all Europe, through the instrumentality of the federation—that is to say, by working from inside. Or, if not, she will leave it, and make herself master of Europe by working from outside, unless the other Powers combine against her in anticipation of the Third World War—that is to say, unless they revert to the military alliance of the Second World War. This is not new. It happened after the last war. Germany was kept outside the League of Nations, then she was admitted, then she claimed equality and secured it, then, with irrefutable logic, she claimed equality with regard to armaments and secured it 'in principle,' then she translated the principle into practice, and then, finding the League unsuited to her purpose, namely, domination, she left it and is now attempting to achieve that domination by other means."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

### **Complex Modern Warfare**

"It has been said of French generals that they were generally well prepared at the beginning of each new war to fight the one that had gone before—if not the war preceding that. That copyright does not belong to them exclusively. Even German generals have difficulty in learning fast. Not only is there something inherently conservative in the military mind, but strategy and tactics are so fluid that useful military textbooks go out of date faster than millinery. All that can be stated with certainty is that modern warfare is complex in its smallest detail. Purely military problems, as distinguished from the economics and politics of war, have arisen in ever-increasing number to tax the imagination of those in command. As a result there has been a steady drift away from formal rules. While there has been a tendency, notably in Germany, to centralise power in one commander, responsible to the head of the State, this has been accompanied by the delegation of increasing authority to lower-ranking, even N.C.O.'s in the field. Indeed, it is generally agreed that only by giving small units 'their head', allowing them to exercise their own judgment, can the powerful calculus of modern tactics be brought to function. Absolutism as a part of tactics is on the decline. It survives in anachronistic glory on the parade ground. There it persists as a tribute to the misty heroics of the past. That is not to say that heel-clicking and zombie obedience have vanished. The desire to turn each

soldier into a robot still befuddles many military men. But once the fighting begins and staffs are routed from their cosy corners staff officers have sense enough to realize that precision tactics and blind obedience of the Gallant Six Hundred variety fill cemeteries and win few battles, while soldiers who can make up their minds on the spot, who can even change their minds without permission, may live to fight and perhaps win another day".—*From "Men and Tools of War," by James R. Newman, published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.*

### **Doped German Parachutists**

"The dope the Germans use for parachutists neutralises their fear and gives them a feeling of exhilaration. But 60 seconds after you kill one of these men his face changes colour to a duck-egg green. The dope is responsible. Ten thousand German parachutists dropped on Crete; we collected the identity cards of between 8,000 and 9,000 casualties. It was not the parachutists, however, who took Crete but the air-borne troops who followed. They showed sheer disregard of losses. We could not kill them fast enough before we were overwhelmed. On one aerodrome alone I counted one morning 250 crashed Ju. 52's, and there were 40 or 50 nearby. The whole thing was utterly fantastic".—*Lieutenant G. W. Turner-Lashmar, R.A., lecturing to the Forces in England.*

### **Stream-Crossing Methods**

"All fighting units need to know a number of stream-crossing expedients. In its early phase training should be conducted at a quiet pond or lake or at a stream with a slow current . . . . A quarter-ton truck with normal load (including men) can be launched, floated across a stream, and beached, if both banks slope gently. Four men can do the job, using any of the following methods: First wet the bank at the site of the launching in order to make it easy to slide the truck into the stream. Then spread the canvas cover of a 2½-ton truck on the bank at the water's edge and drive the quarter-ton truck on to the centre of the canvas. Raise the edges of the canvas at the front and rear of the truck and fasten the short tie ropes to convenient points on the truck. Next, raise the edges of the canvas at the sides of the truck, tighten the drawropes about the sides, and tie them, being careful that the canvas is not folded sharply at the ends (like a clerk does in wrapping a shoe-box) because the canvas may leak at the creases. There are several ways of getting the vehicle across. If the stream is not too deep the men

can push it across by wading; it can be poled across by three or four men sitting in the vehicle, using saplings, or paddled across by three or four men sitting in the vehicles using shovels as paddles. It can be towed across by using a light towing line (such as a field telephone wire) which is first stretched across by a swimmer; towed across by running the cable of a truck-winch on the near side of the stream through a snatch-block attached to a tree on the far side, thence back to the floating vehicle, or pulled across (hand over hand) by men on the vehicle; or along a rope or cable stretched across the stream and anchored at both ends."—*From an article in the American "Infantry Journal," by Colonel Sterling A. Wood and Colonel Roy N. Hagerty.*

### Signal Wire Throwers

"United States Army Signal Corps engineers have developed a wire thrower by which wire can be thrown from a moving vehicle to distances up to 125 feet away and at vehicle speeds up to 35 miles m.p.h. An operator has control of the distance and slack by varying the speed of the thrower. By using the new wire thrower, wire can be laid at greater speeds and placed farther off the road, thus requiring a minimum of servicing."—*"The Journal of the Franklin Institute," U.S.A.*

### The School of Hate

"The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Bernard Paget, has done well in banning the use of strong language and other similar methods of instilling blood-lust or hate in the course of battle training. It is not surprising, perhaps, that a revolution against the extremes of pacifism should lead impatient, undisciplined minds to the other extremes of stupid brutality, but every good soldier knows that the brute is as dangerous as the coward, and is, indeed, most likely also to prove one, making up in violence of language and gesture what he lacks in simple courage. Experience has shown that the best soldiers are of finer quality and are revolted by foul language and 'blood-baths'. Natural love of adventure and high-spirit equip young men for the most hazardous enterprises, and older men actuated by patriotism and a sense of duty will, when the moment comes, face the enemy with the utmost staunchness and combative spirit. What both need is a most exact and thorough training in the use of their arms and a detailed knowledge of possible conditions in which they may be placed. The combative spirit is awakened, and should only be awakened, in action. Until then attention should be concentrated on invigorating and hardening the body, train-

ing in arms, the developing of initiative and the instilling of confidence in the leadership. When it comes to a fight nature can then be relied upon to do the rest. It is only when natural vitality has been sapped that recourse is had to such repugnant practices as oaths and blood-baths. These are, indeed, a sign of decadence."—*The Spectator*.

### **America's Colossal 'Plane Output**

"Strangely little notice has been taken of the figures issued concerning Ford aircraft production. The gist of it was that Ford's will employ about 90,000 workers; production will be 24 four-motor bombers per day—one an hour. There is to be a five-and-a-half-day week; this gives 132 aircraft per week. . . . As a sign of America's expanding air interests, we might assess this huge Ford plant as one-tenth of the total U.S.A. potential. On this basis America can hope to put in the field in measurable time some 60,000 large warplanes of formidable attack power. Turn back the clock a moment and review some of the statements of America's production. Carefully shifting the military corn from the civil chaff, the following summarises what the world thought of the true figures: In 1938, not more than 50 modern fighting and bombing aeroplanes per month; in 1939, not more than 300 per month, but increasing to the end of the year. In the following year, as the new factories swung into production mainly on the strength of British money which financed them in the shape of hitherto unheard of contracts, production crossed the 500 mark and neared 1,000 a month. The succeeding year saw a spurt until, at its close, figures in excess of 2,000 a month were being hushed around 'informed' quarters by people who had singularly little claim, if any, to accurate knowledge. To-day the best bazaars believe American production has topped 3,000 and may have exceeded 3,500 per month. For the sake of argument, presume the war over and the need for active aerial combat terminated by December, 1943. At that time America can be expected to have a formidable aircraft industry producing at least 4,000 aircraft a month, and an aggregate of around 100,000 first-class fighting and bombing aeroplanes, many of which will possess maximum ranges of 10,000 miles."—*"Fougueux", writing in The Aeroplane*.

### **Effect of 1,000 'Plane Raids**

"Abetz, the German Ambassador in Paris, has revealed facts about the appalling devastation caused in Cologne by the 1,000 'plane R.A.F. raid. It eclipsed all previous records, he

said. According to information in possession of the Government, the number of deaths amounted to between 11,000 and 15,000 and the number of injured more than twice as many. Nearly all the premises of the great banks, business houses, insurance companies, and administrative concerns and several of the large industrial plants were totally destroyed; railway repair shops were wiped out and shunting yards made unusable. One reason why the number of persons evacuated from Cologne was so high (250,000 were sent away out of a total population of 760,000) was the unrest among the population at the inadequacy of the protection against air raids, as many anti-aircraft units had been sent to Russia only a few days before the raid. The R.A.F. bombs were so powerful that even reinforced concrete air raid shelters 25 ft. to 30 ft. below ground level had been pulverized, and hundreds of persons trapped".—*A Special correspondent of the London "Times."*

**REVIEW****CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE,  
VOLUME II**

**H**ERE IS AN excellent and well-indexed reference book for anyone who thinks about or is interested in Britain's present and post-war problems. It traces the growth of our Empire from the Treaty of Versailles of 1783, when Britain showed her ability to recover from a serious defeat, down to 1870. This was the period of our greatest Colonial expansion, and the pages of this book are full of lessons which we might well re-learn and take to heart.

To-day many people declare that the attitude of not a few Englishmen towards the Empire alternates between flag-wagging patriotism and complete lack of interest. There are few who realise its vital importance to our world supremacy and high standard of living. Some think of it as an expensive hobby from which the capitalist draws a large income, and others as an organization which will cause us to be drawn into disputes with our less fortunate neighbours in Europe, but the vast majority of Englishmen are content to sit back and look with pride at a map of the world one quarter of which is coloured red.

To bring home to Englishmen the importance of the Empire it is essential that every one should have an understanding of its background and growth. Trade and the need for new markets sent British seamen to every corner of the world, and in this book it is clearly shown that the British Empire grew up not as a result of an imperialistic urge or political factors, but through the initiative of individuals who were determined that British trade should have its place in the sun of every latitude, and who compelled the government of their day to protect their interests wherever they had been established.

Statesmen down the ages were afraid that this initiative would draw us into disputes with our neighbours. Spain, Portugal, France and Holland were all at one time or another our rivals in different parts of the world, and the wars of Europe invariably led to fighting with them in America, Africa and India. The struggle to keep open our markets, for it was in terms of markets that the Empire was regarded, and to maintain them free from European rivals was long and hard.

The two theories which this book advances, and is bound to advance by the very fact of its tracing the growth of the British Empire, are its economic basis and the necessity of Imperial solidarity. Britain needs the support of the Empire, and the Empire the support of Britain if we are to maintain British world supremacy.

A. G. T.

### RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

- "Battle for the World", by Max Werner.**—The strategy and diplomacy of the second World War is dealt with at length. The book is well indexed.
- "The Last Enemy", by Richard Hillary.**—A vivid narrative of war service in the R.A.F. by a writer who, at the outbreak of war, was still up at Oxford.
- "The Chinese Army", by Evans Fordyce Carlson.**—A well-documented volume containing much information about an Army which has astonished the world.
- "The Teak Box", by C. C. R. Murphy.**—A collection of short stories by a well-known author, who in the past has contributed a number of articles to this journal.
- "Etajima", by Cecil Bullock.**—An Englishman's account of life at the Imperial Japanese Naval College during the three years he spent there teaching the cadets English.
- "Soviet Economy and the War", by Maurice Dobb.**—A treatise on Russia which gives some interesting facts on Soviet industrial plans, collective farms, and Trade Unions.
- "Life on the Land", by Fred Kitchen.**—Written by an agricultural worker, the author has succeeded in bringing into the book a breath of real country air. The woodcut illustrations are excellently done.
- "Tanks" (illustrated), by Professor A. M. Low.**—This book contains a general account of tanks, written for the man-in-the-street. The author avoids technical descriptions of these "Martian Monsters" and has condensed a mass of historical and scientific facts into the book.
- "Arise to Conquer".**—Wing-Commander Gleed has written an exciting account of his experiences with the R.A.F. in France and in the Battle of Britain. His stories of his fellow-pilots, their high spirits, love of ragging, their superstitions, and their courage make the book of real interest.
- "The Royal Navy at War".**—Profusely illustrated and written by Vice-Admiral J. E. T. Harper, this work is a panorama

in book form of the Royal Navy's varied and ever-changing task of defending Britain's shores and ensuring supplies to the Home Country.

**"Khaki and Gown".**—This autobiography by Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood is of especial interest to all who serve in the Indian Army. Well indexed, and most interestingly written, it is, as Mr. Winston Churchill says in his Foreword, "the story of an officer who carried a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack".

**Oxford Pamphlets.**—Five further pamphlets on world affairs are now available in the Library. They are entitled: "Greece", by Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley Casson; "Great Britain and China", by Sir John Pratt; "Who Mussolini Is", by Ivor Thomas; "War at Sea To-day", by Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond; and "German Geopolitics", by H. W. Weigert.

**"Grand Strategy",** by H. A. Sargeaunt and Geoffrey West.—

The authors set out to show that wars are not won in the field alone, nor in the sea, nor in the air. "Behind military strategy lies the strategy of politics. Differing methods of warfare are not developed fortuitously; they are the organic outcome of social changes. Only by the successful co-ordination of military policy with the whole social structure can wars be won".

**"The German New Order in Poland".**—This 570-page book, published by the Polish Ministry of Information, is the second Black Book of Poland. It describes events which have no precedent in history. Massacres, tortures, persecutions, compulsory transfers of vast populations, mass utilization of human beings for war purposes, and wanton brutality are graphically described. The book shows the systematic way in which the Hun is endeavouring to wipe out both the spiritual culture and the leaders of a whole nation.

**"Pattern of Conquest",** by Joseph C. Harsch.—The author, former Berlin correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, presents a vivid picture of Germany at war. He shows how the country functioned during the first two years of the conflict, the type of military machine Hitler has evolved, and what its elements of strength and weakness are. Mr. Harsch left Germany in 1942 "with a complete conviction that not only can Germany be beaten but



that it could collapse and the whole Nazi structure disintegrate with a speed and completeness which would equal that of the French collapse in 1940".

**"Hitler's Reich and Churchill's Britain".**—This recorded account of a conversation between two well-known American *Time* journalists, Stephen Laird and Walter Graebner, makes intensely interesting reading. Stephen Laird was in Germany until June, 1941, while his colleague has been in London for three years. To English readers the impressions of the former on war-time Germany will come, in many cases, as a surprise. He reveals much of the everyday life of the German, says that the German people are immensely afraid of losing the war and "believe that if they do lose every Dutchman, Pole, Frenchman, Czech will be after them with a pitchfork or whatever is handy."

**"The Art of War", by Arthur Birnie, with maps and battle plans by J. F. Horrabin.**—The theme of the book is that in spite of constantly changing conditions there are certain fundamental principles that have revealed themselves in the history of warfare. Neglect of these spells disaster, and by way of proof Mr. Birnie takes the reader through a history of warfare from the days of the Persian attack on Greece to present-day Nazi aggression. Although maintaining that there are these fundamental laws of warfare, the author explains how constant revision in field tactics has been made necessary by successive changes in offensive and defensive weapons.

**"Military Operations in East Africa", Volume 1.**—This official history of the East African Campaign in the Great War will be of particular interest to many of our readers in view of the gallant work done by the Indian Expeditionary Force which fought and helped to conquer what is now Tanganyika Territory. Indian troops sailed from Bombay on August 19, 1914, and reached Mombasa on September 1, while a further contingent arrived two months later, and took part in the ill-fated attempt to capture Tanga a few days afterwards. The tragic happenings on that occasion are told in detail, and are accompanied by a description of the operations from the German side. The volume, which runs to 600 pages, has a fine index, and the 76 sketch maps are especially helpful.

## **LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

### **MARCHING RECORDS OF THE INDIAN ARMY.**

*To The Editor, U. S. I. "Journal."*

SIR,

It would be interesting to know what marching records are being put up by the Indian Army in this war.

My own Battalion marched approximately 1,200 miles during the Burma campaign. We started from Moulmein on January 31 and finally came to rest at Palel on May 25. During the first month of these four months, we had quite heavy fighting. Our record march was from just south of Tharawaddy to Okhpu, a distance of 43 miles, which we did in 16 hours, including a two-hour halt *en route* for food. For the greater part of this march tanks and M.T. were driving through us, with their legacy of dust, fumes and noise, to say nothing of the chagrin of having to see others travel in comfort while we slogged along on foot. For several miles we had to march through a burning teak forest. Not a single man fell out.

Between April 11 and May 25 we marched approximately 700 miles with the rest of the 2nd Brigade. This was mostly over bullock-cart tracks, and was done entirely by night and without a single day's rest. We never knew but when we might be attacked. For the greater part we lived off the country, but this "living" was at times extremely meagre. Chickens were a coveted luxury; atta, eggs and vegetables were practically unknown. It was a typical gypsy life, but should prove an invaluable experience, as before we have the Jap beat, I opine most of us will have to condition ourselves to that life. There was little sickness; our main trouble was feet, as boots completely gave out and there were no replacements. The reaction came with India, when we had to hang about near Imphal with nothing much to do, living under shelters improvised in the jungle with the monsoon on us. The sick were then evacuated daily.

There was frequent controversy as to the best timings for this continual night marching. Our day-time could not be given solely over to rest. There was patrolling, digging, foraging, etc., to be done and the rest problem became acute. Personally, I favoured marching from 1800 to 2200 hours, sleep by the wayside

until 0400 hours, and then on until 0800 hours. This gave us some hours of darkness for sleeping, split up a dreary night march, and was safe from enemy air action. Others favoured mid-night to 0800 hours.

Proud as we were of our marching powers, we had to give way before those of the 12th Mountain Battery. They marched every inch of the way from Moulmein to Imphal. When I last saw their Commander, Major Hume, they were just short of the frontier, and had then done over 1,800 miles in under four months. Goodness knows how many more miles they piled on before they really halted. Often they were left marching along with no other troops between themselves and the enemy, and yet they were magnificently cheerful, with a brew of tea always at hand. Theirs must be a unique record, especially as they added to it the honour of bringing their guns out of Burma.

Yours faithfully,

A. V. PERRY,

Major,

Att. 8th (F.F.) Bn., Burma Rifles.

*[Letters to the Editor on subjects of military topical interest for publication in the Journal are welcome.]*

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Printed by E. G. Tilt (Manager) at  
The Civil & Military Gazette, Ltd., 48 The Mall, Lahore,  
and edited and published by Captain H. C. Druett for the  
United Service Institution of India, Simla.

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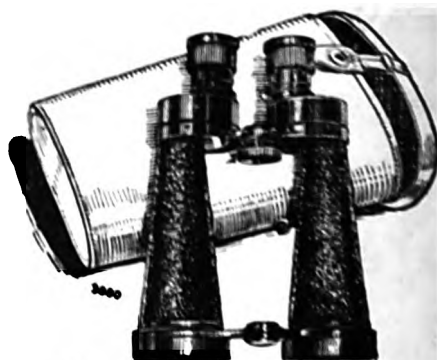


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# THE JOURNAL

OF THE

## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION

OF

## INDIA

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### PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

Government Under Invasion Conditions	By the Rt. Hon. Sir R. Dorman-Smith.
What's a Little Handicap? ..	By Major Sir Clutha Mackenzie
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## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA

The headquarter building of the United Service Institution of India in Simla is open daily, including Sundays, from 9 a.m. to sunset. It contains a reading room, in which is available a wide range of illustrated periodicals, newspapers, magazines, etc., as well as a number of Service journals. A well-stocked library is also open to members, who may borrow volumes without charge, while members stationed elsewhere may obtain books on loan post-free.

Members also receive, post-free, each of the quarterly issues of the Journal of the Institution.

### Rules of Membership

1. All officers of the Defence Services, whether they belong to the Imperial Forces, to forces raised by the Government of India, by an Indian State, by a British Dominion or Colony, and all gazetted officials of the Government of India or of a Provincial Government shall be entitled to become members, without ballot, on payment of the entrance fee and subscription.

Other gentlemen may become members if proposed and seconded by a member of the Institution and approved by the Council. They will be entitled to all the privileges of membership, excepting voting.

2. Life members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of a lump sum of Rs. 160, which sum includes entrance fee.

3. Ordinary members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of an entrance fee\* (see para. 4) of Rs. 10 on joining, and an annual subscription of Rs. 10 (or 15s.) to be paid in advance.

The period of subscription commences on January 1.

An ex-member on rejoining the Institution will be charged a second entrance fee of Rs. 10 if since the date on which he ceased to be a member he has served or resided in India. In other cases no charge will be made.

4. British Service, Dominion and Colonial officers serving in India shall pay an entrance fee\* of Rs. 7 only.

5. Members receive the Journal of the Institution post free to any part of the world. Members in India may obtain books from the library; they are issued postage free, the borrower paying the return postage.

6. Government institutions and offices, military libraries, messes and clubs wishing to subscribe for the Journal shall pay Rs. 10 per annum. Non-members shall pay Rs. 10 per annum plus postage. Single copies of the Journal will be supplied to non-members at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy, plus postage.

7. If a member fails to pay his subscription for any year (commencing 1st January) by 1st June of that year, a registered notice shall be sent to him by the Secretary inviting his attention to the fact. If the subscription is not paid by 1st January following, his name shall be struck off the roll of members and, if the Executive Committee so decide, posted in the hall of the Institution for six months, or until the subscription is paid.

8. An ordinary member wishing to resign at any time during a year in which one or more Journals have been sent to him must pay his subscription in full for that year and notify his wish to resign before his name can be struck off the list of members.

9. Members who join the Institution on or after the 1st October and pay the entrance fee and annual subscription on joining will not be charged a further subscription on the following 1st January, unless the Journals for the current year have been supplied.

10. Members are responsible that they keep the Secretary carefully posted in regard to changes of rank and address. Duplicate copies of the Journal will not be supplied free to members when the original has been posted to a member's last known address and has not been returned through the post.

11. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla.

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## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL, 1943-44.

### *Ex-officio Members :*

The Chief of the General Staff (President).  
The Deputy Air Officer Commanding, Air Forces in India  
(Vice-President).  
The Flag Officer Commanding Royal Indian Navy.  
The Secretary, Defence Department.  
The Secretary, External Affairs Department.

### *Elected Members :*

Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. A. Bird, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O.	Colonel Sir Dashwood Strettell, K.C.I.E., C.B.
Lieut.-Gen. T. J. Hutton, C.B., M.C.	Commander H. E. Felser Paine, R.I.N.
Major-General H. Finnis, C.B., M.C.	Group Captain the Earl of Bandon, D.S.O., R.A.F.
Major-Gen. D. A. L. Wade, O.B.E., M.C.	P. Mason, Esq., O.B.E., I.C.S.

## MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 1943-44.

President: Colonel Sir Dashwood Strettell, K.C.I.E., C.B.  
Members: Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. A. Bird, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O.  
Commander H. E. Felser Paine, R.I.N.  
Group Captain the Earl of Bandon, D.S.O., R.A.F.

Secretary and Editor: Major H. C. Druett.  
Bankers: Lloyds Bank, Limited, Simla.

## **NOTES BY THE SECRETARY**

### **Council Meeting**

Lieutenant-General Sir Clarence Bird, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., presided at the recent annual meeting of the Council of the Institution, in the unavoidable absence of the President. Reviewing progress, he said the Institution had had a most successful year; membership had increased, the number of readers in the Journal had more than doubled, and the financial results had been satisfactory, despite the increased costs of production.

The rule governing the election of non-official members was amended, it being decided that in future such gentlemen who are elected will be entitled to all the privileges of the Institution, excepting voting.

The Council unanimously decided to support the recommendation of the Executive Committee that the Macgregor Memorial Medal for 1942-43 be awarded to the following:

(a) Subedar Tekh Bahadur Limbu.

(b) Havildar Dhirta Singh, 4/11 Sikh Regiment, who after being captured by the enemy in the Middle East, was taken to Tobruk, and after two months in captivity, succeeded in escaping and returning to our lines after a march of 400 miles through the desert, without compass or map. As a result of careful observation of enemy food and ammunition dumps, he was able on his arrival in our lines to reveal much valuable information.

The latter medal carries with it the award of Rs. 100 gratuity.

H. E. The Commander-in-Chief has approved the award of the medal to this Indian Officer and to the Non-Commissioned Officer.

It was decided that the Executive Committee should be composed of Colonel Sir Dashwood Strettell, K.C.I.E., C.B. (President), Lieut.-General Sir C. A. Bird, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., Major-General D. A. L. Wade, O.B.E., M.C., Commander H. E. Felser-Paine, R.I.N., and Group Captain the Earl of Bandon, D.S.O., R.A.F.

### **New Councillors**

Following the recent election, the elected Members of the Council for 1943-44 now include: Lieut.-General Sir C. A. Bird,

K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O., Lieut-General T. J. Hutton, C.B., M.C., Major-General H. Finnis, C.B., M.C., Major-General D. A. L. Wade, Colonel Sir Dashwood Strettell, K.C.I.E., C.B., Commander H. E. Felser Paine, R.I.N., Group Captain the Earl of Bandon, D.S.O., R.A.F., and P. Mason, Esq. O.B.E., I.C.S.

### Birthday Honours

\*Members of the Institution whose names appeared in the recent Birthday Honours list included:

C.B., Major-General A. A. C. McNeill, I.M.S. (Retd.). Major-General H. H. Rich, I.A.

K.C.I.E., J. D. Penny, Esq., C.S.I., C.I.E., I.C.S.

C.I.E., F. H. du Heaume, Esq., O.B.E., I.P. Brigadier J. Lec. Fowle, I. A., Brigadier L. Gilbert, M.C., I.A., Major-General Jaideo Singh, Sardar Bahadur, O.B.I., Bikaner State Forces.

O.B.E., G. Ahmed, Esq., I.P., C. Rajagopala Aiyar, Esq., M.B.E., Controller of Mily. Accounts. Lieut-Colonel E. Bader, R.E., Major Sir B. D. G. Bromhead, Zhob Militia., Lieut-Colonel H. Bullock, I.A., Brigadier R. Gordon, I.A., Brigadier M. L. Hayne, I.A., and Lieut-Colonel C. D. L. Turner, R.I.A.S.C.

M.B.E., Captain I. S. Chopra.

Major-General F. I. S. Toker, O.B.E., Commander of the 4th Indian Division, has been awarded the D.S.O.

### New Members

New members of the Institution who have been enrolled during the last quarter include:

Adams, Captain W. J.,	Brodley, Captain G. S.,
Air, W. J., Esq.,	Brown, T. E., Esq.,
Armstrong, Captain G. L. W.,	Carpenter, Lieut. R. S.,
Bandon, Group Captain the	Chapman, 2nd Lieut. S. P.,
Earl of, D.S.O.,	Christie, Brigadier W. D. M.,
Beaumont, Captain H. M.,	Colville, H.E. Colonel Sir John,
Bezzina, 2nd Lieut. A. T.,	K.C.M.G., Governor of Bom-
Bhagwandas, P/O N.,	bay.
Bhoite, M. D., Esq.,	Colwill, Brigadier R. F., M.B.E.,
Blackwell, J. H., Esq., C.B.E.,	Conway, Captain A.,
M.C., J.P.,	Cruickshank, Captain M. L.,
Boyall, Major F. R.,	*Cumming, Lieut. J. A.,
Brewitt, Lieut-Col., C.P.,	Dawe, Lieut. E. G. J.,
Brayne, Colonel F. L., M.C.,	Dawnay, Major N. P.,
C.S.I., C.I.E.,	Eglin, Captain E. W.,

Flower, Major J. M.,	Mills, Captain W. G. S.,
Foster, K. W., Esq.,	Morhead, F. T., Esq., O.B.E.,
Foucar, Lieut.-Colonel E. C. V., M.C.,	*Moynihan, Lieut. M. J.,
Franklin, E. A., Esq.,	Myles, Captain W. L. C.,
Garrod, Air Marshal Sir A. G. R., K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C.,	*Nawanagar, H. H. Maharaja Jam Shri Colonel Sir Digvijay- sinhji, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I.,
Gauld, G., Esq., •	Ormsby, Lieut.-Colonel R. J.,
Giffard, General Sir George J., K.C.B., D.S.O.,	Phillips, Lieut.-Colonel J. B. P.,
Giles, Colonel A. C.,	Pocock, Captain S. R., M.C.,
Hammond, Colonel W. H., V.D., J.P., A.D.C.,	Prasad, 2nd Lieut. H. C.,
Hayse-Gregson, Captain P. B.,	*Pritam Singh, Major, M.C.,
Head, Captain E. H.,	Reive, Major A.,
Hoare, Lieut. T. M. B.,	Rogers, Captain H. V., D.S.C.,
Hodgson, Captain R. C.,	Rogers, Pay/Lieut. Leslie F.,
Hopkins, Captain C. W.,	Royds, Captain E. F. A.,
Hopkins-Husson, Captain C. E. N.,	Rutter, Captain W. T. J.,
Hughes, Brigadier F. E. C.,	Sarkies, Lieut. J. W. R.,
Jafery, Captain S. W. H.,	Seagrim, Captain G. N.,
Jardine, Major D. R.,	Shaw, Captain R. A.,
Kidd, Lieut. J. K.,	Singh, Pilot Officer M.,
Krishna Rao, Lieut. K.V.,	Snooks, Lieut. J. W.,
Kumar, Flying Officer S.,	Stapleton, Major G. J. K.,
Lintott, Lieut.-Colonel L. E.,	Stevens, Captain H. L.,
London, Captain M. O.,	Strachey, Captain The Hon. T. A. E. T.,
Lovell, Captain R. W.,	Tatchell, Captain Mc. K. E.,
Mack, Lieut.-Colonel W. G.,	Townsend, Major E. P.,
Mackay, Captain W. M.,	Turnbull, Lieut.-Colonel J., M.C., E.D.,
Mackenzie, Captain K. I.,	Wainwright, Lieut.-Colonel J. G.,
Macintosh, Major N. M.,	Wallace, Lieut. S. P.,
Madiman, 2nd Lieut. R. S.,	White, Lieut. I. C.,
McLarnon, Captain N. R.,	Wort, Captain R.

In addition, a further fourteen Officers' Messes have become subscribing members of the Journal of the Institution.

•Life Members.

### Gold Medal Essay Competition

The subject set for the 1944 Competition, as shown in the announcement appearing elsewhere in this issue, is:

"In the past it has been the policy that the training of the armed forces of the Empire should not be related to any particular type of terrain. Discuss this policy in respect of both land and air forces in the light of experience gained in the present war."

Full particulars will be seen on the page giving the announcement.

### MacGregor Memorial Medal

As will be seen in the report of the meeting of the Council of the Institution, medals for 1942-43 have been awarded to Subedar Tekhbadur Limbu, and Havildar Dhirta Singh, 4/11th Sikh Regiment.

The MacGregor Memorial Medal was founded in 1888 as a memorial to the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor, who founded the United Service Institution of India. It is awarded for the best military reconnaissance or journey of exploration of the year, which, during the war, may have been achieved during an escape from a Far Eastern enemy country into, for instance, India.

The awards are made in June, and are: (a) For officers, British or Indian, silver medal, and (b) for soldiers, British or Indian, a silver medal with Rs. 100 as gratuity. For especially valuable work, a gold medal may be awarded in place of one of the silver medals, whenever the administrators of the Fund deem it desirable. The Council may also award a special additional silver medal, without gratuity, to a soldier, for specially good work.

The award of the medals is made by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, India, as Vice-Patron, and the Council of the United Service Institution of India, who were appointed administrators of the Fund by the MacGregor Memorial Committee.

Eligibility for the award is open to: (a) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and the Dominion Forces, while serving on the Indian establishment. (b) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Indian Navy, Indian Army, Indian Air Force and of the Indian States Forces, wherever serving. (The term "Indian Army" includes the Indian Auxiliary and Territorial Forces, Frontier Militia, Levies, Military Police and Military Corps under local governments.)

Personal risk to life during the reconnaissance or exploration is not a necessary qualification for the award of the medal: but, in the event of two journeys being of equal value, the man who has incurred the greater risk will be considered to have the greater claim to the award.

When the work of the year has either not been of sufficient value or notice of it has been received too late for consideration before the Council Meeting, the medal may be awarded for any reconnaissance during previous years considered by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India to deserve it.

The medal may be worn in uniform by Indian soldiers on ceremonial parades, suspended round the neck by the ribbon issued with the medal. Replacements of the ribbon may be obtained on payment from the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla.

### **Contributions to the Journal**

Articles on matters of military, naval and air force interest are welcomed. They should not exceed 5,000 words in length, and preferably should run to 3,000 words. Contributions should be typewritten, double spacing, and in view of the paper shortage, may be typed on both sides, providing a moderately thick paper is used.

Contributors unable to submit articles already typed may send them in manuscript form, and arrangements will be made for them to be typed in Simla, the small charge being deducted from the contributor's fee. Payment is made on publication, at rates up to Rs. 150 according to the value of the contribution.

All articles dealing with military subjects are submitted to the authorities before publication, for security reasons. Contributions may, if the author desires, appear under a pseudonym; in such cases, the name of the author remains strictly confidential. The right to omit or amend any part of an article is reserved by the Executive Committee.

### **Library**

An extensive library is available for members of the Institution at the headquarters in Simla. Books may be loaned to members resident in India, and those borrowing works in person must enter particulars in the book provided. Members stationed outside Simla may receive books on application; they will be sent post-free by registered parcel post, and must be returned within two months, or immediately on recall. No more than three

volumes may be issued at any one time. Reference books and works marked "Confidential" may not be removed from the library.

Members wishing to retain a work for more than two months should notify the Secretary to that effect. If, after the expiration of three weeks from the date of issue a book is wanted by another member, it will be recalled. Should a book not be returned within fourteen days of the date of recall, it must be paid for, the cost of lost or defaced books being refunded by the member to whom they were issued. Such volumes which have become out of print will be valued by the Executive Committee, the member being required to pay the cost so fixed.

The issue of a book to any member under the above rules implies the latter's agreement with the regulations.

A catalogue of books in the library may be obtained on payment of Rs. 2/8 per copy, plus 13 annas postage.

### **Letters to the Editor**

Correspondence is invited for inclusion in the *Journal* on subjects referred to in articles, or which are of interest to members of the Services in India. Letters should be as brief as possible, and should be sent to the Editor, United Service Institution of India *Journal*, Simla.

### **A.H.Q. Staff College Course**

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### **Old Books and Trophies**

A valuable collection of old and rare books which have been presented to the Institution from time to time may be inspected by members in Simla. They are, however, not available for circulation.

Gifts of rare volumes, trophies, medals, etc., which members may desire to present to the Institution, will be gratefully received.

Copies of old Indian Army Lists dating back to 1795 are available for inspection at the office of the Institution in Simla. Any member or unit desirous of receiving typewritten copies of pages from such records may have them on payment of Rs. 2 per typewritten page.



## **GOLD MEDAL PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION**

The Council has selected the following subject for the Gold Medal Prize Essay Competition for 1943:

**"In the past it has been the policy that the training of the armed forces of the Empire should not be related to any particular type of terrain. Discuss this policy in respect of both land and air forces in the light of experience gained in the present War."**

Entries are invited from all commissioned officers of His Majesty's Forces, from gazetted officers of the Civil Administration in India, and from officers of the Indian States Forces.

Essays, which should be typewritten (double spacing) and submitted in triplicate, must be received by the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla, on or before June 30, 1943. In order that the anonymity of each candidate should be preserved, a motto should be written at the top of each entry. A sealed envelope, bearing on the outside the motto, and containing inside the name and address of the author of the essay, must accompany each entry.

Entries should not exceed fifteen pages (approx. 8,000 words) of the size and style of the Journal. Should any authority be quoted in the essay, the title of the work referred to should be given.

Three judges chosen by the Council will adjudicate. They may recommend a money award not exceeding Rs. 500, either in addition to, or in substitution of, the Gold Medal, and will submit their decision to the Council. The name of the successful candidate will be published in the October, 1943 issue of the Journal.

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# The Journal

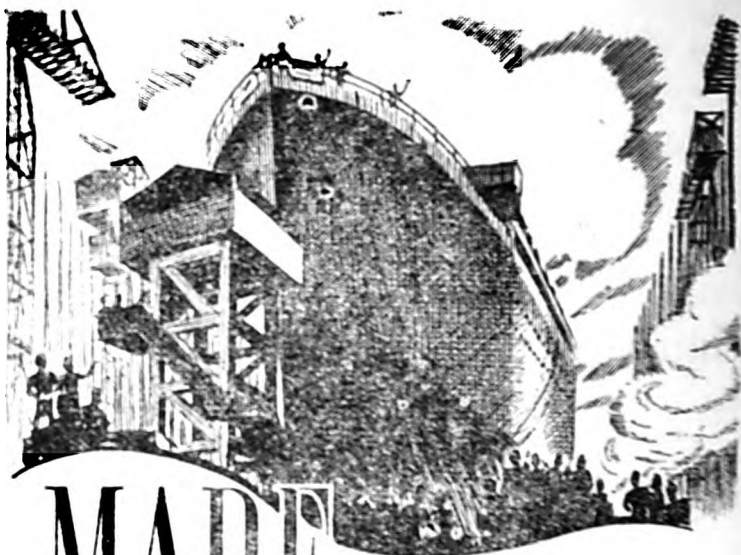
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## United Service Institution of India

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# MADE *in India*

A new ship, ready for launching! There she is, poised upon the stocks—a bride, patiently watching the final touches before her wedding with the ocean!

Yes, India may well be proud of her new *swadeshi* industries. From port to port and town to town, new factories appear like magic and the hum of India's production rises every month. The final result will be self-sufficiency—but the present purpose is DEFENCE.

Let not these precious goods be wasted in frivolous use. The services need all that India can make. Buy less—of *everything*! The silk for a saree should be in a parachute. The steel for a car should be in a tank. The paint for your house is wanted for camouflage.

Make the money you save, fight too! Invest in the defence of India—and in India's industrial future.

**PAUSE** before you buy anything except **defence savings certificates**

★ { Certificates are available at your Post Office. Rs. 10 earn Rs. 3-9 profit in ten years. }

..OR DEFENCE LOANS

# The Journal of the United Service Institution of India

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Vol. LXXIII

JULY, 1943

No. 312

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*The views expressed in this Journal are in no sense official, and the opinions of contributors in their published articles are not necessarily those of the Council of the Institution.*

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## MATTERS OF MOMENT

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“**A**USPEX’S” ARTICLE in our last issue has, as we expected, provoked many of our readers. One member suggests that it is the type of article one could expect to find in the *Daily H.* . . . or the *Daily M.* . . . ; others say that it has made them angry and disgusted; and others point out that the results of pre-war training have been no mean factor in our victories in North

Was  
“Auspex”  
Right?

Africa and that criticism of our pre-war system is, therefore, unmerited. The vast majority of members will agree on one point, we feel, and that is that it is a good thing occasionally to undergo a mental spring cleaning, to try to separate the wood from the trees and endeavour to see how the Army can be better trained in the light of experience gained in active operations. What better platform could there be for the expression of these views than such a Service Journal as the Journal of this Institution? Its members are responsible, thinking officers and when they contribute articles they are prompted to do so not for any personal advantage they may

obtain (indeed, most are averse to their name being printed), but by a desire to help the common cause. That cause will not be assisted by a "yes-man" policy, but by a bold, vigorous and trenchant expression of views which will guide others to new ideas and new ideals.

**H**ITLER, like the Kaiser in 1914, made some appalling miscalculations before embarking on this war, but the biggest may be said to have been his belief that Great Britain would have to fight without her Dominions. It showed a singular and surprising lack of understanding. For centuries Britain and its peoples have felt free to grumble, to criticise, to express their convictions publicly.

**Hitler's  
Blunder**

The Germans were utterly misled. They failed to realise that the Statute of Westminster was more than a "scrap of paper." Even to-day plain speaking from the Dominions is seized upon by the Axis as an indication of a weakening of the family tie. Yet never before in history has a world Empire shown itself to be so united in spirit, vitality and determination. It is, indeed, worth-while to record the fine co-operation of the members of this great family of free peoples—the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Canada, its army grown from 4,500 to 335,000, and its Air Force from 5,000 to 150,000, has become a highly industrialised country. Last year she produced a million tons of shipping; her aircraft industry has expanded phenomenally—so much so that in 1942 she produced twice

**Canada  
and  
South Africa**

as many aircraft as in the whole of the last war. Tanks, guns and explosives are all flowing from a country which the Fuehrer and his satellites thought was chiefly agricultural. Canada is also the home of the Empire Air Training Plan, and thousands upon thousands of airmen have been trained there, far from any of the modern "intruder" raids by

Germans. South Africa, whose aid has been a veritable tower of strength in ridding the African Continent of the Axis, has been led by that genius among statesmen, Field-Marshal Smuts. Hitler's hopes that Hertzog would influence the Union at least to the extent of being neutral were utterly falsified. Instead, he sees a country which has been the Clapham Junction of our shipping, a country which swept its armoured forces up to Kenya against Mussolini's Colonial Empire. South Africa's industrial output, the versatility with which its factories turned to munitions and explosive products, have been factors which reflect great honour on a people whose open-handed hospitality to masses of troops from the Homeland will be remembered in British homes long after this war has ended.

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Australia, now in the front line, has an Air Force over 100,000 strong, and an Army powerful enough to give Japan a worrying time. In the last war her

**Australia  
and  
New Zealand** munition production was limited to small arms ammunition. Now she is turning out almost every kind of weapon, employ-

ing in the process half a million workers. Invention has played its part, too, for the Owen gun, invented by an Australian private soldier, has been in full production for the past two years. Of her sons, who in the last war and in this have fought in every field of battle, little need be said, excepting that the Empire owes their country a debt which can only be repaid by sweeping the enemy back from her shores and defeating Germany's Ally in the Far East. New Zealand, land of lamb and butter, has changed to a country turning out Bren guns, military uniforms (she has manufactured a million-and-a-half), mine sweepers and patrol vessels, millions of rounds of S.A.A. each month, hand grenades, mortars and bombs. To turn from the Dominions to other parts of the Empire, we cast our minds to India's mighty Citizen Army of nearly two million volunteers—the world's largest volunteer

band of soldiers, coming from a country which is said to hate the British. Thus from all sides we see the very reverse of what Hitler expected to find. What amazing misjudgment by a leader held by his dupes to be a superman!

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**F**OR YEARS PAST propaganda from Japan has flooded countries the world over. Small newspaper offices, libraries and national organisations have received expensively-produced pamphlets by the thousand, setting out the

**Japanese  
Propaganda  
Fails.**

attractions of the Land of the Rising Sun. Either their "printed-paper salesmen" failed in their purpose, or the propaganda lacked general appeal, but the fact is that few countries were so little known to the man in the street at the beginning of this war as Japan. Our other enemies and their mode of life we know, but proof of our ignorance of Japan will be evident to every reader of the article on that subject which we include in this issue. Not a little of its contents will be "news" to many. The statement that ferro-concrete buildings are flanked by wooden houses with sliding bamboo and paper doors; that the "electric-eye" opens the doors of Tokyo's departmental stores, that one theatre there seats 4,000 people, are all enlightening facts about a country which the average man thinks is years behind the Western nations.

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In this connection, we venture to direct attention to a *Current Affairs* pamphlet entitled "Why Fight Japan", recently published by the Directorate in

**Why  
Fight  
Japan?**

G.H.Q. which issues this Indian equivalent of the ABCA pamphlets at home.

Those responsible are to be commended for the publication of what will be considered by many to be an unusually frank and outspoken document, setting out in plain language the reasons why we have to destroy our Far-Eastern enemy if we are to secure world peace. At heart, the British soldier of to-day is just as courageous.

just as full of the fighting spirit as were the "Old Contemptibles." The latter, however, fought with the knowledge that their enemy was at their doors. Japan is not, and it is essential that everyone who fights them should be reinforced with the plain facts of why he is doing so. This pamphlet tells him. Indian troops have also been told the facts of our war with Japan in a special *Current Affairs* pamphlet. Undoubtedly, the more knowledge we have of Japan, the more our soldiers learn of why we are at war with that country, the greater will be the spirited and impassioned determination to drive their armies back to their own country, and ensure that they stay there.

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**I**T IS A TRUISM that in war ideas which can wield great influence spring from the minds of high and low rank alike. Many instances could be quoted of improvements which, having gone through the mill of research and scrutiny, have proved an enormous factor in the ultimate success of a nation. India is no whit behind in providing machinery to give scope to the inventive minds of its soldiers, for a link between civil scientific training and the war effort is provided by the G.H.Q. Supply Development Committee, which, under the Chairmanship of the Master-General of Ordnance, considers ideas and suggestions for the improvement of all types of equipment, and is responsible for the development of such ideas up to the production stage. This Committee keeps in close touch with research workers and organisations, and includes among its members Sir S. S. Bhatnagar, Director of Scientific Research. The interests of the inventor are well safeguarded, thus ensuring that those who submit inventions receive their due reward if proved successful. All ranks of the Service who have ideas are invited to submit them to the Committee at G.H.Q. They can be confident that their suggestions will receive the attention they merit.

**Opportunities  
for  
Inventors**

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**C**AMPAIGNS THROUGHOUT the ages have been influenced by disease and sickness. Greek historians have recorded that the plagues of Athens kept the Athenians from attempting to drive off the Lacedaemonians from Attica. In 390 B.C. plague put a stop to Hannibal's advance to Sicily; Marius owed his victory over Octavius in 88 B.C. to an epidemic which destroyed 17,000 of the latter's army. Charles I. in 1643, might have marched from Oxford to London and thus changed the whole aspect of the Civil War had he not been stopped by typhus among his troops; while the French Revolution might have had a very different outcome had the Prussians not had to retreat after losing more than a third of their men through dysentery. These reflections on the effect of illness among armies are a timely warning in 1943, for despite the great advance medical science has made, one disease at least—malaria—requires constant thought if it is not to seriously retard the United Nations' work over the Eastern Frontier and elsewhere.

**Sickness  
in  
War**

For that reason we invited the Director of the Malarial Institute in India to give members the benefit of his knowledge on this important subject. His hints and his advice are worthy of the closest study by officers who may be operating in malarious areas, for it must always be remembered that the Medical Officer can only be the adviser in this work. The responsibility for seeing that his advice is carried out is solely that of the officer who, by obedience to authoritative advice, cannot merely save lives, but contribute greatly to eventual victory. It is just as important to keep men fit as it is to train them for war. Our mighty armies in Britain have become "gas"-conscious during this war. Every effort should be exerted in this country to make our soldiers "malaria"-conscious. It will be an effort which will repay itself a thousand-fold.

**The Advice  
of  
Experts**

**O**UR EDITORIAL NOTE suggesting that the Dominions might consider post-war schemes for selected officers has prompted some members to inquire about Colonies. Colonies, however, are very differently placed.

**Settlement  
in  
Colonies**

Opportunities for farming greatly exceed commercial work; educational facilities vary; climatic conditions range from the tropical to more temperate climes; cost and standards of living present differences. Moreover, only a few British Colonies are suitable for settlement purposes, among them being the East African territories of Kenya and Tanganyika (the former mainly a British Colony and the latter a Mandated Territory), Nyasaland, Southern Rhodesia, while Cyprus, the West Indies and the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean may appeal to the more elderly seeking a comfortable and easy life. Most of the above, it will be seen, are in Africa.

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Generalisations in regard to colonisation in those countries are dangerous, for conditions differ so widely. Southern

**Southern  
Rhodesia**

Rhodesia, for instance, is a self-governing Colony, which, in the years before the war, was expanding rapidly. In mineral resources, all kinds of farming industry, scenically, and commercially, it is a go-ahead country, which will undoubtedly come to the fore in the post-war years. A modest house and grounds in the town areas would cost from £1,200 upwards, but would be considerably cheaper in the country areas; living expenses depend greatly on the produce the settler can grow himself; rent for houses and surrounding land ranges from £10 to £20 a month. Medical attention is readily available, educational facilities include Government schools from kindergarten to High Schools, at fees from £4 to £10 per annum; while there are private boarding schools, the fees of which are about £60 per annum.

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Kenya, which with the exception of a small coastal strip, is a British Colony, offers good scope for the enterprising man with some capital. Cost of living is difficult to assess, for the settler living up country can, by producing much of his food on his farm, immensely lower his living costs during the period he is building up his farm. Climatically there are varieties with the differences in altitude, but throughout the Highlands it is eminently suitable for white men and their children. Social amenities of all kinds are available, and educational facilities of many standards exist. Tanganyika settlement is largely in the Northern, Usambara and South-west Highlands, where the climate is suitable for Europeans. For a man with limited capital, and enterprise, there is good scope in farming, and a few years before the war a company was established in Southern Tanganyika with the object of encouraging white settlement there. A word of warning, however, is necessary, for primary agricultural producers, being dependent on world market prices, have often been hard hit when prices fall. In each of the above countries, however, the potential settler now has the advantage of helpful and expert advice from the local Department of Agriculture, and no one should get beyond the inquiry stage without seeking their counsel.

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*Members are earnestly requested to notify any change of address to the Secretary without delay. Such cooperation will not only help to ease postal traffic at a time when mail services are overburdened, but will also ensure prompt receipt of the Journal each quarter.*

## CIVIL GOVERNMENT UNDER INVASION CONDITIONS\*

BY H. E. THE RT. HON. SIR REGINALD DORMAN-SMITH, G.B.E.,

*Governor of Burma*

**S**O MUCH nonsense has been written and said about the behaviour of the Government of Burma and its officials during the Japanese invasion that at least some of the more gross misrepresentations should be answered.

The Japanese invasion of Burma was only the first phase of the Burma campaign, and during this phase soldiers and civilians were brought into very close contact. It must become even closer when the next phase, our return to Burma, begins. If the military machine is to function smoothly and efficiently, there must exist between armed forces and civilian services a highly-developed degree of mutual confidence.

When our armed forces return to the country they will be accompanied by members of the Civil Service, dressed as soldiers, but precisely the same officers who went through the invasion as civil servants of the Burma Government. It is difficult to see how the military authorities can repose that requisite confidence in those officers if they believe even a tithe of the accusations unjustly levelled against them.

But the fact is that the Burma civil services can look back on that campaign with at least the same feelings as the armed forces. They did their duty faithfully and, when the next phase begins, every military commander can know that he will have with him men who have been tried and most certainly have not been found wanting.

It is not difficult to state the main duties of a civil government towards the military authorities in time of war. They are: (1) to recognise that military requirements are paramount, and to condition themselves to meet these requirements; (2) to do everything within their power to assist the armed forces to defeat the enemy; and (3) to adapt the machinery of government to the *tempo* which war demands.

On the other hand, the military authorities have some duties to the civil administration: (1) Their main duty is to keep the civil

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\*Being extracts from an address given to members of the Institution in Simla by the Rt. Hon. Sir R. Dorman-Smith.

administration fully informed of the military situation; (2) to be precise and definite about their requirements; and (3) to pay due—but not more than due—attention to the civil government's appreciation of the local civilian situation, a complete disregard of which may well land the army into many troubles which could be avoided without detracting from the war effort.

May I touch briefly on the civilian background against which the campaign was fought? Only a proper understanding of this will enable one to appreciate the reasons for some of our actions.

Burma was not a colony. Ignorance of this very elementary fact has caused much misunderstanding. Any idea that Burma was governed by an autocratic governor surrounded by a bevy of European officials is nonsense—yet many observers were, and still are, under that impression, and that I, as Governor, had only to give an order for it to be carried out. That was far from the truth, anyway, before war broke out.

Burma had achieved a very high degree of political development. Perhaps the best way to describe her status is that she was a self-governing unit within the British Empire, which had not yet achieved Dominion status. Burmese Ministers, responsible to a freely-elected Legislature, were in complete charge of all departments of government, with the exception of Defence and Foreign Affairs, which subjects, together with others militarily unimportant, were reserved to the Governor. Thus, Law and Order came under the Council of Ministers, the civil and military police forces being directly under the Home Minister. Public Works, Posts and Telegraphs, Finance and other Departments were the direct concern of Ministers.

In fact, Burma did enjoy, to all intents and purposes, complete domestic home rule. The Governor had certain powers of veto, but the occasion seldom arose where their exercise were necessary or justifiable. To complete the picture, railways and the port of Rangoon were both run by semi-independent bodies, neither being directly under the Governor.

But the political atmosphere was disturbing and I, a newcomer, found it hard to form any sort of opinion as to how the ordinary people would react to an invasion, fed as they had been, on large doses of anti-British propaganda. One of our first duties was to prevent internal unrest, and it was equally clear that if the Army was to be left free to concentrate on fighting the enemy, the political situation would have to be handled with very great care by the civilian authorities who alone had the necessary knowledge to enable it to be handled.

There was another peculiar feature about Burma which had a great bearing on the conduct of the campaign. Burma relied very largely on Indian workers—that is to say, on foreigners—for the running of essential services. This alien population of workers had but few roots in Burma soil, and it was only natural that, when the Japanese began to bomb and invade Burma, the eyes of these Indians should turn to India, where they would not be threatened with a sudden death by bombing from the air. These same Indians later formed that vast multitude of refugees with which the civil administration had to cope—and with which history will, I believe, say they coped with success.

Let me stress the importance of this point. The civil administration had the uncomfortable knowledge that if this Indian labour were to depart, those services essential to the military authorities would break down completely. As it was quite impracticable to conscript these workers, it meant that the Government of Burma had a double task: (i) By some means to keep those essential workers at their jobs; and (ii) eventually to deal with the immense problem of refugees. Not only had as many as possible got to be evacuated, but also they had to be evacuated in such a manner as to prevent them from getting in the way of the fighting troops. With only two roads leading out of Rangoon, this was a nice problem, especially as we knew (and the Indian workers knew even better) that the Burmese had no great love for the Indians.

Not for one moment do I underrate the trials and tribulations of the Indian and other refugees. Their sufferings were great. But that something like 500,000 refugees were successfully evacuated, in the face of a swiftly-moving enemy, without hampering the movements of our retreating forces, was no mean achievement, and it is one which does reflect the very greatest credit on the courage, determination and organising ability of those civilian officials and non-officials concerned with this mass movement of almost a population. It was a very different story from what happened in Europe, where military movements were severely hampered by refugees.

Certain criticisms have been levelled at our civil administration. Here are some of them:

- (1) Why did civil officials in charge of districts leave their posts instead of staying on with their people?
- (2) Why was not Martial Law proclaimed?—a very general query, this. Belden in his book, "Retreat with Stillwell," gives as one of the main reasons for the Burma debacle: "the emasculation of military authority owing to the original unwillingness to declare martial law."

- (3) Why did I and the G.O.C. give optimistic broadcasts when most people knew that the situation was desperate?
- (4) Are the accusations made by Gallagher in his book "Retreat In the East," against the *Burra Sahibs* correct?
- (5) That the Government went on in the same old way, and failed to step up its procedure to meet war conditions.
- (6) That there was constant bickering between the military authorities and myself, because I not only intervened in the military conduct of the campaign—for example, I am alleged to have given direct orders that no attack should be made on Siam—but also that I interfered with the internal affairs of the Army, and even went so far as to stop all army pay for some three months!

These criticisms conjure up a pretty sort of picture: (i) quarrels in high places; (ii) a cowardly lot of civilian officers who refused to do their duty, being much more keen on the safety of their own skins; (iii) a rotten lot of non-official civilians, who refused to pull their weight in an emergency and yet, withal, (iv) a Governor and a G.O.C. who dared to make optimistic speeches, completely misleading the people when everyone knew that all was lost.

But, of course, in fact that picture could hardly be further from the truth, and is a complete travesty of what really happened.

Let me take three small points first: (i) There was the very closest liaison between the G.O.C., the A.O.C. and myself. I do not remember one single occasion on which we had any difference of opinion on any point of substance. No Governor could have wished for wiser and more co-operative military commanders than Generals Hutton and Alexander, and Air Vice-Marshal Stevenson, nor could our relations with the C.-in-C., Field Marshal Wavell, have been more cordial. (ii) It was not my job to intervene in the military handling of the campaign, although I do plead guilty to having strongly supported the idea of an incursion into Siam to cut the railway to Malaya. It is not easy to run a campaign in Burma from the distance of Singapore, and Field-Marshal Wavell must have experienced the same difficulty when he had to function from Java, with none-too-good communications. (iii) I did once intervene in regard to the pay of troops. I was told by the G.O.C. and A.O.C. that there was a danger that R.A.F. and British troops coming from India would have their Indian allowances cut, and that they would be put back on British rates of pay. This I was able to avert. Beyond also getting a rise of Rs. 5 a month for indigenous troops, the pay of the forces did not concern me.

Did the Government of Burma make any serious attempt to evolve an elastic system of administration? Did they attempt to step themselves up to the *tempo* which war demands? If no such attempt was made, then indeed we would be blameworthy to a degree. But in fact a novel and rather remarkable system did come into being—one which I believe would have worked even more satisfactorily if events had not moved with such disconcerting speed.

I do not wish to pretend that everything went like clockwork, and that there was no confusion. There was—and I suggest that a successful invasion always will create confusion among an invaded population. Communications break down, making it mighty difficult to get orders through; information is hard to obtain, and the great enemy "rumour" rears his ugly head.

Then the enemy may make some move which may completely alter the situation. In fact, we found on more than one occasion that plans made one day had to be altered the next because of a sudden and dramatic change in the military situation. Only those who have been through an invasion in positions of responsibility can really understand just how unsettling it is! I am not at all ashamed to admit that our plans were not all carried out with precision, because I know that under the circumstances that would have been expecting the impossible.

Let me start from the first air raid on Rangoon. Before Japan started in on Burma, I had appointed a senior civilian officer to be Chief Civil Liaison Officer, much on the same lines as a Regional Commissioner at Home. My idea was to have such an officer, free from departmental duty who, in the event of air raids, could immediately take over the city and clear up the ensuing dislocation.

Rangoon was vital to the military forces; its essential services would have to be got back to work as quickly as possible if reinforcements and supplies—our own and Chinese Lease-Lend supplies—were to come in. Clearly, some sort of local Dictator would be necessary.

Well, this officer was ready and was given a free hand. He collected round him a small band of officials and a representative of the commercial community. So all-powerful was this little band that they were quickly dubbed "The Soviet"—and a very fine job of work they did, too. On December 23, 1941, there was a very heavy raid, which killed some 2,000 civilians and wounded some 2,500 more; this was followed by a less serious raid on Christmas Day.



These raids were followed by a great exodus of Indian workers, some 100,000 of whom set off for India. They had to be got back, and arrangements made for feeding and housing them. Other arrangements had to be made to evacuate non-essential people, while the work of restoring the ordinary life of the city had to be pushed ahead. It is a rather remarkable tribute to the work of this "Soviet" that by January 3 a vernacular paper reported: "The city is returning to normal. Daylight robberies have started again."

Meanwhile, what had happened to the Burmese Ministers? The answer is that they willingly faded out of the picture during that emergency. They used to meet me every evening at Government House, when the C.C.L.O. would report, and the Ministers would, when necessary, pass such orders as would give legal sanction to his actions. As the real emergency died down, Ministers did feel that they should have a greater say in what was happening, so I set up a small Ministerial Co-ordinating Committee of four Ministers, to whom the C.C.L.O. reported. This Committee issued instructions to Departments, and automatically conveyed sanction for any necessary expenditure of money.

To avoid delays in Upper Burma, with frequent references to Rangoon for orders, as the enemy was getting close to Rangoon, I sent Sir John Wise to Maymyo, with full powers to take charge up there, and to prepare against the eventuality of Rangoon being lost to us. Sir John was able to keep in touch with rear Army Headquarters, which moved up from Rangoon, to collect such civilian officers whose districts had been overrun and re-post them, and generally act as a rear headquarters of Government, as a counter-part to rear A.H.Q. but probably with more individual authority than could have been given to an officer in charge of that headquarters.

Eventually, I wended my weary way up to Maymyo, where I was joined by all but three of my Ministers. By that time, the Government was scattered—if only because there was no one place where they could find accommodation together. Communications were by then difficult, and events were moving fast. But our forces were by no means defeated, and General Alexander had not even then given up hopes of resuming the offensive. Chinese troops were in action, and more were coming in. Even then, we were not contemplating "total defeat."

On the other hand, as the tide of invasion swept on, the normal life of the country was coming to an end. Armed bands began to roam the countryside, and against them civil police armed with shot-guns were useless. We had lost command of the air and had no answer to Japanese bombing. Food and petrol rationing

problems arose, while Indian refugees congregated in their tens of thousands; they had to be fed, doctored and looked after, and plans made for their disposal. Concentrated work had to be put in on the Tamu road; other road projects involved the collection of large numbers of labourers, and arrangements for their maintenance. The fact that these projects did not proceed far did not lessen the burden, while it largely fell on civilian officials and non-officials to feed the Chinese forces in Burma.

This was not the time to resurrect the old, ponderous machinery of Government. Nor was it resurrected. The Burmese Ministers quite understood the situation, and voluntarily gave me a free hand. They undertook not to question my decisions, but to give them such legal sanction as might be necessary. This bargain they carried out faithfully. They kept their co-ordination Committee going to deal with smaller matters.

A Commissioner was appointed, with full powers to get on with the refugee problem. I broadcast a message to District Officers, telling them to use their own discretion and take their own decisions without reference to the Government—and I was rash enough to tell them that so long as those decisions were designed to hamper the enemy, I would back them up, right or wrong. In other words, we decentralised with a vengeance.

Thus, we did evolve an elastic system of administration.

I am convinced that if the front had been stabilised, if we had had any breathing space and any adequate means of communication, this system would have worked to the satisfaction of the military authorities, even though the civilian population might not have relished it. But we never did get a breathing space. The Japs rolled up the whole show with very great speed, and we had to improvise to the last.

Why was not Martial Law proclaimed? Would it not have been better to sweep away all semblance of civil administration, and let the military authorities run the whole show? In those questions lie two big assumptions: (i) that Martial Law was not proclaimed, and (ii) that the military authorities could have dealt more effectively with civil problems than the civilian authorities.

The first assumption is entirely incorrect. The second is, to my mind, highly debatable. Indeed, with all respect I am perfectly certain that they could only have made such confusion as there was ever more confounded. Here are the facts about the declaration of Martial Law.

On February 21, 1942, the G.O.C. suggested that the time had come to place Rangoon under military control. On the same date, indeed, in precisely the time it took to type out the order, Rangoon was placed under a Military Commandant. Up to that date no suggestion had been made by the G.O.C., or by the C-in-C., that Martial Law should be proclaimed, and there was no need for such a proclamation. Later, General Alexander issued no less than three proclamations establishing Military Courts, and taking over civil jurisdiction in certain areas.

The only slight difference of opinion I had with General Alexander was how far those martial law areas should extend. That difference of opinion was quickly resolved. I think, to the complete satisfaction of both parties, as General Alexander is not the type of man to go away dissatisfied if he thinks that what he wants is right. And it is perhaps pertinent to say that had we known that the Japanese advance would continue with such speed, neither I nor my advisers would have questioned General Alexander's first request. But we were not vouchsafed that knowledge. It is, therefore, entirely wrong to say that Martial Law was not declared, or that the civil authorities fought against its declaration.

Martial Law is a curious thing. Some think that the proclamation of Martial Law has some sort of magical effect which dispels all difficulties. Others think that Martial Law brings comfort to the law-abiding, and puts fear into the hearts of the lawless. It may be true of some countries. It is most certainly not in Burma.

There the military are not so popular as all that. Indeed, if the Japanese wanted to clear a town of its inhabitants, they put out news that the military were going to take over. On at least one occasion, in order to keep Rangoon at work, I had to go to the microphone and deny the rumour that such an awful fate was in store for that city!

It might be argued that in war, feelings of civilians cannot be allowed to matter, and that in spite of any dislike of military rule, the army must just take over. It might have worked, though I doubt it, if the G.O.C. had had adequate forces to dragoon the people into obedience. But the G.O.C. in Burma never had sufficient forces to cope with the invader, much less to deal with what might have become a sulky, if not hostile, civil population.

The appointment of a Military Commandant in Rangoon made no material difference. Before he took over, police and military patrols had orders to shoot looters on sight. The mere transfer of

authority from the police to a military officer did not affect the situation one whit, because there were no surplus troops to bring in to Rangoon to deal with looting, etc. I believe one or two military courts did sit in Mandalay, but beyond that nothing happened because no personnel were available to man the courts. The Civil Government, however, promulgated a "Treachery Ordinance," which gave summary powers to District Magistrates. We even abolished hanging, and permitted summary executions by shooting.

Surprise may be felt that the G.O.C. never suggested doing away with Ministers while we were still in Rangoon.

However, he fully understood that any suspension of the Constitution might have a deplorable reaction throughout the country. If they were gratuitously dismissed when they knew they were trying to help, Ministers would not have been in a good frame of mind. As it was, they threw in their weight on our side, moved among their people, encouraging, calming, explaining. I venture to think that the fact that there was no organised opposition to our retreating troops from the villagers in Tharrawaddy or Shwebo was to a great part attributable to the work of Ministers.

Even if Parliament had agreed to suspending the Constitution, which is problematical, it would have been a major error of judgment to have ousted Ministers, for the sake of declaring Martial Law. I agree that if a proclamation of Martial Law had been necessary to enable the Army to take over essential services, it should have been promulgated. But without any such Proclamation the railways did pass into military control; the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company was requisitioned and handed to the Army; the P.W.D. in forward areas was under local military commanders, as well as the Posts and Telegraphs.

It may be argued that these arrangements should have been made sooner, but two factors must be borne in mind: (i) the speed of the Japanese advance; and (ii) the fact that the Army were short of trained staff officers to take charge of civilian departments. This is not a reflection on technical officers in Burma, who did quite remarkable work under very difficult conditions.

Thus, my answer to the criticism: "Why was not Martial Law declared?" is:—

(i) Whenever military authorities asked for it, it was proclaimed, though for certain reasons the words "Martial Law" were avoided, and "Security Law" substituted. The Proclamation, however, gave the G.O.C. all the powers he required.

(ii) The military authorities were given complete charge of communications, though it is debatable whether this transfer of control led to increased efficiency, owing to the army's lack of trained personnel.

(iii) Arrangements had been made to hand over the P.W.D. and P. and T. Departments to the G.O.C.

Why did not civilian officers in districts stay on with their people? The short answer is: Because I received direct orders that civilian officers should not stay on and be captured, but that they should conform to military movements and leave districts when local military commanders agreed that they could be of no further use to them.

Earlier instructions were that civilian officers should stay put. Those orders were faithfully carried out at Victoria Point and Tavoy, where the executive officers fell into Japanese hands. And I have not the slightest doubt but that had those orders stood they would have been equally faithfully carried out by every member of the Civil Services.

I am convinced that the later decision was the right one. There is some object in leaving civilian officials behind to assist the civil population when you are fighting a civilised enemy; they may be permitted to carry on, acting as a buffer between the occupying authorities and the population. But the Japanese are not quite so civilised as that. As far as we know, the Tavoy and Victoria Point officers were immediately sent out of Burma, and were not allowed to help those who had been in their charge.

I imagine that those who laid down the revised policy, knowing Japanese treatment of civilian officers in other countries, must have argued that, by remaining behind, Burma Government officials could have done no good whatsoever for the Burmese people, and that we would have lost officers whose knowledge of the country was quite irreplaceable, and who would be of vital importance to the military commander when the time came for us to return to Burma.

Do not think those officers enjoyed leaving their people. They did not. In fact, they reacted violently against it. I know how they felt, because I was much in the same position—and to this day I do not quite know what I would have done had not at the very last moment a direct order come telling me to leave Burma. My whole inclination was to stay, and it was with a very heavy heart that I obeyed.

I should like to pay a very high tribute to the work which District Officers did, and for their great devotion to duty. Apart from trying to keep their districts alive, they assisted the local military commanders passing through, as much as they could. I have every reason to believe this was done efficiently. I commend to you the words of General Smythe in this Institution's Journal of July, 1942, when he paid warm tribute to the officers of the civil, canal and railway services in Burma.

Throughout their long retreat from Moulmein to India, the Imperial Forces never failed to find the senior civilian officials at their posts. True, there were desertions among lower grades, but those defections really made not the slightest difference to the course of the campaign and were, to a very large degree, offset by the willingness of the senior officers to shoulder a double or treble burden.

Now as to those speeches of mine which were too optimistic. (The G.O.C. did not, to my recollection, make any speech). One of the curses of this age is that those at the head of affairs are expected to speak from time to time—and when things are not going well they are expected to speak generally at the most awkward times, when they themselves would give anything to remain silent. If they do not speak, then it is concluded that things are so bad that they simply dare not speak. If they do speak, they are nearly always either too pessimistic or too optimistic.

Perhaps the most-widely-criticised of my poor utterances is a speech I made on February 8, seven days before Singapore capitulated. Morale in Rangoon was low; many deputations urged me to say something. The main points I made were:

- (i) That it was our intention resolutely to hold Rangoon.
- (ii) That there was not the slightest truth in the rumour that Rangoon would be taken over by the military on February 15.
- (iii) That at that moment Rangoon was being stoutly defended on the banks of the Salween and elsewhere. There was, therefore, no immediate threat to our city from that quarter.
- (iv) Though no area of Burma could be considered safe, I could see no reason for a hectic rush from Upper Burma.

In the light of events, I suppose it can now be said that those words were unduly optimistic. Nevertheless, every word had been carefully weighed and checked up by the G.O.C. beforehand. Remember, we were actors in a very great drama, but unlike ordinary actors on an ordinary stage, we had no means of knowing how our drama would end.

Had I known precisely what was going to happen, I might have taken a different line, as nobody wishes intentionally to deceive the public—that is a policy which never pays. But I repeat that every word I said appeared justified in the light of the military appreciation on that day. We had not been beaten; we had no intention of giving up Rangoon without fighting hard for it; and we had every intention of trying to hold on resolutely to Upper Burma. Reinforcements were on their way; Chinese troops were in the offing; and we had reason to hope that our air force would be considerably increased.

Things were tough, but by no means hopeless. What would have been quite hopeless from a military point of view was to allow morale so to deteriorate that every one downed tools and cleared off without solid justification for so doing. Critics may justifiably be asked to think back to the situation as it existed at the actual time decisions were made or words uttered. Being wise after the event is a great pastime—but a very profitless one.

Lastly—the *Burma Sahibs*. I have no idea how they behaved in Malaya, but Mr. Gallagher's appreciation of their behaviour in Burma is grossly inaccurate. In Burma the business community can look back with pride on their efforts. Not only were demolitions carried out by civilians—and the *Burma Sahibs* played their full part in this work, and were among the last to leave a burning city as the Japs entered it, by which time Mr. Gallagher was many hundreds of miles away—but also, as their businesses packed up, non-officials placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of Government.

As far as I know, there were no idle hands among them, nor was there any thought of "safety first" in their minds. Their readiness to face danger and to tackle any job which they were asked to undertake was more than merely praiseworthy, as was their willingness, before war came to release the younger members of their staffs for military service. The so-called *Burma Sahibs* of Burma acted as good soldiers, and brave subjects of the King.

It may be asked why, if everything was as I have described, we suffered such a severe defeat, and why there was so much dislocation and, at times, confusion. My answer is that a successful invasion inevitably casts a net of confusion before it. It always has, and it always will. Invasion, too, is a great test of individuals, whose strength and weaknesses it soon finds out. It is the worst fate that can befall a country.

It is as idle to pretend that there were no weak members of the civilian services as it would be to pretend that every military officer

was a genius. We were all very human beings trying to cope with an impossible situation. There is no need whatsoever to look for scapegoats for the Burma campaign. The plain fact is that we had neither men, aeroplanes nor equipment in sufficient quantities to resist the invader. If every soldier had been an Alexander and every civilian had not made one single mistake, there would have been no difference in the result.

Our fate was sealed when our flow of reinforcements dried up, and when we lost command of sea and air. All we could do was to try to do our duty as we saw it at the time.

But I have no feeling of complacency. We have got the devil of a job before us before we finally liquidate the Japanese in Burma and reconstruct that unfortunate country. The next phase of the campaign is going to be the very reverse of a picnic, unless I am much mistaken. My only plea is that, when the time does come to go back, there should be the very maximum of understanding and confidence between the military and the civil authorities.



## WHAT'S A LITTLE HANDICAP?

BY MAJOR SIR CLUTHA MACKENZIE

*St. Dunstan's and its work has spread from its home in Regent's Park to India, and in Dehra Dun the welfare work for the blind which for a quarter of a century has achieved such success in London is being carried on by Major Sir Clutha Mackenzie, representative of St. Dunstan's in India.*

*Blindness is one of the cruel tragedies of war, but in this article Sir Clutha gives us a vivid pen-picture of the thoughts, aspirations and ambitions of blinded soldiers. They are far from gloomy. They are cheerful, heartening and full of good humour.*

*Sir Clutha Mackenzie would be grateful if news of all new war-blinded cases, British or Indian, could be sent to him as soon as possible after they occur. His address is Kennedy Cottage, Simla.*

*The Government of India has also appointed him as a special officer to inquire into civilian blindness in India, and to draw up plans for the further development of blind welfare work.—Ed., U.S.I. "Journal".*

**T**HE FOUNDATION of a training establishment in Paris by Valentine Haüy in 1784 marks the beginning of modern blind welfare. Before that, the mass of blind people—and the ratio of them was high in those days—had no option but to beg for their living. Seeing people took it for granted that they could be of no economic use, and, from sympathy, custom or religious obligation, gave them alms.

Some of the blind gave some small service in exchange—repeated portions of Scripture from memory, sang or played musical instruments in the streets or sold trinkets. A few, with more determination than the rest, found tasks with which to satisfy the yearning of their muscles and souls for something to do—sawing wood, drawing water and probably other tasks, unrecorded in history, and the women carrying out small domestic jobs in the home. For the most part, however, their lives were wretched.

The work in England was pioneered by philanthropic and religiously-minded people, and was wrapped about with a poverty-stricken, workhouse, psalm-singing atmosphere—tin plates, bare floors, restricted liberty. The societies revelled in such names as "asylum", "refuge for the indigent blind", and "institution for the poor afflicted blind".

The blind members were always labelled "inmates", and on the whole they were not expected to become really useful, nor perhaps even to have the ordinary impulses and enjoyments of the man of the world. In the main to be "inmates of an institution" was their role throughout the 19th century. Nevertheless, it represented a tremendous advance, and from it were emerging many blind people of capacity who were battling against public opinion to carry the work to a better and more human plane.

It was Sir Arthur Pearson who contributed most towards shaking off the old shackles of workhouse charity and inmate institutionalism, and of fitting the blind in as practical, normal members of society. Pearson lost his sight in 1909 at the height of his battle against rival newspaper interests for the dominant position in the London press. He accepted at first the ruling of friends and relatives that, of course, he must give up work and retire; but he soon rebelled.

He returned to London; and soon found that, by adapting his methods a bit, he could carry on as before. He speedily added active participation in blind welfare work—indeed, he swept into it like a tornado, full of wholesale revolutionary ideas—not, of course, to be particularly popular among those who were devotees of their old-time system for the "poor afflicted blind".

When in 1914-15, a steady stream of young men, blinded in the various theatres of war, began to arrive in England, Pearson founded St. Dunstan's. He would not have them scattered through the "institutional" establishments which set seven years as the necessary training period, and which then would not give the ex-serviceman the normal position Sir Arthur thought he could give him.

Otto Khan, of New York, lent his house in Regent's Park, St. Dunstan's by name. The clock-tower of the old church of St. Dunstan's in the City, destroyed in the Great Fire, had been built into it; and Pearson's work inherited the name. St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury in the 10th Century, was a robust old saint, patron of fishermen and blacksmiths, who had once pinched the devil's nose with a pair of red-hot tongs,

When I was wounded in Gallipoli in August 1915, St. Dunstan's was already a brisk and busy establishment, though still not widely known. Pearson heard of me in the New Zealand War Hospital at Walton-on-Thames, and, during my two months there he came every Saturday afternoon to see me. He, with three or four young officers and an equal number of jolly V. A. Ds. took train from London to Hampton Court, lunched, walked over to Walton and had tea with me—such a cheerful party and the fellows tremendously interested in their new life and work, and obviously not worried nor depressed by their blindness. And Pearson, of course, was a blustering magnetic storm of talk, laughter and anecdote which blew enthusiasm into everyone around.

He soon found a way to show the new fellow like myself how he could still be useful. One of those warm autumn afternoons as we sat, shaded by the trees in that pleasant riverside garden, he discussed possible outlets for me. I was but a boy of twenty, and had spent the brief years between school and the war on sheep and cattle runs in the New Zealand hill country. That life was out of the question now. We talked over the law, the church, massage—no, none of them appealed.

"Well," said Sir Arthur, "what about trying your hand at writing something for me? You said last week you were regarded as a good essay writer at school. A few minutes ago you were giving me a really very colourful account of New Zealand's native flowers. Write me twelve hundred words, if you would care to, and give them to me next Saturday."

I had already learnt enough typing in hospital to knock this out for myself, and Sir Arthur took the result away with him. Early the ensuing week the post brought a copy of the *Evening Standard* with the article in full and a cheque for five guineas. As soon as I was fit enough, I went to St. Dunstan's as a matter of course. By the following August I was editor and publisher of a war journal which soon produced a four-figure income.

There had been some experimenting in between. I began the usual braille and typing, simple string bags, got my hand in again with cards, dancing, rowing and riding. I made some baskets and a door-mat or two. Then I settled down seriously to massage. Masseurs were in short supply in those days, and our class, after a fortnight's elementary instruction, was put on to half-day work in the out-patient department of the Middlesex. The patients thought we were grand, and most of them got better.

Then hospital claimed me again for a time—after that, a grand tour of hospitable houses in England and Scotland to build up weight and strength, and back to London for the adventure in journalism.

Such things did St. Dunstan's do for us. Others were equally successful in the church, the law, massage and business, farming and insurance agency, while hundreds were turned into efficient craftsmen as basket makers, mat makers, joiners, netters, shop keepers, shoe repairers and so on.

The great thing Pearson did was to put the right outlook into our heads at the start. These days the British public knows about St. Dunstan's, knows that blind people can and should be busy active people; but even when I was wounded, it was a different story. Most people thought we should be nursed and guarded, living quiet, idle lives on war pensions.

"How do we give them their tea?" we heard a woman ask one day several of us were at a picnic. "Do we hold the cups up to their lips?"

People used to lift us almost bodily in and out of cars and buses. One day a taxi-driver, having brought me to the bottom of a flight of steps, proceeded to lift each foot one at a time to place it on the succeeding step. There was the dear old lady who wrote to Sir Arthur, "I have a roomy country house, and would like as my war work to entertain some of your blinded officers for quiet stays in the country. You could be quite happy that, if you sent them to me, they would be well looked after. I would not leave anything to my servants but would myself bath, dress and feed them."

Many people shouted at us as if we were deaf; some simplified their language in case our intellects had ceased to function; others held our hands to talk in ponderous solemnity of comforts and compensations from on High.

The parents of some of the young blinded men were unwise enough not to let them go to St. Dunstan's. They argued that they had a nice home and garden, that they were, perhaps, retired and had plenty of leisure to look after their wounded son themselves; and that there was, therefore, no need for him to go to an institution. So they took him home. They fussed and nursed him, dressed him, found everything for him, guided him about the house, kept him in an easy chair by the fire and turned him speedily into a depressed and semi-invalid.

But Pearson said to the new chap, "Well, old man, you've had a bit of bad luck, eh? Yes, sight not as good as it was . . . . Yes, yes, I know how you feel about it—haven't seen myself for seven years, now I come to think of it. Doesn't matter though, you know. We're a cheery lot, you know—men, just like any other men, and have a good time too. Got some advantages, too, you know, especially in the dark. You like dancing? . . . .

"Good, we'll soon get a nice girl to take you in hand. . . . Engaged to be married, were you? Why 'were you'? Why not 'are you' . . . . Nonsense, don't talk rubbish about giving up thoughts of marrying her. If she's the sort of girl I am sure she is, she'll want to marry you far more than ever she did; and you're going to be in just as good a position to keep her—probably better—than before you went across to France.

"And a good wife is one of the best bits of equipment for our St. Dunstan's fellows. So many of them are getting married, do you know, that I'm getting a pretty little chapel fixed up down in the garden so they can be married here on the spot if they like. Oh no, don't think another thought of not getting married; and you'll find a family a great interest too. It's the best thing in the world; and, of course, St. Dunstan's is here to give you a hand with a house and furniture . . . .

"Yes, and you'll enjoy the theatre, too. Football, no—you won't play that again, but rowing, swimming—good, you like that—athletics, too, if you like—bicycling—yes, you know, on a tandem, with the girl in front and you doing the pushing—goes very well . . . . Fond of gardening, were you? . . . . Well, that's fine. There's no difficulty growing your own vegetables, a first-rate interest; and flowers, too, if you want to . . . .

"A clerk before the war, were you? Well, you might like to do typing and Braille shorthand and go back to office work, the job you know, or maybe you would prefer to take on operating a telephone sub-exchange in a business house or a government department.

"Then, again, you're a fine, strong-looking chap—good personality, too, I think—you have the makings of a masseur. But there's no hurry—get on with your braille, typing, wool rugs and whatever else you're doing to get a start, and we'll have another little chat when you've had time to look around and talk to the other fellows and your people. They're in Birmingham, aren't they? . . . . Well, we must get them down and you'll take them over the place.

"I think you'll astonish them. You're going to do well.

"Remember this—your sight isn't as good as it was; but you've still a good brain, good muscle, youth, personality, experience—you've got far more than thousands and thousands of the people around you. You've got life ahead, a useful life, a man's life—what's a little handicap—everyone's got some sort of handicap, some hurdle, some limitation. It may be lack of brains, it may be health, it may be money trouble, lack of personality or just an ugly face! And you and I are not going to allow this little matter of short sight to bother us, are we? Well, I've enjoyed our talk. Good luck, old man; and we'll have another in a fortnight or so, and just ask to see me whenever you want to".

Nearly three thousand men individually had that sort of message from Arthur Pearson. For six years, letting his business slide, he poured his energy, his vital personality, into St. Dunstan's. With an amazing memory he knew the history, family details and particular facts about everyone of them. He died an accidental death in 1921; but his spirit is just as alive in St. Dunstan's to-day as ever it was; and his methods and outlook have had a profound effect upon blind welfare work throughout the world.

The men of this war are, needless to say, following with no less vigour the lead given by St. Dunstan's in the last; and those, blinded in 1940-41, have been back on useful jobs for a year and eighteen months. Because of the great distances and delays in getting men to England, it has been a long time before some have reached St. Dunstan's. To meet this situation as best we can, we have an advanced base at Capetown, a delightful spot with twenty-five men in it at present, and committees in Egypt and India.

If anyone who reads this article should happen in the course of the war to be in close contact with a newly blinded man, here are some tips.

Don't talk to him as if you are commiserating with a widow at her husband's funeral. When you see him making efforts to move along by himself, don't rush forward to take his arm. Let him find his own way to the bathroom, dining room and so on if reasonably handy. Let him shave himself and look after his clothes. It is important that his things should always be left in the same place, where he knows he can find them.

He will enjoy being read to and taken for walks. When escorting him on a walk, don't take his arm and push him—let him

take your elbow with a light touch. He will soon know sub-consciously from messages communicated through your elbow whether you come to steps, corners, inequalities in the ground and so on; but let your arm hang loosely and naturally.

He will soon learn to cut his meat himself, provided it is free of bone, and to butter his toast. If the table is arranged normally, with butter, marmalade, pepper, salt, etc., always in the same place, he can manage his food without elaborate arrangements, such as having always to eat with a spoon, etc., which mark him as sub-normal. I have been embarrassed at times during my travels to find that my thoughtful hostess has had a downstairs study turned into a bedroom, and my food prepared in a mushy way as if I had had my teeth out.

I must apologise if I have sounded rather satirical about the misdirected kindness of our friends, who really have thought they were doing their best. They are all natural mistakes. We are, in fact, deeply and forever grateful for the generous and sympathetic help so freely and willingly given. Capable as we may be in many ways, we often do need a hand in such matters as the reading of newspapers, letters and new books not in braille or on the talking book; we need a guiding hand in unfamiliar surroundings; we need a friend to describe the colours of tweeds, ties and shirts we are buying; we need someone with sight to find the hammer, chisel or screws we have lost track of during a job; and so on.

The blind man or woman will appreciate your inquiry in the street, train or tube station, "Can I help you?" He will answer: "No, thank you—I'm waiting for a friend," or, perhaps, "Thanks—would you let me know when an 86 bus comes along?" To our wives, to the thousands of friends of St. Dunstan's everywhere who made and make its work possible, to our willing helpers in every sphere of life, we are for ever grateful.

## OFFICERS' TRAINING IN THE PRE-WAR ARMY—AN ANSWER TO "AUSPEX"

BY "EXPERENTIA DOCET"

**T**HE FIRST ARTICLE in the April number of the *Journal of the U.S.I. of India* touches on one of the greatest problems that the present younger generation of our military leaders will have to face in the future. The article very obviously "trails the coat" and touches on many of the knottiest points regarding officers' training that have worried past generations of military thinkers. The impressions, therefore, conveyed by it to the mind of one who has spent the past thirty-six years or more soldiering and training under the policies and methods that AUSPEX would have changed, may be of interest.

I have a fair amount of experience, in fact, of just those sides of training in their relation to army life regarding which AUSPEX is so critical. I spent my first half dozen years in Field Artillery and the remainder in the P.B.I., thus gaining the knowledge of another arm that is one of AUSPEX's points. I have qualified at two of the Institutions that AUSPEX would have amended—the Staff College and the Senior Officers' School. I am also a Language Interpreter.

The first impression that an article like that of AUSPEX gives, in spite of much of its constructiveness, is that everything before the War was wrong with the training, not to say the very life and outlook, of the officer in the Army. Is this fair?

Is it justice, for instance, to the 4th Indian Division who went to Egypt before the War started, and the background, basis and backbone of whose training was that of its officers in pre-war days? Is it justice to the Armoured Brigade in Burma (whose true story has yet to be told)? They rode horses and were (what AUSPEX seems to think) professional athletes and polo players only a very short time ago. This did not prevent them getting down to nuts, spanners and oil instead of curry combs, brushes and oats, when the need arose; and from making as good a job with them as those who had known no other tools.

And, moreover, how many of the younger officers with the men—even Company and Squadron Commanders—are or were pre-war trained officers, during the campaigns of the past two



years? The answer is very few, and the (obvious) next question is: "Who, then, trained them?" The answer to that is: "The one or two Regular officers left in each unit after the expansion of the army commenced"—in fact, the very people who AUSPEX would have us believe wasted their time with too much games, too much leave and too little serious training before the balloon went up in 1940. They were in fact the ones who worked with antiquated weapons, had no one to lecture to them, and were handicapped with inadequate library facilities.

Yet the handful of them that there were made good not only themselves, but taught sound warfare to all the keen but green influx that came to work under them, and that without much linguistic ability, either in teachers or taught. I say "made good," because I think both Rommel and the Japs, when we can ask them, will agree with the phrase. Yet they had to learn new weapons, new methods, new vehicles and values, and to work with a new arm—the modern air arm. It has been done in both British and Indian armies with success, and without unduly high price having to be paid for ignorance or inexperience.

Such failures and disasters as we have suffered—Crete, Malaya, Tobruk—can never be ascribed to failure of training. In each case the army fought under a major disability—an overwhelming handicap. In Tobruk it was without air or armour, in Crete without anti-aircraft protection, in Malaya without any of these things, and without sea safety on its flanks as well.

Clearly if proof or otherwise of training soundness is needed, it must be sought or negatived in those actions where the chances have been even, and in these fights serious failure is yet to be recorded, while overwhelming success has been multiplied.

If AUSPEX's strictures on our pre-war training, its policy, facilities and methods are to be credited, how could such a result be possible? The only logical conclusion is that pre-war training was not unsound—and yet much of AUSPEX's criticism is based on fact and cannot be denied. What then is the explanation of the phenomenon?

I feel that the true significance of training lies not so much in the detail of which AUSPEX gives so clear a picture, but in the background and psychology, the character and ideals, of the leaders of our men. These are the true foundations, and any attempt to divert training effort into channels that ignore the fundamental importance of these things would be to lose sight of the wood for looking at the trees.

AUSPEX has derided the weapons and equipment we were given to train with in pre-war days as archaic; he has advocated training officers in the work of arms other than their own; and he has stigmatised fighting experience on the N.W.F. as emasculated and primitive. Again there is truth in all his assertions, but they give no support to the theory that our training was on the wrong lines. Who can say what is an archaic weapon in these times, when science marches with such bewildering rapidity? Our training principles have enabled us to take an *admi* off the tree and teach him to handle horse-power and work wireless. Is it necessary to send our cadets to the Navy and Air Force to improve them when they can show such achievement? The value obtained would be doubtful.

The handling of our frontier campaigns is, in truth, open to criticism, and our officers are faithfully described as fighting with one arm metaphorically tied behind their backs, but that is no justification for saying that the training on the N.W.F. was ineffective or the experience misleading. It is more likely that the experience of night movement on the rocks and precipices of Waziristan was what enabled the Indian troops of the VIII Army to turn the Mareth Line and unbar the door to Tunis.

It is certain that through it all, whether hedged about by political taboos on the Frontier or assimilating the use of constantly-changing modern equipment and modern tactics against a civilized enemy, the character, enterprise and initiative of the pre-war trained Regular Officer is seen as the power behind the machine and the inspiration of confidence in the men.

Looking back over my experience of training and its direction, beginning with the first years of this century, it may be of interest to set down the impression of various periods as I remember them. Before World War No. 1 the officer was taught his "drills" and, thereafter, was expected to teach himself. T.E.W.'s. or Staff rides were exceptional, manœuvre parades and drill orders were frequent, and ended not in discussion but in official criticism of the day's work by the senior present. From these the officer learnt his job.

Promotion examination papers were academic, and cram-mers catered for them as well as for the entrance examination to the Staff College. It was rather like being thrown into the deep end of the swimming bath as the normal method of being taught to swim. At the same time, there was every encouragement given

to the officer who showed enterprise and initiative in hardening himself, hardening his men, gaining experience or mental adaptability and alertness through games or sport of various kinds.

The officer who asked for leave to shoot in the C.P. or Ladakh, or who organized a unit games team was seldom refused; but the bachelor who asked to spend two months' leave in a Hill-station got a rude answer from his Commanding Officer. The "professionalism" in games and athletics that AUSPEX would eradicate by curtailment of leave facilities and concentration of the officer's mind on "shop," did not exist in those days; but the athlete was, nevertheless, a privileged person.

Polo as a game had complete pride of place and was within reach of practically all. It was not till the tournament restriction of a maximum pony height of 14.2 hands was removed that the canker of "all-but-professionalism" began to pervade cavalry Regiments. They were in a good position to train animals for polo, and it was lucrative. The result in a few cases led to sacrifice of professional knowledge; but the vice was a healthy one. If anyone doubts it, ask those who have seen how these same polo professionals turned into armoured professionals, and in respect of the vast majority with amazing success. If any one doubts their mental alertness or eye to the main chance, try putting one over on them. Like Rommel, you won't do it twice.

But I digress. In the post-war period of the 'twenties, the outlook changed; and in India where we were treated to an Afghan War and a Waziristan Campaign on top of the Great War No. 1, everything to do with training and soldiering was rather regarded with revulsion for a year or two. Ceremonial parades and disbandments coincided with games and athletics, and little else for a while (except on the Frontier); but then keenness returned, and with it came the handicaps of continued reductions, financial stringencies, and later, in the 'thirties, the fatal cry of disarmament.

It was during these twenty years that T.E.W.Ts. more and more replaced work with troops as a medium of training for the officer. Their best feature was to instil a certain amount of knowledge of the establishment, capacity and handling of the various units and arms into the officer. Their worst was to induce C.Os. to rely on them overmuch for judging the ability of their juniors. Nevertheless, in spite of all the handicaps of this period, the opening of World War No. 2 found our Regular Officers

possessing the essentials of character to enable them to train a vastly expanding army. The structure was sound.

To turn now to certain particular features of training in which AUSPEX would like to see changes of a revolutionary nature.

Several of his ideas come under the (hitherto) ban of finance. If money can be spent more liberally than heretofore, such things as adequate training grants, good training stations, reorganised and improved libraries, teams of erudite lecturers and better treatment for the language expert would be welcomed by all. But what a hope! Won't we be competing with the airmen and the sailors for what money there is; and won't everyone want a reduced income-tax?

AUSPEX would like to see p.s.c. and i.d.c. abolished. Like all cast-iron qualifications, such things have great disadvantages. They are difficult, however, to replace by something better. To remove them altogether would re-open the door to jobbery and the admission of "nephews" and "cousins" to appointments in which they would be a nuisance in peace and a menace in war. The Staff College system is at least an insurance against this, the major evil.

On the other hand, to expand the staff colleges to provide teaching on a larger scale would be to teach many people staff duties which they are neither anxious to know nor fitted to operate. Among such I fear would be the finance officials that AUSPEX would like to see put through the Staff College. The spectacle, however, would be entertaining, though whether it would result in financial advisers adopting any more sympathetic attitude towards military proposals is doubtful. Indeed, one is sure they already do all they can to help, but they have to follow their own rules or policies.

AUSPEX will forgive me for attacking his article<sup>1</sup>—indeed, as I have suggested above, it is probably what he wanted. In any case, if this reply makes the younger generation think these things over against the day when peace once again brings the problem of how to make bricks without straw, or how to train a skeleton army without men or money—then it will not have been wasted.

No one can foresee what the next war will bring forth, though many (like Mr. LIDDELL HART) make poor guesses. The only thing certain is that there will be surprises. Train, therefore, so that you are proof against them. KIPLING in a moment of inspiration summarised the foundation of training, when he wrote lyrically of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE:

"The North Sea answered: he's my man. He came to me when he began.

I caught him young and I used him sore, so you never shall startle FRANKIE more.

If you can teach him aught that's new, I'll give you Bruges and Antwerp too, and the ten tall churches that stand between them.

Storm along my gallant captains,

All round the Horn!"

### WHAT OTHER MEMBERS SAY

AUSPEX's article has brought many letters from members, and extracts from a few are published below:—

"SUSSEX" writes:

There seems to me considerable danger of our allowing ourselves to be unduly carried away by articles such as that of AUSPEX which appeared in your April number, and by the captious and uninformed critics of the "old school tie." As a healthy reminder of what public school education and the playing fields of Britain have achieved in saving us from disaster and bringing victory within our grasp, I would like to call attention to Lord Elton's excellent book, "St. George or the Dragon."

Amongst other reforms advocated by those who damn the whole of our pre-war mode of life are the wearing of uniform at all times, and the abolition of polo and other forms of sport. Why, to be a good soldier, must one always wear uniform? Can anyone pretend that the bush-shirt or battle-dress tend to enhance his self respect or pride? Is it not good to remind officers and men that they are citizens as well as soldiers? I can see no benefit from such a rule, and its only reason would appear to be inordinate desire to copy the continental nations whose armies we are in process of defeating, thanks to those very qualities which the reformers threaten to destroy.

The outcry against polo and hunting has been common for many years past, but I fancy that were anyone to take the handicap list for 1938 and follow up the careers of all polo players with handicaps of four or over, he would find there are not many who

and say we were untrained because we had spent too much time on sport.

The pre-war regular officer is in a very small minority compared with all the civilians who now officer our army, and it is on the latter that we mainly rely. The fact that they have trained on so quickly speaks much for the personality and efficiency of the small regular nucleus who have had to train them.

Perhaps after this war we shall keep on conscription permanently, and I sincerely hope our armed forces will not again be reduced to the pathetic figures of the 'twenties and 'thirties. The larger the army the better it will be supplied with its needs, and the nearer it will assimilate to the professional armies of Europe. But we are a small nation in numbers and we have many irons in the fire, all of which must be kept going if our Empire, with all its ramifications of trade and communications, is to survive. Therefore, our regular army in peacetime must, perforce, be comparatively small. If we are to maintain our superiority over our continental rivals, we must not try slavishly to copy their methods, but to foster and improve the essentially British qualities which have stood the test so well in 1914-18 and again in this war.

By all means substitute a general form of training institution in place of the Staff College, and any other institution which tends to separate the sheep from the goats; most certainly increase the periods of collective training and embody all forms of combined operations in the training; and ring military leave rules into line have failed to make good. Sport is a grand training for an officer and in peace there is ample time for both. To do nothing but soldiering year in and year out throughout one's life may produce a professional General, but it certainly does not improve the qualities of courage, loyalty, discipline and endurance which are the mainsprings of our superiority in this war.

The reason why we failed at the beginning of the war was not because the few pre-war formations we possessed were not adequately trained—does AUSPEX suggest that the 4th Indian Division was not trained?—but because our equipment was so utterly inadequate and out of date. It was difficult to maintain enthusiasm or any sort of reality even during the little training we did do, with all the varied assortment of mock and token weapons with which we were told to play. It is not fair now to turn round

with the civil. But do not do anything calculated to narrow an officer's general outlook, or to reduce those pre-war customs which did so much to improve the British officers' patriotism—as opposed to Nazism or Fascism—self-confidence, courage and endurance.

Let us remember the Jock Campbells of our army as well as the Montys.

"F.G." writes:—

Congratulations to AUSPEX for his excellent article in the April Number. While in general agreement with him, may I make the following comments on his demands:

*An Adequate Training Grant.*—My own experience has been that Training Grants are adequate. I have never yet known of any measure or gadget being refused on the grounds of an inadequate Training Grant.

*A Re-organized Library and Good Team of Lecturers.*—These demands are "gilding the lily." In one Command, at any rate, no such reforms are needed.

*Periods to be spent with "Other Arms."*—AUSPEX did not mention the converse, that R. N. and R.A.F. officers should do proper tours of service with the Army.

*Curtailment of Leave.*—It has been my experience that very few officers ever get the full amount of leave to which they are entitled. It is only by allowing them two months that they manage to get one month. If they were only entitled to one month, they would be lucky to get a fortnight! Anyway with the bigger cadre of officers that AUSPEX demanded, officers could well be spared for leave.

*Stamping Out the Supremacy of the Athlete.*—The peace-time organization of ambitious athletic programmes not only provided a healthy mental and physical change for the troops, but also gave young officers excellent practice in organization and in developing the qualities of leadership. To my mind, we want to discourage officers clubs games, such as polo, tennis, golf and squash, in favour of games which require (a) organizing, and (b) the participation of officers with their men.

A member who signs himself "Colonel Blimp" wrote:

"AUSPEX asks: 'What is it that officers need to be taught?' He leaves it unanswered. The British Empire, very much a non-militaristic congregation of nations, with a very small standing Army, has commitments all over the world. The professional Army has to be prepared to fight its small wars in any type of country under any conditions. At the same time, it has to be prepared for a 'European War,' and to officer the enormously expanded forces which that entails.

"Therefore, the officer has got to be taught to do his job as an Officer in the position in which God and the Military Secretary have found good to place him, and to prepare himself to hold a job three or four times senior to his present standing anywhere in the world.

"Considered from these angles—and the fact that the writer was dealing with the Indian Army officer—the results were far from unsatisfactory.

"AUSPEX produces two bitter complaints—one that we were not trained for modern war—'primitive' was his expression, and he blames the 'primitive' army. But that hardly comes into officers' training. We had not got modern weapons, and the reasons were finance and the policy of the Government—nor had they at Home for the same reasons. We are the servants of policy and slaves to finance.

"The other complaint is that we were not expert at forest fighting. Prior to this war who thought of an Asiatic war? Who thought of fighting through Malaya and Burma? Did AUSPEX foresee it? I doubt it.

"The suggestion regarding 'curtailment of leave' is a pathetic joke. What percentage of officers in active battalions had more than a month's leave in a year during the 'thirties? I remember the old joke that an officer in my subaltern days was, according to regulations, entitled to three days' leave in a week, 10 days in a month, two months' privilege leave in a year, eight months every three years, or one year after five years. That sounds grand, except for the provisos 'if he can be spared,' and if he can afford it.

"To those who know the Indian Army it is hard to take seriously the suggestion that 'few officers took the trouble or had the initiative to try to teach themselves much more than a proper swing at a polo, tennis or golf ball!' There are a whole series of misconceptions here, both of facts and inferences.

"First is the inference regarding working hours. Any member of a Trade Union would have a fit if he was asked to work the hours worked by the Indian Army. Parade starts between 6 and 7 a.m., finishing about 11 a.m.; office until 2 p.m., then lunch. Men's games or parades for an hour; night ops. once a week; plus inquiries, court-martials, etc., lectures, preparation of T.E.W.T.s and schemes.

"With the work and climate (the I. A. does not go to the hills) to keep physically fit leave is a necessity, and two months, when you can get it, is none too much. Games are essential for an officer to keep fit; they are essential for the men, and it is necessary for officers to play with the men."



"SIT-BOTH-GYI" writes:

"Cadet Schools must get more practical work out of cadets, as is being done at present. In the sphere of tactics this might be achieved by not aiming higher than platoon training, except for the odd T.E.W.T. on company training. But every cadet before passing out must have had ample experience in commanding a platoon on the ground in several different operations.

"Military Law remains a closed book to many officers. This could be remedied by insisting that all punishments given by Cadet Under-Officers and N.C.Os. should be given during Orderly Room along correct military lines.

"AUSPEX mentions our poor knowledge of foreign languages, and the hard treatment of the language expert. It is not surprising when one considers that about 75 per cent. of the G.Cs. at Sandhurst and Woolwich will serve for some period in India, and yet Urdu is not compulsory, and is studied by very few G. Cs. It should be compulsory for cadets to study at least one language which will be useful for them in the Empire—be it Urdu, Arabic, Swahili, or Hausa, and later perhaps one continental language.

"But however much we improve training at Cadet Colleges, our reforms will have very little point unless we aim at getting the more intelligent, as opposed to the less intelligent, of the country's youth into the Army. We shall have to bring the Army within the range of the average man's purse by cutting down the cost of uniform, or by eliminating expensive mess life and entertaining, or by increase of pay.

"Much more could be done in the way of visits to big industrial undertakings, railway and transport centres. In modern war, transport is one of the leading factors for victory, and the importance of railways grows even greater. Yet how many officers when stationed at, say, Jhansi or Colchester, have ever thought of visiting the railway stations in pursuit of knowledge, as opposed to catching a train for the Hills or to town?

"It has been said that a country gets the Government it deserves, and the same holds true of its Army. As long as the British people in peace-time regard the Army as the resort of rather wealthy young men, or young men who can act to perfection a be-whigged general in Rushmoor Arena, so long shall we remain in a rut."

.333 writes:

"Could not university entry be insisted on for officers? During his time at the university the O.T.C. could be more strictly run than normally for those who wished to join the Army. Record could be kept, and considered when accelerated promotions were reviewed. Following the university course there should be a year's concentrated work in Officer-Cadet units. Everything should be as in a Regular battalion; barrack living, barrack food,

barrack fatigues and normal punishments. Only rare leave should be given at short intervals. O.Rs.' pay would teach many how to get value for their money.

"The former generous leave rules catered for those who wanted to go farther afield, contact divers peoples, see other lands and gain experience. Such trips as *Al Khanzar* used to make and write about so vividly in *Blackwood's* were good fun and good training. The Army profited by the experiences of these men.

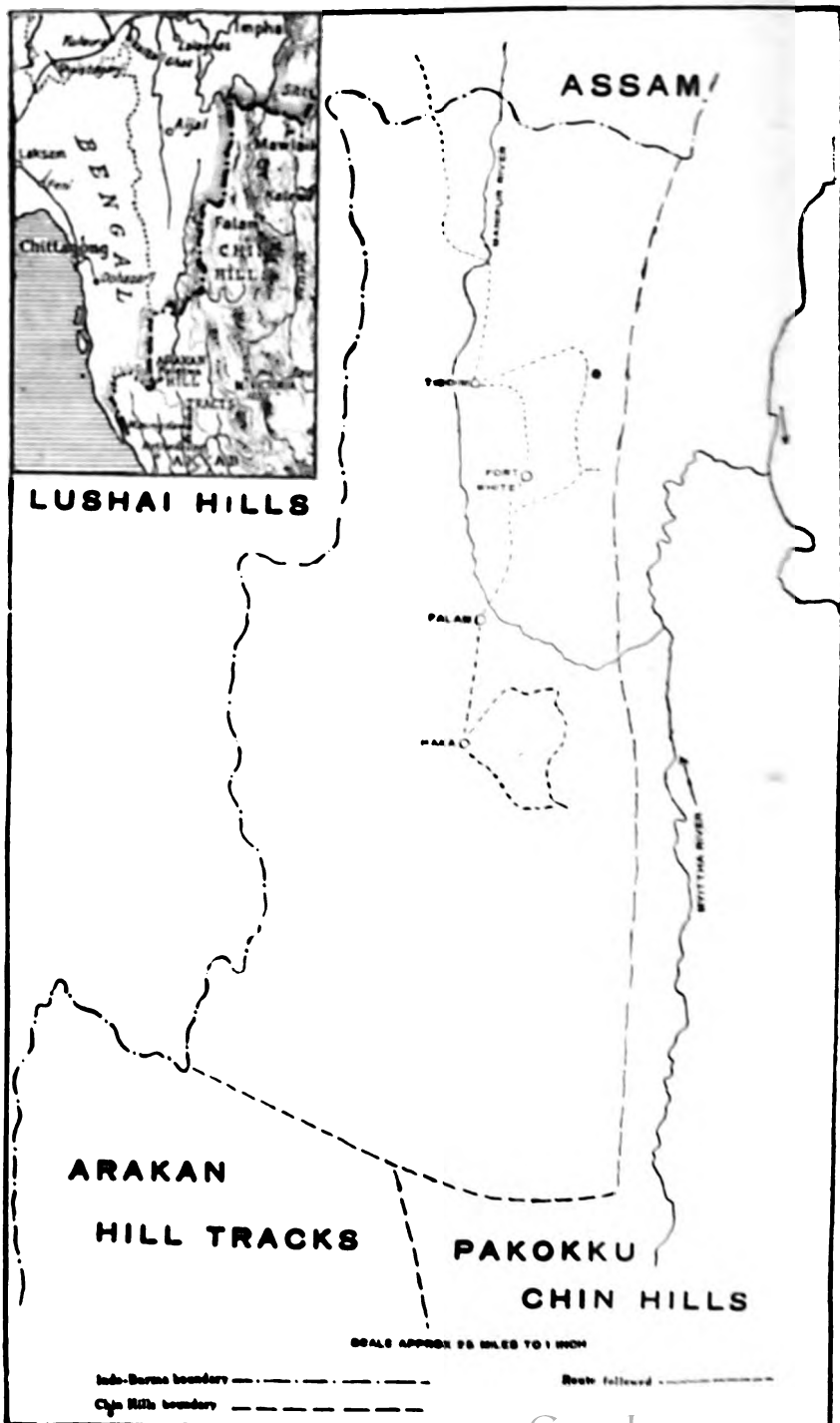
"There are few regimental officers who have not longed to take their units, on extended exercises through difficult country. They were almost certain to be discouraged on the grounds of the impossibility of sending medical personnel with them, or of expenses of supply, while the thought of trying to get a pension for any one injured would have given the 'no-cost-merchant' apoplexy. Few C.Os. would have been prepared to risk their commission in fighting for pensions in such cases, and they knew they would forfeit the respect of their commands if they failed.

"While paying lip service to the development of initiative, the Army really spent more effort in suppressing the young cubs of budding Winston's, in the interests of discipline. I remember discussing the news of the German break-through in France with a fine type of p.s.c. officer, later killed as a B.M. in Malaya. Our talk turned to dive-bombing. His comment was: How many times have not all these new ideas been put up at the Staff College by junior officers. On one occasion an Instructor said to someone who made such a suggestion: 'Ah! but that would be using our air force as artillery, and you know that's wrong, don't you?'

"It needs little imagination to conjure up the disparagement put into those words, or the effect on the student."

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# Rough Sketch of Chin Hills



## A TOUR IN THE CHIN HILLS

BY MAJOR-GENERAL H. H. RICH, C.B.

**I**T HAS JUST been my privilege to make a protracted tour in the Chin Hills, where I saw for myself the grand work that has been and is being done by Civil officials, British officers, regular troops and the Chin villagers themselves, in preventing Japanese infiltration into that area of Burma.

As the Chin Hills are in the front line, reasons of security prevent my mentioning all the places I should have liked to, and any noted are to be found in the *Imperial Gazetteer of India*. In the same way, when the word "Chin" is used in connection with military operations, it must be taken to include all forces, regular or irregular, which happen to be in this area.



**Bulldozers at work.**

Towards the end of February, I found myself at a place somewhere in Assam, on the borders of India and Burma, facing a 500-mile walk. The first ten miles were done in a jeep. Luckily, the jemadar in charge of the transport detachment decided, he would drive me himself, and he turned out to be an extremely safe driver over a track which, to say the least, was distinctly unnerving.

On the way, I passed the bulldozers at their work of "blazing the trail." These monsters were doing spectacular work, and literally cutting a road out of virgin hillside. Two that I saw were on opposite sides of a hill, and were moving inwards

towards each other. It was thrilling to watch them at work on quite a steep slope, and to see how quickly the ground took the shape of a track. They are so powerful that they can cut the roots of, topple over, and finally push out of the way, trees of 1 to 1½ feet in diameter.

After a ten-mile hair-raising drive I reached the bridle path where I met my porters. These consisted of a newly-raised company of Khasis, who come from the hills around Shillong. It was my first experience of porters, and although my kit was carried on ten of their number, and ration calculations had only been made for a five-day trip, I found to my horror that it required a total of sixty to carry the food and kit of the whole party. As these porters do not carry very heavy loads, this meant that the useful load per man was somewhere about 5 lbs. However, they were quite cheerful, and always greeted passers-by with their salutation of "*Kubalai*."

The bridle path was wide, well-graded, and passed through what the map described as "fairly dense mixed jungle." This jungle was typical of that met over most of the trek, and it appeared to consist of grass, scrub and low trees. Later a forest officer told me that the official description of this jungle was "ever-green scrub of stunted oaks and chestnuts."

From the word "go" the country was extremely big, and consisted of a tumbled mass of hills with deep valleys between them. The hills were from 5,000—9,000 feet high and the valleys between them went down in some instances to less than 1,000 feet above sea-level. The characteristic of these hills is that there are no underfeatures, as are to be found in most Indian hill country. This meant that the descent to, and the ascent from, any stream was always remarkably steep, and entailed zig-zagging up or down one big spur. I reckoned that during the trip I climbed three times to the top of Everest and down again.

After a comparatively short march we arrived at the rest hut, which is a feature of the smaller villages throughout the Chin Hills. It was made of wood and appeared dirty, so I passed on and camped in the jungle by the side of a stream. Later, when I became less particular, these rest huts provided quite a reasonable abode after a long march. The porters quickly made a hut for me out of the branches and leaves. I had a travelling radio with me, and frequently picked up the B.B.C. news in the middle of the jungle.

Next day eggs for breakfast cost four annas apiece. They were obtained by the headman of the porters, who rejoiced in the name of Rostan Well. He was quite a talkative gentleman, and told me a lot about the habits and customs of his tribe. Among other things he said that until the arrival of the Welsh Baptists in the Khasi Hills, clothes were practically unknown. This explained the rather Welsh-like capes worn by the Khasi women, about which I had often speculated.

The bridle path grew much narrower, and was on the sunny side of the hill, which meant that although the distance was short, the day was a tiring one. Just as I had finished tea in the jungle camp I had my first visitor, a Sapper Major in charge of some bridge building. He was rather weary, as he was trying to do a double stage, and was not a bit optimistic about his pace over the next six miles. I was able to refresh him with a cup of tea before he went on his way.

Marches in hill country take it out of you more than they do on the level and, at the end of my trip, I calculated that the energy expended was 25 per cent. more than for the same distance on the level. Boiled sweets were most comforting and sustaining, particularly during the hot days. I would recommend everybody going on a trek taking some with them.

There was a thunderstorm during the night, and I found that a leaf hut is not the best means of keeping out the rain. However, with the aid of a waterproof sheet I managed to keep comparatively dry, and was very lucky in that this was the only time in the whole six weeks that I was caught by rain in the open. The Khasi porters obviously did not like the rain; they took a lot of moving the next morning, and we did not get off till half-past nine.

The first part of the day's trek was a three-hour drop to the Manipur River. I got heartily sick of the Manipur River before I finally left it, as it was always crossing the path, and usually meant a climb down and up of anything up to 4,000 feet on each side. At the bridge which, like many other bridges, was not at the place indicated on the map, I came across my Sapper acquaintance, who returned the compliment and gave me some very excellent tea on the river bank.

His gloomy prognostications had been confirmed, as he told me that his rate of movement in the last two miles had only been

one mile an hour. He gave me the glad news that a pony had arrived on the other bank—not that the country was good for riding, but the moral effect of having a horse behind you, knowing that you can ride it at any moment, is great.

The Sappers were building a bridge, and had been allotted a whole village to work for them, but the great majority of workers, as far as I could see, were women and children. The old bridge at this point is the usual type of wire suspension bridge met in the



**Bridge over the Manipur River.**

Chin Hills. It had had much more traffic than usual, and my Sapper friend told me he thought it would break at any moment. However, it was still standing when I recrossed it some six weeks later.

The climb up on the far side was extremely steep, and I was very glad to have an occasional ride during the 3,000-foot rise. The Khasi porters, who were used to living in the hills, took to the steepest of short cuts, carrying their loads without feeling the slope at all.

As we approached the big village on the top of the hill, we came to the tombstones of the various hill chiefs. These tomb-

stones are either made of slate which is procurable locally, or of wood. They commemorate the exploits of the various chiefs.

As this village was that of the paramount chiefs of the northern area, the tombstones had a correspondingly important note. The carving is rather rough and not deep, and depicts incidents in the life of the chief.

At the top of the tombstone is, the chief's name and pedigree, and in the first panel underneath this he will be depicted wearing a topee, the sign of high rank in Burma, riding a horse. One tombstone was different from the others in that the chief



A Chief's Tombstone.

was shown riding a bicycle. Behind this leading figure, and, if necessary, overlapping into the next panel below, are representations of his wives and children; below this will often be a scene of fighting with the chief shooting his enemies or taking them prisoners; in the bottom panels will be the hunting exploits.

The more usual animals shot appear to be elephants, tigers, bison and deer. Very occasionally is rhinoceros carved out, and this must have meant that the chief had travelled pretty widely, as, although the other animals are to be found in the Chin Hills, there are no rhinoceroses. Fishing is obviously one of the "lesser sports" and only on one occasion did I see a *mahseer* depicted. Around these tombstones, and in the houses of the chiefs, are to be found the various trophies of animals killed by him and his ancestors. Some of the houses are veritable museums.

The village proved to be quite a big one, with a well-kept, though unfurnished rest house. I managed to procure some eggs at a considerably lower rate than before, and a few vegetables. In the village were a lot of English chickens, mostly Plymouth Rocks. This choice of breed was a slight error on the part of the official



concerned, and is not very popular with the Chins, who would rather have Rhode Island Reds or White Leghorns, as, at times, the omens demand the sacrifice of a red chicken or a white chicken, but never of a black-and-white one.

I was provided with three pack ponies in place of the 60 porters, and these comfortably carried my rations and kit. They can only carry 60 lbs. aside, but the whole of this is a useful load, as they live entirely on the country and all the "pony man" has to do at the end of the day's trek is to cut some grass or bamboo leaves for them.

A drop of about 3,000 feet in six miles brought me down to the Manipur River again. There was a rest hut about eight miles on the way, but, having noticed that the climb into Tiddim was a steep one, and having had the experience of the day before, I decided to camp by a nullah at the foot of the further slope. This was lucky, as, after half-way, the track might have been Piccadilly from the number of people I met, all making for the rest hut I had passed by.

First, I came across two R.A.F. officers, who I rather hastily assumed had "force-landed" and were making their way out. However, I was quite wrong, as one turned out to be a doctor, and the other had been to Tiddim on some technical matter. Later, I met the Commando platoon of a famous Scottish Regiment, who were coming out after having spent some six weeks in the area. They had had no luck, and always just missed the enemy on their various raids. They looked very cheerful and fit, and there were one or two fierce-looking beards among them.

Fortunately I found a pleasant stream at the foot of the hill into Tiddim. There were some rather dirty shelters by the bridge, but with the prospect of more rain I decided not to be so picky, and after having one thoroughly cleaned out, I spent the night there. I was interested in the antics of a white-capped Redstart, which hung about the stones in the nullah for quite a time. On the whole, bird life in the Chin Hills was distinctly disappointing, and I saw about half a dozen varieties and only few of each species. On the other hand, towards the end of my visit, the butterflies were superb, both in size and colour. Anyone who makes a trip at the same time of the year should take a net and killing bottle along, and become the complete "bug hunter."

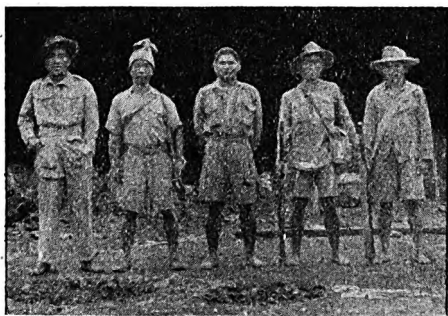
The 3,000 feet up to Tiddim was a reasonable climb, due largely to the fact that I had now got marching fit, and that the morning was a pleasantly cool one. On the way up a smoky grey

squirrel came out of a hole in some rocks, and disappeared quickly on seeing me. Altogether it was a very attractive-looking animal. The last two miles at the top of the hill were comparatively flat through pine trees and scarlet rhododendrons. In fact, it was a pleasant stretch in every way. The rhododendrons of the Chin Hills, are of the tree, and not the bush, variety, and grow to as much as 30 feet in height.

As I came into sight of Tiddim, there were some sounds of an aeroplane, and I arrived just in time to see the ration-dropping plane at work. It was not an easy operation. The aeroplane had to fly extremely low, and at one time had great difficulty in clearing the tree tops. As there are practically no level places in the Chin Hills, the dropping area was a football ground, and the size of this necessitated careful aim. Even then some of the bags dropped among, and seriously damaged, village huts.

On arrival I was greeted by some old friends, who had been in the Burma Rifles, and I also met the local Zone Commander, a large gentleman with a fine, red beard. If you had seen him in peace-time you would undoubtedly have called the village policeman and had him arrested on sight. Two Guards of Honour were ready for inspection, one found by the Burma Riflemen who had been sent to their homes when the Army came out of Burma, and the other, of the local Levies.

The former were comparatively uninteresting, as they only possessed a pair of shorts and shirt each, and these not always of



Types of Levies.

military design. The latter were as badly dressed, but were armed with flint-lock "Tower" muskets and some carried powder horns made from "Mithun" horns, and shot-bags of leopard skins. The mechanism of some of these muskets was dated in the early eighteen hundreds. It would be safe to say that they had been used with effect against the French at Waterloo in 1815, and against the Japanese in the Chin Hills in 1943. I was told that there are one or two bearing dates of the seventeenth century, but I didn't have the luck to see them.

The Tiddim Inspection Bungalow, 5,600 feet above sea-level, was quite comfortable. While I was waiting there the unfortunate

officer who was due to accompany me for the rest of my trek put in an appearance, having been recalled from somewhere in the blue.

On March 2 I started the strenuous period of marching, with a double stage of 24 miles. This entailed going over the Kennedy Peak, the highest hill in the northern Chin Hills, and about 8,800 feet. All paths in the Chin Hills go along the highest spurs and ridges, and although this particular one did not go quite to the top, it was only 300 feet below the highest point. It was a pleasant trek, being gently uphill practically the whole way. In spite of clouds, there was a good view over the Kale Valley below, and into Kalemyo, which is one of the places held by the Japanese.

Kennedy Peak is only wooded on the western face, the eastern face having comparatively bare wind-swept grasslands, but in the sheltered spots towards the top there were masses of lovely mauve primula almost semi-circular in shape, and about 1 to 1½ inches in diameter. At one point we passed two or three yew trees. These were the only ones I saw throughout my trek; how they came to arrive at such a spot was a mystery to me.

We spent the night in the Inspection Bungalow at Fort White. The fort, named after the defender of Ladysmith, has long since ceased to exist, and it is only represented by the bungalow. Parked outside is "Mrs. Murphy," now immobile, but one of the two jeeps which made its way up from the plains of Burma. Fort White came into prominence in the operations against the Chins in 1890, when it was occupied by our troops.

The bungalow was of the usual type in the Chin Hills, and consisted of one dining room and two bedrooms, all fully furnished. There was a kitchen and sufficient crockery for two or three people. Like other Inspection bungalows, it was in charge of a "Durwan," and had quite a reasonable garden, from which we could get the odd vegetable. This particular bungalow, had three other officers in it, all doing interesting jobs. From one I learned the prices which the Japanese have put on the heads of all officers in the Chin Hills. It was gratifying to find out that the Government valued my services more highly than the Japanese did my head.

Next day was another pleasant trek of 22 miles, mostly downhill; we passed many more rhododendrons, purple primula and some kind of wild daisy. Our routine was normally to have a chota hazri of a sustaining, but not very palatable, dish of porridge made from broken army biscuits, which were further pound-

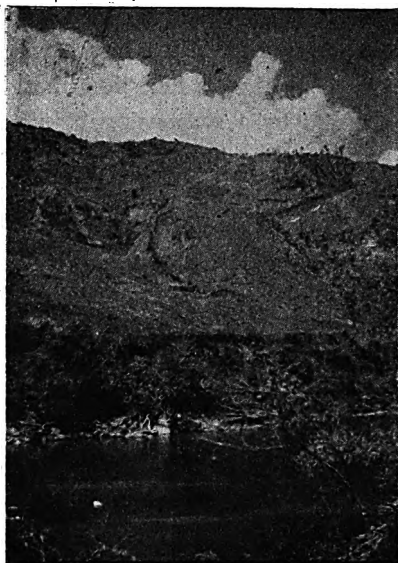
ed and cooked, before we left; a meal of some sort during the midday halt, and the main meal in the evening when we got in. I also learned the value of tea as a reviver; on these marches about twelve very large cups of tea was about an average for a day's consumption.

In the past I had only known the Chins and their womenfolk in the cleanliness of peace-time barracks, and it was a distinct shock to find how dirty they were in their own country. All of them, men, women and children, looked and smelt as though they had never had a bath, and if by any chance we did come across a neat-looking woman, it was a safe bet that she had something to do with the army, either as the wife or sister of a soldier.

Village life, too, is very unhygienic, and there is no form of sanitation whatsoever. At one spot we passed an extremely uncouth party of men and women who were even dirtier than the others. The men were armed with spears—the only occasion I saw these during my tour. The women wore short kilts made of string, and it was obvious from their giggles that they had not often, if ever, seen white people. They turned out to be members of an almost aboriginal tribe who have a few villages in the Chin Hills country.

There are absolutely no flat places, and all agriculture has to be done on the hillside. The Chins do not yet understand the method of terracing, and consequently their methods are more primitive than those of India. When the time comes to prepare the ground, the villagers cut down the trees on the hillside of an area near their village. Just before the rains, when everything is extremely dry, they set fire to the patches in which the trees have been cut down, and then mix the ash with the soil. This mixture of ash and soil is sufficient to produce crops for one season only.

Every year fresh patches of jungle have to be cut down and burnt. The Chins do not make any effort to control the fires thus lighted. This means that they spread over very large areas, and are destroying a



Country prepared for cultivation

number of trees unnecessarily. The result will be that the trees in the area will become less, and this in its turn will reduce the amount of rain. If this happens, there will be no covering for the rich top soil, which will be washed down into the rivers and lost for ever. Even to-day it is noticeable that there are extremely few young trees.

On March 4, as the march was only a short one of ten miles, we made a late start after listening to the 8-15 news from Delhi. The path was downhill practically the whole way to the village of Lamban, which was well laid out with each house having its own little patch of garden. The village water supply was brought from a spring some four miles away by aqueducts made of hollowed-out tree trunks, and was so arranged that water could be brought to any part of the village.

The Inspection bungalow was quite the nicest in the whole area, with an excellent garden in which poinsettia, holly-hocks, larkspur and petunia were in full bloom. In peace-time there is a garden prize which the "Durwans" of the various Inspection Bungalows compete for, and I was told that this particular bungalow usually gained the first prize. In the evening the Chief of the Lamban village came along. He was a pleasant, go-ahead man, who had been in the Chin Labour Corps in France during the last War and had won the I.D.S.M. As he was able to speak Hindustani, we got on very well together.

The next day took us into Falam, administrative capital of the Chin Hills. The path was a long slope down to the Manipur River, which is here less than 1,000 feet above sea level. It is crossed by a suspension bridge, from the middle of which there is a view of a fine gorge which must be a grand sight in the rains, when it has the effect of piling up the water in the river to such an extent that the bridge, which was then some 80 feet above water-level, is very often only a few feet above the flood. The pull up to Falam is about 4,500 feet in eight miles, but the ponies were used to be ridden uphill, and we got up much quicker than I thought.

Falam must be a lovely place in normal times, when there is leisure to keep up the gardens and hedges by the side of the road. Even in war-time it is beautiful. I was lucky enough to stay with the superintendent in an almost English bungalow in English surroundings.

On March 8 I started trekking to Haka and the southern outposts. Falam to Haka is 35 miles, and owing to the situation of

the bungalows it had to be divided into two stages, one of ten and the other of 25 miles. The first stage was an easy downhill, but otherwise uninteresting, trek, but the next day brought us into a different kind of country. As usual we had a long downhill slope to a picturesque stream, which had some deep pools and clear



**Typical bridge and stream.**

water. Had the day been warmer, it would have inveigled us to bathe, but as it was, we pushed on up the 3,000 feet to the bungalow, where we stopped for the midday meal.

Shortly after leaving we came to a vast amphitheatre of open rolling country, on the other side of which Haka itself could be seen about five miles away as the crow flies, but the path followed the edge of the semi-circle, and we had some ten miles to go before we reached the village.

For the first time we came across teak trees, but these were small, few in number, and of no value as timber. There were many wild peach trees in blossom, and at times we passed brambles of wild raspberries; these are edible but very tart, and where sugar is short nobody has enough to spare to cook them. The rhododendrons were also numerous, but were still of the same scarlet hue.

The Haka Chins are just as dirty as the others, and the men carry the heaviest loads in the hills, bearing 60 lbs. up to 14 miles a day for days on end. It is noticeable that, while in the northern area the women carry just as heavy loads as the men, in the Haka

subdivision the women practically never do any porter's work at all. The Haka Chins wear their hair long, coiled up in a bun in the front of their heads, and they tie their *pagri* in such a way that the bun sticks out in front of it. The wearing of long hair is prevalent in the Falam and Haka sub-divisions, and is indicative of their spirit worship. They consider that the spirit lives in the brain, and that the hair, being nearest the brain, is holy; that is the reason why they do not cut it.

Just outside Haka we were met by the Zone Commander, the son of the first Deputy Commissioner ever appointed to the Chin Hills. He introduced me to the local chiefs, and I inspected what Levies there were in the place. Although it was a 25-mile march, the air was so bracing and the weather so cool that we both felt that with a short rest we could have done another ten miles.

After a day's halt in Haka we set off towards the outposts, and had our midday meal at a rest hut, as we had now got out of the bungalow area. The normal type of rest hut is just two rooms, and is completely unfurnished. It is the duty of the village headman to keep the place in repair and clean, and some headmen do it better than others. There is always water and firewood to be obtained.

The people of Haka are great drinkers of *Zu*, which is made from rice or millet. It is quite a palatable drink, rather like a very thin cider, and is hardly intoxicating at all, but having, as one sometimes had, to drink a couple of glasses in the middle of the day, the effect was to produce a slight headache during the heat of the day.

We were accompanied by two Levy leaders of repute. These were brothers, and they had given a good account of themselves in affairs with Japanese patrols. The elder rejoiced in the singularly appropriate name of "Yahoo." He was a great organizer of raids, but not such a good performer during them as he had to keep himself going on *Zu*, and if he missed that he quickly petered out. "Lien Ul," his brother, was the "go-getter," but not the planner, and the combination worked extremely well. Lien Ul had been in the Police for some time, and combined the salute of the P.T. instructor with that of the infantry man, as he invariably rose on his toes when he slapped the small of the butt.

During the trek in the southern area it was very heartening to see Allied bombers go over every day to bomb the Japanese. We only heard one enemy plane the whole time, and this was at such a great height that it was impossible to see it.

There had been a big landslide on the route, and at one place although we, on foot, could scramble along where the path had been, the animals had to make a very big detour to get round it. After crossing the landslide we came into a pretty valley with a stream, on the banks of which were many trees covered with red flowers which looked like, but were not, "flame of the forest." There were unripe wild figs, some as big as a breakfast coffee cup, and I was told that they are palatable when ripe. A very steep climb took us to the village where we were spending the night, and on the way we passed a herd of "mithun." This kind of cattle is a cross between the domestic animal and the wild bison, the characteristic type being mostly black with a white blaze and white feet. They look terrifying, but I was informed they were in reality quite cowardly. A further march of 18 miles took us to one of the outposts where we spent the night. On the way I saw a rather quaint bird, a racket-tailed drongo, with its blob of a tail at the end of what appeared to be thin wire.

Next day we spent in visiting the forward troops in this area, and on the way we passed the scene of a successful skirmish. What happened was this: the Chins had news of a Japanese patrol going up one of the tracks on which they had an ambush position. The country was very heavily wooded, but patches of the track could be seen at various places. After manning their positions, the Chin leader and two followers went to meet the Japanese patrol. They made use of the Chin tactics of firing two or three shots and withdrawing to the main position.

The Japanese followed them up with two scouts ahead and the rest of the patrol in a "football crowd" formation. One or two men opened fire, killing the scouts, and the rest of the Japanese rushed to pick up the bodies yelling, as was described to me by an officer who was there at the time, "like a pack of monkeys." As soon as the Japanese collected round the bodies, everyone opened fire and caused a considerable number of casualties. The Japanese then got their mortars into position on the hill behind, and the Chins withdrew to the next position, to which the enemy did not follow them. Later on, as they were not attacked, the Chins worked forward again and found that the enemy had withdrawn. Reports coming from the Kale Valley indicated that the Japanese must have lost about 40 to 50 in killed, as the Burmese villagers in that area were asked to collect 45 cart-loads of wood, which was presumably to be used for cremating the bodies. This was further confirmed by a villager who discovered a pile of corpses under a tarpaulin.



Next day we moved off to another outpost which was situated on a dominating hill. The track was through delightful woodland country which, in places, gave a good view over the Kale Valley. On arrival I found that an almost palatial hotel had been built for me out of brushwood. In the afternoon we visited the forward posts, and had our best view of the Kale Valley. With the aid of a map, we were able to pick out various interesting places where the clashes had taken place between our patrols and the enemy.

On March 15 we had a steep downhill descent of five miles to a small village, which had only fifteen houses. Out of this small population five men had gone down to the plains and had not returned, which meant a big difference in the life of the village. The remaining men, women and children came out to see us. Among them was a small child with a badly burned hand, which



**Types of Levies.**

had been tied up in a mouse skin. The child was obviously on the mend and the mouse skin, although it sounds horrible, had at least kept the air from the burn. One of our party did up the child's hand with sulphilamide, and advised the women to take it to the Haka Hospital, which was only two marches away, but nothing would induce her to do this. The child was extremely brave and hardly whimpered at all. There were very few smiles among the children of the Chin Hills.

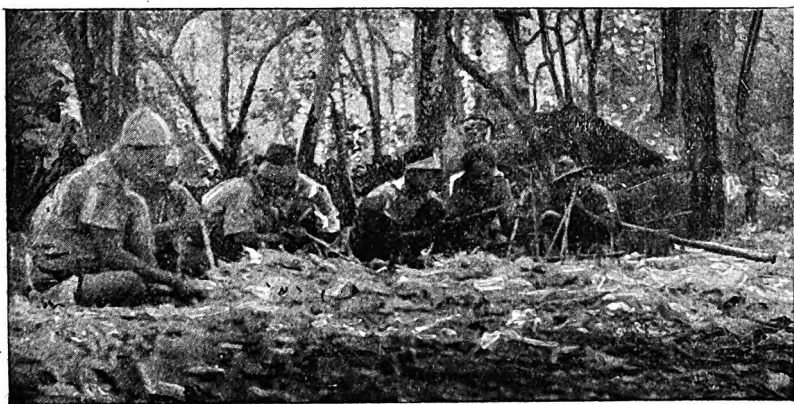
Leaving the village, we moved to a picturesque stream which we had to ford, and which gave us an opportunity to have a good wash. Some of the pools were big and deep enough to have a short swim. There followed a tough climb up to the rest-house, which was eight miles away. The village turned out to be one of

the few which makes a good type of Chin knife; the village armourer was brought along in the evening, and bargaining took place for his products. Later on the villagers gathered round to hear the radio, and to drink *Zu* with us.

The next day on a pleasant morning we went to meet the same stream of yesterday, and to repeat the bathe. The trees came right down to the water's edge, and the last 500 feet of both sides were extremely steep. It was with the greatest difficulty that the lightly-laden mules managed to get either up or down. A meal by the stream was followed by a long climb up to the outpost position, and this was so steep that I found it necessary to halt every 25 minutes, and that even with the cool day helping us considerably.

The bearded commander and his "cut-throat" band met us, and we found he had built a grass hut for my use. The Chins in this outpost were a mixed crowd, and included some of the few Karens who had come out of Burma into the Chin Hills. The radio reception on this particular hill was quite the best I have heard anywhere. We got a very good B.B.C. programme.

Next day we went off to visit the forward posts, and a dangerous proceeding it was too, as the path had many booby traps and other surprises for the enemy, and if we slipped off it, the chances were that we went into a *panji* field. Needless to remark, I made someone walk in front of me the whole way, and even then I only just missed stepping on a *panji*. It was fine to see the ingenuity



Making panjis.

displayed in the welcome prepared for the Japanese, should they come along this way, and I was even able to suggest some refinements. That evening news of a possible Japanese raid on the post we were due to visit the next day made us change our minds, and

we slept in our clothes, all packed and ready for a quick get-away, if necessary.

There were no alarms or excursions during the night and early the next morning we had two stiff climbs down to streams and up again the other side. A distinctly unpleasant day, as it was very hot and steamy. However, on arrival at the top of the second slope we had a fairly reasonable walk to the village, where we spent the night. At two or three places on the road we crossed pleasant-looking streams, where we were able to get a cool drink and do some paddling. On the way we saw droppings of tigers, and the villagers pointed out to us one hill which, in November and December, is the haunt of bears, as many as 20 to 30 collecting there at a time. I suppose there must be some delicately-flavoured acorn or something of the sort on that particular hill. It was again a day of many bright and varied butterflies. As it got dark we heard a barking deer coughing quite close to the bungalow.

After a stiff climb early next day, we had a reasonable, though somewhat long, trek back to Haka, where we again enjoyed the "pansy" standard of the Inspection Bungalow. We felt that we had earned some *Zu* especially as we were going out of the area where it was good and abundant, so we arranged for what we thought was a couple of bottles. What actually arrived was a large jar of the concentrated fermented millet, to which water is added to produce the *Zu*. After taking out a couple of bottles the rest was given to the local Levies who thoroughly enjoyed what we couldn't drink.

The return trip to Falam was uneventful, and after two days' halt we started off again on the round of the northern outposts. We had to stop at the village of the most important chief of that area, and he insisted on us drinking *Zu* at 11 o'clock in the morning. He was a very persuasive old gentleman and the *Zu* was good, so we did not get away with under two large glasses apiece.

It was interesting to note the difference in the two generations of women we met at the Chief's house. His older wives wore normal village dress of sombre colours, and the chief wife appeared to have very considerable personality and chatted freely. She and the other wives squatted on the ground. The rising generation of girls, however, were very Burmanized in dress, and sat on benches. Whether it was their youth or their modern upbringing I don't know, but they did not appear to have the personality of their elders.

We did a double stage the next day, having lunch at the normal stage bungalow half-way. There were five of us in the bungalow, so it was a bit of a squash, but luckily it was a cool night. Among the people there were two Intelligence Officers who had not got a high reputation for speed in the Hills, and in fact from the way the others pulled their legs, I came to the conclusion that their particular hobby was watching the tortoises whiz by.

On March 26 we left the main track, and proceeded along the narrow jungle path, which was hard on the feet. Luckily the day was a cool one and, in fact, was almost cold and we had a few spots of rain. Four miles from the jungle camp where we were going to spend the night we had to drop our mules at a village, while we went on with porters carrying what we required for the night. This outpost covered what was referred to locally as the "Road to Burma," but which to me appeared to be a very difficult jungle path. From one of the forward posts we could see Kalemyo in the valley below us. As the Levies in this area have no uniform, they wear a cock's feather in their headdress as a distinguishing mark. Actually any form of headdress is very difficult to obtain, and many of the Levies had made for themselves an open-work bamboo crown in which they stick the feather.

The next day we went almost straight down the side of the khud which led to the next outpost, which was off the main track. The stream at the bottom was bridged by a fragile-looking

bridge, but, luckily, it had a handrail. The slope up to the outpost was not quite as steep as the one we had come down, but even then, in places, we had to use our hands. In this part of the trip we went



Primitive bridge.

through some steamy bamboo jungle which made us feel as if we were going through a huge hot-house. On the way up it began to rain, and so we took shelter in a house of a Chin villager, and sat in the wide porch which this type of house usually has. The owner, who had been a soldier some years ago, and his family came and entertained us while we waited. The man's family must have been mighty hunters in their day, as there were numerous trophies stacked up on one end of

the porch. The trophies included two small elephant skulls and a pair of immature tusks.

After the rain, we continued our climb up to a place which is called a "stockade" on the map. We looked forward to seeing some remnants of this, which had been built when the British occupied the Chin Hills in 1890. Our hopes were dashed. All there was to mark this place was a dilapidated Inspection Bungalow. This stockade overlooks the main road to Burma from the Chin Hills, and this was the axis of advance of our troops when the Chin Hills were first occupied.

The next day we went along a spur to the forward outposts in this area, which again were in the neighbourhood of another "stockade," marked as the other one was by an Inspection Bungalow. The ridge down which we went was the scene of an engagement against the Japanese early this year. In this battle the enemy, who probably consisted of about two companies, attacked our forces in this area according to plan, our plan that is; they ran into the various ambushes, and when fire was opened on them, they took cover in areas full of *panjis*. The defenders



**Panjis across the road to Burma.**

heard their shrieks as these spikes pierced their bodies. The fight lasted over one day and into the next, and eventually resulted in the enemy withdrawing in some haste, as was evidenced by the fact that he abandoned a mule carrying a gun and ammunition, which had fallen over the khud side. The enemy's casualties in this engagement are estimated to have been about 30.

Going down to this forward post, I had a lucky escape as I trod on a *panji*, but its angle was such that although it went about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches into the sole of my boot it did not even scratch my foot. At various times, officers and others have walked on these *panjis*, which are very difficult to see, and the result has been that they were out of action with a painful wound for about four days.

In the evening I had the honour of presenting to a local Levy leader a "Sanad" given by the Superintendent for good work done in the skirmish referred to. It was quite an occasion, and we had some regular troops as well as the Levies on parade. This particular Levy leader had been in charge of the very forward outpost and when the Japanese advanced, he heard fire on the ridge to the south of him. He ordered his Levies to take up their prepared ambush positions, while he and two others went off to see what they could find out about the enemy. He found the enemy all right, with the result that his two companions were killed, but he managed to get away back to his outpost position. Later, as the Japanese attack progressed up the ridge, he, on his own initiative, withdrew his Levies up a parallel ridge and joined in the battle at the top.

Next day we moved to another outpost position and had to climb up a steep goat-track to reach it. In the afternoon we visited the forward "look-out" in this area, and there found a Levy with a musket dated 1811, actually in the most forward post of all. This Levy was fully equipped in that, besides his musket, he had a powder-horn and a leopard-skin shot-bag. The powder is all made locally, and in order to get the saltpetre in some villages a special place for urination is allotted; the earth round this place is used in manufacturing the powder.

On the way back from the forward position we had an interesting and practical T.E.W.T. against the am-



Levy with 1811 musket, powder-horn and leopard skin shot-bag.

bush positions worked out by the outpost commander. Although the actual breast-works were not well concealed, it was found that by occasionally playing a game of double bluff in combination with well-sited *panji* fields, any Japanese advance in that area would have been costly. The next three days were spent in visiting outposts further on, and entailed some unpleasant trekking in a temperature which had very rapidly gone up.

On April 1, the last outpost in my tour was visited, and we started back to Tiddim, which we reached three days later. On the way we passed the site of a new village, and it was gratifying to see that it was being nicely laid out with a small compound for vegetables round each house. At one of the tombs we were shown with great pride a square-inch of scalp taken from the head of an enemy during one of the raids into the Kale Valley. This had an honoured place among the other trophies of that particular family.

On April 5, I set off from Tiddim back towards civilization. On the way I found at one of the villages my old orderly and he regaled me with some welcome Zu. The next day we met a jeep at a place considerably more forward than the one I had left on February 24.

The general impression left by my trek was one of pleasure to find that the Chins, those serving in the Army as well as those in the villages, were, in spite of very adverse circumstances as regards the food supply, in such good heart, and had given such a good account of themselves in their skirmishes against the Japanese. I came to the conclusion that they were a people who deserve well of us.

## WHAT MANNER OF PEOPLE ARE THEY?

BY SQUADRON-LEADER A. R. BOYCE

**P**ERHAPS ONE OF the most remarkable things about this war in the Far East is that we should find ourselves at grips with an enemy about whom we know so little and who, unfortunately, knows a great deal about us. It is true that innumerable books, articles and pamphlets have been written about Japan but the fact remains that the average Westerner's knowledge of the Japanese individual is practically nil. In this article an attempt will be made to give a thumbnail sketch of the simplest aspects of Japanese life and the influences that surround them—little everyday things which most writers might disdain to mention but which should help us to assess the individual.

A well-known little Japanese fire-eater and great talker, one General Araki, once remarked that "to know one's enemy *and* one's self is the secret of victory," and assuming this to be true, it is worthwhile knowing the answers to such simple questions as "How do they live?," "How civilized are they?," "Is it true that they are all quite dishonest?" and so on. Many foreigners have found it possible to live in Japan for years without learning anything about the people, partly due to absorption in their own affairs, or to lack of interest, but mainly to the language difficulty. The writer of this article has had the unique experience of not only starting out as a student of the Japanese language, but of spending eleven years there working the whole time with Japanese. The types he has associated with include the army (which involved twelve months attached to Japanese units), the Diplomatic Corps, big business for a short time, and university professors for some seven years.

One of the more outstanding points about all things Japanese is the contrast presented by almost every aspect of their lives, customs and ways of thinking. This makes it necessary to give the answer "Yes and no!" to almost every query that one might put about them. For example, here in India we are interested about their language. Is it difficult? The answer is that although it is the easiest language in the world to pronounce, it has by far the most complicated written system in the world. As everyone knows, they adopted the Chinese characters some fourteen hundred years ago, and then evolved a simple syllabary to indicate the somewhat



formidable agglutinations which characterize Japanese, and all this would not have been so bad if they had not added to their difficulties by having three Chinese readings for each character (three waves of Chinese learning were introduced into Japan at various times), together with four or five Japanese renderings. Hence the reading of each character—an educated man should know about six thousand—can only be determined by context.

Although the Japanese are 98 per cent. literate, a higher ratio than the U.K., it is necessary for them to have the reading of each character printed at the side in their own simple syllabary for the benefit of newspaper and magazine readers. Sir George Sansom, the author of "A Historical Grammar of Japanese," has referred to this as a "system of writing so irrationally complicated that it requires a subsidiary system to explain it."

Apart from this difficulty, the spoken language is very easy to pronounce, and is not marred by a single tongue-twister or, for that matter, by a single swearword. It is peculiar that the Chinese should show such prolific invention in this matter, whereas the Jap, under extreme provocation, may mutter "Beast!" and thereby exhaust his entire vocabulary of invective.

About the people themselves, although they claim to be an unsullied race, the observer in their midst cannot fail to detect two very distinct types. The mass of the people, with their broad faces, bridgeless noses, nobbly legs and squat muscular bodies, are frankly not too prepossessing, but there is an aristocratic leaven of delicate build, with oval faces and small, high-bridged noses. The women-folk of this latter group have features which are charmingly described as *urizane-gao*, or "melon-seed faces." Both groups are represented in the army, and it is the "hoi-polloi" type in high places that has always rattled the sabre loudest.

Surprising as it may seem, the Japanese, under normal circumstances, are easy people to live amongst. The writer of this article, who must have been a good test as he was recently described in writing by a brother-officer as "hard to work and live with," never fell foul of any Japanese during an association of eleven years. On the other hand, very few western people have ever succeeded in making a real friend of any one individual.

It is generally conceded that the Japanese are not by nature xenophobic. Indeed they look up to foreigners, no doubt because they owe so much to them. This trait has long been a source of disquiet to the military clique, who for the last ten years have devoted a large proportion of the pamphlets with which they flood

the country, to stirring up general anti-foreign feeling. As in all else, this otherwise attractive attribute is offset by the Japanese lack of social graces. Even their conventional politenesses jar on one's susceptibilities; the continual bowing, for example, and the inevitable hissing intake of breath (the object of which, by the way, is to avoid breathing on the august person addressed), all tend to irritate. Worst of all, perhaps, is the Japanese expression of sympathy, actually a poor English translation of a really attractive Japanese phrase—that is, "I am sorry for you." It is very difficult to accept this without feeling that the speaker is adding under his breath "you poor so-and-so." Indeed, this is but one of the many incongruities that seem to characterize their life and manners.

Japan has often been referred to as a country of contrasts, and this is particularly true of the difference between the men and the women. The smug arrogance of the vast majority of the former is only equalled by the demure acquiescence of the latter. If this were pointed out to a Japanese man, he would probably agree, and attribute it to the training which the Japanese male has given his womenfolk during the centuries.

Children have the time of their lives, and in spite of being thoroughly pampered by their adoring parents, behave extremely well. In all public vehicles, for example, people give up their seats for the children, but nobody would dream of doing so for women. Kipling once wrote that Japan was "a paradise for children," but perhaps this lack of early discipline is partly responsible for the arrogance so common among grown Japanese men, an arrogance which reaches its peak with the Japanese policeman.

This individual lives on a miserable pittance of some four pounds a month, but is vested with remarkable authority. No servant of the public is he. Rather he personifies the old *samurai* who were "without the law." These exalted creatures must be addressed bare-headed, and are not there to assist the man in the street, but to tell him where he gets off. We are all familiar with the charge of "conduct not becoming an officer and a gentleman," a perfect generalization to cover any crime the compilers of our Military Law might have omitted. Similarly, in feudal times in Japan—a mere eighty years ago—a *samurai* was justified in cutting down a citizen for "having done anything other than was expected of him," and to-day a Japanese policeman can arrest anyone for that delightfully vague offence: "an insult to an official."

With all his bombast, the policeman has no need to risk his life dealing with gangsters for they don't exist, although Japan is cursed with a political bully type which now finds an outlet for its talents in occupied China under the wing of the military garrisons there.

Petty thieving is remarkably rare, and small traders are scrupulously honest. Large concerns, however, have established a world-wide reputation for crookedness, and this phenomenon manifests itself in all official circles, for the juniors, who are grossly underpaid, seem to be above the temptations of bribery, while their seniors accept "inducements" as a matter of course. This provides a good example of how difficult it is to give a direct answer to even such a simple question about these people as: "Are they dishonest?"

Japan has frequently been referred to as a "new-old" nation and this is quite a reasonable description of a country which, in a few generations, has passed literally from bows and arrows and isolation to battleships, tanks and a divine mission to rule East Asia as a stepping-stone to world domination. This "new-old" aspect of the country manifests itself in the daily life of the people. All office-workers wear European dress while on duty, but on returning home they invariably change into their traditional and far more comfortable kimono after a piping hot bath (probably the second one for the day). Most middle-class houses have a foreign drawing-room, usually furnished in execrable taste, very different from the dignified simplicity of their own Japanese rooms.

This contrast runs throughout the whole country; ferro-concrete buildings, flanked by wooden houses with sliding bamboo-and-paper doors; underground railways but no drainage system, even in Tokyo; electric light in every house in the country, but no system of modern highways; an amazingly high standard of literacy, but no legal rights for women, and a hundred-and-one other examples. In this latter connection, the foreign community in Tokyo, some ten years ago, was mildly shocked to read in the newspapers that Japanese husbands were legally entitled to maintain concubines. At about that time a Bill was introduced in the Diet to forbid a husband's concubine living in the same house as the rest of his family. A Japanese acquaintance of mine commented sarcastically on this as a typical rich man's law, for the penurious husband would be deprived by it of his just extra-

marital pleasures, while the rich man would merely move his mistress to another establishment.

This all rather leads to the question of how civilized they are from our point of view. Let us first consider the obvious material mechanical civilization of our age. It may come as a shock to many to learn that the Japanese lead us in many ways; for example, not a single dwelling-place throughout the length and breadth of the land lacks electric light, and a scheme for the electrification of the *entire* railway system of the country was well in hand by 1938, but Japan's ambitions in other directions have checked it for the time being.

In the Ginza, Tokyo's famous shopping street, at least two department stores have doors which function by means of an "electric eye," and I would be prepared to bet that any square hundred yards of this particular district had more garish neon lights (before they were prohibited as a war economy measure) than the whole of London.

English theatres are puny in comparison with those in Japan. There is one in Tokyo which seats four thousand people, and has no less than seven restaurants in the building. The Japanese, by the way, really are the inventors of the revolving stage. This "modernity" sometimes takes queer forms, and the tip-up theatre-type seats in Tokyo's famous Nishi Honganji Temple suggest a very un-Buddhistic desire for comfort.

These material things do not perhaps represent civilization, but it is of the utmost importance to take due note of them in assessing the country's capacity to wage a modern technical war. It has always been my opinion that apart from her technical progress, Japan's national organization has always been perfect for the conduct of total war. To begin with, the Family System is such that every family in the country is docketed and filed as it were by central authority, and the officially-appointed head of the family is responsible to the Emperor for each member of his brood. This, coupled with State education for the last seventy years, and a natural ant-hill mentality, makes anything that Hitler has accomplished in this line with the German nation seem mere child's play.

In spite of the fact that this same universal education involves students' walking from a class on astronomy to a lecture on the Sun Goddess, and the descent of their ancestors to earth from the Plains of Heaven—at a specified date, too—the illogicality of it all does not seem to deter them in the least. It is inconceivable that

there can be any other nation so capable of swallowing nonsense as the Japanese. For example, the first Act of the newly-formed Japanese Diet less than eighty years ago was a solemn decree that the Emperor Meiji had changed overnight from a living Reincarnation of Buddha to a real Shinto God Incarnate!

A not-too-endearing characteristic of the Japanese is to imbue words and even phrases with meanings to suit their own convenience. Like "Humpty-Dumpty," a word with them means what they want it to mean: "it's a question of who is to be master, that's all!" Perhaps the worst of these is the word "sincere." As used by the Japanese who, like the Germans, have no conception of the spirit of compromise, it is applied to any quisling acquiescing in their aggressions, while "insincerity" characterizes all who disagree with or oppose their policy. They complain that the whole democratic world became "insincere" the moment Japan attacked and annexed Manchuria. The other slogans "Asia for the Asiatics" and the "Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere" mean, of course, "Asia for the Japanese" and the "Greater East-Asia Japanese Prosperity Sphere." Perhaps the Chinese interpretation of Japan's "New Order in East Asia" as the "New Odour in East Asia" is best of all.

With all this, we are confronted by a determined and powerful enemy, who will repeat their performances of fighting to the bitter end, as they have done in Guadalcanar and on Attu Island, until their defeat is complete. Perhaps you have read the opinion on this point expressed by Mr. JOSEPH GREW, who was U. S. Ambassador to Japan from 1932 to Pearl Harbour. He believes that Germany's end will be a repetition of the history of 1918, but as for Japan:

"Japan will not crack, morally, psychologically or economically, even when eventual defeat stares her in the face... Only by utter physical destruction or the utter exhaustion of their men and material can they be defeated. That is the difference between the Germans and the Japanese. That is what we are up against."

This may give the impression of being "strong meat," and is doubtless partly intended to counteract a general impression that the Japanese are merely comic little people with large teeth, tortoise-shell spectacles and an English vocabulary consisting mainly of "honourable." Nevertheless, it is true, and may after all be a good thing, for nothing short of "utter destruction" could possibly constitute a lasting deterrent for the "only nation that has never been defeated."

## MALARIA AND WAR

BY BRIGADIER G. COVELL, C.I.E., V.H.S., I.M.S.

**I**N PAST WARS, as in the case of that now in progress, malaria has frequently played an important rôle in determining the courses of military operations.

The instance most often quoted is that of the ill-fated British expedition to the Low Countries in 1809. The force left England on July 28, and disembarked at Middleberg and Walcheren on July 29 and 30. Flushing was besieged and surrendered on August 15. Apart from battle casualties, there was little or no sickness among the troops up to that date, but by August 29 there were 3,000 men in hospital out of a total of 25,000. Early in September the number in hospital reached 7,000, and by the middle of the month it was estimated that, out of a strength of 15,000 at Walcheren, 10,000 were actually sick, whilst deaths averaged 25 to 30 per day.

In the space of two months there were approximately 30,000 cases of fever, and 3,469 deaths in the whole force out of a total strength of 70,000 soldiers and sailors, as compared with 247 battle casualties. There seems to be no doubt that a great majority of the fever cases and deaths were due to malarial infection. At the end of September the epidemic began to subside, and the remnant of the army returned to England on December 23.

Several features in the history of this expedition are of particular interest at the present time. In the first place, the locality in which the troops disembarked was notoriously malarious. A Scottish regiment in the Dutch service, stationed in the vicinity, had lost a number of men equal to its total original strength in three years. It was also known that the French army serving in the same area regularly lost about one-third of its complement every year, and a Dutch corps which, on its arrival in 1806, had been 800 strong was reduced to 85 by 1809. A previous expedition to Zealand in 1747 had also suffered severely from malaria, some of the battalions operating in Zuit-Beveland and Walcheren being reduced thereby to less than one-seventh of their original strength.

Not only was Walcheren and its vicinity known to be intensely malarious, but the period at which the disease was most prevalent was also known, for Sir John Pringle, the famous military

medical historian, wrote in 1765: "The epidemics of this country may therefore be generally dated from the end of July or the beginning of August . . . their decline about the first falling of the leaf: and their end when the frosts begin." The Walcheren landing was thus undertaken at the very time when the malaria season in this locality was due to commence.

Another striking feature of these two expeditions to the Low Countries was that, both in 1717 and 1809, whilst the army ashore was being decimated by the ravages of malaria, the personnel remaining on the ships which lay at anchor in the channel between Zuit-Beveland and Walcheren enjoyed perfect health.

Two lessons are to be learnt from the events recorded above: (1) that active operations in a malarious country should be restricted wherever possible to the non-malaria season, and (2) that only the minimum number of troops should be landed on a malarious coast until all preparations are completed for an immediate advance.

It is of considerable topical interest to note that the Arakan expedition undertaken during the Burma wars of 1824-26 was practically incapacitated as a fighting force by the ravages of malaria. Early in the campaign 5,500 men fell sick, and soon "everyone who was not dead was in hospital." Of the original European force, three-fourths died, and it was alleged that the miserable residue was ruined in constitution and did not long survive.

The French campaign in Madagascar in 1895 was another instance in which malaria played a major part. It is said that owing to the confusion brought about by a division of authority between various departments of the French Government, the force was compelled to undertake a march of 43 days through an intensely malarious country, whereas it might have been transported by steamer without great difficulty. The deaths among combatant troops amounted to 320 per 1,000, due almost entirely to malaria and its sequelæ. The total number of deaths from disease was approximately 4,500, as against 13 killed in action.

In the Ashanti expedition of 1896, in six months there were 1,401 admissions to hospital for malaria out of a British force of 5,213 men, including 40 per cent. of the total complement of officers. British expeditions operating up the Blue and White Niles also suffered severely from malaria during the Soudan campaign of 1904.

During the war of 1914—18, malaria exerted a devastating effect on two campaigns in particular, namely, those conducted in East Africa and Macedonia, on both of which fronts the author happened to serve. In Macedonia in 1916 there were 30,018 admissions to hospital for malaria and 287 deaths (average strength 123,394): in 1917, 71,412 admissions and 287 deaths (strength 182,583): in 1918, 59,087 malaria admissions and 272 deaths (strength 128,747). The French army also suffered very severely and, fortunately for the Allies, the forces opposed to them were affected to an equal extent.

In East Africa, the malaria figures were even more startling. In 1916 there were, among combatant troops, 50,768 admissions for malaria and 263 deaths (average strength 58,114); in 1917, 72,141 admissions and 499 deaths (strength 50,782); in 1918, 22,941 admissions and 69 deaths (strength 41,033). The ratio of malaria admissions per 1,000 in 1917 reached the appalling figure of 1,422.

In contrast with the campaigns cited above, there was apparently little malaria among the Italian troops during their war with Abyssinia in 1935-36, and it was claimed that this was due to the rigorous enforcement of quinine prophylaxis. It has been alleged that the statistics relating to malarial incidence in the Italian army were intentionally falsified for propaganda purposes. There is, however, a much more probable explanation for the low malaria figures recorded, namely, that the campaign, which lasted for only seven months, was conducted for the most part during the non-malaria season. There was also very little malaria (10 per cent. only) among the British force in Abyssinia in 1867. In this campaign also operations were restricted to the least malarious period of the year—January to May.

It frequently happens in war-time that a particular area acquires a greater reputation for malariousness or non-malariousness than it deserves. Many parts of southern Europe and Asia Minor, *e.g.*, the Balkans, Cyprus, Palestine, Syria, the Caucasus, Iran and Iraq, are potentially intensely malarious, and any force operating in them during the height of the local malaria season is likely to suffer severely from fever. The area of operations is thenceforward designated as a hotbed of malaria, *e.g.*, the Struma and Jordan valleys in the war of 1914—18. A force conducting a short campaign in a similar area during the non-malarious months of the year may escape practically scot-free, and the locality may thereby acquire an undeserved reputation for salu-



brity, as in the case of the two Abyssinian campaigns cited above and the British operations in Syria during the present war.

There have been great advances in the control of malaria in recent years, and there are numerous examples of the striking reduction in the incidence of the disease which can be accomplished under peace-time conditions. It is common knowledge, however, that during the present war, malaria has seriously affected the conduct of military operations on certain fronts. It may well be asked why, seeing that so much can be done to reduce malarial incidence in peace-time, the disease should continue to be a major cause of inefficiency among troops in time of war.

The answer is that the problems of malaria control in war differ in many essential respects from those obtaining under peace-time conditions. The very nature of an army's normal activities is such that almost every action it performs in a malarious country is calculated to promote the spread of the disease. Chief among these unfavourable factors may be mentioned the constant movement of troops both by day and night, often without warning of any kind; the employment of large numbers of men on night duties; the difficulty of enforcing measures of personal protection, especially in forward areas; the aggregation of large bodies of labourers, introducing new strains of malaria parasites among the troops; the hazards to which units are exposed when compelled for strategic reasons to encamp in close proximity to malarious villages; the ever present difficulties of transport; shortage of anti-malarial equipment and drugs; and the difficulty of ensuring that such drugs are actually taken in the dosage and manner prescribed.

#### MALARIAL CONDITIONS IN ASSAM AND BURMA

Because there has been a high incidence of malaria among evacuees from Burma, and among the troops operating in that country and on the Assam-Burma border, and because many of the cases have been particularly severe, including a number of the cerebral type, it has been suggested that there is some peculiar form of the disease prevalent in this region, hitherto unknown to science, or that malaria is transmitted by a mosquito whose life history and habits are unknown, or known only to medical men who have had years of experience in this part of the country.

Actually, there is nothing mysterious about the malaria prevalent in Assam and in the foothill tracts of Burma. The malaria parasites which cause the disease are of the same species as those found in other parts of the world, but their virulence

and numerical prevalence are maintained at a high level because the local malaria carrier, *Anopheles minimus* (which is the same throughout this region and throughout south-west China) happens to be one of the most efficient transmitters of the disease in existence.

The life history and habits of this mosquito have been subjected to more detailed and intensive study than those of any other species in India, or for that matter in any other country of the world. It is a house-haunting mosquito, passing all its life in intimate contact with man, and feeding almost exclusively on human blood. Its favourite daytime resting place is on the lower half of the walls in dimly-lit rooms, frequently on umbrellas or clothes hanging from nails or pegs; but the greatest number are found hanging from the underside of the large bamboo beds which often cover half the floor space in the local huts, under piles of firewood supported on a bamboo framework, or under similar dark horizontal surfaces.

Different species of mosquito vary widely in their time of biting. *A. minimus* may bite at any time from dusk and dawn, but 90 per cent. of its biting is done between midnight and sunrise. If, therefore, troops are issued with mosquito nets, if these are maintained in serviceable condition and properly applied, and if their duties allow them to remain in bed from say 10 p.m. to dawn, the risk of incurring malaria infection is enormously reduced. Generally speaking, the effective flight range of this mosquito does not exceed half a mile.

It is a curious fact that almost all malaria-carrying mosquitoes require fresh water in which to breed, and will not lay their eggs in water containing a high proportion of organic matter. *A. minimus* is no exception to this rule. Its favourite breeding place is in clear, slowly moving water with grassy edges. Small streams, irrigation channels, drains, seepages and *nalas* containing clear water are the most dangerous breeding places. Large rivers, stagnant swamps, tanks, ponds, ricefields and borrowpits (except those recently excavated and fed by springs) are relatively harmless.

The favourable climatic conditions and the man-eating habits of the extremely efficient mosquito vector render this region one of the most malarious in the world. The transmission of malaria is possible during every month of the year, although it is reduced to a very low level from mid-November to mid-March. The frequent passage of the malaria parasite from man to man during eight months of the year, a much longer period than in most other

parts of India, maintains its virulence at an exceptionally high level. There may be other places in the world with as high a degree of malaria prevalence, but it is safe to say that there is none which is more malarious. The average inhabitant who takes no precautions against being bitten is likely to incur not one malaria infection each year, but many, possibly 50 or 60, or even more. It is indeed a matter for surprise, not that there have been so many cases of malaria among the troops in this area, but that any single individual has escaped at least one infection.

#### METHODS OF PREVENTION

It will perhaps be useful to give a brief account of some of the preventive measures which are of particular value under war-time conditions.

*Site selection* is perhaps the most important of all such measures. In a malarious country, no site should be selected within half a mile of local habitations, unless it is the only one available. Where this rule cannot be complied with for strategic reasons, the systematic spray-killing of adult mosquitoes should be practised in all habitations within half a mile from the periphery of the camp, as well as within the camp itself. Permanent camps should be located as far as possible from the breeding places of malaria-carrying mosquitoes, a rule which is much more easy to apply in these days of mechanical transport than was formerly the case. Where a site is to be occupied for a few days only this precaution is of minor importance, provided that there are no local habitations of any sort in the vicinity, because the mosquitoes, though prevalent, will not be able to infect the troops with malaria. Foothill areas in India and throughout the Far East are almost invariably intensely malarious, whilst villages located in the plains, no further than a mile or so from the hills and possibly entirely surrounded by flooded ricefields, may be almost entirely malaria-free. A general idea as to the malariousness of a locality can be obtained in a few minutes by examining a dozen or so of the local children for enlargement of the spleen.

*The spray-killing of adult mosquitoes with pyrethrum insecticides* is a method which has come into great prominence in recent years, and has proved particularly useful under war-time conditions. Its efficacy depends on the fact that the only way in which malaria can be transmitted is through the agency of an anopheline mosquito of a carrier species which, having fed on a person with the sexual stage of the malaria parasite in his blood, thereafter succeeds in surviving for at least ten days, and then has the

opportunity of biting another human being. This is because the parasite has to undergo a cycle of development in the stomach wall of the mosquito before it can infect the insect's salivary glands. The object of spraying is not to prevent individuals from being bitten by mosquitoes, for those killed by the spraying are quickly replaced by others from outside, but to reduce the length of life of the average mosquito of the carrier species to such an extent that though possibly *infected* with malaria parasites it cannot become *infective*, and therefore cannot transmit the disease. For this reason it is of the greatest importance to spray not only the quarters occupied by the troops, but also every local habitation and other likely resting place of mosquitoes within half a mile from the periphery of the camp.

Villages from which the inhabitants have fled on the approach of the troops need special attention, because the mosquitoes left behind, many of which may be infective, will be attracted to the nearest source of a blood meal. This measure is effective not only against mosquitoes, but also against sandflies, houseflies and other insect pests.

Among *methods of personal protection*, it has been already mentioned that most malaria-carrying mosquitoes bite late at night or just before dawn, and that *A. minimus* in particular feeds almost exclusively between midnight and sunrise. Hence the paramount importance of the proper use of the mosquito net, which should be looked upon as the most essential item of the soldier's equipment in a malarious country, being far more important for instance than a gas-mask. Wherever possible, the holding of early morning parades should be postponed till an hour after sunrise. If they are held at dawn, the majority of the men, especially Indian troops, will certainly be exposed to the risk of infection long before the sun has risen.

The anti-mosquito cream originally issued to the troops during the present war was unpopular owing to its greasiness, which made it unpleasant for use in hot, moist climates. This has now been replaced by a non-greasy preparation which promises to be more successful. All repellents have the disadvantage that their effect is transient, and none can be depended upon to give complete protection for more than about two hours; but they are effective if used regularly and with sufficient frequency, and in forward areas they often constitute the only practical means of preventing malarial infection.

The proper use of clothing (slacks and turned-down sleeves from dusk to dawn, two pairs of socks, mosquito-boots, veils, etc.) is also important. It is difficult to enforce the wearing of slacks if shorts are also issued to the troops, and in the author's opinion the latter are entirely unsuitable for campaigning in the tropics. Apart from the danger of malarial infection, their use exposes the wearer to abrasions of the skin or sunburn ulcers which may become infected and cause a great deal of inconvenience and loss of efficiency, whilst if shorts are worn in the daytime it is difficult or impossible to ensure that the men change into slacks at sundown, especially when active operations are in progress.

As regards *drug prophylaxis* or *suppressive treatment* as it is now called, there is no known drug at present available which can prevent malarial infection. Quinine or mefloquine (atabrine), however, taken regularly in sufficient dosage, will mask the symptoms of malaria in most cases, and is a valuable and often the only practicable means of maintaining a body of troops or a labour force in an effective condition for a limited period in order to allow it to complete some specific task of great urgency. It has to be remembered, however, that when this measure is discontinued, all or almost all of the men who have received an infective bite will go down with malarial attacks.

Generally speaking, in past wars the results of drug prophylaxis have been disappointing, chiefly because of the extreme difficulty of ensuring that the men actually take the drug in the manner and dosage prescribed. One obstacle to its success is a widespread belief that the taking of such drugs may lead to sexual impotence.

There are two campaigns in which a striking reduction in malarial incidence has been claimed as the result of this measure. One was the Italian campaign in 1935-36 already referred to, the other the French campaign in Macedonia in 1917. There is reason to believe that in both cases the claims were exaggerated, but there seems no doubt that the number of malaria cases was considerably cut down by this means, at any rate in the case of French Salonika force.

The drug was administered under strict supervision, and was classed not as a medicine, but as a ration. Any attempt to avoid taking it was regarded as refusal to obey orders in the face of the enemy. Frequent parades were held, at which the urine of every tenth man was tested to see whether he had actually taken the drug in the prescribed dosage. If the test was unsatisfactory, *the*

*responsible officer, not the private soldier*, was punished. Similar measures were adopted in the Italian army during their recent campaign in Abyssinia. Any success which may have attended this measure is attributable solely to the strict disciplinary action employed in enforcing it.

As in the case of suppressive treatment, methods of personal protection can only succeed where a very high degree of anti-malarial discipline is maintained. Experience has shown that such discipline cannot be brought to the requisite degree of protection unless officers commanding units are made aware that if it breaks down they are likely to be deprived of their commands.

## AIR PHOTOGRAPHS AND INTERPRETATION IN WAR

BY SQUADRON-LEADER G. E. DANIEL

**A**IR PHOTOGRAPHS provide the General, Naval and Air Staffs in wartime with a constant and reliable source of vital topographical and intelligence information which cannot readily be obtained in any other way. Aircraft can fly hundreds of miles behind the enemy's lines, and with their cameras record faithfully what is happening in the heart of the enemy's territory. So many other sources of intelligence may be falsified by the enemy; the camera cannot lie, and, indeed, can often be used to check directly the accuracy of information derived from other sources.

The camera has tremendous advantages over the visual observer: it really enables the visual observer to say: "Let's roll up this interesting piece of country, with its aerodrome and its ship-building yard, take it back to base, and study it carefully, comparing it with what we saw last week".

Three kinds of people in an Air Force are directly involved in the business of air photography: first, the air crews who fly the aircraft and take the photographs; secondly, the technical photographers, who are responsible for camera maintenance and developing and printing the exposed films; and, thirdly, the intelligence staffs who brief the aircrews before they set out on their photographic missions, and interpret the photographs taken. Behind all these, and controlling them, is the air staff, who decide photographic priorities and collate requests for photographic cover.

Air photographs are taken in wartime (a) by special squadrons engaged on Strategical and Tactical Photo-Reconnaissance, and equipped with special camera installations, (b) by bomber and fighter squadrons during their normal operations; and (c) by general reconnaissance and patrol aircraft when anything of interest is seen by them.

There are two main types of photograph—the vertical and the oblique. The oblique is taken by a tilted camera held in an aircraft or fixed in its fuselage, and takes views not far removed from the normal fields of vision. (Photograph I is a good example of a fixed oblique.) The vertical is taken by a camera fixed in an aircraft, and looking out through a hole in the floor of the







fuselage: it takes bird's-eye views, which at first appear unusual and well-removed from the normal viewpoint. Obliques can also be taken by vertical cameras fitted with mirrors and prisms, and photograph 2 is a good example of a mirror oblique.

The fixed vertical and oblique air camera is usually automatic; that is to say, once started it goes on taking photographs until it is stopped. Generally it is arranged to take photographs that overlap each other, so that stereoscopic cover is obtained of everything photographed. Cine-cameras are useful for recording the results of bombing missions, and, of course, the camera guns fitted in fighters are cine-cameras. Cine-camera photography, however, is not of especial value for intelligence purposes, although valuable for tactic training.

Tremendous improvements in the technique of air photography have taken place since the outbreak of war, and these have been added to a very fine tradition of Service Photography that existed before the war. It is, indeed, now rare to get many unsuccessful photographic sorties due to camera and technical failures, and it must be remembered that on the average thousands of air photographs are being taken every day in all the main theatres of war, and from tens to hundreds of photographs every night.

Night photography, as well as infra-red photography, are both undertaken where necessary with most successful results. Photograph 3 is a night photograph, taken during a night bombing raid over Burma. Night photographs such as this one are records of actual bomb bursts taken over the target, which is illuminated at the time of photography by a photo-flash bomb bursting below and behind the aircraft. As the shutter of a night camera recording bomb bursts is open for several seconds, the night photographs usually also contain records of fires, searchlights, etc. which take the form of many lines and bars following the direction of flight.

Information obtained from all this air photography is varied in its usefulness: it falls into three main categories—topographical, narrative and intelligence. The topographical information derived from air photographs is invaluable for making maps of hitherto unmapped regions, or for correcting existing maps. In areas such as the coast of Burma, where mangrove swamps are affected by every monsoon, and where the details of coast topography are really different each year, map revision becomes very important.

By narrative information is meant information about the success or failure of bombing missions. A careful study of photographs taken by bomber crews during operations shows the success of their navigation, and the effectiveness of their run-up—it records the bombbursts and, to a lesser extent, part of the tactics of the attack. Photographs taken after the bombing show the results clearly. The reports on photographs taken after bombing raids are invaluable also for future plans—they indicate which features are destroyed, which ships sunk, what harbour installations have been wrecked, and they enable new raids to be planned to the best advantage.

It must be stressed that the purpose of bomber crews carrying cameras is not so that the Air Staff may "spy" on the crews, but to obtain an independent impartial narrative of actual bombing which, with the crews' own visual reports, may be used to build up a full picture of the operation. The camera is not affected in any way by the emotions necessarily intensified during the heat of battle, and it is not distracted by the many other things with which members of an aircrew have to be concerned during bombing.

The resultant photographs provide a permanent record of the operation, and may be studied at leisure by the aircrews themselves and by specialist interpreters. Photographs 1, 2 and 3 were taken during offensive action: photograph 4 shows the results of bombing of Monywa, while the oblique of Akyab (photo No. 2) also shows the results of previous bombing in the sunken merchantman and the damaged pier.

By intelligence information is meant information about the enemy's dispositions, intentions and equipment. A study of air photographs shows the types of naval and merchant vessels, of guns, M.T. or A.F.V.'s, and of land and seaplanes that the enemy is building and using, while constant photography of ports, aerodromes, lines of supply and nodal points, and careful comparative scrutiny of these photographs, gives some indication of the enemy's strength, dispositions and probable intentions.

The personnel who attempt to derive this information from air photographs are called Photographic Interpreters. Photographic Interpretation is now a specialist trade among Army and Air Force Intelligence Officers, and this is because so many photographs are taken nowadays that studying them constitutes a full-time job, and because in photo interpretation, as in all other specialist trades, the man who specializes in that one aspect of





Intelligence becomes rapidly an adept at plotting, and an expert in recognition and comparative study.

This specialist trade has absorbed during the war a large number of officers and airmen and airwomen who in peacetime studied air photos for non-military purposes: surveyors, geologists, geographers, forest officers, archaeologists, oil geologists are all to be found now tracking down the installations and artifices of the enemy as seen on air photographs, as also are many others with no previous training, but with good eyesight and an aptitude for hard and painstaking work.

The work of interpretation is not intuitive or magical: it does not constitute being able to see on air photographs what others cannot see, but in being able to recognize at once, for what they are, unusual views of country and military installations and equipment. It consists of three main activities—plotting, recognition and comparison. Plotting is finding out what areas of the countryside are covered by the photographs in question. The plotting of daylight photographs in well-mapped country is extremely easy, but the plotting of night photographs is frequently a matter of very great difficulty.

Recognition is identifying the various features of military importance—ships, aircraft, gun positions, tanks, wireless stations, factories, marshalling yards, etc.,—on air photographs. On good scale photographs, the interpreter must be able to identify the exact types of ships and aircraft, and this calls for skill and practice. He works from detailed measurements, from the form of the object to be identified, from its shadow and tone, and finally from any associated features, such as tracks or cables, etc., which may give away the real nature of what he is studying.

Accurate measurement and accurate appreciation of scale is at the basis of all photographic interpretation: next comes the appreciation of form, particularly the appreciation of length/width ratio, which is so marked in the top or bird's-eye view provided by vertical photographs.

Most air photographs are taken in an overlapping series so that two views of every object are provided to the interpreter: these views can be combined in a stereoscope, so that an accurate magnified three-dimensional view of the object to be studied is obtained. With his accurate measurements and his three dimensional view, the interpreter is well on the way to identifying the military features.

The third and most important aspect of interpretation is comparison, for by detailed comparison of the current photographs with those previously taken change can be detected, and change in the number and types of aircraft and ships, in the number of rolling stock in the marshalling yards, in the number of A.A. sites and M.T. and so forth betokens significant activity, and turns interpretation from the static recognition of types to the appraisal of the enemy's apparent intentions.

When all available information is obtained from air photographs, it is set out in Interpretation Reports, which are sent out on a restricted distribution to the intelligence staffs. It is not widely disseminated, for, after all, air photographs are only one source of intelligence information, and it is the work of the Intelligence Staffs to collate the Interpretation Reports with other sources of information, and disseminate accurate information, balancing all the suggestions received from the specialist sources.

The Interpretation Report is in itself merely a typewritten document containing the topographical, narrative or intelligence information derived from current air photographs: to enhance its usefulness it is often accompanied by, or supplemented with, what may be termed the Visual Aids to the appreciation of Interpretation Reports, namely: (a) annotated contact photographs; (b) enlargements; (c) maps, sketches or plans drawn from the air photographs; (d) mosaics; (e) photomodels, or three-dimensional mosaics.

Rough plans and sketches can be made from ordinary contact photographs: more accurate plans can be made by drawing in on enlargements and mosaics, and reducing away the image subsequently. Finally, very accurate cadastral maps and plans can be made by rectified photographs (*i.e.* photographs corrected for all tilts), studied in complicated machines such as autostereographs, where accurate measurements in all dimensions can be made. These visual aids must, of course, assist the reader of interpretation reports, and the indiscriminate distribution of photographs when they do not add to the information supplied in reports is everywhere discouraged.

These visual amplifications of Interpretation Reports are invaluable for briefing aircrews and landing parties, who can be shown photographs of the target from all angles, photographs of the surrounding countryside, and also photographs of any dummies and decoys in the neighbourhood of the real target. They could have explained to them in detail the method of camouflage

practised by the enemy at any particular target, but it must be remembered that what may be clearly visible as camouflage on a vertical air photograph or mosaic may yet be most deceptive when being seen on operations, and from an oblique viewpoint.

The work of an interpretation section is not over when the reports are written and any Visual Aids prepared and distributed. All the photographs and the information derived from them have to be filed, so that they are immediately available for reference, and so that immediate answers can be given to the perpetual questions of the Staffs. These questions resolve themselves into two main enquiries:

- (a) enquiries for cover, *i.e.* "Do you possess adequate photographs of so and so?", and here adequate photographic cover means cover at a certain scale at a certain time; and
- (b) enquiries for information, *i.e.* "Do your photographs confirm or negate this or that piece of information?"

It is small wonder that as the number of air photographs taken during the war has increased, central photographic interpretation units and sections have been developed in all the main theatres of war to deal with the work of interpretation, of photo-production (annotated contacts, enlargements, maps and plans, mosaics, photo-models), and of photo-filing and central storage.

The considerable propaganda value of air photographs must not be overlooked, and the centralised interpretation organizations must always keep in close touch with Directorates of Public Relations, so that intelligently selected air photographs may constantly appear in the press and in service journals, and the general public thereby become appreciative of our bombing, our intelligence and technical ability. In this way the goodwill without which no army can operate may be fostered, and also a contribution made towards that confidence in the right direction of the war which means so much to the Services themselves.

There is reason to suppose that in the aspects of warfare associated with photographic reconnaissance and interpretation we are, and have been throughout the war, well ahead of the Germans and Italians and Japanese. But even so the enemy does photograph us, and the study of air photographs is a constant incentive to increasing and perfecting our own camouflage and deception measures, which must be directed not only against the enemy pilot and bomb-aimer, but against the enemy camera and enemy photo reconnaissance pilot, because behind them are the



enemy's centralised interpretation organisations with their specialised interpreters and reproduction facilities ready to send out on the one hand to the bomber squadrons details of camouflaged targets, and on the other hand to the Intelligence Staffs notes on our equipment, installations and dispositions.

Photographic sorties flown by our own aircraft over our own territory are invaluable in telling us what we are giving away to the enemy, and in assessing the success of our camouflage. This is yet another service which photographic interpreters are called upon to perform—not only providing information about the enemy and the territory he holds and the success of our air operations against him, but assisting in the secure denial of similar information to the enemy.

Let not the many services rendered by photographers, photo recon pilots, and photo interpreters, in time of war blind us into regarding them as super-intelligence men. The camera is the handmaiden of intelligence, and only one of many handmaidens. It has, moreover, many limitations: the first of these is the weather—bad weather causes aircraft to be grounded, and hides in mist or very low cloud targets to be photographed.

Secondly, however much increased are the ranges of modern aircraft, parts of the enemy's territory will remain well without the range of photographing aircraft. This is especially so at the moment of Japan, who is being fought on the perimeter of her extensive conquests in South-East Asia and the S. W. Pacific, and whose vital industries are relatively invulnerable to constant photo recon.

Thirdly, the enemy can, by effective camouflage, by building his submarines and tanks and aircraft under roofs, and by the use of smoke screens, mask from us the information we seek with our cameras.

It may be true to a very great extent that the camera never lies but in many cases the camera cannot speak at all. This is the great limitation to the use of air photographs as a source of topographical, narrative and intelligence information in wartime.

## EVESDROPPING \*

BY ENID SCOTT

“WHAT'S ALL THIS talk about more education for women?

We don't want our girls to be given advanced ideas.” Thus spoke the old Daffadar.

“Certainly not, Daffadar-ji. But we don't want them left out of all progress and modern enlightenment, do we?” replied the Q.M. Jemadar. “When the *jawans* come back after the war, they must not return to homes where the standards of health and comfort fall below those which the army has become accustomed to.”

“But is education going to teach our women all that sort of thing?”

“Certainly. That is the intention. So that our daughters may learn to be good wives and mothers to the fighting men; so that they may learn how best to tend the house and feed the family; how to prevent sickness among the children, and to treat it wisely if it comes. That is what education will do for our girls.

“And not that alone. It will teach them to read and to write, and to know a little more about the outside world, where their men-folk go when they enter the army. Thus, they will read our letters with understanding, and be able to answer them, too. And when we return again, they will have some knowledge of what life has meant for us, whilst we have been away from home.”

“All this will be good,” said an alert young Jemadar, lately returned from overseas. “We of the younger generation don't look for old-fashioned, *purdah* brides, chosen by our elder relations. We want intelligent girls, who will be our companions also. And, speaking of letters, I don't think that all our British officers realize how great is their advantage, in that they can exchange free written converse with their families, whilst they are serving far from home.

“The keenest soldier suffers discontent, if he be long without cheerful home news, or if what news he has be scanty and confused. The morale of our troops can withstand the hardship of war,

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\*With acknowledgments to *Current Affairs*, the fortnightly pamphlet issued by the Directorate of Welfare and Amenities.

but it isn't always proof against lack of reassuring words from home. A letter, written by his wife's own hand, would cheer many a *jawan* upon his way."

"I, too, am all in favour of enlightenment in our homes," said an elderly Risaldar who had now joined the group. "And I know, too, what good work the Regimental Family Welfare Centres do for our families whilst they are with us in the Lines. In the dispensaries, their ailments are treated by the lady doctor, and the *dhai* visits daily in the married quarters, to enquire if there be sickness or trouble anywhere. Arrangements are made for serious cases to be transferred to government hospitals, if the Welfare Centre has not adequate accommodation, and assurance is given that all *purdah* customs will be respected. I speak of what I know. But for the maternity ward at Lahore, I should have lost my youngest son at birth."

"But what is the use of women being taught that they must have their babies in a hospital? There are no women's hospitals in the villages where most of our children must be born; and I have lost two of my young sons for lack of medical aid," exclaimed the Daffadar.

"That is so, alas! Daffadar-ji," replied the Q.M. Jemadar. "But hospitals are increasing everywhere. Meanwhile the women are being taught in the Regimental Welfare Centres how best to care for themselves and their infants, so that future generations may benefit from what they are learning now. They are losing their old fears of modern hygiene methods, and will more readily apply to the nearest village dispensary for help, should need arise, rather than trusting to superstition and to fate."

"Besides", commented the sophisticated young Jemadar, "I am told that in the Welfare Centres, women learn more than treatment for the sick. I am told that there are talks by the Lady doctor on the prevention of disease; on housewifery; on cooking and food values too; and the war is teaching all of us how important that may be. They have competitions for knitting and needlework, organized by officers' wives. They and the children have tea-parties and games, and they have fun. Fun is very important for everyone, and I consider that in the close seclusion of old-fashioned homes, women had but few opportunities for fun."

"You speak but truth, young fellow," nodded the Risaldar. "I have heard all of this in my own home. I know how much it means to the women to meet the English ladies of the regiment. At first there is shyness on both sides, and the barriers of language

and of race. But that passes, and real friendship follows soon. Our women welcome the visits of the English ladies; to see their clothes, to hear them talk, and to learn, however dimly, something of their children, homes and ways. Some English ladies still hold aloof, more's the pity for themselves also.

"But I well remember the excitement there always was when the Colonel Memsahib gave a *purdah* party in her home in the days before the war. I used to hear about it long before and afterwards!—how the ladies dressed: their trinkets, and the strange arrangement of their rooms. And I have heard the English ladies speak also of the courteous welcome they receive in the family quarters, and of the quick response our women give to any efforts on behalf of the families of the men, who with the British officers, all serve the honour of the Regiment."

"The Colonel Sahib used to tell me also," he continued reminiscently, "how this friendly intercourse between the ladies, has sometimes led to the unfolding and adjustment of problems that otherwise might not have been revealed. We all know how women talk, whether they be educated or uneducated, and sometimes their talk reflects the feeling of their men."

"Well, Risaldar Sahib, I expect that they will talk more sense, once they have been educated!" said the young Jemadar with a grin. "And for myself, when I return after this war is ended, I want a comfortable and modern home, with a contented companionable wife, who will rear my sons in health and sturdiness."

"That is what Government is aiming at, with its female education scheme," chimed in the Q. M. Jemadar with enthusiasm. "We have seen what may be done in the Welfare Centres, and we see how much more may be done to help the women-folk that they may be worthy of India's fighting men. Little boys and girls will be taught side by side in the village schools. But the older girls will have schools of their own, which will open up the way to happier, healthier wives and motherhood. They can continue with higher education and a career, should that be the wish of the girl and her parents. Women are needed as doctors, nurses and teachers, to help their sisters everywhere. As such, they can earn good pay, and we all know that where daughters are plentiful, dowries may cost more than the *kharif* crop may bring. So let us educate our girls, for their sakes and for our own."

## THE FOURTH INDIAN DIVISION

By "CAMEL"

**D**URING THE last war few divisions became known to the general public. Men and their relations were proud of their regiment or battalion in the infantry, or of their brigade in the artillery. Their division did not in the majority of cases mean much to them. There were, of course, some exceptions, such as the 29th Division or the 51st Highland Division. In the Indian Army possibly the best-known was the 6th (Poona) Division, but it was battalions who became famous.

In this war, on the other hand, divisions have become well-known. The doings of the 7th British Armoured, the 50th Northumbrian, the 9th Australian and, once again, the 51st Highland Divisions are watched with the greatest interest and pride. There are others which are almost equally famous, but possibly the most famous of all is the 4th Indian Division.

Some people—and there are always people ready to “crab” the famous—have suggested that the fame of the division is all a publicity stunt. It has been said that they are advertisers, or that they have good publicity agents. Publicity, it is true, does make a unit or formation known to the public, but it counts for absolutely nothing with other units in the Army. They judge solely on results, not on successes but on the fighting quality of the unit. In the opinion of the 8th Army, the 4th Indian Division is very, very good.

The record of this formation is so well-known that recapitulation is unnecessary, and anyhow impossible in a short article. It was the first infantry formation to go into the Western Desert, and it has fought throughout the campaign in North Africa, as well as in Eritrea and Syria. It has had its share in the bitterness of retreats. It ended the campaign by capturing the commander of all the Axis forces in Tunisia, and by taking more prisoners than it had in its first battle at Sidi Barrani. This time they were Germans and not Italians.

The 4th Division started its fighting career with three Indian Infantry Brigades, the 5th, 7th and 11th. The 11th was the first to go overseas, arriving in Egypt before war broke out in 1939. The 5th followed shortly afterwards, but the 7th did not arrive until November, 1940. While waiting for this last Brigade to arrive, the Division was made up to strength by the 16th British Infantry Brigade, which fought alongside the 5th and 11th at Sidi Barrani.

Since then this British Brigade has seen much fighting and has also gained a great name for itself.

No less than 19 different infantry regiments, British and Indian, have had battalions in the Division at one time and another. From the Indian Army there have been battalions of the 1st Punjab Regiment, 5th Mahratta Light Infantry, 6th Rajputana Rifles, 7th Rajput Regiment, 10th Baluch Regiment, 11th Sikh Regiment, 14th and 16th Punjab Regiments and the 2nd, 7th and 9th Gurkha Rifles. From the British Army, including those in the 16th Brigade, there have been battalions of the Queen's Royal Regiment, the Buffs, the Royal Fusiliers, the Leicestershire Regiment, the Royal Sussex Regiment, Essex and the Welch Regiments, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

All through these campaigns the artillery has been British, although in some cases the drivers have been Indian. The 1st, 25th and 31st Field Regiments R.A. have been part of the Division throughout most of the campaigns, and at times other regiments have been attached. All three Corps of Sappers and Miners have been represented, and so it can be said that the 4th Indian Division is a good cross-section of both the British and Indian Army.

There have been only three commanders since fighting began in 1940. Major-General (now Lieut.-General) Sir Noel Beresford Pierse, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (Royal Artillery) led the Division to victory against the Italians at Sidi Barrani, Agordat and Kerén. Major-General F. W. Messervy, C.B., D.S.O. (Indian Armoured Corps) was commander from April to December, 1941, and it was under him that the Division defeated Rommel's forces and advanced to Benghazi. Then Major-General F. I. S. Tucker, D.S.O., O.B.E. (2nd Gurkha Rifles) took command until Tunisia. Under him the Division carried out the rearguard action from Benghazi to the Gazala line, fought at El Alamein and won its great final victories.

For security reasons the names of the present commanders of the Brigades cannot be disclosed, but they also have not had many changes. Brigadier W. L. Lloyd, O.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (19th Hyderabad Regiment) and Brigadier D. Russell, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C. (13th Frontier Force Rifles), both of whom are now Major-Generals, commanded the 5th Infantry Brigades for considerable periods. Brigadier (now Major-General) R. A. Savory, D.S.O., M.C., and Brigadier A. Anderson, D.S.O., M.C. (Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders) commanded the 11th Brigade until its capture in Tobruk. Brigadier H. R. Briggs, D.S.O. (10th Baluch Regiment) led the 7th Brigade throughout all its early campaigning, until he was promoted.

The Battle of Sidi Barrani was the beginning of the Division's not unbroken run of successes, and was a comparatively easy initiation into modern warfare. It was followed by the campaign in

Eritrea, which was a much more serious affair. Nearly four thousand casualties were suffered, and none of them were prisoners of war. It would, however, be wrong to think that these victories over the Italians were of little worth. It was these victories which cracked the morale of the Italians and made later actions easier.

After the fall of Keren, the 4th Division returned once again to the Western Desert, with the knowledge that they would now have to meet the Germans for the first time. There were those who said that the Indian soldiers would not be able to stand up to the concentrated bombing and mass tank attacks of the Germans. These Jeremiahs were proved false by events, as the Indian Army had indignantly maintained. But before the Indian Division went into action against the Germans another foe had to be met.

In Syria, against the Vichy French, the 5th Brigade fought in truly amazing fashion. One American correspondent who was captured made his way to Turkey. At Istanbul, with no censors to cramp his style, he let himself go in a cable to his newspaper of no less than four thousand words, telling the story of the fighting. He had covered the fighting in Spain during the Civil War, in Finland during the winter of 1939 and in France in 1940. He wrote that he had never seen such magnificent fighting spirit and irresistible dash as that shown by 3/1 Punjab Regiment and 4/6 Rajputana Rifles in their capture of Kisoune and at Meze. It may here be mentioned that the 4th Bn. 6th Rajputana Rifles has been with the 4th Division throughout its campaigning. It has also served under the command of the 5th and 10th Indian Divisions at times and has seen more fighting than any other infantry battalion.

During the campaign in Libya in the winter of 1941-42, the 4th Indian Division made its name. Against Germans, against mass tank attacks, against heavy dive-bombing, whether advancing or retiring, it showed itself staunch. On one occasion the Corps Commander wrote: "The ferocity which your troops invariably show in every encounter with the enemy is beyond all praise. The 4th Indian Division is again setting an example to all."

If the men of the Division were asked to whom the palm for the 1941-42 campaign should be awarded, they would undoubtedly vote for the gunners. On numerous occasions the three British Field Regiments stood up to attack by large formations of panzers, supported by artillery and lorried infantry. They fought the battle out in the open desert. The 1st Field Regiment on the frontier and again at Carmusa, the 25th Field Regiment at Sidi Brehise and the 31st Field Regiment at Sidi Azeiz and Alem Hamsa saved the infantry and administrative units from heavy loss by the way they stood up to the Germans. Their guts and skill were the admiration of the infantry and the rest of the Division.

In April, 1942, the Division left the desert and had its first real rest since August, 1940. It arrived back in the Delta and promptly disintegrated. It had the mortification of being split up over three continents: Headquarters and the 7th Brigade in Cyprus, the 5th Brigade in Palestine and the 11th Brigade in Egypt. The period of rest did not last long for the 5th and 11th Brigades. When Rommel attacked the Gazala line in May, 1942, both returned to the desert once again. The 11th Brigade, with the 2nd Cameron Highlanders, 2/5 Mahrattas and 2/7 Gurkha Rifles, fell with Tobruk. The full details of what happened are not yet known. What is known is that the remnants of the Brigade were still fighting long after the fortress had surrendered. The 5th Brigade was part of the force which broke out of Mersa Matruh and made its way back to Alamein. After a week for re-equipping it returned to the line and captured the Ruweisat Ridge.

The story of the great battle of El Alamein and of Tunisia is still fresh in mind. The 4th Indian Division finished the campaign, which it had begun at Sidi Barrani twenty-nine months before, in a blaze of glory. The 11th Brigade had been avenged.

Curiosity may be felt as to why this Division has continued to show itself so very good when units have changed and it has suffered so many casualties. There can be few left who took part in the original battles. The main reason is possibly the spirit of confidence, understanding and affection that has always existed between units in the Division. New units arriving sensed this spirit and adopted it. Every man was proud of the Division and passed his pride on to the new arrivals.

The Indian soldier fights his best when alongside British soldiers who believe in him. This has always been the tradition of the Indian Army since its earliest days. Given that confidence and friendliness, the men of the Indian Army will do literally anything to help their British comrade-in-arms, whether it be in fighting or in administrative work. This was realized from the first in the 4th Indian Division. In consequence, there has been no looking over the shoulder for fear that the units on either flank or in rear would break. There has been real affection between the British and Indian units, whether infantry, artillery or administrative. It is this spirit of confidence that has made the 4th Indian Division what it is.

There are many stories which show the affection which has existed between units. The 2nd Bn. Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders and the 1st Bn. 6th Rajputana Rifles grew to know each other in peace-time. The friendship was cemented in battle, and the final touch was given by the presentation of a march composed by the pipers of the Camerons to the Indian battalion and called "With Wellesley's Rifles at Keren."



This spirit was not confined to the infantry. On one occasion a Brigadier visiting one of his forward posts saw two Tommies having tea with the sepoys. On his way back he asked the Lance-Naik in charge in the post if he always gave tea to those who passed by. "Oh no, Sahib," was the reply: "Those were OUR gunners." On another occasion a subedar remarked to the Brigade-Major: "If only we had the Royal Sussex in our Brigade . . ."

What the future holds in store for the 4th Indian Division is known only to those at the very top. In his special Order of the Day, saying farewell to the Division in April, 1942, the Corps Commander, Lieut.-General "Straffer" Gott of fond memory, said: "During the great battles of this winter you have proved that you can achieve against the German troops and tanks the same success that you had already won against Italians." The 4th Division hopes that it will be allowed to reach Berlin before it is brought back to help deal with the Japanese.

## “KEEP HIM GUESSING”

By “RAJAH”

**I**T HAS ALWAYS been impressed upon us that Defence is only the attack halted. Whenever we plan an attack, one of the first points we consider is, “How are we going to achieve surprise?” In the attack halted, do we give this the priority of thought which we should? Do we consider it at all?

The answer, I am afraid, is that we allow our minds to assume the defensive outlook, and are apt to look at things from that point of view and say, “How are we going to avoid being surprised by the enemy?” The jungle lends itself to surprise in every shape and form. We cannot always be attacking, but there is no reason why, with well-trained troops, we should not assume the offensive defence while the attack is halted, and keep the enemy guessing.

Many means are at our disposal for achieving this, for the following can all be employed in surprise roles; air, artillery, field A. A. & a/tk., A.F.Vs. infantry, M.M.Gs., mortars, grenades, a/tk. mines, anti-personnel mines, booby-traps, and *panjis*, not forgetting that surprise may be achieved more effectively by withholding fire than by employing it prematurely and by the use of alternative positions.

So when we have to establish a firm base, let it be an effective offensive one, about which the enemy will find out little or nothing without giving away just that information about himself which we require for the next phase. Let the first thought of commanders of all formations, arms and services be: “How can I surprise the enemy?”

The Jap, as we know, is not good at either invention, design or application of weapons. He relies primarily on cunning and a set drill; let us therefore see how we can keep him guessing with regard to inventiveness in the employment of weapons. Here are some suggestions as to how this might be achieved by the use of anti-personnel mines in forward areas. There are a thousand and one others which deserve equal consideration.

Anti-personnel mines of the push or pull trip-wire type may be laid around, or, if holding a broad front between localities watched by small standing patrols, these then afford an added

safety valve as to when the S.O.S. Defensive Fire signal should be fired by Company Commanders in forward areas. Should the enemy wish to discover our gun positions, M.M.G. or infantry posts, he might send out an infiltration party, a raiding party, or even an attacking force with a limited objective, by day or night, possibly supported by artillery or mortar fire. Should these succeed in passing through our wire, and over-running or infiltrating between our Forward Defended Localities (F.D.Ls.), in nine cases out of ten the S.O.S. would be fired, defensive fire would come down on pre-arranged targets, and, in addition to having little or no effect on those who had reached our F.D.Ls., would give away our gun and infantry positions; whereas if our defences contained some anti-tank mines where necessary on tracks or open paddy areas, and A.P. mines as well, ample warning would be given, and Company Commanders concerned would have a much better impression of the scale of enemy attack before calling for defensive fire. Moreover, the chances of gaining identification of the enemy would be very much better, and the chances of his reconnoitring our position or removing our a/tk. mines reduced.

Anti-personnel mines could be used as a means of thickening up Defensive Fire on the front by setting them as booby-traps in likely concentration areas of thick jungle or dead ground that cannot be engaged by fire from Forward Defended Localities, but into which the enemy or his patrols might move. This would force him into the open, surprise his patrols and at the same time inform us. In thick jungle, where artillery observation is difficult, A.P. mines could take the place of defensive fire in certain areas where accurate ranging is impossible. It would give ample warning of, if not prevent, infiltration between our localities or round the flanks of a locality.

They could be used in the more open places as a guide by day as to when enemy A.F.Vs. and infantry should be engaged by fire. Our artillery and infantry fire is invariably drawn too early, with a consequent lack of effect, instead of waiting until the enemy is in difficulties on our mixed minefield, and then hitting him hard and accurately with everything available.

They could be employed as an aid to the effective control of infantry and vehicle gaps into the position, or to flank ambushes on roads or tracks both by day and night. It is folly to imagine that gaps in defences can be closed hurriedly if our reserve units A.F.Vs. or patrols withdrawing through the position are

closely followed. Infantry gaps can be made very narrow and safe by laying A.P. mines along both sides while they are in use; these mines can be controlled by pull wires or if circumstances permit from the nearest post to go off in pairs or more, and could knock out the whole of an enemy patrol if skilfully laid and set off.

Vehicle gaps, whether in the open or on jungle tracks, should be tactical gaps only, in fact ambushes, so that any attempt to follow up would be stopped by forward troops flanking the gap. By night, all gaps should be closed, except those in use by our patrols, and they should be watched very carefully during the absence of the patrols. Anti-personnel mines with flare attachment could even be placed by our patrols on all approaches leading from known enemy positions; this would have the effect of preventing his movement by night or giving us ample warning that he was on the move.

They could be used instead of barbed wire in the defence of forward areas. If wire and anti-personnel mines are compared from the transportation point of view, it will be found that, weight for weight, it would be approximately the same to lay 100 yards of double apron fence as 100 yards of anti-personnel mines at four per yard of front, assuming the weight of a mine to be four pounds; but with mines neatly packed in boxes, there is no doubt which would be the easier to convey by lorry, pack or porter. Again from the morale point of view on the enemy, the effect of any obstacle or device which can be seen is never so great as that created by one which not only cannot be seen, but kills.

Some of the disadvantages of wire are that:

- (a) It reveals to ground and air observation the position of our defended areas.
- (b) It indicates the layout of the defence L.M.Gs.
- (c) It is easily cut on a dark night by assault troops or patrols.
- (d) It is easily cleared by tanks, unless mined.
- (e) It is expensive, bulky, and often difficult to obtain in the necessary quantities on the battlefield, in the time available.
- (f) It must be covered by fire, or covered by patrols, or is quite useless and tends to give a false sense of security.

- (g) It cannot give warning, inflict casualties, or come as a complete surprise to the enemy which other devices can achieve.

I am convinced that the extended use of A.P. mines and booby-traps would add to the defence an element of surprise which is lacking, and it would affect the enemy's morale accordingly. Only by new inventions and by constant thought and change in the method of employment of existing weapons offensively will our morale be retained at the highest level, and that of the enemy reduced.

In other words, "keep *him* guessing."

## WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

BY COLONEL R. B. PHAYRE, M.C.

“**G**REAT BIG FISH of a variety unknown to us, with red cheeks like those of an English master.”

This was the somewhat astonishing report sent by an old Sinhalese village fisherman to the Secretary of the Ceylon Fishing Club, after some strange fish had been breaking up the villagers' lines, tackle and nets at a spot many miles below the Club waters. These fish were subsequently identified as “Rainbow trout,” with which the upper waters had been stocked. To reach the lower waters, they had to negotiate a series of most formidable falls, including leaps of 100 feet, while in some places, the river dropped 1,530 feet in 800 yards.

What is the exact definition of a Rainbow trout? These elusive fish, which have a mysterious habit of disappearing completely, have always been the subject of great interest and controversy among keen anglers. Even the experts disagree. Although screeds have been written on the Salmon, Brown trout and Sea trout, there is surprisingly little literature on the subject of the Rainbow, and it is worth while examining some of the evidence on the subject.

*Origin.*—The Rainbow originated in the River McCloud, a tributary of the Sacramento in California. The indigenous fish was known as *Salmo Shasta*. This trout was purely a non-migratory river fish, and it is important to note that it had about 160 scales along the lateral line, and a vertebræ of 63.

In the same river there was another very similar fish, known as the Steelhead (*Salmo Rivularis*) or *Gairdnerii*, but described by some writers as *S. Irideus* and also *Irideus*. It is definitely an anadromous fish, *i.e.* it is migratory, like the Salmon and makes its way down to the sea. The count of scales along the lateral line comes to approximately 130, with a vertebræ of 60. Dr. Kendall, the scientific Assistant to the United States Department of Fisheries, described *Shasta* and *Rivularis* as “two entirely separate fishes”, but others disagreed.

Up to two pounds in weight it took an expert to differentiate between these two species.

Accepting the statement that these two species were distinct and interbreeding took place, the hybrids also produced progeny

but on a reduced scale and inferior to their parents. These hybrids were termed by some writers *S. Irideus*. In habits and appearance they more closely resembled the Steelhead (migratory) than *S. Shasta* (the purely river fish and non-migratory).

*Dispersion*.—Rainbow were first exported from the U.S.A. to the United Kingdom in 1882. They also went to other countries in Europe and to the Dominions, and reached New Zealand, Ceylon and India. It is quite possible that among them were the true *S. Shasta*, but many must have been the cross between *S. Shasta* and the Steelhead. The same stories of mysterious disappearances came in from all these countries. Many admitted that they were baffled, so all sorts of theories were put forward to explain how they effected their vanishing trick, when they appeared to be thriving in suitable localities.

Further reports were received later from the countries which had imported these so-called Rainbow. Germany, for example, described them as voracious feeders which, having cleared out all the natural food in a pool, would move *downstream* in search of more food. They did not, however, appear to suspect any migratory tendencies to be connected with a natural move towards the sea.

(a) Notes from the United Kingdom confirmed that they were heavy feeders and ate nearly twice as much as the Brown trout; consequently, if Brown trout and Rainbow inhabited the same pool, the Brown trout stood a small chance of thriving; (b) their livers were about three times larger than those of the Brown trout; (c) given favourable conditions, they gained in weight about one pound a year; (d) they did best in alkaline water; (e) when netted in, they did their best to escape; (f) they were affected by very cold water and invariably tried to escape. They have been known to bury themselves in the muddy bottoms where many died, either from suffocation or from the effects of marsh gas; (g) they did quite well in water of about 77°, a temperature that would probably kill Brown trout (other writers do not agree, and consider that 70° is reaching the danger mark); (h) the average life was about five to six years, when they were inclined to go blind. Several have been dug out of the mud in this condition or caught in nets among the weeds.

Most keen anglers will be able to quote cases from their personal experience regarding the complete disappearances of these fish from a favourable locality a year or two after stocking. The writer recalls a stream-fed lake of about five acres in England,

which had a good food supply, but was very deep and cold. It was stocked with Rainbow from Blagdon and did reasonably well for two seasons; after this the fish began their vanishing trick, so the lease was terminated. Curiously enough, three seasons after the vacation, one Rainbow of about 2 lbs. was taken on a fly.

A friend of the writer diverted a small stream running through his garden into a series of small pools, erecting wire netting at the exit from the garden. Although on high ground near a moor, and thus rather cold, the site was a sunny one; rather shallow, with a rocky bottom. Besides natural food, artificial food, such as snails, shrimps, insects and liver, was supplemented. It was stocked with a strictly limited supply of 9-inch Rainbow. The owner amused himself by inviting his guests to catch one on a fly for lunch. The rate of growth was far higher than mentioned in para. (c) above, some of the fish attaining 7 lbs. in weight in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years. No casualties from natural causes were observed. It was always a matter of interesting conjecture as to what was going to happen to Rainbow after they attained a weight of over 7 lbs. Unfortunately, the sudden sale of the property, owing to the untimely death of the owner, prematurely terminated the writer's observations.

The most illuminating and fascinating account of Rainbow culture in the East comes from the pen of Mr. Philip Fowke, a former Superintendent of the Ceylon Fishing Club Hatcheries in Newara Eliya, whose research work regarding Rainbow places him in the very highest rank of pioneers.

The author gratefully makes acknowledgment to him for his kind permission to disseminate some of the valuable information which he has discovered after years of study and practice. The facts are of such importance that every reader who is interested in Rainbow is strongly recommended to acquire his masterly pamphlet, reprinted from the "Ceylon Journal of Science," Section C. Fisheries, Vol. VI. Here are a few salient facts:

Although Brown trout were introduced into Ceylon in 1882 (some 13 years before their introduction to India), Rainbow were not imported until 1899 and 1902. They were bred successfully at heights ranging from 7,200 feet to 5,800 feet; below the latter height they were affected by the heat, and it has been found that they will not breed freely below 5,500 feet.

They thrived well, and, four years after their introduction, large numbers of really good fish were being killed on fly. They



then moved to Lake Gregory, which checked their downward progress and, from the lake, went up to the smaller streams to breed. Those fish, however, which had ready access to the river passed away downstream. In 1903, in the same lake, the biggest Rainbow killed (on a worm) was 10 lbs. 9½ ozs. Another, found partly eaten by an otter, was judged to be 18 lbs., but its weight was not officially recorded as it could not be properly weighed. The conclusion drawn was that the more or less pure *S. Shasta* were content to stay in the rivers, whereas the Steelhead variety invariably made for the sea when they had attained a weight of about 5 lbs.

Later, indisputable evidence was received that large Rainbow (so-called) were being caught miles away in the lower reaches of the rivers down to 1,500 feet, negotiating as they went most formidable falls in which one would expect a fish to be dashed to pieces. The point is that they survived; consequently, it may be assumed that these fish would have little difficulty in overcoming the rapids of such rivers as the Beas or Jhelum, where the dangers would be infinitely less, even during the heavy spates; besides which the temperature, especially during the cold weather, would be considerably lower than those pertaining in Ceylon.

It has already been mentioned that scale and vertebrae counts of Dr. Kendall were:

(a) True (river) Rainbow (*S. Shasta*) lateral line count of scales 160—vertebrae 63; (b) Steelhead scale count 130—vertebrae 60.

In order to test the new theory, Mr. Fowke went to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, and asked the authorities to show him a marine-run Steelhead trout; he was shown a perfectly preserved Ceylon "Rainbow" trout! He next asked Mr. Donald Carr to give him a scale-reading of some of the famous Rainbow at Blagdon. The lateral line count of scales given was 139, 139, 140, 140 and one of 145. Finally, he sent three Ceylon Rainbow for scientific examination; the result of the scale count was 138, 127-128 and 132-134, with the vertebrae never more than 60.

To check this point, Mr. Fowke wrote to America asking whether the so-called Rainbow in Ceylon were not really Steelheads. The reply confirmed that it was very difficult to differentiate between the two, up to a pound or two in weight, but that the average size of the true Steelhead seldom exceeded 6 to 8 lbs. in weight. This confirmed Mr. Fowke's experience, for he put the

weight of the average river (Ceylon) Rainbow at 6 lbs., and had been unable to trace any river Rainbow being taken over 7 lbs.

The result of these tests seems to prove that all these so-called Rainbow were really Steelheads, hence their migratory propensities.

Mr. Fowke also mentions that, in 1935, Dr. H. S. Davis, of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries wrote to him saying that they were rearing several strains of Rainbow in America, hoping to establish one whose habits would be no more migratory than those of the Brown trout. If this enterprise succeeds, it should be very interesting indeed to all fishermen. Unfortunately, in these days it is very difficult to get up-to-date information in India, but it is quite possible that these experiments may have been crowned with success. Should this be the case, it would be interesting to stock some virgin water with these non-migratory Rainbow. All evidence received heretofore seems to confirm that hybrid stock having any connection with the Steelhead rapidly adopts migratory tendencies until the whole stock is lost, unless it inhabits some land-locked lake.

If this theory is correct, then the very distinctive markings of the Steelhead should make recognition an easy matter, even to unsophisticated villagers. Further, if these fish really are going down to the sea, stocks put down in Kashmir, Kulu, the Nilgiris and elsewhere should be filtering into the larger rivers of India, and already may have been netted hundreds of miles away from their hatcheries.

In order to produce further evidence, the writer corresponded with various Game Wardens and Pisciculturists in India, to whom he makes grateful acknowledgment for the trouble they have taken in sending him the following details.

*Kashmir.*—Characteristic disappearance was observed, although Rainbow did well in the deep pools near the stewponds at Harwan Hatcheries up to from 5 lbs. to 7 lbs. In certain streams where they were put down, they were prevented from moving downstream by grids and gratings. In such cases the fish became emaciated, and some deformed. In other cases they did well, fish of from 4 lbs. to 5 lbs. being taken. There was a tendency for them to move down to the deep, low-level lakes (such as the Dal, Anchar and Wullar lakes). Some of the Kashmir stock was sent to Kulu.

The opinion of Mr. G. M. Malik, the Pisciculturist at the Achabal Trout Culture farm, is that the Kashmir Rainbow resembles *S. Gairdnerii*. This point was confirmed when a specimen

was sent home to Mr. J. R. Norman of the British Natural History Museum

• Confirmation has later been received that the so-called Rainbow are being caught miles below the streams in which they were liberated or bred. In 1942, one Rainbow of 3 lbs. was caught on rod and line three miles below Baramulla; consequently the confirmatory evidence which was anticipated, is now coming to hand. Further enquiries are, however, being made, and it is hoped that in a few years' time, much more data will become available.

Scale counts of Rainbow at Achabal and Harwan gave the following details: (a) Lateral Dinet: vary from about 132 to 138. (b) Vertebrae: 60. These figures have been taken from the measurements of a large number of fish at both the above hatcheries.

*Nilgiris*.—In the Nilgiris the same difficulties were encountered in breeding Brown Trout as those experienced in Ceylon, namely the spawning of the hens never synchronized with the milt of the cock fish; consequently Rainbow were introduced.

I am indebted to Mr. P. W. Davis, M.C., I.F.S., Hon. Sec. of the Nilgiris Game Association, for the following notes:

"Regarding migration, it may be assumed that Rainbow do (or did) get over the falls into the Bhavani and Moyar rivers, but—as purely negative evidence counts—I believe that no trout has been picked out of the rivers in the low country. There are also Mahseer in both the above rivers which eventually join the Cauvery and flow across Southern India to Tanjore. I doubt that the Nilgiri trout finds its way very far to the sea. The Pykara Hydro-Electric Works now tend to prevent any fish getting below, as they are held in the Mukerti and Glen Morgan Reservoirs.

"I and a Committee member, separately, counted the lateral (line) scales of two fish—one a 2-pounder and the other about 1½ lbs. The extraordinary thing is that they came out differently! The scale count of the larger fish was 126 or 127 and the vertebrae count was 61. The smaller fish was more difficult, even under a glass, as scales were small and indistinct, but different counts totalled 147 and 149.... (Vertebrae not mentioned.)

"Mr. Fraser, for many years Fisheries Superintendent of the Nilgiris Game Association writes to me:

"I took it (scale count) up with the experts in California, and we sent sample fish to California in formalin for identification. I cannot, however, remember the number of scales, but there is no doubt that the fish, in the Nilgiris rivers is the "Steelhead"—*salmo irideus*."

*Kulu.*—To Mr. T. Tyson, of Katrain, one of the best-known resident fishermen in Kulu, and who has long experience of those waters, I am grateful for the following notes:

"Years ago, I fished the river (Beas) almost down to Mandi, but caught no trout of any description below Bajoura (about 12 miles below the fishing reserve).

"Rainbow have now practically disappeared from the Beas. Up to about 12 years ago, I occasionally caught them around Katrain, but during the whole of the last season (1942), I don't think any were landed in the fishing reserve.

"From my experience of Rainbow in Kulu, the fighting qualities of the species gradually deteriorated. Years ago, shortly after they were introduced into the Beas, one could almost invariably 'sense' a Rainbow while playing it. In more recent years, however, there was very little to distinguish its fight with that of the Brown trout." (A most interesting observation; corroboration from other waters would be of value.—*Author.*)

I also appreciate the help given me by Dr. Hamid Khan Bhatti, M.Sc., Ph.D., Game Warden of the Punjab, who writes:

"It has been found that Rainbow trout does not exist in the lower reaches of the River Beas beyond the Kulu Valley. It is, therefore, doubtful whether these fish have made their way to the sea or have otherwise disappeared. The lateral line count is 134.

"It is sad to relate that a very heavy flood swept through the Valley in August, 1942, and killed thousands of trout, both in the river and in the hatcheries. The extent of the damage will not be fully known until the opening of the season in March 1943."

*Travancore.*—Mr. W. S. S. Mackay sent some very interesting notes on the High Range Angling Association of which he is Honorary Secretary.

This is a purely private Association, and is *not* open to the public. As in other places in South India and Ceylon, Brown trout having failed (introduced 1906) owing to the male and female not coming into season together, Rainbow were introduced from stock taken from the Nilgiris, and also from Ceylon. Some of this strain originated from Germany, New Zealand and Kashmir, so there is a good mixture of blood. Mr. Mackay states that the scale counts have never exceeded 140, and that the fish are Steelheads and not Rainbow.

There have been considerable losses of stock in the past, as these trout seemed to make their way down to the warmer waters of the foothills, and to die there. Lt-Col. Stockley, however, states that Rainbow will live in waters at 2,000 feet in Africa.

There were the usual setbacks and failures at the initial stages, but Mr. Mackay relates that when these Rainbow were put into a small pond or lake, where the food supply was good, they had a phenomenal increase in weight from 2 lbs. to even 3 lbs. a year; but they ceased to rise to fly after the first year and usually died prematurely. They did very well in clean, running water where there was plenty of space. Their voracious and migratory tendencies were very marked.

Mr. Mackay attributes the failures in breeding to the high temperatures, it being clearly established that they would not breed well much below 5,000 ft. They did well, however, at Hamilton's Plateau (7,500 ft.), and Mr. Mackay has now had the satisfaction of hatching out his own trout. Some nice fish are being taken weighing from 3 to 5 lbs. Mr. Mackay later sent me a photograph of a two year old Rainbow, length 25½ inches, girth 15½ inches, weight 8 lbs. This seems to be very exceptional growth. He remarked that the fish was spawn bound, and picked up dead. An An Force officer records that some Rainbow were being taken in a river above which was a waterfall having a sheer drop of 400 ft., only the upper waters had been stocked, so this falls into line with the reports emanating from Ceylon.

Here, then, is some of the evidence on the Rainbow-Steelhead controversy, regarding which the reader can draw his own conclusions.

It seems, that a great deal more could be discovered concerning the migration of these so-called Rainbow. Members who are keen anglers are scattered over the length and breadth of the country. It seems quite possible that, if enquiries were made on rivers perhaps hundreds of miles below preserved trout waters, they might result in the identification of these wanderers, either after being trapped in the village nets, or even caught on rod and line. If such an event did occur, it would be of considerable interest to other anglers, and a communication to the author would be greatly appreciated.

The problem to be solved is: where does the Rainbow end? The answer seems to be: In the sea, if he can ever get there—poor devil

## THE INDIAN ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

By S. H. S.

**Q**UIETLY and unobtrusively there has come into existence a new Corps of the Indian Army whose influence on present and future military operations will be vital, and whose impact on post-war India will be far-reaching and momentous. The new Corps is the Indian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, a counterpart to the British Army's R.E.M.E., and the culmination of a move begun in 1939.

Four years ago, the mechanical maintenance units of the R.I.A.S.C. were amalgamated with the workshop side of the I.A.O.C. A considerable degree of rationalization of technical resources was effected by this merger, and the creation of I.E.M.E. as a separate Corps is but a logical development. I.E.M.E. has been organized because experience on the battlefields—particularly in the Middle East—has proved conclusively that closer co-ordination of the mechanical engineering services of the Army under a single direction was a vital necessity to victory.

Military writers, and war correspondents with the Eighth Army, have gone so far as to suggest that the operations of R.E.M.E. and I.E.M.E. in the campaign which drove the Axis out of North Africa, made the difference between decisive victory and another agonising stalemate. Both General Alexander and General Montgomery have publicly praised the technicians. So there is no doubt that this experiment of reorganizing the widespread maintenance organization of huge armies in the middle of the greatest of all wars has been proved successful.

But the exigencies of the battlefield were not the only factors which influenced the decisions to form I.E.M.E.—the conservation of skilled manpower was another weighty consideration. India, on the outbreak of war, had neither widely developed engineering industries nor a large mechanised army. Both have been created by the character and trend of the war. Both have competed for the few skilled tradesmen available.

The merger of the R.I.A.S.C. and I.A.O.C. technical services was an early understanding by the army authorities of the shortage of these tradesmen and the means taken to obtain maximum efficiency from slender resources. The acuteness of the problem

has not lessened with the passing years, and I.E.M.E. is but one further step towards its solution.

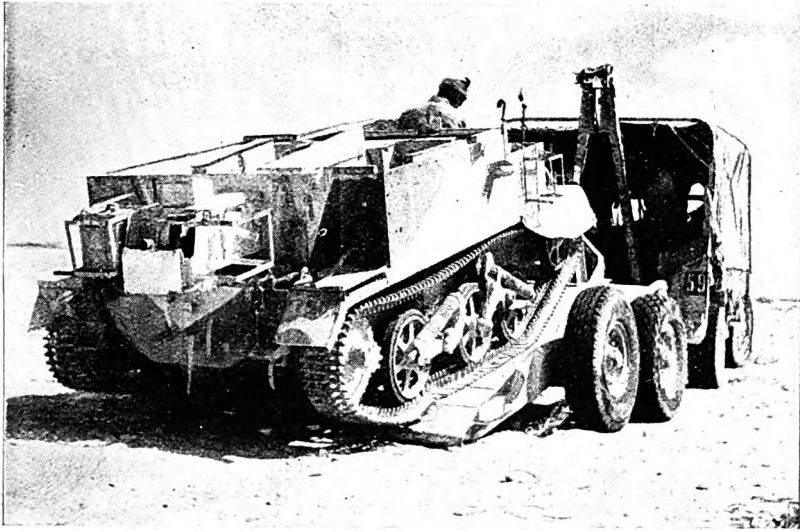
Then again the problems of war stimulate human endeavour to the highest scientific research with a corresponding increase in scientific development. While the war lasts, this development is translated into the production of weapons of war, so that in the equipment of the Indian Army of to-day are to be found the results of the latest scientific discoveries. It can, therefore, be no longer said that the army's equipment is easily understood by the ordinary soldier and is simple to maintain in efficient working order.

It has become increasingly clear that modern intricate fighting weapons can only be retained at maximum efficiency by trades men highly skilled in their maintenance and repair. Only a self contained corps of technicians specially instructed and specially equipped can hope to cope with the diversity and magnitude of such a maintenance problem.

So I.E.M.E. was born, and its heritage is the responsibility for the inspection, maintenance and repair of all tanks, artillery, wireless, radio location equipment, scientific anti-aircraft position-finding equipment and other numerous technical stores, in the Indian Army. It is no mean job. To fulfil this task efficiently has entailed the creation of a vast administrative and workshop organisation which takes I.E.M.E. activities into every single sphere of army function.

At General Headquarters under the general control of the M.G.O. in India, the direction and co-ordination of the activities of the new Corps of Indian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers is in the hands of the Director of Mechanical Engineering, passing down through Deputy Directors, Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, at the headquarters of armies, eventually to the E.M.E.s, who act as technical advisers to unit commanders. Each formation and certain individual units have their own mobile workshops and mechanical engineering staff. Backing these are the static military base workshops in this country and in all theatres of war, where any type of repair to any equipment can be effected and where, if necessary, manufacture of parts can be undertaken in limited quantity.

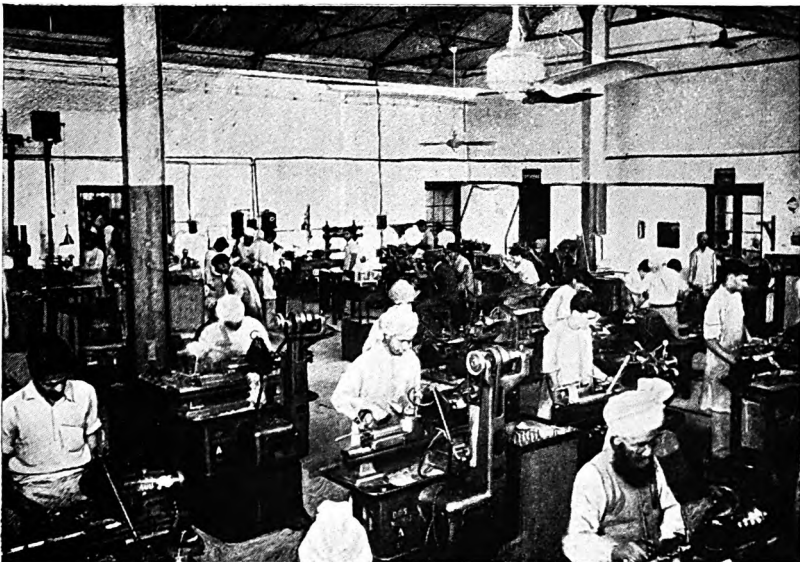
Experience of the past war years has shown that engineers especially those attached to units or in a light aid detachment (I.A.D.) must also be fighting soldiers, and much doughty work has been done by workshop units in the Middle East and elsewhere.



### WORKSHOP IN THE DESERT

Away from the din and turmoil of battle, but often within hearing distance of the guns, the workshops carry on their job swiftly and smoothly. Damaged trucks, carriers, guns and even tanks are brought to them for repairs. They must be put right quickly. The workshops personnel—British and Indian alike—working with a co-ordination and understanding which months of co-operation perfected—get busy. The damage is assessed. The blacksmiths, carpenters, gunsmiths and mechanics are working full pressure, each doing his particular job. The result of their labour is evident. With surprising celerity, trucks, carriers and tanks, which had been towed to the workshops only a short while before, go back to the line under their own power, taking with them the guns which will be hammering the enemy soon.

Photo shows a Bren gun carrier, damaged in action, being brought in by the I.E.M.E. Recovery Section.



Wireless Test and Repair Section.





Light aid detachments frequently have to do repair work on tanks, vehicles, guns and other equipment under fire, and effect the recovery and evacuation of badly damaged tanks and other equipment—now an I.E.M.E. responsibility.

The I.E.M.E. field organization has been devised to provide a high degree of operational flexibility and to bring within the reach of every Army unit, expert and well-equipped technicians capable of handling every conceivable type of repair, adjustment and maintenance.

The system—of echelon recovery and repair—is one which was introduced early in the last war by the British and later adopted by the Germans. Briefly, it comprises four echelons or lines—first line—the light aid detachments—small mobile units operating in the forward areas: second line—mobile workshops which function with formations on the fringe of the battlefield: third line—semi-mobile shops on the lines of communication: and fourth line—static base workshops well outside the battle area.

By means of this flexible echelon system, a small detachment of trained men can get a broken-down tank on the move by replacing the damaged engine or equipment with a new assembly and have the broken mechanism sent back to a workshop which has the facilities for its repair. By the skill of I.E.M.E. personnel time taken over the replacement of engines in tanks has been steadily reduced. Defective guns which in the last war meant that the weapons had to be sent from the battlefield miles back to the factories for reconditioning can now be repaired in the field in a matter of hours.

Pivots of the echelons are the 3rd and 4th-line shops. They overhaul and repair the damaged assemblies and send them back to the forward units as replacement. The bulk of this work falls on the 4th line, the base shop equipped with modern tools and machinery, which can effect any and every repair to any and every type of equipment. It is also capable of producing spare parts if their local manufacture is necessary.

The whole basis of modern recovery and repair is to replace damaged apparatus with serviceable assemblies, and leave the heavy repair work to the workshops outside the fighting zone—to replace a damaged engine with a new one on the spot and leave the repair of the broken engine to a shop which has more time and greater facilities. The two forward echelons do the work possible on the spot."

The 1st echelon—the Light Aid Detachment, which goes into action in trucks and tractors with the tanks, with artillery regiments, on the A.A. gun sites, and with the infantry brigades—repairs in the field what can be so repaired or condemns it so that it can be replaced.

The 2nd echelon—the mobile workshops, machinery-equipped heavy lorries with breakdown outfits—effects the heavy replacements and the repairs which its machinery can handle in a short time and still allow it to keep pace with the division or the brigade to which it is attached.

By a scientific grading of the jobs which each echelon can do, and by equipping them with the machinery and the stocks of spare parts necessary for these tasks, their capacity has been designed to deal with a flow of defective equipment for repair and serviceable equipment for refitting, and ensure its return for use in battle.

In all fairness, credit for reaching this high standard must be given to the efforts of young Indian recruits rather than to the adequacy of means for training them. Indian technical schools and colleges before the war had indifferent success in training students as electrical and mechanical engineers to the standard required by modern conditions. Industrial development was such that hardly any Indian educational institution foresaw the day when demands would arise for masses of trained engineers of the highest standard.

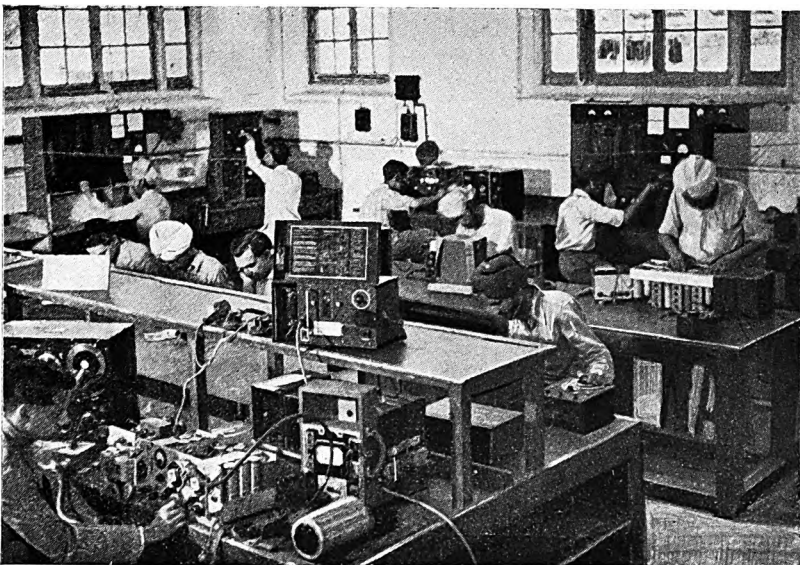
The emergence of the Indian technician has been one of the most promising features of the war effort in this country. Volunteers in thousands have enrolled in the Civil training centres, and considering the shortness of the course and the rawness of the recruits the standard reached by I.E.M.E. craftsmen has been remarkable.

A severe handicap has been the necessity for creating *ab initio* large and well-equipped I.E.M.E. training centres for both basic and advanced training, but energetic steps are now being taken to overcome this, and in the very near future these technical training centres will be in full operation.

The story of the growth and development of I.E.M.E. is similar to that of many other enterprises—it is a saga of improvisation, of struggling against the burden of pre-war unreadiness: of the untiring efforts of the small band of British technical officers who, with the help and enthusiasm of a few Indian officers and other ranks, have created a great and highly skilled Corps.



**Army lorries under repair and overhaul in an I.E.M.E. 4th Line Workshop.**



**General View—Machine Shop.**



They would have failed had it not been that young India is awakening to the call of mechanisation and the urgings of adventure through the study of engineering. And in this development is the shadow of coming events.

In three years the entire outlook of thousands of young Indians has radically changed. These boys from the fields, from the plains and the hills, from the villages and the towns, have learned skilled trades in the civil and I.E.M.E. training centres. Through that training they are to-day holding down well-paid positions in I.E.M.E. They are looking to a continuance of this new-found life after the war. Many of them will stay on in the Corps: many others will be attracted to the future industries of peace-time India.

They have found a way to earning good wages; others will want to follow their example. Indian universities will have to provide improved training facilities in syllabus, instruction and equipment for engineering degrees: technical colleges will have to come into existence to meet the demand for skilled artisans.

A stage of Indian development which might have taken generations has happened in three short years. What the full effect on India's economics and social future will be cannot yet be foreseen, except that it will be considerable and vital.

## BACKGROUND NEWS AND VIEWS

### Secrecy and Surprise

"Preparations for the North African landing were begun in March, 1942. They included the provision, collection, packing, marking and dispatch from depots to ports of hundreds of thousands of stores, as well as many thousands of vehicles. Numerous troop transports and cargo ships had to be collected, berthed in selected embarkation ports, and the men and materials brought to those ports from all over Great Britain.

"As an indication of the magnitude of the task, 185,000 men, 20,000 vehicles, and 20,000 tons of stores had to be moved in three weeks from billets to ports. This meant running 440 special troop trains, 680 special freight trains, and 15,000 railway wagons by ordinary goods services, and the subsequent embarkation of that mass of men and stores in transports and cargo ships. Cargo could not be stowed anyhow. Success or failure might depend very largely on the speedy discharge of equipment in the order required for each operation on shore. It had, therefore, to be chosen in meticulous detail before ever stores were sent from depots.

"All that involved weeks and months of preliminary work, made more anxious by the inevitable insistence on the utmost secrecy, and the consequent restriction to the absolute minimum of those who were fully or even partially in the secret. The almost complete surprise achieved in an operation of that magnitude was unbelievable, and reflected the greatest credit on all concerned."—*Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War.*

### "Be Prepared"

"Until the fall of France neither Congress nor the people of the United States were at all willing to incur the expense of preparation for war. Here is one example. Probably the most fundamental weapon of modern warfare is powder. When I took over in July, 1940, we didn't have enough powder in the United States to last the men that we now have overseas for anything like a day's warfare. What was worse, we didn't have any powder plants or facilities to make it; they had all been destroyed after the last war. The criticism that had then arisen against 'merchants of death,' as the commentators call powder manufacturers, had resulted in such unpopularity that the greater part of the powder manufacturers had gone out of business. Some had spent a great deal of money destroying their plants. The first few weeks I was

here I went around like Israel Putnam in the beginning of the Revolution, crying 'Powder, Powder, for God's sake give me powder,' because it takes two years to construct and get into operation a large-sized powder plant. . . . We had no facilities for manufacturing weapons except our six little government arsenals, whose capacity is only five per cent. of the facilities we have to-day for manufacturing weapons."—*Mr. H. L. Stimson, U. S. Secretary of War, at a Press Conference.*

### **The Refugee Problem**

"Human refugees will present an enormous problem after the war. The most numerous groups consist of those who have had to flee before advancing armies. In China alone there are said to be fifty million of these. There must be almost as many Russians who have been evacuated or have escaped from German-occupied territory. Two million Indians who had long been settled in Burma have found their way to India. No reliable figures are available on the Poles who fled to Soviet Russia or on those who fled from Russian Poland into German Poland and the Vilna territory, but the number must run into millions. When the Low Countries and France were invaded, the stream of refugees blocked the roads, and although most have now returned, thirty thousand civilians and many more soldiers escaped to Great Britain alone. So it has gone all over the world—in Greece, Jugoslavia, Malaya and the East Indies. Transfers of populations and the mass expulsion or deportation of Jews suffice to show that, when the war ends, millions of persons will be scattered over the face of the globe, separated from their homes, many with no homes to return to, and some with no governments to protect them."—*Sir Herbert Emerson, in "Foreign Affairs."*

### **Another Arsenal of Democracy**

"Great Britain's war industrial effort is enormous. No population has ever before been so mobilised. We had 27,000 war factories in July, and the number increases as still more industries are concentrated, still more floor space taken over for production. With a population of working age (that is, between 14 and 65) of 33½ millions, we have managed to mobilise for wholtime work and in the Forces no fewer than 23½ millions. 'Work' here has been strictly defined as work for pay. It does not, for instance, include such jobs as taking in and feeding two or three transferred workers or looking after evacuated children. There are over 9,000,000 children in the arsenal to be looked after, and a proportion of old people and invalids, while the nationally essential business of bearing and rearing is not counted, nor are the five or six million



voluntary jobs, such as canteen work, holiday work on the land, War Saving collections, Home Guard and fire watching, and many others which are somehow fitted in with the rest."—*Mr. A. Williams Ellis, in "The Spectator."*

### In a Few Words

"China is said to possess the best-lighted coast in the world".—*Mr. W. Robertson Myers, speaking in London.*

"Scouting for Boys is one of the Commando handbooks."—*Mr. J. E. Sewell.*

"The average American soldier of to-day weighs about eight pounds more than his fellow in 1918."—*Mr. H. L. Stimson.*

"India has a network of radio stations providing news and entertainment in 27 languages."—*The Hon. Sir Sultan Ahmed.*

"Lack of equipment—not lack of generalship—was Britain's greatest handicap in 1940."—*Miss Barbara Ward.*

"The 1918 warplanes carried about 40 pounds of bombs; the 1943 models carry 8,000 lbs."—*The Hon. James F. Forrestal, Under-Secretary, U. S. Navy.*

"Though India is only two-thirds the size of the United States, she has three times her population".—*Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai.*

"When Generals have to be chosen and an order of battle arranged or a position taken, then the military will advise and not the rhetoricians."—*Socrate's observation in Plato's "Gorgias."*

"The Eighth Army is the finest instrument of war which has so far been fashioned in the history of the British Empire".—*Sir James Grigg, M.P., Secretary of State for War.*

"It is an open secret in Italy that the feelings of the Crown Prince towards Mussolini are the reverse of cordial."—*Sir T. Vijayaraghavacharya.*

"At the end of this war the deadweight debt of the United Kingdom will probably be in the neighbourhood of £20,000,000,000."—*Viscount Bennett.*

"To the best of my belief there is no single British newspaper correspondent in Free China to-day."—*Lord Ailwyn, speaking in the House of Lords.*

"When this ghastly war ends there may be 20,000,000 men, women and children who will enter this problem of the human refugee."—*President Roosevelt.*

"The U.S.A. now occupies the position of Britain in the 19th century—that of being able to out-produce and undersell any other industrial nation."—*Miss Barbara Ward.*

"Since 1921 the population of the British Dominions has risen from 22,000,000 to well over 30,000,000."—*Mr. C. R. Attlee, M.P., Deputy Prime Minister.*

"It is amazing how many of England's best roads to-day follow the bold road plan laid down by the Romans nearly 2,000 years ago."—*Mr. L. Dudley Stamp.*

"The average yield of rice per acre in India in 1938-39 was 731 lbs., compared with 1,480 lbs. in the U.S.A., 2,307 lbs. in Japan, 2,079 lbs. in Egypt, and 3,000 lbs. in Italy."—*Sir Jogendra Singh.*

"A male tortoise given to the Chief of Tonga Island by Captain Cook on the occasion of one of the latter's visits to the island, is still living and is well on into his third century."—*Sir Harry Luke.*

"Short Bros. Ltd. plans to build immediately after the war new flying boats for civil use of nearly 100 tons, with a total engine power of 18,000 h.p., and a range of 3,000 miles."—*Squadron-Leader H. W. McKenna.*

"The idea of freedom is derived from the Bible, with its extraordinary emphasis on the dignity of the individual. Democracy is the only true political expression of Christianity."—*The Hon. H. A. Wallace, Vice-President of the United States.*

"The British Empire to-day must be thought of in terms not of a Mother Country which denied freedom to American colonists 175 years ago, but of a Mother country which spontaneously conferred freedom on the conquered Boers 38 years ago."—*Field Marshal Smuts.*

"One of the principal military achievements of this war is the building of the Canada—Alaska highway, connecting Canada with the United States through north-west Canada. By the end of this year it is expected to cover 14,800 miles, and will extend from Alaska to Argentine."—*Mr. F. M. Cowlin.*

"We now have ten times the number of A.T.S. we had in 1939, and we could do with twenty times. Four years ago there were five types of employment for women in the Forces. Now there are sixty. More than 40 per cent. of the A. A. Command are women."—*The Secretary of State for War.*

"There is no reason why, after the war, booklets no less inspiring than have commemorated the deeds of Fighter or Bomber Commands or the Defence Services should not be prepared by the same talented writers to familiarise the elector in England with some of the miracles of progress that have been achieved in his name in Africa."—*The Spectator*.

"One of the chief weaknesses of England to-day is the lack of parental responsibility in all classes. The poor are content to hand their children over to the care of the State, while those who are better off send theirs away during the most impressionable years of their life; and then both duke and dustman wonder why there is a difference of opinion between the older and the younger generation."—"Ocellus" in the *"Empire Review."*

"One of the finest qualities in man is the ability 'to take it.' If you have the discipline to keep going when your body calls for rest, if you have the discipline to stand when your body wants to run away; if you can keep control of your temper and remain cheerful in face of monotony or disappointment, you have got 'guts' and can take it."—"Onlooker," in *"The Journal of the Royal Artillery."*

"A war regulation recently brought in in Germany prohibits permanent waves for men or children under 16! Few people know that a considerable number of German men are in the habit of having their hair permanently waved. This throws a vivid light on a great weakness in the nation, of which there has been much well-founded evidence not only under this regime but under the old one, too."—*Review of World Affairs*.

"Memorial cities should be established throughout the Empire as War memorials. That for Great Britain might well take the form of a new sub-capital. It could belong to all parts of the Empire and be its joint war memorial. Empire visitors would feel that they were standing on their own ground, sanctified by their part in the common sacrifice, and embodying something that is finest and best in the spirit of the Commonwealth of Nations".—Mr. E. T. Williams, in *"Lasting Peace and a Better World."*

## RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

**FRIEND OF FRIEND:** by *Sir Colin Garbett*.—This is a book which asks to be read from cover to cover. It has charm, and is topical, which means a deal. But a sly wit, and above all a sense of perspective, coupled with a genuine affection for the India past and present which is its subject matter, puts it in a very select class. It suggests itself as the human sequel to what is to many the best and most knowledgeable book on India written in the last two decades, namely, "The Lost Dominion" by Al Carthill.

The interest being personal, and therefore essentially human, it never flags, but is sustained by an honesty which seeks not to disguise mistakes, especially when made by the author himself. Names, well-known, little-known, and humorously disguised, flit through the pages: but if it is not invidious to distinguish between parts of a book which never lack interest, the last part is remarkable for sustaining and even increasing the reader's interest in the seemingly insoluble Indian problem: a problem which one is inclined to think might hardly have been a problem, had it been faced on both sides with more of the author's goodwill, and with a good-humoured honesty determined to defeat short-cut slogans and liberal clichés which have cost Europe so dear.

**PRELUDE TO VICTORY:** by *J. B. Reston*.—Mr. Reston is more than an American reporter. He may fairly claim to be a United Nations recorder. He records accurately, sympathetically and spontaneously many of the past crookeries and futilities which went to make up the selfish, uninspired democracy, which non-Axis countries were so glibly and in many cases so futilely invited to go awarring to defend. To-day there is one infallible yardstick to judge by, namely, "does it help or hinder the effort to win the war?"

Mr. Reston shows how long it took Great Britain, even aided by our historical fluke of a twenty-mile broad anti-tank ditch, to apply something like this yardstick, and how much even this tardy application was due to the bombing of civilians. He goes on to show how far America has yet to go before she applies any such yardstick to herself, and how unlikely is the attainment of his admirable "American dream," to which the book is dedicated, unless this yardstick—as yet unapplied to winning the war—is afterwards transmuted and applied to maintaining the peace.

**THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1815 TO 1939:** by *Paul Knaplund*.—Professor Knaplund has supplied a painstaking and unbiassed history culled with almost German thoroughness from a bristling bibliography. It has the impartiality which might be expected from a

Scandinavian-American—and as such is interesting, if at times is humanly impartial.

**FINLAND, THE FIRST TOTAL WAR:** by *John Langdon-Davies*.—The author is a first-class journalist. What is more, he is not deterred from telling the truth about as bare-faced and inexcusable a piece of aggression as Hitler and Genghiz Khan could have conceived in collaboration.

That Russia sent a horde of ill-trained, uneducated semi-savages to do the bidding of the Kremlin against an admirable inoffensive democracy is proved to the hilt. Throughout, there is the haunting regret that their savage activities could not have been transferred to the admirably-suited, mediæval "free-for-all" in Spain.

**INSIDE ASIA:** by *John Gunther*—(1942 Edition).—This has been revised since it was first written four years ago. "Inside Europe" was about as happy a combination of knack and knowledge as was possible in the scope of such a book. The new edition of "Inside Asia" has all the old knack, and some necessary additions and subtractions which keep it partially abreast of the changing pageant; yet the knowledge never seems quite there, and without it and the experience which should go with it, the complexity as well as the vastness of the subject prevents the presentation of a clear & consecutive picture.

**FEDERATION IN CENTRAL EUROPE:** by *Dr. Milan Hodza*.—Dr. Hodza was Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia from 1935 to 1938 and therefore, saw and felt the first moves towards what the Axis is pleased to call the "New Order" in Europe. The author goes back a good many years—almost too many in these days, when it is harder than ever to harness reminiscence and its attendant speculations to practical politics and rebuilding. Federation-cum-democracy is the panacea preached, and the former at least may furnish a badly-needed solution in some form for small nations striving to avoid being absorbed or engulfed by their large and frequently aggressive neighbours. Enthusiast though he is, the author is realist enough to appreciate genuine doubts of democracy as the ideal cement to a federation, which in many of its constituents has had little experience of such strong meat.

**SEALED AND DELIVERED:** by *G. L. Steer*.—One of the most interesting recent publications. Deals with the Abyssinian campaign about which far too little is known. The book is in one sense both a record of and a plea for, propaganda. The whole campaign was so fantastic that no easy generalisation is open to even the rashest reader. But successful propaganda probably made possible the impossible in this amazing triumph for British arms. Outstandingly interesting characters, such as Brigadier Wingate and the Emperor, are exceedingly well drawn.

**IS INDIA IMPREGNABLE?:** by *V. Bayley*.—There can, of course, be only one answer, since India never has been and never will be impregnable. Mahmud of Ghazni incidentally proved this sixteen times in thirty-three years. One doubts whether the author, in spite of his experience, has adequately appreciated the enormous possibilities of aerial invasion, and the changed defensive strategy which would be necessary to meet it. The same may be said of the dangers to defenders of India from Fifth Columnists, which here might assuredly surpass anything hitherto experienced in Europe or Asia.

**THE JAPANESE ENEMY:** by *H. Byas*.—Nearly two decades of journalistic experience in Japan have enabled Mr. Byas to assist us to "know your enemy." Since Japan in some ways is naturally not unlike Germany, and in other ways, has modelled itself on Germany, there may be an interesting similarity between both countries' reactions to the original biters being bit. Mr. Byas looks almost exclusively to America to defeat Japan.

**WEAPONS & TACTICS:** by *T. Wintringham*.—From the siege of Troy to the siege of Stalingrad is a long cry. Mr. Wintringham traces the rise and fall of the armoured foot soldier, and then the armoured cavalryman up to the present ascendancy of the armoured fighting vehicle. No adequate substitute for the long bow and the musket, which ended the ascendancy of armoured foot and horse, has as yet been discovered. For all that, the ascendancy of the tank may well be on the wane, and with it some of the advantage that goes to the side possessing the initiative. A big subject for a small book.

**INDIAN PAGEANT:** by *F. Yeats-Brown*—better known as the author of "*Bengal Lancer*."—The author has succeeded in writing a really readable short history. The fact that the publishers have seen fit to convert sterling figures quoted into dollars should not in fairness make the book suspect as propaganda. Propaganda is inevitably ephemeral, and this book will stand the test of time. Apart from succeeding in producing a genuine pageant, Major Yeats-Brown has contributed a really valuable chapter at the end entitled "Looking Forward." This both for a sense of reality, and as an intelligent attempt at constructive statesmanship, could hardly be bettered. The history of the British connection with India is kept in due proportion to the vast ancient and modern drama which is India.

**THE GREEN CURVE OMNIBUS:** by *Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton*, better known as "*Ole-Luk-Oie*."—Contains 14 more stories than the edition of "*The Green Curve*," published by William Blackwood & Sons in 1919. But the eleven old friends are all there, and have not lost their freshness or their barbed points.

General Swinton does not go out of his way to be kind to politicians, civilians, or high-placed incompetents in the military hierarchy. The history of this, or indeed any war, is a warning to any such

gentle handling. The stories abound in intelligence forecasts, amounting almost to prophecies which have been justified by events. The sole exception to this being the last story, "D2," which deals with microbe warfare, which as far as is known has not yet been used by Germany or Japan—not, one feels sure, on account of any moral scruples.

**FROM MANY ANGLES, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY:** *by The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes.*—There is material in this kaleidoscopic volume for three or four books at the very least. The whole scene changes so quickly and so rapidly that it is quite impossible to review it in detail in the space available. Suffice it, then, that in South Africa, in India, at home and on the continent, Sir Frederick Sykes has been at the centre of things when great events were stirring. As planter, trooper, officer, airman, Governor and politician, the author has led a full and interesting life. He is a hard-headed Yorkshireman who has made good, and is proud of it. He would be the first to admit that he owes much to his wife, Lady Sykes, a daughter of Andrew Bonar Law—sometime Prime Minister.

**MAKERS OF DESTRUCTION:** *by Hermann Rauschning.*—Here the author of "Hitler Speaks" crosses a good many of the "T's" and dots a number of "I's" which he and many others have already published about Germany under its Nazi gangster government. The book considers it is still necessary to explode wishful thinking in the U. K. and U.S.A., but there can be few with any lingering thought that Germany did not plot the war, plan for a long war, or who now imagine she can be disinfected or civilised after the war by getting rid of a number of party politicians and bosses.

**THE TOOLS OF WAR.** *by James R. Newman.*—This is an elaborately-produced record in print, with numerous illustrations of weapons and their evolution and use by land and sea and air. The book forms a convenient reference volume, but is scarcely one to pick up, read and digest from cover to cover.

**R.A.F.: THE SECOND YEAR.**—The Air Ministry has collaborated in the production of this written and pictorial diary of the R.A.F.'s activities during the second year of war. A royalty is paid to the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund on every copy sold.

**THE AMERICAN ARMY:** *by Harvey S. Ford.*—A sister publication to "The American Navy." It sets out to tell the layman something of the organisation of the U.S. army, and how the machine works in peace and war. There is little or nothing startling or novel. The fact is that the American Army is very much what is to be expected in a democracy building up a citizen force on a small, regular and largely inexperienced nucleus.

**NEPAL—LAND OF MYSTERY:** *by Hassoldt Davis.*—The title is rather misleading, since the book deals with much besides Nepal, as it was seen by a travelling American expedition intent on making films. The expedition was evidently treated with courtesy and, on occasions, forbearance. The pictures are the best part of the book, 'which does not add a great deal to the sum of knowledge about the kingdom of the Gurkhas.

**THE NAVY AND DEFENCE:** *The autobiography of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield.*—This is the first of two volumes to be produced. The second volume, which should tell of Lord Chatfield taking over the Co-ordination of Defence from one who was as little suited to the appointment as can possibly be imagined, should make more interesting and impersonal reading than the first volume.

The most interesting and revealing part of Volume I covers the period of the last war from 1916-17, during which time it was known to a few senior naval officers that the shells in the big guns of the Grand Fleet were quite unfit to do their job.

**ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN:** *by H. W. Flannery.*—Flannery succeeded Shirer at the end of 1940, and left in November, 1941. He has written an interesting diary of a year of German successes by land. He was privileged to visit occupied France, and see interesting "show-pieces", such as P. G. Wodehouse, who apparently regards himself as an American citizen whose sole interest in Britain is confined to his royalties. Flannery evidently regards Wodehouse as himself, the model for his own Bertie Wooster.

**MUNICH PLAYGROUND:** *by E. R. Pope.*—The author here throws considerable light on the leaders of the Nazi Party at play. One can understand their relief at quitting "the grim, brutal, business-like Berlin," and indulging their sordid weaknesses in a pleasant Bavarian atmosphere, which also provided opportunities for graft on a scale befitting the spiritual home of the Nazi Party. This, together with the whole-hearted anxiety of the Nazi propaganda machine to disguise itself and hoodwink the world, gives sauce and background to an interesting inside narrative.

**THE BOMBED BUILDINGS OF BRITAIN,** produced by the Architectural Press, is full of excellent photographs telling their own sad tale. The notes suffer by the unfortunately detached and over-critical attitude adopted towards the buildings themselves. Nevertheless, this may be preferable to an over-sentimental attitude.

**GLOBAL WAR (AN ATLAS OF WORLD STRATEGY):** *by E. A. Mowrer and M. Rajchman.*—It is described as "An ambitious atlas," and in fact it deals with such things as gold reserves and national incomes, rice and wheat production, not usually found in atlases. It may fairly



be hoped that the section devoted to the natural route for the invasion of the United States will not require consultation, at least during the present conflict.

**MALAYAN POSTSCRIPT:** by *Ian Morrison*.—Mr. Morrison, son of the famous "Chinese" Morrison, of *The Times*, followed in his father's footsteps as *The Times* correspondent during the siege, and up to the fall of Singapore. As might be expected, his is as balanced an account as has been written of a tragic episode for Britain's arms and annals. The account itself, perhaps because of its restrained writing, never flags but leads up to its inevitable climax like a Greek tragedy.

The most the author permits himself in two chapters entitled, respectively, "The men at the top" and "Afterthoughts," are two remarks which few will cavil at. "Singapore was crying out for leadership." "Those strata of the population of Great Britain who had been administering our Empire for the past twenty years had been found gravely wanting in the very qualities which had gained us an Empire. Not only those who had been administering our Empire, but also those who had been residing in it and making profits out of it, and those others who had been responsible for the formulation of its policies and the ensuring of its defence."

Three pamphlets by Sir Aurel Stein, called, respectively, "A Chinese Expedition Across the Pamirs and Hindukush, A.D. 747," "The site of Alexander's Passage of the Hydaspes and the Battle with Poros" and "Alexander's Campaign on the North-West Frontier." One cannot say more for each and all of these pamphlets, and their records and annals of the long ago, than to harbour the wish that they had been books instead of pamphlets.

Oxford Pamphlets Nos. 11 and 12 entitled "Languages and the Linguistic Problem" and "The Health of India."

D. R. J.

### **"THE TIGER STRIKES"**

A new edition of "The Tiger Strikes" has now been published. Among the additional notes in the volume are the Brigade and Battalion numbers which, for security reasons, had to be omitted from the first edition. The volume has been out of print for the past few months, and it is because of the constant demand for copies that the new edition has now been produced. A sequel to the book is being prepared, and will probably be published in the autumn.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### JUNGLE WARFARE

*To the Editor, U. S. I. "Journal"*

Dear Mr. Editor,

I read with interest Captain Peacock's article on jungle craft. It was to my mind an extremely helpful article, but there are three points upon which I should like to join issue with him, and possibly present another viewpoint.

The first is on the prosaic, but very important, subject of constipation. Captain Peacock said: "With so much healthy exercise before you, you will certainly not require a laxative". Although I agree with him entirely when the weather is cool, my own experience has been—and this was also the case in two of my companions on different occasions—that as soon as one gets into an area where sweating is profuse, the moisture which comes out of the body seems to come largely from the bowels, and I have on these occasions found myself extremely constipated. My advice is therefore that whenever you go into the jungle you should take care to have your own particular brand of laxative with you.

In his paragraph on *panjis*, they are dismissed as follows: "*Panjis* are merely small lengths of split bamboos sharpened to needle points . . . and set in the ground at an angle of 45 degrees". Having just been in an area where *panjis* are largely used, and by a people who have used them for over 100 years, I do not like to see such an efficacious weapon dismissed so lightly.

Like all other obstacles, *panjis* can be used protectively and tactically; in the former case, what is wanted is an area covered with *panjis* sufficiently broad that the enemy cannot get over them by jumping. Wherever possible this type of *panji* should be concealed. *Panjis* when used tactically can be on two different bases. One, in the same manner as tactical barbed wire is used: to shepherd the enemy into an area where he can be dealt with by fire. The second and more common use is in conjunction with ambushes, and here the particular position of every individual *panji* must be selected with hating care.

For example, it has been decided to ambush the enemy on a certain section of a hill path. First of all, the actual position of

the enemy when fire is opened on him must be selected on the ground. It is then necessary to put oneself in his position and say: "When I arrive at this spot, fire is opened on me," and then think out your immediate action. The chances are that the enemy is likely to do the same thing, and you will therefore be able to plant your *panjis*, which on this occasion must be well concealed, to do him the maximum damage. You will probably easily select the area where he is likely to throw himself behind cover, and after having taken this cover yourself, you will probably put down a few short *panjis* to pierce his hands and then, as your imagination suggests, you will place others of different lengths to catch him on the other portions of his anatomy.

Here are a few hints on *panjis* generally:

It has been found that there are three convenient sizes of *panjis*. In each case the height given is that above ground. It will depend on the hardness or softness of it how much is underground.

The small *panjis*—6 inches long. They can be easily concealed, and are normally stuck in the ground at an angle of 75—90 degrees. The object of this small type is to penetrate the boot and so into the enemies foot or to pierce the hand.

Medium size—12 inches. These are usually set in the ground at an angle of between 30—45 degrees, and they are meant to catch the enemy in the shin and calf.

Large size—about 30 inches. These, too, are set to an angle of 30—45 degrees, and are intended to damage the enemy in the knee or thigh.

In order to make certain of doing damage, *panjis* of different lengths should be mixed up together, and they should never be put in the regular rows or at the same angle and direction. A kind of criss-cross effect is the most efficient. If all *panjis* are put in at the same angle it is easy for one man having reached beyond them quickly to trample a path through from the other side. Concealment is essential with tactical *panjis*.

Where the ground is hard it is sometimes difficult to fix the *panjis* sufficiently firmly into it. A useful tip is as follows: When *panji* is being cut, a protuberance shaped like the footrest of a stilt can be left at the "knot" of the bamboo. The *panji* can be fixed into the ground by hammering on this protuberance with the back of a *dah* or *kukri*. In this way a *panji* can be fixed in the very hardest of ground.

If time permits, 3 foot *panjis*, set at angles of 75—90 degrees, can be used to deny certain small areas to paratroops. It means a considerable number of *panjis* to cover even a small area of ground.

The third point at which I join issue with Captain Peacock is over this. He says: "Let's regard jungle warfare as a game; healthful, thrilling, interesting and above all regarding the jungle as a friend and not as an enemy". While I entirely agree with the last sentence in the paragraph, I think the remark that we should regard jungle warfare as a game is just about as bad as any remark can be. No warfare of any sort can be regarded as a game, as it is a question of life and death to us all. None of our enemies is sufficiently foolish to regard it as a game; to them it is a profession, and as long as we continue to regard it as a game, so long will the professional beat the amateur. It is not as though the enemy, man for man, is superior to us, but one of his reasons for success is that he understands what war is and what it means to those taking part. Therefore I consider it wrong both physically and psychologically, ever to mention the word "game" when we are talking about warfare.

Yours faithfully,  
H. H. RICH,  
*Major-General.*

### WHO IS AT WAR—AND WITH WHOM

*To The Editor, U.S.I. "Journal"*

DEAR SIR,

In your editorial notes in your last issue you stated that Great Britain is, with Czechoslovakia, the only country at war with the entire Axis. Surely that is wrong?

Yours truly,  
"AN OLD MEMBER."

[To answer the point, we append hereto the names of the United Nations and countries against whom they have declared war:

British Empire and Czechoslovakia—against the entire Axis, *i.e.*, Germany, Italy, Japan, Finland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Siam.

U.S.A., against all, excepting Finland.

Nicaragua and Haiti, against all except Finland and Siam.

U.S.S.R., against Germany, Italy, Finland, Hungary and Rumania.

Greece, against Germany, Italy and Bulgaria.

Yugoslavia, against Germany, Italy, Japan, Hungary and Bulgaria.

China, Belgium, Netherlands, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guamatela, Honduras, Panama, Salvador, Mexico and Ethiopia, against Germany, Italy and Japan.

Costa Rica, against Germany, Italy, Japan, Hungary and Rumania.

Poland, against Germany and Japan.

Brazil, against Germany and Italy.

Norway and Luxembourg, against Germany.—*Editor, U.S.I. Journal.*

## WELFARE IN THE ARMY

*To The Editor, U.S.I. "Journal"*

Dear Sir,

Letters and articles published in your journal have dealt with Welfare in the Forces. One aspect of this matter does not appear to have been mentioned, possibly because some of the present schemes are new to India. I refer to the question of saving and investing money during our service, so that when we eventually return to civil life we may have something to fall back on in case of need.

The period of reconstruction after the war, when industry is being turned over from the War to Peace production, is bound to be a time of difficulty to many, if not all, of us. Anyone who leaves the service with a sum of money put aside, must, I think, go with a far greater feeling of security and independence than those who have not troubled to look ahead.

There are to-day various methods by which both officers and Other Ranks of the Army and R.A.F. can save. They include:

1. The "Active Service Scheme" for B.O.Rs. of the Army whose accounts are kept by the Chief Paymaster (B.T.) and for Airmen, R.A.F. (See Special I.A.O. 3/S/43 of the 7th Feb. 43, and R.A.F. (I.). Instruction 226/42.)

This is by far the best and simplest scheme from all points of view. Any C. O. who has not yet formed a branch of the Army Savings Association to operate this scheme, is advised to do so now.

It may or may not be true that only a few men wish to participate at the moment. Should the unit proceed on active operations, there may be a big increase in the number of those wishing to save, when opportunities for spending money will be far less. It is, therefore, very necessary to have everything in readiness for such a possibility.

2. The Outright-Purchase Scheme for all British Officers and other ranks of the Army and R.A.F. Under this scheme, officers and other ranks are able to buy British War Savings Certificates in India and Ceylon for themselves, or on behalf of members of their families. It is at present in operation for the Army in Ceylon and for the R.A.F. both in India and Ceylon. An I.A.O. is to be published shortly extending this scheme to the Army in India. The Scheme is not suitable for a unit on active operations.

3. For B.O.Rs. of the I.U.L.:—

(a) A scheme is given in Appendix "X," Financial Regulations (India), Part II, whereby B.O.Rs. of the I.U.L. can deposit money in the Post Office Savings Bank in England; and (b) They can contribute to the Indian Miscellaneous Military Services Provident Fund. This fund pays a good rate of interest. (See I.A.O. 1099/42.)

4. Officers of the Indian Army and Indian Air Force can contribute to the Defence Services Officers Provident Fund. (See I.A.O. 1099/42.)

The existence of this fund does not appear to be generally known to officers, and Os.C. units and Officer Training Schools should publicise it.

5. *For All Ranks.*—Anyone can contribute to the Defence Savings Provident Fund. (See I.A.O. 1099/42 and A.I.I. 276/40.)

6. Officers can make their own arrangements with their banks in India to remit money to their banks at home, instructing the latter as to what stocks they wish purchased.

7. *The British War Savings Movement (India).*—Anyone can purchase British War Savings Certificates or Defence Bonds through this movement. Details can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, 7 Council House Street, P.O.Box 625, Calcutta.

Since the beginning of this year savings in the Forces in India have shown a steady increase, and if facilities are made available in every unit and explained to all ranks, I am certain that still greater amounts can be invested each month.

Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, Honorary Director-General of the Army and Air Force Savings Association, wrote in one of his pamphlets:

"I cannot be satisfied till every officer and man is saving something every day."

A high ideal indeed, but one which should be the aim of everyone responsible for men's welfare.

Yours faithfully,  
F. L. CROSSMAN,  
Major-General.

*Simla.*

### THE TEACHING OF URDU

*To The Editor, U.S.I. "Journal"*

SIR,

I have read the article in your last issue on the teaching of Urdu with very great interest.

Urdu is definitely an easy language to learn, but it is made difficult by three causes:

1. *Munshis*.—Most of them teach by no recognised method, are trained in no school of languages, and their object seems to many to be to ensure continued employment rather than to pass their "victims" as quickly as possible through the examinations.

2. *Pronunciation*.—This is more important than either grammar or vocabulary. Yet how slack we all are over the various kinds of 't', 'd', 'r', and 'k', and how rarely do we ever pronounce a double consonant properly! You will be better understood if you speak English with an Urdu accent than if you speak Urdu with an English accent. If you must speak Urdu with an English accent, use any dialect or brogue, but never the "Oxford accent."

3. *Modern English* is "waffle," and before it will go into Urdu it must be "de-waffled." Let me give two instances:

*Modern English.*

He expressed his pleasure.

*Real English.*

He said: I am glad.

I am most favourably impressed with the response you are making to the demand for recruits. Well done!

The high-water mark of the English language is that all-time classic, the Bible, and if you will put what you want to say into Bible English it will go straight into Urdu. Those who read the Bible should buy the revised translation of St. Luke, in Roman-Urdu, and read it, along with the English version.

Yours faithfully,  
F. L. BRAYNE,  
Colonel.

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# UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA

To The Secretary,  
United Service Institution of India,  
SIMLA.

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I desire to become a member of the United Service Institution of India, and since I understand that no election is necessary in the case of Officers in the Defence Services, of the Government of India, or of a Provincial Government, I have completed the Bankers' Order form given below.

\*As I understand that Life Membership can be registered on payment of Rs. 150, I shall be glad if you will include my name in that category.

Yours faithfully,

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Present address.....

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\*Please delete paragraphs not required.



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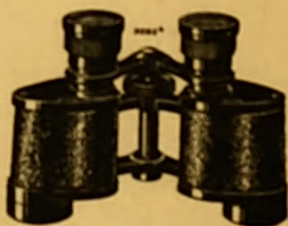
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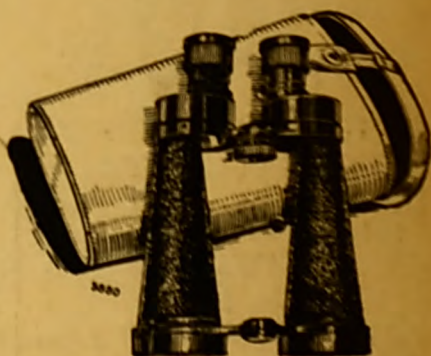


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OF THE

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OF

INDIA

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

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## UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA

The headquarter building of the United Service Institution of India in Simla is open daily, including Sundays, from 9 a.m. to sunset. It contains a reading room, in which is available a wide range of illustrated periodicals, newspapers, magazines, etc., as well as a number of Service journals. A well-stocked library is also open to members, who may borrow volumes without charge, while members stationed elsewhere may obtain books on loan post-free.

Members also receive, post-free, each of the quarterly issues of the Journal of the Institution.

### Rules of Membership

1. All officers of the Defence Services, whether they belong to the Imperial Forces, to forces raised by the Government of India, by an Indian State, by a British Dominion or Colony, and all gazetted officials of the Government of India or of a Provincial Government shall be entitled to become members, without ballot, on payment of the entrance fee and subscription.

Other gentlemen may become members if proposed and seconded by a member of the Institution and approved by the Council. They will be entitled to all the privileges of membership, excepting voting.

2. Life members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of a lump sum of Rs. 160, which sum includes entrance fee.

3. Ordinary members of the Institution shall be admitted on payment of an entrance fee\* (see para. 4) of Rs. 10 on joining, and an annual subscription of Rs. 10 (or 15s.) to be paid in advance.

The period of subscription commences on January 1.

An ex-member on rejoining the Institution will be charged a second entrance fee of Rs. 10 if since the date on which he ceased to be a member he has served or resided in India. In other cases no charge will be made.

4. British Service, Dominion and Colonial officers serving in India shall pay an entrance fee\* of Rs. 7 only.

5. Members receive the Journal of the Institution post free to any part of the world. Members in India may obtain books from the library; they are issued postage free, the borrower paying the return postage.

6. Government institutions and offices, military libraries, messes and clubs wishing to subscribe for the Journal shall pay Rs. 10 per annum. Non-members shall pay Rs. 10 per annum plus postage. Single copies of the Journal will be supplied to non-members at Rs. 2-8-0 per copy, plus postage.

7. If a member fails to pay his subscription for any year (commencing 1st January) by 1st June of that year, a registered notice shall be sent to him by the Secretary inviting his attention to the fact. If the subscription is not paid by 1st January following, his name shall be struck off the roll of members and, if the Executive Committee so decide, posted in the hall of the Institution for six months, or until the subscription is paid.

8. An ordinary member wishing to resign at any time during a year in which one or more Journals have been sent to him must pay his subscription in full for that year and notify his wish to resign before his name can be struck off the list of members.

9. Members who join the Institution on or after the 1st October and pay the entrance fee and annual subscription on joining will not be charged a further subscription on the following 1st January, unless the Journals for the current year have been supplied.

10. Members are responsible that they keep the Secretary carefully posted in regard to changes of rank and address. Duplicate copies of the Journal will not be supplied free to members when the original has been posted to a member's last known address and has not been returned through the post.

11. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla.

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\* For the duration of the war, the entrance fee has been waived.



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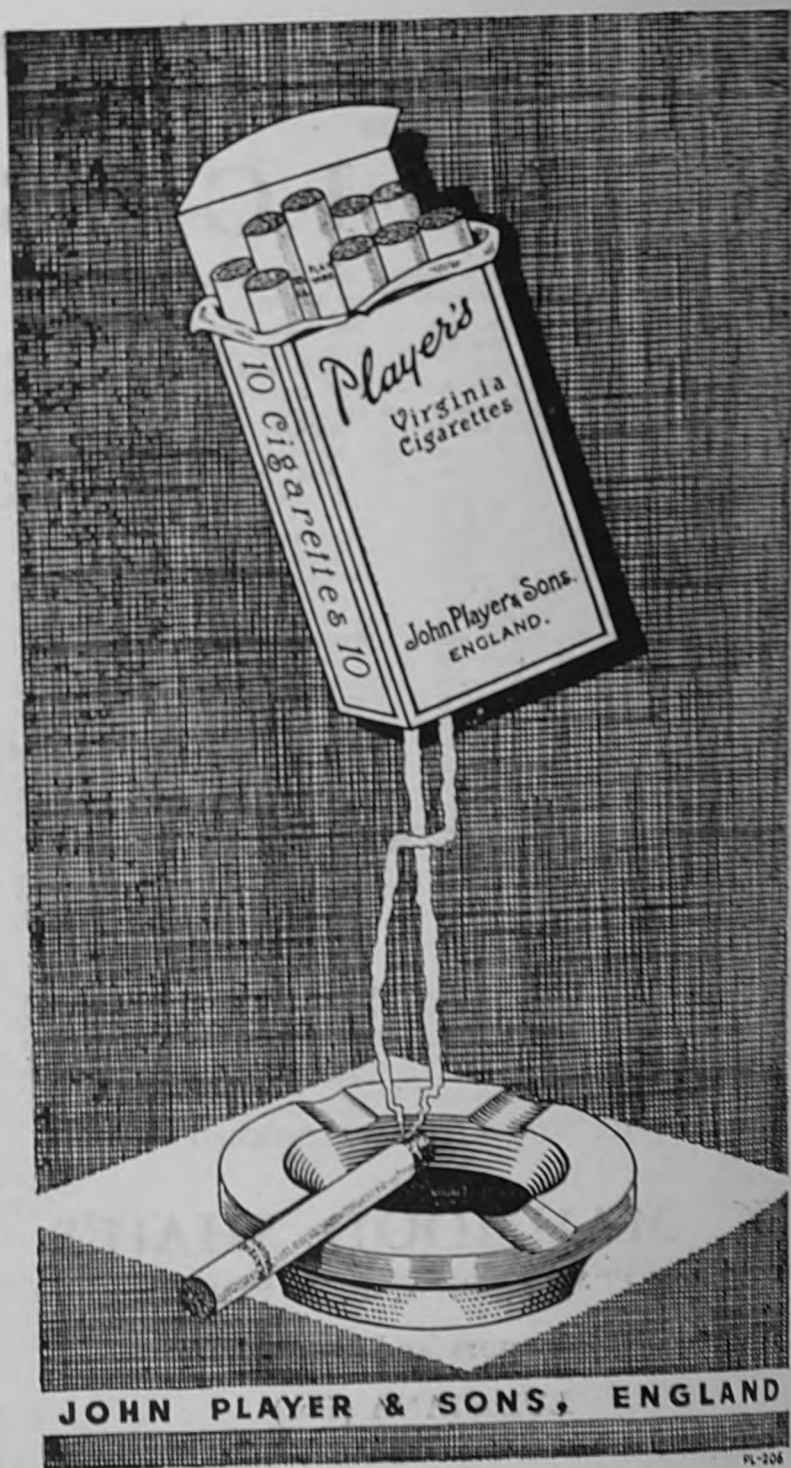
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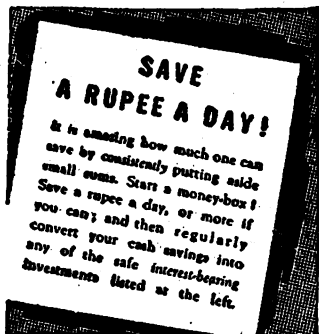
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## MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL, 1943-44.

### Ex-officio Members:

The Chief of the General Staff (President).  
The Dep. A.O.C., Air Forces in India (Vice-President).  
The Flag Officer Commanding Royal Indian Navy.  
The Secretary, Defence Department.  
The Secretary, External Affairs Department.

### Elected Members:

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Clarence Bird, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O.	Sir F. H. Puckle, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.
Lieut.-Gen. T. J. Hutton, C.B., M.C.	Commander H. E. Felser Paine, R.I.N.
Major-General D. A. L. Wade, O.B.E., M.C.	Group-Captain the Earl of Bandon, D.S.O., R.A.F.
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### Honorary Members:

Lieut.-Gen. the Maharaja of Jammu & Kashmir, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.,  
K.C.V.O.  
Air-Commodore H. H. the Nawab of Bhopal, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.V.O.,  
Colonel H. H. the Maharaja Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I.,  
Major H. H. the Maharaja of Patiala, G.B.E.  
Captain H. H. the Raja of Faridkot, K.C.S.I.

## MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 1943-44

President: Major-General D.A.L. Wade, O.B.E., M.C.  
Members: Lieut.-Gen. Sir Clarence Bird, K.C.I.E., C.B., D.S.O.  
Commander H. E. Felser Paine, R.I.N.  
Group Captain the Earl of Bandon, D.S.O., R.A.F.,  
Secretary and Editor: Major H. C. Druett.  
Bankers: Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Simla.

## NOTES BY THE SECRETARY

### The Council

At the last meeting of the Council it was decided to invite certain Ruling Princes who had evinced a keen interest in Service affairs generally, and in this Institution in particular, to become honorary members of the Council. The President and members are happy to have their co-operation, which will extend the sphere of influence and scope of the Institution.

Lieutenant-General H. Finnis, C.B., M.C., tendered his resignation as a member of the Council a short while ago on assuming his appointment as G.O.C. in Chief, North-Western Army. He has been a member of the Institute for 18 years, and for two years served on the Council, the President and members of which are grateful for his constant assistance in the past. His many friends will have learned with pleasure of his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and will wish him all success in his new office.

Sir F. H. Puckle, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., I.C.S., who has been nominated as his successor, is Director-General, Information and Broadcasting. He served on the Council in 1941—43.

Major-General Sir Dashiwood Strettell has resigned as a member of the Council and President of the Executive Committee on leaving India. He has been succeeded as President of the Executive Committee by Major-General D. A. L. Wade, O.B.E., M.C.

### Honours

The following members of the Institution were recently awarded the honours indicated, in recognition of distinguished service in Persia and Iraq during the period March, 1942 to February, 1943:

*O.B.E.*—Lieutenant-Colonel D. Carrol, 10th Baluch Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Austin Davis, R.E.

*M.B.E.*—Lieutenant-Colonel Lakhinder Singh, 2nd Punjab Regiment; Major Richard Morland-Hughes, 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles.

For gallantry in the recent operations in Burma, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. B. Oldham, of the 4th Gurkha Rifles, has been awarded the Military Cross.

In our last issue we omitted to record, among those whose names appeared in the Birthday Honours List, that of Colonel R. Menzies, O.B.E., V.D., who was created a Knight Bachelor.

### New Members

The membership roll of the Institution continues to show gratifying progress. In addition to the following members who

have joined during the past three months, some fifty-one Officers' Messes have asked to become subscribing members:

- |                                  |                                |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Ashley, Lieut. C. E.,            | Lewis, Major J. D., M.C.,      |
| Balderston, Captain T. W.,       | Leyden, J. L., Esq.,           |
| Beasley, C. G., Esq.,            | Macneill, Captain A.,          |
| Beecheno, Major P. M.,           | Mair, Major J. B.,             |
| Bell, Lieut. J. H.,              | Messum, Captain P. R.,         |
| Benson, Major A. A.,             | Morant, Captain G. C. H.,      |
| Bosworth, Major D.,              | Musgrove, Captain P. A.,       |
| Brooks, F/Lt. B. J., D.F.M.,     | Naylor, Major L. B., C.B.E.,   |
| Bushe, Major W. K.,              | Nazir Khan, Lieut.,            |
| Cabbage, Captain W. R.,          | Norton, Major W. E.,           |
| Carter, Lieut. D.,               | Nott, Lieut.-Colonel W. F. B., |
| Charles, Lieut. M. G. P.,        | Odell, F. D., Esq., O.B.E.,    |
| Cheema, Flying-Officer M. M. A., | Orr, Captain J. R. H.,         |
| Chettle, G., Esq.,               | Page, Captain B. A.,           |
| Chohan, Captain. N. A.,          | Palmer, Lieut.-Colonel R.W.V., |
| Clarke, Captain S. D.,           | Pape, Wing-Commander G. A.     |
| Corridon, Captain R. B.,         | Patterson, Lieut.-Colonel W.,  |
| Corstorphine, Captain J.,        | Payton, W. H., Esq.,           |
| Crawfurd, Captain H. J.,         | Pitt, Lieut. G. A. J.,         |
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| de Monsarrat, Lieut. G.R.F.X.,   | Reynolds, Lieut.-Col. D.L.C.,  |
| Dixie, Major B. C.,              | Rex, Captain S.,               |
| Duckworth, Lieut. G. F.,         | Rind, G. M., Esq.,             |
| Duguid, Major-General D. R.,     | Roosmalecoq, Captain A. H.,    |
| M.B.E.,                          | M.C.,                          |
| Flynn, Lieut. W. C. M.,          | Sadekar Pawar, Lieut. D. A.,   |
| Freeman, Captain C. A.,          | *Scott, Lieut. P. B.,          |
| Gibbs, Captain G. A.,            | Shipway, Major W. G.,          |
| Goldney, Lieut.-Colonel J. L.,   | Simmonds, Lieut. R. M.,        |
| Gonella, Captain J. G.,          | Smith, Brigadier A.T.F., M.C., |
| Harpur, Lieut. D. L.,            | Sutton, Major W. F. P.,        |
| Hearn, Lieut. R. F.,             | Swan-Thompson, Major J.,       |
| Hicks, Lieut. E. R. R.,          | Thein, Lieut.-Colonel U.,      |
| Hindley, Lieut. C. J. C.,        | O.B.E., K.S.M., A.T.M.,        |
| *Hotz, Captain R. E.,            | Thomas, Lieut.-Colonel H. P.,  |
| Hutchinson, Major T. J.,         | O.B.E.,                        |
| Hyatt, Colonel J. W.,            | Thompson, Captain F. C. C.,    |
| *Jammu and Kashmir, H.H.         | Tooley, Major C.,              |
| Maharaja Lieut.-General Sir      | Treston, Colonel M. L.,        |
| Hari Singh, G.C.S.I.,            | Walker, I., Esq., O.B.E.,      |
| G.C.I.E., K.C.V.O.,              | Walker, Major S. E. C.,        |
| Jenney, Major G. R. F.,          | Webster, G. E. E., Esq.,       |
| Jollye, Lieut. G. H.,            | Wilkie, H. G., Esq.,           |
| Lal Bhatnagar, Lieut. R. M.,     | Wilcox, Lieut.-General H. B.   |
| Landray, F/Lieut. J. E.,         | D., C.B., D.S.O., M.C.,        |
| Lee, Major D. A.,                | Wiltshire, Lieut. A.,          |
| Lees, L. M., Esq.,               | Wise, The Hon'ble Sir John,    |
|                                  | K.C.M.G., C.B.E.               |

\*Life Members.

### Sir Dashwood Strettell

Major-General Sir Dashwood Strettell, whose retirement is referred to under "Matters of Moment," was first commissioned on January 20, 1900, being posted to the 1/24 Regiment, The South Wales Borderers. The following year he served with the 15th Rajputs in the Waziristan blockade, and in 1902 was appointed to the 3rd Punjab Cavalry (P.F.F.), with whom he served until 1910, when he was appointed A.D.C. to the G.O.C., 4th Quetta Division.

In 1911 he became Assistant Commandant in the Burma Military Police. It was while commanding the Political Officer's escort in the Nmai-Hka expedition of 1912-13 that he was in charge of the successful night march and attack at Agummi, and of the action at Buza in January, 1913, which resulted in the capture of several Chinese officers, with their papers, and the driving of their party over the Salween Divide.

As Intelligence Officer of the Expedition he received the thanks of the C.G.S., Simla, for the report he rendered, and letters of appreciation from the Government of Burma and India. He was awarded the King's Police Medal on June 1, 1914, for "organising and maintaining a force of Military Police under circumstances of great difficulty."

On the outbreak of the Great War he raised and commanded the Service Squadron of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. In July, 1915, however, he was recalled to India to command the Regimental Depot, which he left in February, 1916, to join the Regiment on service in Mesopotamia. A year later he commanded a wing of the regiment in the successful affair against Sheik Haidar at Hussainiyeh. In 1917 he became Brigade Major of the 17th Cavalry Brigade, with which he served in the Battle of Sharqat and the occupation of Mosul. For his services in the War he was mentioned in dispatches three times and promoted Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel.

In 1919 he returned to India, served as D.A.Q.M.G. in Karachi, and after a period as F.S.O. in 1920 was transferred to the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, where he became Brigade Major of the 10th Cavalry Brigade, serving in Northern Palestine from October, 1920, to January, 1922.

He rejoined his Regiment in August, 1922, and in April, 1924, was appointed Commandant of the 11th P.A.V.O. Cavalry, F.F., being promoted Colonel with seniority as from June 3, 1923. In this record of his career it is worthy of note that two months ago he had the honour of being appointed Colonel of the Regiment.

For a short while in 1928 he acted as A.A. & Q.M.G. of the Baluchistan District, was appointed A.A.G., Northern Command, in July of the same year, and from 1929 to 1932 commanded the Meerut Cavalry Brigade. For the succeeding two years he was Brigadier, G.S., Southern Command.

In 1934 he was promoted Major-General, and late in the same year became Deputy Q.M.G. at G.H.Q., a post he held until March, 1936, when he became Deputy Adjutant-General. In November, 1936, he was appointed to command the Peshawar

District, which command he held until 1940, when he was placed on the retired list.

He accepted an invitation to rejoin the Service, and in March, 1941, became Administrative Commandant in the Prisoners-of-War Camp, Bairagarh, near Bhopal. Six months later he was appointed to take charge of the Demobilisation Section then formed in G.H.Q. Since then he has been responsible for the original formation and organisation of the W.A.C. (I.).

General Strettell was awarded the C.B. in 1935, and the K.C.I.E. in 1940.

### **Gold Medal Essay Competition**

The subject set for the 1944 Competition, as shown in the announcement appearing elsewhere in this issue, is:

"In the past it has been the policy that the training of the armed forces of the Empire should not be related to any particular type of terrain. Discuss this policy in respect of both land and air forces in the light of experience gained in the present war."

Full particulars will be seen on the page giving the announcement.

### **MacGregor Memorial Medal**

As will be seen in the report of the meeting of the Council of the Institution, medals for 1942-43 have been awarded to Subedar Tekhbahadur Limbu, and Havildar Dhirta Singh, 4/11th Sikh Regiment.

The MacGregor Memorial Medal was founded in 1888 as a memorial to the late Major-General Sir Charles MacGregor, who founded the United Service Institution of India. It is awarded for the best military reconnaissance or journey of exploration of the year, which, during the war, may have been achieved during an escape from a Far Eastern enemy country into, for instance, India.

The awards are made in June, and are: (a) For officers, British or Indian, silver medal, and (b) for soldiers, British or Indian, a silver medal with Rs. 100 as gratuity. For especially valuable work, a gold medal may be awarded in place of one of the silver medals, whenever the administrators of the Fund deem it desirable. The Council may also award a special additional silver medal, without gratuity, to a soldier, for specially good work.

The award of the medals is made by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, India, as Vice-Patron, and the Council of the United Service Institution of India, who were appointed administrators of the Fund by the MacGregor Memorial Committee.

Eligibility for the award is open to: (a) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and the Dominion Forces, while serving on the Indian establishment. (b) Officers and other ranks of the Royal Indian Navy, Indian Army, Indian Air Force and of the Indian States Forces, wherever serving. (The term "Indian Army" includes the Indian Auxiliary and Territorial Forces, Frontier Militia, Levies, Military Police and Military Corps under local governments.)

Personal risk to life during the reconnaissance or exploration is not a necessary qualification for the award of the medal: but, in the event of two journeys being of equal value, the man who has incurred the greater risk will be considered to have the greater claim to the award.

When the work of the year has either not been of sufficient value or notice of it has been received too late for consideration before the Council Meeting, the medal may be awarded for any reconnaissance during previous years considered by His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in India to deserve it.

The medal may be worn in uniform by Indian soldiers on ceremonial parades, suspended round the neck by the ribbon issued with the medal. Replacements of the ribbon may be obtained on payment from the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla.

### **Contributions to the Journal**

Articles on matters of military, naval and air force interest are welcomed. They should not exceed 3,000 words in length, and preferably should run to 3,000 words. Contributions should be typewritten, double spacing, and in view of the paper shortage, may be typed on both sides, providing a moderately thick paper is used.

Contributors unable to submit articles already typed may send them in manuscript form, and arrangements will be made for them to be typed in Simla, the small charge being deducted from the contributor's fee. Payment is made on publication, at rates up to Rs. 150 according to the value of the contribution.

All articles dealing with military subjects are submitted to the authorities before publication, for security reasons. Contributions may, if the author desires, appear under a pseudonym; in such cases, the name of the author remains strictly confidential. The right to omit or amend any part of an article is reserved by the Executive Committee.

### **Library**

An extensive library is available for members of the Institution at the headquarters in Simla. Books may be loaned to members resident in India, and those borrowing works in person must enter particulars in the book provided. Members stationed outside Simla may receive books on application; they will be sent post-free by registered parcel post, and must be returned within two months, or immediately on recall. No more than three volumes may be issued at any one time. Reference books and works marked "Confidential" may not be removed from the library.

Members wishing to retain a work for more than two months should notify the Secretary to that effect. If, after the expiration of three weeks from the date of issue a book is wanted by another member, it will be recalled. Should a book not be returned within fourteen days of the date of recall, it must be paid for, the cost of lost or defaced books being refunded by the member to whom they were issued. Such volumes which have become

out of print will be valued by the Executive Committee, the member being required to pay the cost so fixed.

The issue of a book to any member under the above rules implies the latter's agreement with the regulations.

A catalogue of books in the library may be obtained on payment of Rs. 2/8 per copy, plus 13 annas postage.

### **Letters to the Editor**

Correspondence is invited for inclusion in the *Journal* on subjects referred to in articles, or which are of interest to members of the Services in India. Letters should be as brief as possible, and should be sent to the Editor, United Service Institution of India *Journal*, Simla.

### **A.H.Q. Staff College Course**

Sets of papers of the above-mentioned (1939) series, with 3 maps, are available for sale at Rs. 7 per set.

- |   |             |
|---|-------------|
| (i) Precis of lectures and papers                     | ... Rs. 2/- |
| (ii) Strategy and Tactics papers, including<br>3 maps | ... Rs. 5/- |

### **Old Books and Trophies**

A valuable collection of old and rare books which have been presented to the Institution from time to time may be inspected by members in Simla. They are, however, not available for circulation.

Gifts of rare volumes, trophies, medals, etc., which members may desire to present to the Institution, will be gratefully received.

Copies of old Indian Army Lists dating back to 1795 are available for inspection at the office of the Institution in Simla. Any member or unit desirous of receiving typewritten copies of pages from such records may have them on payment of Rs. 2 per typewritten page.



## **GOLD MEDAL PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION**

The Council has selected the following subject for the Gold Medal Prize Essay Competition for 1944:

**"In the past it has been the policy that the training of the armed forces of the Empire should not be related to any particular type of terrain. Discuss this policy in respect of both land and air forces in the light of experience gained in the present War."**

Entries are invited from all commissioned officers of His Majesty's Forces, from gazetted officers of the Civil Administration in India, and from officers of the Indian States Forces.

Essays, which should be typewritten (double spacing) and submitted in triplicate, must be received by the Secretary, United Service Institution of India, Simla, on or before June 30, 1944. In order that the anonymity of each candidate should be preserved, a motto should be written at the top of each entry. A sealed envelope, bearing on the outside the motto, and containing inside the name and address of the author of the essay, must accompany each entry.

Entries should not exceed fifteen pages (approx. 3,000 words) of the size and style of the Journal. Should any authority be quoted in the essay, the title of the work referred to should be given.

Three judges chosen by the Council will adjudicate. They may recommend a money award not exceeding Rs. 500, either in addition to, or in substitution of, the Gold Medal, and will submit their decision to the Council. The name of the successful candidate will be published in the October, 1944 issue of the Journal.

Copyright of all essays submitted will be reserved by the Council of the United Service Institution of India.

# The Journal

of the

## United Service Institution of India

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# **M A L A R I A**

**(35 mm Sound Film In 3 Reels)**

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A NEW Shell Film Unit production, which explains, by means of diagrams, cinemicrography and scenes photographed in India and the tropics, how human beings contract malaria and what measures can be taken to control the disease.

**Part One: THE PARASITE**

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**Part Three: MALARIA CONTROL**

The film was made in close collaboration with the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine and has been recommended by the Commissioner of Public Health, Government of India to Public Health Officials throughout India. It is included in BURMAH-SHELL'S LENDING LIBRARY OF FILMS and is available free of charge for educational or private view and for use in health propaganda.

Burmah-Shell's Film Library covers a number of subjects of general and scientific interest. For the loan of 35 mm and 16 mm films, please apply to the Publicity Department,

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# The Journal

of the

## United Service Institution of India

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Vol. LXXIII

OCTOBER, 1943

No. 313

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*The views expressed in this Journal are in no sense official, and the opinions of contributors in their published articles are not necessarily those of the Council of the Institution.*

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### MATTERS OF MOMENT

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**T** HIS YEAR BIDS FAIR to go down in history, like 1759, as "the year of victories," for seldom in the annals of warfare can such an unbroken series of successes be found. Surging forward from El Alamein twelve months ago, the Eighth Army is still victoriously advancing; **A Year of American, British, Indian, Australian, New Zealand and South African Forces have** **Victories** swept the Axis from Africa, and a great milestone far beyond the halfway house in this war has been reached and passed. Though the road may yet be hazardous, there is now no danger of defeat. In a year bombs dropped on Germany have increased threefold as compared with the preceding twelve months; new American and British aircraft coming into operation exceed those of Germany by four to one; our Russian allies continue to roll back the Nazi forces with amazing success and astonishing ascendancy over the enemy; a magnificent diminution in sinkings is officially reported; new shipping from American, Canadian, and British shipyards has fulfilled all that was ever hoped for—and all losses suffered since the beginning of the war have nearly been replaced; news from the Far Eastern theatre is

encouraging; Italy has capitulated, and, as a consequence, we have the Fascist fleet in our hands, an event which has decisively altered the naval balance of the world.

These victories vouchsafed to us are omens for the German people. Twice in the lifetime of many of us have they plunged the world into bloody war. This time the Allied Nations are determined to root out for all time Nazi tyranny and Prussian militarism. How and where they will do it is obviously a matter for our leaders. Not so very long ago Hitler said: "If I had an opponent of stature, of military stature, then I could calculate pretty closely where he would attack. But when one faces military idiots, one cannot know where they will attack." It will not be long before he regrets—if he has not done so by now—his insult to Eisenhower, Alexander, Clark, Montgomery, Tedder, Cunningham and others who are leading our forces, for we and our Allies have become one mighty engine for the prosecution of the war, representing the greatest military power ever assembled. We have every reason to be heartened, and though the storm rages, there is a shimmer of sunshine over the waves. The struggle nears the climax, and surely and with gathering momentum Hitler's legions are being defeated. And, as the day of reckoning draws nearer, let us thank God for three great leaders in Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin, each of whom has revealed a strength of purpose and a masterly leadership rarely found among men.

**THREE GREAT** military leaders of our generation are now in India: Field-Marshal Viscount Wavell, whose military genius paved the way for our African successes, and who is the first professional soldier to be appointed Viceroy and Governor-General in India since the government was transferred to the Crown in 1858; General Sir Claude Auchinleck, whose vision and strategy saved Egypt and the whole of the Middle East last year by his stand at El Alamein, is our Commander-in-Chief; and Lord Louis Mountbatten, who has been given charge of the East Asia Command, and who was until recently Chief of the Combined Operations Staff in Great Britain. Each has a world-wide

**Three Great  
Military  
Leaders**

reputation as a military leader, and the fact that three men of such high repute are together in India's capital is evidence that India will, not long hence, assume a prominence in the World War and in operations against Japanese which it has for some time past lacked. By his decision to establish his headquarters in New Delhi in the first instance Lord Louis will not only be able to maintain close liaison with the seat of Government, but will be able to plan and frame his campaign with the best military brains at hand. His arrival marks the opening phase of a new chapter in the war, which will surely end with the release of Burma and Malaya from Japanese occupation.

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**I**T IS BECOMING more widely realised that world peace demands that peoples of all nations should know more of each other's mode of living, customs and ideals. Speeding-up of communications, development of wireless, and the

### **Allied Nations**

#### **Discussion**

#### **Groups**

ever-increasing effect of the printed word have combined to make the world smaller, necessitating a stronger linking up between nations. To foster this tendency to learn more of our neighbours—and especially of our Allies—an enterprising group of people in New Delhi and in Calcutta not long ago inaugurated an Allied Nations Discussion Group, the members comprising a dozen different nationalities. Since then similar Groups have been formed in Simla, Bombay and Ranchi, all affiliated to each other. Their object is not limited to discussions, for visits to places of interest are arranged, musical evenings organised, "socials" held, while membership is open to all races and creeds.

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Now that we have so many of our American allies in India, it is gratifying to find that this manifestation of friendliness has spread to the Forces, for American

### **Fostering**

#### **Friendships**

and British soldiers have joined together in camps and other centres. Friendships have developed, misunderstanding removed, and knowledge of each other's countries widened. It is, therefore, with pleasure that many will have learned of the project to establish an Allied Officers' Club in Delhi—the first, we hope, of many, for such closer companionship of men who are serving for the first time in a country far removed from their homes and in a totally different environment can do nothing but good. The measure of its success will depend on American officers and officers of the British and Indian services, but it can safely be asserted that within its walls will



be formed friendships which will last long after this war has ended.

SOME OFFICERS are inclined to be "touchy" when the subject of languages arises, but on this occasion we refer not to the learning of Urdu by British officers, but to the more difficult problem of the study of English by Indians.

### Basic English

An illustration of the intricacies of the English language is to be seen in an unusual contribution elsewhere in this issue, and it is with the desire to lessen these difficulties that Basic English was evolved a few years ago. It has gained many supporters and now a Committee of Ministers in the British Government has been set up to study and report on the subject. It is first time such a step has been taken in England, and their report will be read with interest. English is, of course, the most widely spoken tongue in the world, but if some such modification as is contained in Basic English is possible, millions more British subjects would be able to conduct themselves through its medium. France, Italy, Spain, Russia, China and Turkey have all studied this subject in regard to their own tongue; Russia has simplified its written form, Turkey has abandoned the old Arabic script, and China is changing its centuries-old picture-writing to the more modern phonetic style. There is, of course, no suggestion of any such change in the English language, but the adoption of Basic English may well assist in widening knowledge of our country among those to whom the present huge vocabulary presents difficulties.

THE TOTAL demoralisation of the Nazi regime through aerial bombardment is being ruthlessly carried out with the object, as has been officially stated in London, of reducing the weapon-producing power of Germany below a

### Object of Bombing

point at which they can sustain military operations on a scale to keep out the Allied invading forces. The announcement added: When we achieve this, the Allies will close for the kill. Many people are vehemently asserting that bombing alone will not win the war. That fact is recognised. Indeed, experience has demonstrated it; the Russo-Finnish war, Spain, the Battle of Britain, China, Malta, Hamm railway junction and Coventry are all evidence that bombing cannot be decisive. It can, however, to use that delightfully euphonious phrase, "soften" the enemy's defences; it will,

sooner or later, break down the *power* to resist, opening the way for our armed forces who, if bombing has been sufficiently concentrated, will find themselves faced with an enemy bereft of the *will* to resist. That way lies victory, and it is clearly the policy of those directing operations.

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**WITH THE RETIREMENT** after forty-three years' service of Major-General Sir Dashwood Strettell, the Indian Army has lost one of its most active and successful leaders, and this Institution one of its staunchest supporters, for Sir **Major-General Sir Dashwood Strettell** Dashwood has been a member for 27 years, a member of the Council for 2 years, and for the last twelve months President of the Executive Committee. Sir Dashwood's

military career is referred to elsewhere, but it is fitting here to add that he has always been one of the most approachable, able and far-sighted officers the Army has had. His departure not only marks the end of a lifetime's service to India, but it also marks the end of four successive generations of his family in direct line who have served in this country. Energetic by nature, Sir Dashwood has always hated procrastination, and has always found means of overcoming obstacles. He has a strong sense of humour, possesses that most useful gift of being able to "size-up" those serving under him, and has been fortunate enough in his career to be one of the few to serve in all branches of the Service, which has given him a breadth of view and understanding seldom encountered. His public-spirited action in returning to the Service after retirement, and reverting to the rank of Colonel, was typical. A keen amateur actor and producer in his younger days, Sir Dashwood has maintained his interest in the histrionic art by his Presidency for the last eighteen months of the Simla Amateur Dramatic Club. In this tribute to Sir Dashwood, we must not omit reference to Lady Strettell, who for so many years has worked so hard and ungrudgingly for the welfare of Indian soldiers' wives throughout North India, and who for the past year has been a Commander in the W.A.C. (I.). Their hospitality and generosity to all, high and low, will be long remembered by those who have had the privilege of serving under Sir Dashwood for many years in the Peshawar district. The good wishes of hosts of Indian Army officers and other friends in India will go with them on their departure, coupled with the hope that they may spend many happy years of retirement.

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**A** GLANCE through some past issues of this *Journal* has revealed that it has never hesitated to speak out, and we therefore venture to touch on a subject not ordinarily referred to in these pages. It is this: **Are British women in**

**Women's  
Work in  
India**

India working 100 per cent. for the War Effort? From many quarters we learn of women who are engaged heart and soul in tasks which demand much self-sacrifice, and for which they deserve nothing but the highest praise. Nurses coming straight from Britain to out-of-the-way hospitals; members of the Women's Voluntary Service who willingly darn socks for the British soldier; and those who serve in Canteens all show that a large number of the fair sex now in India can be given full marks for their work. They toil under conditions and in surroundings which merit real admiration. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that many are failing in their duty to lend a hand; maybe they forget that tens of thousands of women at Home are willingly shouldering burdens which in ordinary times would be thought beyond them; maybe they say: "We haven't been asked" or "What can we do?" Conditions are admittedly different in India from those at Home, but there is still work for everybody. This is the time when rank counts for nothing; everyone knows that wives of the highest officers in the land were the first to offer their services. The only adequate excuse for not coming forward is genuine bad health or the care of young children. Complacency in this matter is as deadly an enemy as the German or the Jap, and any woman who feels she is not helping to the utmost of her ability should register at once with one of the existing women's organisations.

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*Members are earnestly requested to notify any change of address to the Secretary without delay. Such cooperation will not only help to ease postal traffic at a time when mail services are overburdened, but will also ensure prompt receipt of the Journal each quarter.*

## “OH! TO BE IN INDIA, NOW THE MONSOON’S HERE”

By “RASP”

**L**ET US pander to the censor and be silent on the military exploits and activities of the Indian Army in England. But of the long, gallant fight against nostalgic yearnings for their hot, dry land, let us sing a *git* of praise. Let us see how they have fitted into an English village and how English villagers and the workers of a great factory have reacted to this impact.

The scent of the meadow grass filled the air as I strolled gently round the shady bends of an English lane. This, indeed, was England—only could be England. How far off seemed the soft cart-track edging the dusty roadsides of India!

Pink and white petals lay in the ditches under the hawthorn hedges, or imparted a faint blush as they fell and lay on the silver of the Meadow Foxtail—even the pale-green sheaths of the early cowparsnip seemed in bloom before their time. Timid primroses starred the banks while, under the new green leaf, bluebells had smeared the slopes with a bold-blue hand.

Soon round the corner, I would see “The Dragon’s Head” and, at the next bend, across the village green, the well-known spire and our immutable clock, its hands at their familiar 7.16—a village fixture which is indeed timeless! It must have been sheer cussedness which made me, in an Arcadia such as I had so often longed for, feel faint nostalgic yearnings for the land of my active years.

Suddenly I stopped short and rubbed my eyes; for there before me, of all sights, strolled a quite obvious *mehtar* taking the *sahib*’s dog for a walk! In his pugree there perched a pale Moon Daisy, while dangling from his hand could be seen the purple spots of a spray of Cookoo’s Pint. He had plainly been lying in the meadow, for his back was dotted with goose grass. Then I rubbed my nose and sniffed. Yes, my nose supported the hardly credulous evidence of my eyes, for that scent, wafting past the oast house, never came from hops—it could be none other than one I had thought (did I at one time say “prayed”?) never to smell again—*ghi*.

So India had come to England. I pressed on. Yes, there was the village green and, believe it or not, there, by the seldom-used pump, my old enemy, the demon *dhobi*, was already at his deadly trade as some unfortunate’s shirt swished through the air and landed, to the accompaniment of a grunt of devilish delight, with a rending thud on the stone by the trough! Nearby, squatting by a fire, a *lángri* flipped, to the joy of every child, a *chappatti* from hand to hand. I looked round almost expecting to see humps grown on the fat heifers and finger-printed cowpads pasted on the gable of the barn to dry for winter fuel!

It did not take us long to pass from that early stage when we all turned out to stare whenever we saw an "Injun," but throughout their long stay the villagers never dropped their habit of helping the troops in, say, finding their way or overcoming shopping difficulties. Any little difficulty such as the total inability of either party to understand a single word the other was saying, was finely disregarded—they soon caught the mood.

To see a housewife or farmer on market day demonstrating to a *jawan* where to buy hair oil was a sight not to be missed. To watch the shopkeeper explaining why that product by Coty was not the same price as its equivalent in the bazaar at home, was no whit less entertaining! But this I can personally testify, never were troops more popular, never did troops give less trouble.

They never grew bored under the relentless gaze of the children and their obvious affection for the very young was one of the many factors which endeared them to the hearts of all. We had, of course, our growing pains, and it is true that there was at the outset an admiration for them by a certain section of the community who did not then know how an Indian expects and likes to be treated. But when the newness of the situation wore off and mutual interest was more restrained, the problem solved itself.

The troops, too, settled into our life in a few weeks, and while they soon slipped into the ways of our local soldiery, it is very much to their credit that they never lost their heads. Very early in the day they learned to adopt their British comrade's "thumb" signal when they wanted a lift in a car—even a colonel's uniform did not deter them from enquiring, "You going Stocombe Camp?" When the colonel's lady replied, "*Ji, ha!*" they just didn't believe their ears! But when she shouted it three times and added, "*Tumhara gaon kuddar ha?*" realization came. Then it was a case of *donon hath ka salaam*, great rejoicing, much gossip and final parting in deep mutual esteem.

At our local railway junction I was telling John, who tests the carriage wheels with a hammer, the story of the Indian employed in the same capacity who was asked why he did it and replied, "*Hukm hai!*" I am not quite sure that John himself saw the point! But his subsequent remarks were typical of all around here.

"Ah," he said, "there's a nice lot for you! Been here a year now and nothing to amuse them that I can see. They've been through here I dunnamany times, and never a spot of trouble. Always a smile for everyone, especially the children."

Our daily maid tells me they liked above all to visit her home in the evenings. "My mother darns their socks," she said, "and they seem quite happy just doing nothing. They call her 'Mai'," she added. "What does that mean?" "A great compliment," I told her.

They liked to come to my small place and admire my hens and so on, while one day they provided a "fatigue" for me; I don't know which of us enjoyed it most—they, in moving about my household 'goods' (especially those which obviously came from India,

with resultant gossip) or I, in having once again these willing old friends about me.

Whenever I visited our nearby town I saw parties of troops wandering about, but oh! so aimlessly and so defeated by the problem of finding relaxation. Encased in thick serge and hob-nailed boots, they were far from the freedom of the loin cloth and the sandal which could be kicked off as they sat by some roadside shop for barter. But in the High Street—oh! no, they could see nothing in the High Street to conjure up memories of the narrow, smelly, friendly bazaar. The blackout dimmed the memory of the tiny lights; even the beggar and his bowl were absent. How they must have missed the sickly sweets sizzling in the fat-pan by the roadside, and their loud-voiced friends haggling in their own *bât* for the cheap torch and showy waistcoat!

Contrary to popular belief, trips round model farms did not arouse much enthusiasm, though polite lip service was paid. Perhaps they felt unable to visualise an electric milking machine operating over a concrete-drained floor in their own dear mud village. The clean-gleaming steel of a modern plough seemed to engender not envy, but rather an ache for the home-made wooden one light enough to be slung over the shoulder.

How well I could picture that vision which fancy paints in those dreaming brown eyes, as the cycle of an Indian farmer's years unfolded far, far beyond the trim-hedged small fields of England. The vast, seemingly endless unhedged plains flat, flat, flat to the horizon—fields browned, baked and sun-cracked at the end of a hot weather, with never a stream or rivulet to feed their parched lips. Then the drop in temperature and the greatest miracle of the *sahib* as he opens his sluices and the blessed water from the irrigation canal flows through the distributaries to the channels in the fields, turning them from an arid waste to a land soon to be green as far as the eye can see.

Improvisation looms large in the dreams of "home"—the long-hinged pole with a bucket on one end to lift the water from one field to another slightly higher: the mud slapped up by the hand as the toiler, naked to the waist and with the loved earth, now soft and squelching through the bare toes, bends to build a temporary dam to divert the flow to another field.

Scene after scene is unveiled—ploughing times as the humped buffaloes bend to the yoke; halts at the end of a row to cut and chew a green stick of sugarcane or Indian corn, to pass the friendly bubbling hookah from hand to hand and cough as the strong smoke fills the lungs, to eat a *chappatti*, or to wash and pray at sundown. The young green shoots appear. Then the anxious days as the watch goes on and tin-cans and sticks lie ready to keep the hordes of locusts up in the air from settling on the crop; the still more anxious days lest the "rains" should fail.

Then, safe at last, the harvesting. Perhaps it is the Land Girls of England who bring back on the screen of memory the Indian womenfolk there too, gathering the crop, there too trousered and clothed in a *sari* of (did but the dreamer know it) Old Cheltonian colours!—black with a cerise band traditional of North India.

In the dream of threshing time, improvisation will take an even larger place—the blindfolded buffaloes and camels ambling round and round in a fixed circle treading the corn; the spade tossing it in the breeze to winnow and the final grinding at the stone wheel.

But perhaps the best-loved dream of all comes most often—home-coming in the evening with, not a steel, unfriendly, *angrez* plough, but a home-made wooden one light enough to be slung over the shoulders; the buffaloes, weary after a day's ploughing and guided by a twitch this way or that of the tail, stir up the dust, turned to a pink haze by the sinking sun.

Then as the village and the holy banyan tree draws near, the wood smoke of the evening fires drifts low over all in a soft blue layer, the parakeets and monkeys screech their nightly chorus in the tree-tops and a small brown figure clad with but a small piece of string round a small body, alas too pot-bellied, totters out to greet his *bāp*.

I could not bring this dream to reality but, at least, by way of variety, could arrange a visit to one of our great factories making the six-pounder anti-tank gun.

The N.C.O. i/c has just told me what they saw.

"By your kindness, *sahib*," he said, "we have seen the greatest wonder of all. At the main gate the *Burra Sahib* himself met us, and at his approach all the police stood back and threw open the gate."

Eleven months ago, cows had grazed and hedges had been in blossom. Already defence works here replaced the hedges—weapon pits well camouflaged and in depth. These, as well as the A.A. posts, were manned by the workers themselves. Behind these were wide roads, great steel and concrete sheds, roof spotters' posts towering in the air and, under the ground, shelters for the *mem-sahibs*.

"But, the *Burra Sahib* told us, they do not use the shelters much, for the *mem-sahibs* set the men the example in working on during raids. All this had been done in eleven months, but before ever it was finished—after six months—the factory produced twenty-five guns a month. When he told us the number now produced, we were struck dumb. Even you would not believe it if we told you.

"At first we were puzzled to see a group of *mems* not only wearing trousers but different coloured *safas*, and when the Superintendent told us it was they who made the great guns, we laughed, for they were young *mems*—not old enough to be *mistries*.

"But when we got inside, we saw that it was indeed true, for there were only a very few *mistries* and thousands of *mems*, each one alone handling a machine as big as a bullock cart, shaft and all. Then, too, we saw the reason for the coloured *safas* for the *mems* at the machines wore green, while those who wore red were like N.C.Os. in charge of a dozen machines. One *mem* with a blue *safa* lifted the guns—bigger than an elephant's trunk—with her little finger."

Here I felt that his imagination was carrying him away, so I pressed for details.

"She was in a steel chair above the workers, in a thing that looked like a footbridge over the railway, and from this hung a chain with grappling hooks. These gripped the gun and then the *mem* pressed her finger and up it rose and was carried to the next bay in the building, when she handed it to the next worker.

"Each *mem* did one job. One machine bored with sharp teeth through the rough steel barrel, which was then lifted to the next machine which carved and polished the outside till it shone smooth as silk; the next cut the rifling and so on till the barrel was complete.

"We, too, were asked a lot of questions, such as, if we did not find it very cold here. But I doubt if they believed us when we told them of the cold winds and snow of the North Punjab.

"As we passed on we saw extractors and breech blocks being planed, the hard steel curling off as easily as the wood from the carpenter's plane at home. Other *mems* did the fitting, placing inside the breech an instrument marked with blue which, when removed, showed which parts were too tight. These they filed off as easily as the shoeing smith rasps a hoof. Then their inspector, a *mem* with a white *safa*, checked the measurements with a delicate instrument and an eye piece.

"There is nothing these *mems* cannot do. One told us that she had been a hairdresser till a few months ago; another had been in a bioscope.

"They took us to their canteen and offered us tea and seemed sad that we could not even take cigarettes when keeping the *Roza*. They were very surprised that the *Sirkar* can give us all the spices we are used to, and when we said 'onions', one of them, laughing, held out her hand and said, 'Oh, onions, please!'

"Then they took us to the last bay where all the parts we had seen were assembled and, after the gun had been passed by the Chief Inspector, it was ready to go to our brothers in the Eighth Army. Just as we were being allowed to load, test and fire, there was a great cheer, for a telegram came saying this factory had the biggest production record for all England last month. Yet a year ago, cows had grazed here. Truly, it is a marvel!

"*Sahib*, in India we know that your men do many things and your *mems* make you comfortable homes but will not gather even the tennis balls. Yet I, who have come six thousand miles, now know that they can learn to do things undreamed of in India and make the very guns men need."

"Well," I said, "you'll have a grand tale to tell in India."

"This," he sighed, "is a sad thing, but I may never tell them at home—they would never believe me. It is beyond understanding."

Thereafter I was always stopped for a gossip about the Punjab, but however bored they may have been, their morale was obviously high and throughout many a chat, never once did



I hear a complaint at the long stretch overseas. With their fine touch of fatalism, they took it in their stride.

In the silence of one night our friends left us—just as they came, so without bands or *tamasha*, they faded away. Where have they gone? Perhaps six thousand miles, perhaps sixty, who knows? But this much we do know—there is a gap we find hard to fill. All that remains of their departed glory is a patch of burnt and trampled ground.

And what of them? That they liked us and our slow ways, we feel we may flatter ourselves, and above all we hope that our little efforts helped in some small measure to dispel part of the bitterness of their waiting. They had grown used to the sights of our foreign village, and one particular corner was, in their eyes, their *chabutra*. Perhaps it was the creak of the nearby windmill which, deep in their own thoughts, they likened to that dear creak at the well at home and so woke old longings all the more keenly.

*Salaam, alaikum, jawans*, may that well-loved creak soon ring happily in your ears! It is as wonderfully agreeable guests we will remember you.

## THE BACKGROUND OF THE JAPANESE ARMY

BY COLONEL P. E. C. J. GWYN, I.A.

**S**INCE THE outbreak of war with Japan, articles have appeared in various journals trying to show what sort of man the Japanese is, and why he behaves the way he does. The latest was a very interesting one in the July number of this *Journal*. This present article is an attempt in the same direction, to try and show what is the mental make-up of the Japanese soldier, of the Japanese officer, of the Japanese General Staff, of the Japanese Army.

It is, of course, inevitable in such an attempt that the result will represent a personal view only, and that, moreover, complicated psychological factors will be over-simplified and some of them over-emphasized. It is hoped, however, that though critics may object to the emphasis given to any particular factor, they will agree that the general background accords with the facts, and that the final picture is on the whole correct.

It is convenient for the purpose of this article to divide the Japanese psychological background into three: the personal background, the historical, and the religious. But it will be realized, of course, that in actual fact a Japanese reaction to any situation is generally dictated by the conscious or sub-conscious influence of all three backgrounds, and that this cutting-up in watertight compartments is for convenience of analysis only, and is not usually applicable in real life.

### PERSONAL BACKGROUND

(a) *Education*.—The first "background" is the personal one, and here it is proposed to consider only two points out of many, the standard of education and the standard of living.

As regards education it may be accepted that the Japanese regimental and staff officer, and the Japanese soldier, have all the education they require to befit themselves for their military duties. As a general rule, it may be said that neither the American nor the British (in which are included the Australian) Armies have any advantage in this respect, while the Indian Army suffers from a distinct disadvantage.

For reasons which are unnecessary to go into here, the Indian soldier is largely uneducated. This is a serious drawback in modern war, and it means, for instance, that in an important operation like a patrol, a Japanese N.C.O. is likely to produce better results than an Indian N.C.O., because though the latter may be as full of guts and determination as the former, the Japanese N.C.O. can (a) read a map and (b) write a report and illustrate it with a sketch.

Where the Japanese fail in education is in the higher grades. Weakness at philosophy or the "arts" may not be a serious handicap in war, but weakness in research is. It may be accepted that

our own equipment should always be at least as good as the Japanese, and in the more highly technical productions, should be considerably better. If it is not, the fault will not lie with the failure of our technicians, but it will be due to a requirement having been made which turns out to be tactically unsuitable. This advantage for us is a definite one, qualitatively and quantitatively, but it is not a decisive one. The Japanese productions, though inferior to ours, will still be of considerable value to them in war.

The other point about Japanese education, which in its primary stages is nearly 100 per cent. universal among both boys and girls, is its uniformity. Uniformity will be seen as a *motif* running throughout the whole of the Japanese system, and education is no exception. In Great Britain the diversity in education is great. Not only are there the distinctions between the various unities which make up the "United Kingdom," but within these unities there are also considerable differences of system.

In England, for instance, apart from the incorrectly named "public school" system and its "preparatory" satellites, there are the State schools and the Denominational schools, each with, in some matter, a distinctly different outlook on the object of education and the means by which it is to be secured.

Further, these schools, whether State or denominational, are only in a very broad sense controlled by Government. In many matters they are under the control of regional committees, and these may vary in efficiency and zeal, some, like the London County Council, being extremely good, and others probably not so progressive.

The situation in Japan is totally different. Here everything educational is standardized and uniform, the same type of school buildings, the same curriculum, the same text-books, the same teachers trained at the same Normal Schools. The advantages this gives to a Government eager to impress its own views on the country need no emphasis. These advantages are made full use of.

The result is a similarity of thought and outlook of great value in ensuring national unity, but the result is also, not a lack of initiative, but a lack of individuality. Japanese generals, Japanese officers, Japanese men, are all cast in similar educational moulds, and there is not the variety of type, and so variety of individuality and initiative, that is found in democratic nations.

(b) *Standard of Living*.—Most people by now are aware of the Japanese standard of living: it is simple, it is rough, it is uniform. All eat the same food, and there are no religious or other feelings against any types of food. All, or nearly all, are accustomed to living simply and with few "amenities." All, or all farmers and labourers anyhow who form the bulk of the Army, are accustomed to greater physical hardship than Western nationals in their ordinary life.

The uniformity and simplicity of feeding arrangements, and the lack of necessity of providing "amenities" on a large scale, are of considerable value to the Japanese Army. It means a more

simplified administrative problem, and indeed the absence of this problem in peace time, or to a great extent during the fighting in China, has made the Japanese Staff overlook its existence in other theatres of war.

One of the contributory causes to the Japanese defeat in New Guinea and Guadalcanal was the breakdown of the administrative system, a breakdown caused by the fact that it was never really set up. Men died of hunger or for lack of medical supplies because the necessity of proper arrangements had never been envisaged, and it was hoped that food would be found locally and sickness and wounds would, presumably, cure themselves.

The same blunders have not been so evident in the late Japanese fighting in the South-West Pacific, but it is probably still true to say that Administration, if liable to be over-glorified in peace with us, is definitely under-rated by the Japanese.

The question of endurance of the Japanese soldier is a subject of some dispute and some critics, with sound reasoning, would place the emphasis on the severe training he undergoes rather than on his original native endurance. There is much in this, and the pre-war and present-war Japanese training, from the physical side, is as thorough as it could be and puts our own pre-war efforts completely to shame.

But, without decrying at all this great Japanese emphasis on hardening the Army, it is permissible to point out that the raw material is more suited to a hardening process than the English recruit.

The Japanese recruit has lived harder, he is more used to carrying loads, working long hours, and seeing in the dark; his clothing is poorer and gives him less protection against the elements, he can walk barefoot or with only rough rope sandals on, his skin is already more hardened to the effects of sun; in a phrase he, like the Chinese, Russian and Indian peasant, is nearer nature than the British or American, and war is essentially a process which brings nature and elementals very close to man's daily life.

This native endurance, fortified by the magnificent Army training, does give the Japanese higher command a force whose value for war is obvious. Thanks to this, the Japanese Army has long acquired an unpleasant habit of appearing sooner and further than has been expected. But this great operational gain has led to the administrative drawback that too much has been expected of the Japanese soldier. Because of his ability to endure so much he has been set impossible tasks in the Solomons and elsewhere, the latest of which may well be the withdrawal from Lae. It is one of several indications of the neglect of the administrative problem by the Japanese.

#### HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

(a) The history of the Japanese can be briefly summarized. Some 2,000 years ago—their mythology gives the date as B.C. 660—they invaded Japan from the South. They gradually drove

back the original inhabitants, the Ainus, who now occupy only a small part of the northernmost island of Hokkaido, and have as much influence on their original homeland as the North-American Indians in the U.S.A.

Since the date of their original invasion of Japan, the Japanese claim that they have never been invaded and that their Imperial House has reigned in unbroken succession. Both these claims are substantially correct, even if the lack of invasion may have been due largely to the geographical lack of invaders, and even though the unbroken succession had to be buttressed up with several appearances popping up from the wrong side of the blanket. But, anyhow, these claims are a source of legitimate pride, and the Japanese are justified in basing their morale on these facts and in deriving spiritual strength and courage from them.

Although not invaded, however, the Japanese have on three occasions in history been confronted by the incursions of a foreign culture. The first was from China in the first centuries of the Christian era. The incursion was completely successful, and to this day much of Japanese culture, including the art of writing is as much derived from the Chinese as ours in England is derived from the Romans.

The second incursion, of Christianity from Portugal, took place in the middle of the 16th Century. It was at first successful. Later the Japanese Government decided to suppress this incursion, and it was duly exterminated. "Exterminated" is the correct word, because that is exactly what happened. The extermination, incidentally, showed two most marked traits in the Japanese character, the ability to conceive and carry out the most sadistic tortures, and the ability to suffer untold hardships and horrors for a cause.

After this extermination, Japan remained a closed country until the 1850's, when Commodore Perry of the U. S. Navy forced the opening-up of the Empire. Then came the third incursion, of Western material civilization, with its impact on a country which for over 200 years had been successfully forbidden by Governmental decree from any intercourse with the outside world. The result of this third incursion is the Japan we know to-day.

So much for her history: here is the background of facts that results therefrom. Japan is an old country which has "solidified" early. Compare her with Great Britain, also an old country. England may be said to have "solidified" into something like the England we now know, in about 1250 or so, 200 years after the Norman Conquest. A hundred years later Chaucer was beginning to write the first great English poetry that we can read and appreciate. Great Britain as a unity is a much more recent growth. Japan, however, "solidified" a good 1,000 years ago, and this means that there is in Japan a uniformity (that blessed Japanese word) of race, of religion, and of culture far greater than we have yet achieved, or even wish to achieve, in Great Britain.

In Great Britain we pride ourselves on our diversity, and many of us cannot go back far in our genealogical tree without

finding an admixture of blood, possibly from some other constituent part of the United Kingdom—English, Scot, Irish, Welsh—possibly from outside such as the Huguenots.

On a smaller scale we see this diversity in the Army: the object of every regiment in peace time is to have a uniform different from every other one, a difference extending from foot-gear to headgear. With us again, we know our "diversity of creatures" is such that on racial grounds we do not expect non-Scotsmen to get high Army commands in Scotland, and on religious grounds, we do not expect Catholics to get high Army commands in Northern Ireland.

These are some of the administrative complications that follow from our own historical background, the price we pay for keeping our diversities diverse. The Japanese have none of that. There is, of course, a difference between different areas of Japan, but the Japanese Army will allow no difference in its various units. Any *esprit de corps* is entirely subordinate to an *esprit d'armée*. Uniform is uniform, and any differences in different arms of the service are all due to purely military requirements.

Equally uniform is their race. We, and still more the Americans, look on our diversity of racial background as a source of strength: the Japanese look for this strength on their purity of race. We pride ourselves on having as a Prime Minister one who has been described as "half American and wholly British." The Japanese could hardly produce 1 per cent. of their population that has been other than pure Japanese for hundreds of years.

One can see from all this that once again Japanese administrative problems are eased, and that there may be a welcome lack of headaches to both the Q.M.G. and the M.S. Branches. The Japanese look on all this as pure gain. We can see that though much is gain, there are the elements of potentially serious loss. There is the fact, already referred to, of a too-simple Administrative problem in peace, leading to neglect of the importance of Administration in War.

There is also the fundamentally graver danger of a stereotyped outlook, and a canalized rigidity of thought and behaviour under which the same standard solutions may be offered to vastly differing problems. It was this inability to think other than *a la Japonaise* which made peace with China impossible in 1937 and 1938, when nearly all the cards were stacked in Japan's favour, and it is possible that something like the same rigidity of outlook may be affecting the Japanese solution of the military problems in the South West Pacific.

(b) *The Status of the Army in Japan.*—There is one other historical fact which must be mentioned. For a number of reasons, one of them being that the Japanese are naturally a brave and combative race, the warrior has always been accorded a special place in Japan. Among many ideas brought over from China, the Chinese view of the soldier being amongst the lowest forms of life—a view prevalent in England during the whole of the 19th Century and a considerable part of the 20th—was never accepted in Japan.

Connected with this fact has also been the Japanese view—and by no means merely a Japanese one—that Government should consist of the representation of all the elements of the nation in proportion to their importance. This is only superficially opposed to our principle of Government and Opposition as, after the first fundamental principle that a Government should govern, a principle sometimes forgotten, it is a main rule of our political life that a majority should never press its majority so far as to leave the minority no alternative but armed rebellion. The Civil Wars in England and America have taught us that.

But the effect in Japan of this historical fact of the acknowledged authority of the military arm, together with the Japanese view on the proper method of Government, has been that the Armed Services, and especially the Army, have had a tremendous, and to our minds, quite disproportionate influence on national policy. This influence has been enshrined in the Japanese Constitution under which the War and Navy Ministers must be serving Generals and Admirals, but it extends of course beyond that, and the Japanese sees nothing incongruous in a General on the Active List being his Prime Minister (General Tojo) with a formidable array of his serving and retired Generals and Admirals holding key positions in the Cabinet.

To the Japanese the theory is right and proper, that the Fighting Services should have by far the greatest sway in deciding national policy and in carrying it out. To us the facts of the case demolish all the theories. In actual practice, the Japanese War Lords have the same reactions and follow the same impulses as War Lords elsewhere, and the same fate must therefore be meted out to the system as is being got ready for Germany.

### RELIGIOUS BACKGROUND

There is finally the religious background, perhaps the most important of all. Here, as elsewhere in Japan, there is complete uniformity. The Japanese religious outlook is a mixture of Japanese Buddhism, ancestor-worship, and Shintoism. The first came from China, the second was influenced by Chinese ideas, the third is pure Japan. With Buddhism we are not deeply concerned, except to note that true to their outlook in life, the Japanese have turned Buddhism from a pacific into a militant creed. But ancestor-worship and Shintoism have had profound influences on the Japanese Army.

(a) *Ancestor-Worship*.—The original concept behind ancestor-worship is probably inherent in all religious ethical teaching. It is "Honour thy father and thy mother." But ancestor-worship goes a stage further by making parents, and hence superiors, not only honourable when alive, but also permanently honourable when dead. The effect is to induce an added sense of obedience on the grounds that superiors, if guaranteed permanent honour on death, must be due a good deal of honour when alive. The advantage from a military point of view is a natural respect for authority and a natural submission to military discipline.

In the case of the Chinese, however, this natural tendency is counter-balanced by the intense individualism of the Chinese soul which limits any respect, honour, and worship to the family, and does not, *ipso facto*, allow it to expand to a subservience to all authority. In Japan this added acceptance of authority also as "worshipful" does take place. That it does so is, in part anyhow, due to the great force of Shintoism.

(b) *Shintoism*.—"Shinto" means the Way of the Gods—SHIN-Gods, TO-Way. Shintoism is the original Japanese mythology-cum-religion, neglected for many hundreds of years in favour of its rival Buddhism, but never entirely allowed to die out, and now, for nearly 100 years, the Japanese State Religion. Every Japanese must accept, in outward form at any rate, its beliefs and conduct his outer life accordingly, and every Japanese has learnt its main tenets from his schooldays upwards.

It consists, fundamentally, of a belief that Japan and the Japanese are founded by and from the Gods, that the Japanese are, if not divine, at least a chosen race, and that the Emperor is, indeed, a direct descendant of the original Japanese Goddess, and has, therefore, a spark of the true divinity in him. It is easy to dismiss this belief as boloney, to show that Japanese mythology is as vague and inconsistent as Greek or Roman, and to prove that such fantastic twaddle cannot be accepted in these days of material progress. But the fact remains that large numbers of Japanese do believe it, that probably all or nearly all behave as if believing, and that any private doubters no more dream of parading their doubts than did the philosophers of the Roman Empire.

Given, then, this belief, three military consequences follow. One is the added force of discipline. Officers, commissioned by the Emperor, represent his wishes and his requirements, and are obeyed accordingly. Another is the intense development of morale. The Emperor, a descendant of the Gods, signs a decree creating a State of War. The War is, therefore, almost automatically a Holy One.

To die in such a cause is, indeed, hardly death at all, especially when under the added impetus of ancestor-worship, one is guaranteed perpetual guardianship of the native land through the Military Shrine of YASUKUNI JINJA in Tokio, to which the souls of warriors are confided. The Japanese have always been a brave race, ready and willing to die for a cause, but it may well be that it is the effect of Shintoism on their mental make-up that is making them commit suicide rather than surrender, and that it is turning them on occasions into such fanatical fighters.

But it is the third military consequence which is the most serious, and which has so much of the potentialities of evil. Generally speaking, it may be said that a belief in the divinity of one's race may lead to a desire to avoid contact with the outside world, or to its direct opposite, to impose one's will on it.

The Japanese may be said to have tried the first alternative for some 200 odd years up to 1850—for the better part of the last 100 years they have attempted the second. However inadequate to us the reasons, or the reasoning, the Japanese Army feels it has



a mission towards the world; the mission of General TANAKA's Memorial, the mission to make the world subservient to Japan.

Because this mission can only proceed in stages, and so is not at once apparent, it is not therefore fanciful. Far from it: it is true, and its very stages show the increased tempo and how the appetite grows with eating. Formosa, Port Arthur and Southern Saghalien, Korea, the First Great War with the infamous "21 Demands" on China and later the ex-German Mandated Islands, and then, since 1931, Manchuria, Jehol, North Hopei, Inner Mongolia, China, and now the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity stuff.

Japan may, at the moment, be willing to call the party off, and promise a thousand promises that not another square inch of territory does she require. Luckily her feelings are no longer a matter of consideration on our part, but it is only simple fools, knaves, and cowards with a greater affection for their private gains than their country's honour that choose to believe her.

It is quite certain that India is next on Japan's list, after the present meal has been digested, and, with the Japanese military outlook being what it is, to preach or insinuate that a war with Japan is not India's concern is to show up India to the world as the "fascinated rabbit" next due for absorption into the Japanese system.

There is yet a further point in connection with this. Just as this evil force of Shintoism working in a militant race forces the Japanese to seek world-domination of countries, it equally forces them to seek world-domination of their inhabitants. It is no coincidence that Japanese treatment of subject peoples is almost unparalleled in its harshness and brutality—this quite apart from the free-for-all raping, looting, and killing that accompanies their first capture of a territory—and this treatment is, no matter what Japanese publicists and apologists put out, inherent in the Japanese system.

Other races have no rights—how can they? They have not had the privilege of being spawned by the Immortal Goddess. These other races can only exist to further the Japanese purpose: as such they must be moulded accordingly, moulded into a servile subserviency and moulded into a general low level of educational attainment. They are hewers of wood and drawers of water; some of them may serve a more useful purpose, but none of them must ever be allowed to forget their status. Under Japanese supervision none of them ever do.

#### CONCLUSION

Enough has been written to show the Japanese mental background, certainly as it is in the Army, and also to show what strengths and weaknesses the Japanese have acquired thereby. The strengths we already know—and they need little emphasis—a discipline based almost on religion, a uniformity which eases where it does not eliminate administrative problems, an endurance heightened by a most rigorous training, and above all a morale which, if based on fiction, is fortified by fact, and which, added to

the natural courage of the Japanese soldier, makes him a formidable foe indeed.

But the weaknesses must also not be forgotten, for by exploiting them we may hope to hasten victory. They are their deficiencies in higher technical research and production, their quite abominable treatment of subject races and the hatred their rule arouses, their very uniformity which crushes individualism and makes for stereotyped thinking, their neglect of Administration, and the fundamentally false basis of Shintoism on which their morale ultimately rests.

It will be seen that the Japanese military strengths are formidable, and that their weaknesses need careful exploitation if we are to get value from them. Above all, then, we must acquire a morale and a determination no lower than the Japanese. For this we must realize—as perhaps we are slower in realizing than our American Allies—that the Japanese threat is a threat to the whole world, and must be from the very nature of their Shinto beliefs.

It is a threat to distant England, though later in date, as much as to near-by India and Australia. It is a threat which must and will be removed by victory. But the ensuing peace must make sure the threat does not recur. For this it would seem essential that the potentially evil doctrine of Shintoism is prevented from flourishing again in Japan, both negatively by forbidding its teaching and its military cults, and positively by securing freedom of speech, of press, and of radio throughout Japan.

## JUNGLE CODE

*[By the courtesy of the Intelligence School (India), we reproduce below a copy of a Jungle code of behaviour which deserves to be known throughout the Army.]*

**T**HE CODE OF social intercourse in the jungle is simple. Your chief concern is not to endanger your comrade. Because of the risk that you may bring him, you do not light fires after sunset, nor shoot in the dark, giving away your position. You do not leave any mess behind that will breed flies. You do not ask him to convey your messages, unless it is his job to do so.

You always tell your comrade of any private mark you may have left on any particular trail, or any outstanding feature that may help him to find and keep to the difficult and tortuous paths he will have to traverse.

You do not drink deeply of any man's bottle, for it may not be replenished. You tell him of any spring or water-hole which may be near, but hidden from the trail. You share any superior knowledge you may have of what can be eaten with safety from that particular forest, and where it may be found. Who knows? It may save his life. You make sure that he has many before you take his cigarette. You do not borrow from him. You do not ask or volunteer information beyond your job or his job, for idle talk kills men. You do not grouse unduly, except, of course, concerning the folly of your own commander; you criticize no other man's commander.

Of those things which you do, the first is to be hospitable, and the second is to be courteous. The day is short in the heavy jungle, but the night is long and sorely tries the nerves of those unused to it. There is time to be helpful to those who share your adventure. If you are one who can keep the spirits of others high, spare no effort to do so. The good-mannered guest transacts his business expeditiously, gossips shop for a little, and is gone.

The man with the sharpest senses lives the longest in the jungle. If your companion's senses are blunt, keep him still, and use yours for him; you may thus prolong his life, and yours. Make friends with the local population. Even if you are clever, remember always you have much to learn from the man who is jungle-bred.

This code is the sum of fellowship in the jungle. It knows no rank, nor any exception.

## FRONTIER WARFARE IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL F. C. SIMPSON, O.B.E.

**L**IKE MANY others, the writer read the article by AUSPEX on "Officers Training in the Post-War Army" in the April 1943 number of the *Journal* with the attention it deserved, as well as some of the replies which this provocative article has brought forth.

With no intention of "entering the lists" on one side or the other, this article attempts to enlarge on, and carry a step farther, the remarks made by AUSPEX on Frontier Warfare, in the hope of directing attention to this important subject.

It may be said with some justification that the present is scarcely the time for a study of Frontier Warfare, when the attention of all soldiers is being directed to other and more important forms of warfare which are of immediate and pressing concern to all the armies of the Allied nations. At the same time Frontier Warfare, and all that it implies, is one of those unpleasant things—like many others—which we have always with us, and it can never be neglected, either now or in the future. No one, it is imagined, will be bold enough to foretell when the next Frontier "show" will occur, nor state with certainty that there will never be one again.

During the Great War of 1914—1918 we were let off lightly on the Frontier, and the same has been the case so far in the present world conflict. Possibly the tribesman, who is no fool, has followed the course of the present war with sufficient interest to appreciate that the potentialities of modern weapons, armaments, machines and aircraft have made "discretion the better part of valour" so far as he is concerned.

But this is supposition only, and nothing is certain except that we must always be prepared to fight on the N. W. Frontier, and so we must continually be thinking of how we shall fight there when the next time comes. This is a big subject, and in an article of this restricted length only certain salient points can be mentioned.

*Past Frontier History.*—The Army in India as a whole knows the history of Frontier campaigns pretty well, and there is no need to recapitulate it in detail. In the main it has been one long story of playing the tribesmen's game from start to finish.

Most of us know the characteristics of the Pathan, and those who do not can easily find out by reading Chapter I of the Manual of Frontier Warfare. The Pathan is, in short, a guerilla fighter *par excellence*, physically strong, brave even to recklessness, a born tactician in minor tactics in his own particular type of country, and a good shot.

These are his outstanding characteristics as an individual, but it is equally important to note certain characteristics of the tribesmen in the mass. They like to do things in their own time, to watch, to plan and then at the right time—usually skilfully chosen—to carry out an ambush, or an attack on a piquet or the

quick rush under covering fire on any isolated body of troops, at which they are so adept.

At the same time they lack cohesion—a *lashkar* seldom remains concentrated in any strength for long unless it is being particularly successful in its operations—they can be ambushed as easily as they sometimes ambush us, they suffer from a lack of leadership and prompt action by our forces will upset their plans, and they have a dislike of the unknown, particularly of the dark.

With a knowledge of all this, it would seem that in the course of years (it is now almost a century since we started fighting the tribesmen on the Frontier) the Army in India would have evolved through constant experience in frontier fighting a method of operating against the tribesmen, which would enable it to exploit to the full the tribesmen's weaknesses, whilst at the same time denying to them the opportunities for exploiting against us those methods of fighting in which they are so skilled.

This is, perhaps, a cumbersome way of saying: Why have we not learnt to make the tribesman play our game instead of allowing him everlastingly to play his own game? For that, in effect, is the outstanding fact of past Frontier history, and one which a study of that history will reveal all too clearly to anyone who cares to make it.

To say this is not to imply that we have never tried to do any better. We have, of course, and there are numerous instances of departure from stereo-typed methods of frontier warfare which have won success by achieving surprise and gaining the tactical initiative. Even so there is no denying that we have for many years adhered to certain conventional frontier warfare tactics, which have largely played into the enemy's hands.

We almost invariably advance on a narrow front along the most obvious line of advance—a road, a track or a river bed—throwing out piquets as we advance. One writer in an article in this Journal some years ago aptly described this mode of procedure as "a bludgeon advance along the line of least resistance." Our columns are usually accompanied by a great amount of animal transport, as the frontier is a barren country, local supplies are practically unprocurable and each column has to be self-supporting for a limited period.

At night we halt, close up our ranks, put the transport and impedimenta in the centre and settle down in a clearly defined perimeter camp with a wall round it, if there is time to build one, and invite the sniper to do his worst, which he usually does. The process is then repeated *ad nauseam* until the column has achieved its object and returns to base.

This type of operation gives the tribesmen every opportunity to exercise their favourite tactics. The isolated piquet badly sited with dead ground in its vicinity, a tactical mistake on the part of the rear-guard or some other such incident, and the beautiful target presented to the sniper in the concentrated perimeter camp, a seething mass of men and animals. All these are just what the tribesmen like.

Naturally we try to protect ourselves during these operations by route piquets by day and camp piquets at night, but these piquets cannot possibly deny all ground to the enemy and he has ample opportunities to lie up and to watch and study our movements, to note our habits and then to plan his ambushes, to lay-on his hit-and-run minor attacks and to snipe our perimeter camps.

Again we have aircraft to help us, but frontier country is, generally speaking, not good country for aircraft to operate in—at least not for most of the present types of aircraft—and concealment for the enemy is easy.

It would not be fair to lay the blame for this state of affairs entirely on the Army. Possibly on the Army side the main factor which influences our present frontier warfare tactics is the administrative problem, and the large amount of animal transport which generally has to accompany any column. The soldier will, however, say that political factors also have a definite and unfavourable influence on our methods of frontier fighting. This is a big question, and one about which there has been much contention. It will be touched on in the concluding part of this article.

*Modern Developments.*—On our side, developments up to the time of the present war in weapons and armaments, etc., had given us the light automatic, the 2-inch and 3-inch mortars, the M.T. lorry, light tanks, wireless and aircraft. All of these are assets of which we should have taken full advantage.

The tribesmen for their part have made only one entirely new development, namely, the manufacture of their own artillery, though the workmanship of the gun is crude, and the effect up to date of its fire on our own troops has been negligible.

It has to be remembered that the placing of new weapons in the hands of our own troops means that in course of time some of these are almost bound to fall into the tribesmen's hands, and so be used against us. It is an unavoidable eventuality in all operations, although the loss of weapons on the Frontier has always been regarded as a crime, and a slur on the reputation of the unit which loses them. The number of such weapons which the enemy does manage to capture in the course of operations is never great, but the implication is clear that, when we use new weapons and armaments, we must be prepared for some of them to be turned against us, though not in large enough numbers to influence our tactics to any great extent.

In the years immediately preceding the start of the present war it had, however, become apparent to all thinking soldiers that in future operations we should have to envisage fighting not only the tribesmen themselves, but we should have to bear in mind the possibilities of operations against a combination of tribesmen and the forces of an outside Power.

It was evident at once that such a contingency would force us to change our conventional frontier tactics. Little imagination was needed to picture the effect on a brigade in a perimeter camp of concentrated enemy artillery fire or dive-bombing attacks, or of the confusion and loss that would result from attacks by fighter aircraft on the transport of a column moving on a narrow front along a river bed or mountain track. In short, one word imme-

diately came to the fore, **DISPERSION**. In face of this new threat how were we to combine dispersion with security? How were we to move and operate dispersed by day, and how were we to halt dispersed and secure by night?

This was the problem that was exercising our minds at the time that war broke out, and that people were thinking about it is clear from, to quote but one example, an article by Major C. H. M. Wingfield, M.V.O., entitled "Frontier Warfare of the Future," which appeared in the October 1939 number of the *U.S.I. Journal*.

The writer himself, whilst commanding an infantry battalion in 1911, also experimented with a form of dispersed frontier warfare camp, which, though still adhering to existing principles in regard to security, was designed to reduce the target from the air and also to give the tribesmen something new to think about in our tactical dispositions at night. Unfortunately, the selection of the battalion for a different role prevented further pursuit of this experiment, and the writer himself has been out of touch with the situation on the Frontier for the last two years. The dispersed perimeter camp brought many points to light. On the tactical side it was considered that dispersal in platoon posts and company localities, together with the full use of modern weapons and equipment such as light automatics, mortars, anti-personnel mines and hidden barbed wire to cover the gaps between localities, was all to the good, and would present the tribesmen with a new problem. A necessary condition for the success of such a layout was that an outer screen of troops should deny to the enemy during daylight observation of what was going on behind. In this way night would fall, and the tribesmen would, it was hoped, find none of the familiar landmarks to which they were accustomed. There would be no conspicuous perimeter camp with its huddle of men and animals, no easily recognisable camp piquets with their obvious *sangars*, no lights in camp and so on. In fact, we should be playing on the tribesmen's fear of the unknown, and for once playing our own game and not his.

The main disadvantage of the dispersed perimeter, which became at once apparent, was the proportionately higher percentage of troops required for defence. Instead of roughly two-thirds of the force resting, while one-third kept watch, the proportions would have to be reversed, and such lack of rest in this type of warfare, when operations by day are already a severe strain on the fighting troops, was felt to present a difficult problem, but one that could be solved by trial and experiment.

The administrative disadvantages of a dispersed perimeter were greater than the tactical ones, always assuming that we did not revise completely our present system of supply and maintenance and still retained great numbers of mules and camels for supply and transport purposes.

Space will not permit further discussion of this subject here, but it is hoped that enough has been said to show that the new problems with which we might be faced on the Frontier were under active consideration, at any rate by individual officers and probably too by the staffs of formations. The writer is not aware

how far this study of new frontier tactics has progressed during the last two years. If the articles appearing in this *Journal* give an accurate picture of the trend of present-day military thought, it would seem that progress, if any, has yet to be brought to the notice of the military reading public, as practically no articles on the subject have appeared since 1939.

So much for the present. Now for the future.

*The Future of Frontier Warfare.*—It is always a little difficult to look ahead and to try and visualise the future, and at the same time to keep a firm hand on one's imagination. Let us first picture the troops that will be returning to India when this war is over, their condition, their outlook, their state of training and their weapons, and then consider how these factors can and should be applied to future operations on the Frontier.

Already troops of the Indian Army have made their name in the fighting in the Western Desert, in Eritrea, in Palestine and in the hilly country of Tunisia. So far the fighting in Malaya and Burma has not given our troops a chance. But that chance will come in the near future, and there is no doubt that the troops will seize it with both hands.

Thus there will be returning to India at the end of this war officers and men who will be seasoned warriors in every type of warfare that this war has produced. They will be tough and inured to hardship, they will be used to living hard and marching light, and to fighting by night as well as by day, they will be accustomed to operating at high speeds in mechanical and armoured vehicles and to fighting their way laboriously through dense forest and jungle swamps. They will be experts in every type of modern weapon, and they will be familiar with the great destructive power of modern aircraft of all types. With them will return a great deal of the equipment and vehicles with which they have been fighting.

It is unreasonable to expect these men, if called upon to fight on the Frontier, to operate under the old pre-war conditions, to use only pre-war weapons and equipment and to submit to the slow, cumbersome and protracted operations which have characterised the majority of Frontier expeditions for the last half century. Now, if ever, will be the time to revise our ideas on Frontier warfare, to change our methods, and to bring into play all the resources which modern war has placed in our hands.

Despite the warning given above, let us give our imagination free rein for just a few lines.

No longer need we carry out our "bludgeon" advances along the most obvious routes, allowing the enemy to anticipate our every move. No longer shall we march our columns along the ground floors of valleys with only a thin screen of protection on the hills to either flank, giving the enemy leisure in which to study our movements and formulate his plans. No more will we sit compact at night in obvious and clearly defined perimeter camps, inviting every Pathan within range to snipe all night long to his heart's content. No longer will we have to rely on long trains of mules and camels to carry our rations and baggage.



On the contrary. We will take to the hills and fight over the hills, meeting the tribesman on his own ground, taking him on at his own game and giving him a taste of the power of modern forces armed with the latest weapons, imbued with the fighting spirit and every bit as tough and hardy as are the tribesmen themselves.

We will halt at night—when we must—dispersed and in battle positions. As often as not we will operate at night and the tribesmen will not like that. We shall not need to carry much food or baggage. Most of our wants will be dropped by air. When the need arises, our aircraft will pound his villages to dust or drop swift-moving, death-dealing paratroops or commandos on places which he thought to be securely out of our reach.

This and a lot more we can do. At the same time, it should all be done with circumspection. We must be sure of our ground, and we must study and work out now the ways in which these flights of imagination can be brought within the sober framework of a new tactical doctrine for the Frontier with due regard to the difficulties which have to be met.

For instance, we know that in a country like that along the N. W. Frontier paratroops cannot be dropped anywhere at will, air landing grounds do not appear like magic for the asking, nor is every likely camp site suitable for air dropping of supplies and stores. Equally well we know that the high-speed fighter and fighter-bomber types of modern aircraft would not be able to show their paces to good effect amongst the rugged and broken hills of the Frontier.

But we can think out all these things and devise the types of aircraft we need. Undoubtedly the helicopter or auto-gyro type of aircraft will be needed for close support of troops in action.

To repeat the old *cliché*, we must stop playing the enemy's game and we must force him to play our game, and we must play it at such a pace and with such vigour that his eyes will be opened and he will seriously consider the advisability of mending his ways.

The picture has been painted in bright colours and laid on with a thick brush deliberately, because time waits for no man, and it is necessary now that we should be thinking of these matters, that we should appreciate the material which will be placed in our hands after this war, that we should decide in what way we intend to apply this material to the task in hand, so as to derive the greatest benefit thereby.

*Political Control on the N. W. Frontier.*—This aspect of frontier warfare has been purposely left to the last, because all that has been written in this article so far falls to the ground, if the present system of political control is to remain unchanged. It is a delicate subject, and one which the soldier hesitates to discuss, though much has been written about it at one time or another.

Before proceeding further the writer would like to make it quite clear that no criticism is intended of the officials of the

Political Department. No finer body of men could be found than those who devote their service to the Frontier, and it has a splendid record of achievement. It is also true to say that on those occasions, when political and military officers have worked together in frontier operations, co-operation has been of the closest and relations between the two have been excellent.

But to the soldier's way of thinking it is the system which is at fault. The essential for success in any military operation on the Frontier is prompt and vigorous action and, when the soldier is called upon to fight, he naturally prefers to do so in the way he thinks best according to his own plan, treating all who are not with him in the area of operations as being against him.

Political policy on the other hand tends firstly to deal with incipient trouble by its own methods, and using only the Civil armed forces (Scouts, Militia and Police), until the situation is considered definitely to have got beyond its powers to control. Then, and then only, is the military called in to assist. This naturally is contrary to the military conception of prompt and vigorous action in the earliest stages of any disturbance.

Secondly, once the military have been called upon to assist, political policy is directed towards restricting military operations except against those tribes, or sections of a tribe, who are openly hostile, with the object of preventing the trouble from spreading and keeping the rest of the area quiet.

This is a laudable object, but one that is difficult to achieve in practice. The problem of separating the sheep from the goats in a Frontier campaign is almost insuperable, particularly as all Pathans like a fight, and the sheep often join with the goats for the sake of a "scrap," and *vice versa*. The military forces, therefore, have often to operate under conditions which are, to say the least of it, irksome and which demand of both officers and men the greatest self-control and forbearance.

No soldier likes to be told that he can shoot at "A," who is openly hostile, but that he must not shoot at "B," who, although he may be in "A's" area, is really a "friendly," and, therefore, he—the soldier—must wait till "B" shoots at him before he can retaliate. Yet that is the sort of thing, which may actually happen. No wonder AUSPEX writes that "our fighting . . . is so hedged about with political taboos and restrictions, that we are reduced to fighting . . . with one arm metaphorically tied behind our back."

It is wondered whether any other Government in the world would allow its military forces to be employed under such irritating, and almost humiliating, conditions.

There is the problem. It has always been, and still is, a problem. But it would appear to be one that must be solved to the satisfaction of political official and soldier alike, if in frontier operations of the future we are to employ our military forces so that they may exert the greatest effect in the shortest time.

*Conclusion.*—How do we stand at present? Are we watching closely the operations taking place daily in every theatre of war, absorbing the lessons to be learnt and deciding how some of them may be applied to India's own particular frontier problem? Are we slowly, but surely, devising a new conception of Frontier warfare tactics suited to the men and material that we shall have at our disposal after this war?

Are we studying this difficult problem of political control on the Frontier, and seeing how best to reconcile political and military interests, so that future operations on the Frontier may be more speedily effective than they have been in the past?

If the answer to these questions can be given in the affirmative, then all is well. If not, it is time that we tackled them.

## "AUSPEX'S" ARTICLE EXAMINED

By REFLEX

**A**USPEX'S" ARTICLE on the training of officers, and the ensuing correspondence, are certainly provocative of contemplation and argument. The old adage of the Battle of Waterloo and the playing fields of Eton is romantic, but it has become rather like a sieve, full of holes and unable to hold water.

It can hardly be contended that the Battle of Britain was won by the larger Public Schools, or by their athletic gladiators, nor can our successes in the Battles of the Oceans be primarily attributed to such sources. In actual fact, a review of the after-careers of prominent school athletes tends to show that the successes in business, fighting services and Government services and administrative departments do not generally attend them, but rather the formerly unrecognised drones, only a few of whom were helped to develop leadership and character by becoming monitors or prefects, or attaining athletic distinction.

In political life, the composition of recent Houses of Commons shows that the larger proportion is made up of "old School-tie" wearers, of whom nearly 70% come from one school. They have hardly been inspiring or evinced marked leadership or patriotism, or any of the "isms" except plagiarisms and nepotism.

Games? I admit that the maintenance of physical fitness is a most important military occupation, and undoubtedly some games are more productive of military qualities than others. It seems fair to state, however, that polo and its adjuncts of training ponies and tournaments does not produce military results commensurate with the time spent, compared with any other games which are not so absorbing. Moreover, it is possible to keep fit

by P.T., Field exercises, reconnaissances and other forms of outdoor sport. The fetish of exercise has in the past frequently been an excuse for avoiding some more uninteresting duty.

What of the standard of training of officers? One side contends that the pre-war standard was too low, while the other says it must have been good, otherwise how has this colossal expansion been achieved and certain worthy battle successes gained?

True, a proportion of our staffs is staffed by persons with little or no staff experience, while others have only done a six months' staff course. The conduct of operations leads one to think that they are working efficiently, especially considering the added stress and dislocation of active service conditions. It might, therefore, be concluded that a two years' Staff College course contains much that is redundant and a waste of time.

Among other ranks, too, when it comes to war and "milking" and a shorter recruits' training period, there must be a lowering of standards in certain subjects, or else a great deal of our labours in peace are wasted. It is probably a matter of compromise. Peace-time training methods can be made more efficient, while it seems that the lowering of the recruits' standard has gone too far for real efficiency.

Take the various schools. Often students returning from them have asserted that a good deal of the time there was wasted. How many instructors have ever been taught to teach? Have not even some been appointed as a sop to themselves, proving afterwards a mild soporific to the students?

Our Public Schools suffer from the same defect.\* In all forms of education and training our methods could be improved, and it seems to require the atmosphere of war to encourage the necessary pitch and intensity. Witness our jungle warfare training and engagements with the Japs; yet we all have an initial superiority to them in intelligence and guts.

Realities of war are difficult to represent in peace, yet the supply of live fire power was generally meagre. Enthusiasm, on which good training so much depends, was given little material encouragement. It does not matter whether the expenditure comes from extra annual allotments or increased training grants; the adequate provision of equipment is essential.

Examinations or training courses should be more frequent and more spaced out. To encourage officers to get all their examinations—at any rate, the written ones—over early was not sound policy. As long as they were hanging over an officer, he had to do a certain amount of general reading, and to keep up-to-date. Within reason the more this period is prolonged, the better. This was a matter often stressed by inspecting officers, and seemingly popularised with a view to affording an easy point of criticism.

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\* In this connection attention is invited to an article in the October, 1941, issue of the *U. S. I. Journal*.

The question of reserves of officers is a much simpler problem in the British Army than in the Indian Army, which has the language difficulty to face. In India the indigenous product must be exploited, with a more comprehensive scheme for territorial training of officers and junior leaders.

It cannot be seriously argued that the extraneous product foisted on Indian units, with the best will in the world but with really little experience of the language, can produce the same results as leaders who have an intimate knowledge of the men and their language, nor can they give the rank and file the best chances of success.

This is the second occasion on which there has been a demand far exceeding any potential supply. I suggest that some Indian Army regiments might be stationed in the U. K. for tours of duty, which might be to the mutual advantage of the British and the Indian armies. Pre-appointment training could then be given to prospective Indian Army candidates, and might attract others willing to be called up in an emergency.

Both categories would have to tackle the language. At present, even in the Indian Army, knowledge of the men's language has been too scrappy. Nothing short of interpreter standard should be accepted for those whose life work is in the country. Of course, a measure which would greatly simplify the problem would be the adoption of English or Basic English in the Indian Army.

As to individual and collective training in general. For the former, a system of training teams seems excellent, and might be extended to some of the schools, for whom demonstrations and signal exercises with H.Q.'s represented and only skeleton units could be most effective. There should be mountain warfare areas, jungle warfare areas, combined operation localities, toured by units in relays; demonstrations could be given them at the end of their period.

Of course, more officers will be needed in regiments to take part in all these activities. They were needed before. Possibly owing largely to petty routine and administrative duties, it used to require three officers to condemn or re-sell a horse!

Much more of our peace-time training should be devoted to training potential leaders of all grades. The maxim of fitting ones' self for one higher job seems a bit unimaginative. In war, field officers are quickly commanding divisions. Peace-time training has often contented itself with one scheme of a hit-or-miss variety set by the next higher Commander for his immediate subordinate. Hardly an adequate preparation for war. It reminds one of the famous hymn: "I do not ask to see . . . one step enough, for me."

*A series of misplaced lines in "SUSPEX's" article in our last issue, which occurred after the issue had been read for press, rendered its meaning unintelligible. We therefore reprint the article in this issue. "SUSPEX" wrote:—*

There seems to me considerable danger of our allowing ourselves to be unduly carried away by articles such as that of AUSPEX which appeared in your April number, and by the captious and uninformed critics of the "old school tie." As a healthy reminder of what public school education and the playing fields of Britain have achieved in saving us from disaster and bringing victory within our grasp, I would like to call attention to Lord Elton's excellent book, "St. George or the Dragon."

Amongst other reforms advocated by those who damn the whole of our pre-war mode of life are the wearing of uniform at all times, and the abolition of polo and other forms of sport. Why, to be a good soldier, must one always wear uniform? Can anyone pretend that the bush-shirt or battle-dress tend to enhance his self-respect or pride? Is it not good to remind officers and men that they are citizens as well as soldiers? I can see no benefit from such a rule, and its only reason would appear to be inordinate desire to copy the continental nations whose armies we are in process of defeating, thanks to those very qualities which the reformers threaten to destroy.

The outcry against polo and hunting has been common for many years past, but I fancy that were anyone to take the handicap list for 1938 and follow up the careers of all polo players with handicaps of four or over, he would find there are not many who have failed to make good. Sport is a grand training for an officer and in peace there is ample time for both. To do nothing but soldiering year in and year out throughout one's life may produce a professional General, but it certainly does not improve the qualities of courage, loyalty, discipline and endurance which are the mainsprings of our superiority in this war.

The pre-war regular officer is in a very small minority compared with all the civilians who now officer our army, and it is on the latter that we mainly rely. The fact that they have trained on so quickly speaks much for the personality and efficiency of the small regular nucleus who have had to train them.

Perhaps after this war we shall keep on conscription permanently, and I sincerely hope our armed forces will not again be reduced to the pathetic figures of the 'twenties and 'thirties. The larger the army the better it will be supplied with its needs, and the nearer it will assimilate to the professional armies of Europe. But we are a small nation in numbers and we have many irons in the fire, all of which must be kept going if our Empire, with all its ramifications of trade and communications, is to survive. Therefore, our regular army in peace-time must, perforce, be comparatively small. If we are to maintain our superiority over our continental rivals, we must not try slavishly to copy their methods, but to foster and improve the essentially British qualities which have stood the test so well in 1914-18 and again in this war.

By all means substitute a general form of training institution in place of the Staff College, and any other institution which tends

to separate the sheep from the goats; most certainly increase the periods of collective training and embody all forms of combined operations in the training; and bring military leave rules into line with the civil. But do not do anything calculated to narrow an officer's general outlook, or to reduce those pre-war customs which did so much to improve the British officers' patriotism—as opposed to Nazism or Fascism—self confidence, courage and endurance.

The reason why we failed at the beginning of the war was not because the few pre-war formations we possessed were not adequately trained—does AUSPEX suggest that the 4th Indian Division was not trained?—but because our equipment was so utterly inadequate and out of date. It was difficult to maintain enthusiasm or any sort of reality even during the little training we did do, with all the varied assortment of mock and token weapons with which we were told to play. It is not fair now to turn round and say we were untrained because we had spent too much time on sport.

Let us remember the Jock Campbells of our army as well as the Montys.

### OBOE-ITUARY

(See I.A.O. No. 31/43.)

Farewell old Ac and Beer and Don.

You served us well and now are gone  
Without a title or a pension.

In fact without the wide attention  
Which you deserve as soldiers three,  
Once famous as Montgomery.

An able Baker and his Dog

Replace you in the martial fog.  
With pristine vigour fill your place.  
Insistently they call through space.  
Youth will be served, but your tradition  
Has helped them in their expedition.

We'll all give way to newer men;—

Let's not repine, but welcome them,  
And let's rejoice that of your crew,  
Charlie and George and Sugar Uncle too,  
William, X-ray, Zebra, King and Queen  
Remain to tell what you have seen.

Invidious 'tis to single out for fame

From others of departed e'en a single name;  
But there are two beloved by all their fellows who,  
Old Pip and Toc, deserve more than a Tare or two!  
London spells Love and Love of Mike for Nan  
Is better far than Monkey Nuts for man:  
With London goes old Vic,—it had to be—  
Old Vic goes down in cheerful Victory.

SIEGFRIED P.  
for Signal Procedure.

## A PRISONER OF WAR IN ITALY

BY ONE OF THEM

**P**EOPLE WHO have never been shut up behind barbed wire cannot understand what the experience is like. The perpetual fight to obtain even the smallest privilege; the fight to keep one's mind active and not to lose one's initiative; the fight against the attitude to "let things slip," to have to stand in the middle of a room while one's clothing and private possessions are strewn over the floor and to have one's body felt all over. These things are all maddening and degrading to the Britisher.

It was our sense of humour, and certain knowledge that we would win the war, that kept the prisoner going and baffled the Italian, who could not, and never would, understand the British mentality. My object in writing this article, however, is not to describe indignities or horrors, but to show what British prisoners of war did to keep their spirits up and minds active.

Experiences after capture varied. For those of us captured at El Mechile our worst time was the month we spent in Africa. We were very short of food; cigarettes were practically unobtainable; we lived amid filth. From Mechile to Tripoli, through Derna and Benghazi we travelled in ten-ton lorries, thirty-five of us in each lorry. It was very uncomfortable.

The best part of our trip to Italy was the voyage from Tripoli to Naples in the s.s. VICTORIA. We travelled first-class, with a bathroom to each cabin—a very different experience to those who were captured later. How we revelled in those baths! We managed to buy razors and off came our beards. The stewards could not do enough for us. We bought cigarettes, cards, and started bridge. On leaving the ship at Naples we were handed a nice haversack ration, and money for the journey. On the station we were forbidden to buy alcohol, but opposite our carriage was a restaurant car, the attendant of which sold us some Chianti and brandy.

Several young Germans, reinforcements for the Panzer divisions in Lybia, were on the platform. They asked us where we had been captured. We told them we had only just been taken prisoner in the Allied reoccupation of Benghazi, and that Rommel had been pushed back. We didn't know the situation any more than they did—and why cheer them up?

After an all-night journey we arrived at Piacenza, continuing the journey by bus through the lovely, rich and fertile country of the Plain of Lombardy. Fifteen kilometres further on we turned south towards the hills, and soon we saw some large houses near a village called Aggazano, above which was a castle.

There were a lot of bets as to which of these houses or the castle was to be our future home from home. It wasn't long before we knew. We went up a very steep hill and turned into the castle. One officer remarked that he had always wanted to live in a castle. He doesn't any longer!



We debussed and entered a small courtyard. During the six hours we were kept waiting there we were searched. Our Brigadier, E. W. D. Vaughan, Colonel George Fanshawe, and Colonel Godding, R.A.M.C., had arrived before us, and with the help of some British soldiers and sailors, who were to be our batmen, they were getting the camp ready.

The castle was a square building, a turret at each corner, and in the centre a small courtyard, just large enough for two volleyball courts. It had been rebuilt about 1820 on a site where a fort of sorts had stood since the Bronze Age. In the basement was our dining hall and bar; bedrooms, ante-room and infirmary were on the ground floor; bedroom on the first floor; and on the second was a room for the batmen. Altogether fifteen rooms and an attic for 105 officers and 32 batmen.

In the basement were kitchens and showers, which only worked once a fortnight. There were nine lavatories and eleven basins for everyone. In summer, the water was only turned on for two hours a day. We bought wooden tubs to store water to ease the "flushing" situation. Beds were comfortable, and we had a sufficiency of blankets. Furniture consisted of a cupboard and bedside table per officer, and a large mirror in each room. This scale was arrived at after some six months' fighting. The canteen was well run with a certain amount of beer, cigarettes, and Chianti.

Camps were reorganized in May, 1942. A senior officers' camp was opened at Viano (N. 29), near Piacenza, where Colonel George Fanshawe was the Senior British Officer. A punishment camp was opened near Alessandria, to which were sent all officers who were considered dangerous, *i.e.*, who had committed crimes from smoking on roll-call to attempting to escape. Australians and Indians were sent to Sulmona. The remainder of us went to Padula (N. 35), the southernmost camp in Italy, about 250 kilometres south of Naples.

Padula was an old Carthusian monastery, and is now a national monument. It is still a magnificent building architecturally. The French under Napoleon sacked the monastery, removing all paintings to the Louvre, and melting down the silver floor to the Treasure Chamber. The building was restored in 1870.

Our portion was in the part where the monks used to live. It was a large courtyard, each side 100 yards long. Round this were 26 quarters, one for each monk. Each quarter has two rooms, a lavatory and a wash basin with running water. Round the courtyard were the cloisters, above which are enclosed cloisters used as dormitories.

Only sixteen of the quarters were habitable, each housing ten to fifteen officers. During August, 1942, the Italians closed ten of the rooms for security reasons, and the occupants then had to go upstairs to the already crowded dormitories. Each quarter had a garden which we used to try to cultivate but were so often put out of bounds that the effort was not worth while.

In the dormitories 400 officers lived herded together, with one weak electric light to every twenty beds. Reading at night was impossible unless one's bed was directly under a light. Furniture

consisted of one small cupboard of three shelves to two officers; one small table to two, and one wooden chair or stool each. Beds were comfortable; sheets were only changed once a month; blankets were on the scale of two per person.

The Mess was the old Refectory, a magnificent half-panelled room seething with rats: sleek, bold, well-fed impudent rats. On the north side was a paddock, where we could take exercise. About 500 officers and 138 batmen lived in this camp. In the courtyard were three huts, one for recreation and two for batmen, who slept in wooden bunks in tiers of three.

Food was on the "Unemployed civilian scale." In addition, P.O.W.'s according to the Geneva Convention, were allowed to purchase whatever food was available in the open market—and it was surprising how little was available when a P.O.W. was the purchaser. P.O.W.'s ran their messes in two ways. The first, adopted at Rezzanello (N. 17) was to put the whole feeding out to contract. There, our contractor was the local innkeeper. According to the rule, no messing was to be less than Lire 13.00 a day, and what he brought in was checked strictly by the commandant and the local Carabinieri. In addition, the whole of the Red Cross parcel went into the mess with the exception of the cheese, biscuits, jam, pastes, and margarine. In this way we managed to eat three meals a day.

In Padula (N. 35), a different system had to be adopted. The mess (the monks' Refectory) was too small to seat more than 250 at a time, and in any case there were only enough plates, knives, forks, etc., for 250. We therefore messed in two sittings, which cut out breakfast. Our Messing member had great catering experience. He was an expert in smuggling in forbidden vegetables. He could even make pumpkin pie palatable! As the mess could not provide breakfast, whole Red Cross parcels were issued individually. To cook our breakfasts and brew tea we made stoves out of the Red Cross food tins, and cups out of biscuit tins.

These stoves were marvellous. Some were made on the "Aga" principle; others had forced draughts; others were just plain tins with gratings on the top. Mine had an oven made out of a 500 Players tin, two holes for the saucepans. There was an eternal struggle for wood; we sometimes managed to buy some, but it was never enough; we were always on the scrounge. As an example, one day the Italians opened up two of the more ruinous rooms, and in a few hours all doors, shelves, window jambs were removed; even some floor and ceiling beams were extracted.

Our official breakfast consisted of *ersatz* coffee, but we always had some extra dish, cooked out of Red Cross food. Lunch was always oiled macaroni, with tomato essence and either onions or cabbage. Dinner was usually pumpkin pies, or soup and baked parmesan cheese. Tea was sent round the rooms in buckets.

Our mainstay in life was Red Cross parcels. These were issued twice a week, *i.e.*, we worked in pairs, one receiving his parcel on Wednesdays and the other on Saturdays. All tins had to be punctured before issue. To avoid waste and to keep a supply for a rainy day, a Private Tin Store was set up. Tins there were put under the individual's name, and could be indented for

and issued on "non-parcel" days. We kept one key to this store, and the Italians the other, so that neither party could enter without the other.

From this it can be seen that food, especially Red Cross food, was the prisoner of war's God. Our life seemed to be spent queuing up for food. The struggle for fuel, planning of breakfasts, and making out indents, always kept food uppermost in our minds. We asked friends in to "elevenses." In my room there were nine of us, and we seldom had less than twenty in to morning tea. Others had breakfast and tea parties at which Red Cross food was eaten. Truly, the British Red Cross Society keeps prisoners alive in Europe.

Education and entertainments kept prisoners of war minds alert. In Padula entertainments were magnificently run. A different play, concert or band was put on every fortnight. The stage was made out of mess tables; we bought a curtain, paints for the scenery, a jazz band of six saxophones, as many clarionets, trombones, two pianos and a piano accordion; we also had a string band of violins, cellos, etc. The scenery was painted by an advertisement artist on Red Cross packing material.

A first-class musical comedy was written and produced; a team played the "Aldwych Farces," one member shaving his head every time to represent Robertson Hare. The camp choir was first-class, and gave operatic recitals, Gilbert and Sullivan, etc. The standard of acting, production and scenery was better than in many English provincial theatres.

There was a lot of talent in the camp, including some who had trained professionally. The productions were advertised in the entrance to the mess by an electric sign on the Piccadilly-Circus pattern. The existence of this machine, which was made from Red Cross tins and worked by running water, was endangered when the Commandant thought it was a machine to be used for signalling to aircraft. All properties had to be kept on the Italian side of the camp for fear of escapes.

Every production had three performances, the first of which was for the batmen. This was always a big night, because the food, in the shape of sweet rice, one of the more palatable dishes, was sent round the room in buckets. This gave us the opportunity to cook up a five-course dinner on our home-made stoves. Curfew was raised till 11-30, so we could ask guests to dinner and play cards afterwards. It was then that we sat down to dinner and tried to imagine ourselves at home.

As to education, we had courses on almost every subject under the sun. Law, Accountancy, Medicine, Engineering and Agriculture were among them. We had religious discussions every Sunday evening, a "Post-war Ideals Circle" each Saturday. Thanks to the Red Cross, the library was most adequate. Bridge was our greatest standby; a Duplicate Bridge league was started of five divisions, and a weekly American Tournament was held in the Mess. It was amusing to see about forty tables of bridge on one side of the room, and a hundred rats playing ten feet off! (One got used to rats, even when they ran over one's bed at night.)

Most camps, particularly the troops' camps, did not have much exercising space. Rezzanello (N. 17) had a small courtyard just big enough for two volleyball courts, and a narrow strip round the wall about 100 yards long by 10 yards. Padula (N. 35) had a very large central courtyard, in which we played basketball, and a large outside paddock, where we had inter-wing football tournaments and leagues, baseball, and single wicket cricket. At N. 17 there were daily walks at first, but these were soon cut down to two a week. At N. 35 the average number of walks per officer was three in a year.

We were allowed to write one letter of 24 lines and one half post-card of ten lines a week. Mails from England and India were regular and quick; but only an average of one letter a month reached England during 1942, and letters to India took five to eight months. An air mail service was introduced from Italy to all other countries just before I left.

Discipline was not harsh; merely annoying and petty. Roll Calls took place on an average twice a day, except when a "hate" was on or someone had tried to escape; then we sat for the whole day while a real check was made. There were always patrols going through the camp. At N. 17, a small camp, the Carabinieri were in the whole day with patrols of soldiers, every few hours. At night we were looked at five times. At N. 35 this close patrolling was not possible. We were seldom visited in our rooms during the day, and only once at night.

"Lights Out" was at 22-30 hours at N. 17, but at N. 35 they could stay on as long as we liked. At intervals of every two months a "hate" would take place, when restrictions were imposed, such as having to be in bed by 22-30 hours. The "hate" would last one day, and things would go back to normal. At N. 17 we had to be at roll call on time, but at N. 35, by a tacit arrangement, we had ten minutes' grace, which usually extended to 20 minutes. I have seen the officer of the day waiting to count us, and only about fifty out of the five hundred present.

Officers would have to undergo rigorous imprisonment in the cells for any type of offence, ranging from smoking on roll call to either escaping or aiding an escapee. When an officer was in the cells we would send him extra good food. Then there was fortress imprisonment for those considered dangerous, or who had written some remark about our captors in their letters.

Every camp had an infirmary and an Italian doctor. Most of the work, however, fell on the British M.O. The Italians provided very few drugs or medicines, the supply of which depended on the Red Cross and on our pockets.

Each camp had a canteen, but the stocking depended entirely on the local Commandant. At N. 17 our canteen was well stocked, and we could buy articles twice a month from the local town. We were lucky there, in that the Italian interpreter had been born in England, and had worked for a long time in the Bank of Italy in Lombard Street. He knew what we wanted, and would go to great pains to get it for us.

Payment for all goods in the canteen had to be made by "Buono's." These were different coloured chits representing varying amounts from Lire 100 to centesimi 50. No money was allowed in our hands. To finance the camp, we had to institute a bank, into which our credits went every month. This was instituted by us alone, so that the Italians never knew for certain what the purchasing power of the camp was. The bank would finance different funds, such as the Mess last summer, when we were laying in a store of vegetables for the winter. Canteen profits went to the welfare of B.O.R.'s in the camp.

P.O.W.'s pay ranged from Lire 650 a month for 2nd Lieutenants to Lire 1,500 for Lieutenant-Colonels, these amounts being taken off our pay in England and India at the rate of Lire 72 to the pound sterling. For the past year this rate of exchange has been rather unfair because the purchasing power of the lira in Italy has dropped to at least 400 to the pound.

All camps were illuminated at night. N. 35 had large searchlights round the perimeter to prevent escapes. We used to joke that perhaps some light-hearted "Free Solomon Islander" might see the searchlights and drop an egg. We used to see the British and American bombers go over to bomb Naples—a very heartening sight after two years of set-backs.

We obtained all our news from Italian papers and could get a pretty true picture by reading between the lines. Some camps had wireless; that is to say there was a loud speaker on our side, from which we heard the Italian daily news bulletin. The daily papers were translated by an Italian-speaking British Officer, written out, and pinned on the wall. That was my job. In addition, there was the Italian Foreign Office organ, *Relazione Internazionale*, which published many interesting items of news, such as Churchill's speeches in full, that were not included in the daily papers.

Propaganda was not rammed down our throats. However, there was a "P.O.W. News," printed in English and sent round to all camps. It was not good propaganda, and we did not issue it, though we had one copy per officer. They remained in the Orderly Room, and were used for the proper purpose when paper ran short. Another publication that was sent round, which was also used for fire lighting, was a series of articles on art, etc.

How did we spend our days? The best answer is a brief word-picture of our daily life. At 07-30 hours the first person stirred in the room; he rushed off to wash because it is his turn to cook the breakfast. 08-00 hours saw him on his face, blowing the fire of his home-made stove, on which were two pots of water. Ten minutes later there was a yell of "Breakfast Up" and the rest of the mess rolled out of bed.

Everyone had half the day's bread ration (75 grams or 1½ ounces), a tin of Red Cross jam, and a tin of margarine. Outside there was heard the clank of a bucket, and some yells. "No ersatz coffee wanted to-day" and off went the Mess Waiter. After breakfast another "duty man" washed up—an unenviable job washing greasy plates in cold water.

About 08-45 hours Roll Call sounded. Fifteen minutes later everyone was on parade and we were counted. On the Dismiss daily life started in earnest. Everyone scattered to his work; education, wood cutting fatigue, lining up to collect Red Cross tins or private parcels; and some to a late breakfast. The S.B.O. held Orderly Room, discussed the latest developments, wrote to the Red Cross, saw batmen, and discussed matters with the A.O. and P.M.C. Wood collected was cut up and distributed by room syndicates.

Eleven o'clock came and tea parties got into swing. Books were changed at the library. Twelve o'clock—and the bugle sounded for the first lunch sitting; half an hour later the papers arrived and discussions started on how the war was developing. News was good to-day: "Our troops are withdrawing to prepared positions and facing overwhelming odds." We knew that meant the Axis troops were on the run; the phraseology was always the same.

After lunch occupations varied. Most had a short lie down, followed by a shower. If the sun was out, the courtyard was covered with naked corpses. At 16-00 hours tea was brought round in buckets; some gave tea parties, others just ate half their bread ration. Roll Call usually followed tea, and football, baseball or single wicket cricket. Then bridge to fill the time until dinner, after which we brewed up Red Cross cocoa.

This picture shows the standard of life reached after many discussions with the Commandant, fights for privileges and many committee meetings. One did not just walk into it. It did not go on smoothly; there were always setbacks and confiscations. Indeed, much more could have been described, such as Christmas parties, and the Batmen's Saturnalia, when for one day officers waited on the batmen and cooked their food.

Finally, the Red Cross. The International Red Cross does yeoman work in notifying relatives, forwarding parcels, and visiting camps, which work they share with representatives of the Protecting Power. We thought they worked under a great handicap, because it did not appear that the Detaining Power took much notice of their suggestions. The one good thing they did in this respect was that, when notification was received of their impending visit, all repairs and improvements for which we had been howling were carried out.

Of the work of the British Red Cross Society no praise can be too high. Their work kept prisoners alive, in good health, and mentally and physically active. Their parcels were just magnificent, and every prisoner of war is grateful to the Society, its subscribers, and its voluntary workers. P.O.W.'s owe them a deep debt of gratitude, for if it were not for their work, not many of them would now be in a state fit to carry on. May the Society be given the support and help to enable it to carry on until peace comes, and our kinsmen now prisoners in other countries are free!



## **"THE SHINY—DAMMEGAD"**

By W. G. H.

**T**HE GREAT BRITISH public knows everything of importance about India. How else could it be qualified to vote on the future of the country? It knows, as well as anyone who has spent a lifetime out in India, that it is a land of gold, rajahs and elephants, that jute comes from Calcutta, that you can always get what you want in Kashmir, and that all Indians are brilliant cricketers with marvellous wrists.

It does not, however, bother itself with matters of such secondary importance as the monsoon, rural uplift, the depressed classes and the north-west frontier. Why should it? After all are not highly paid officials and soldiers sent out to deal with those and kindred problems? Provided that these invariably inefficient officials do not escape income-tax when visiting England, not much interest is taken in them or their work.

There is now a large British Army in India, and many are anxious to know all about the country in which they are serving. It is rarely possible to obtain information and advice in England, but occasionally someone can be found who is only too glad to help. The following conversation was overheard not long ago in a military club in London. The speaker was an ancient major of artillery, while the listener was a youngster going out to join his unit in India.

"So you're off to India, are you? Well, my boy, you're doing a very wise thing. Damn fine life! Spent some years in the Shiny myself more years ago than I like to think. Of course it's probably changed a bit since my day, and the war may have made a spot of difference. But India never changes. Not so as you'd notice it anyway.

"There's quick promotion in the Indian Army. Unless he's a complete dud everyone gets command of his Regiment. And before he's too old to enjoy it! Of course I was different. Gunner, you know. No pukka gunners in India. Always getting in new blood. Keeps them efficient.

"Know anything about the push you're going to? A Punjab Regiment, eh? Can't say I've ever heard of 'em. Pity you're not going to the Gurkhas. Backbone of the Indian Army. Intelligent little chaps. March like the devil. Slice you up as soon as look at you. Always say that Calcutta's their sphere of influence! Ha!

"Now the Sikhs, too. They're a damn fine crowd. Tall, big, silent fellows with long black beards. If you see photographs of the Indian Army they're always Sikhs. That shows, doesn't it? Not that I don't expect your Regiment's all right, my boy. Damn fine lot, no doubt. Wish I could remember something about the Punjabis. Were they in those shows in the Middle East? Can't remember, but I shouldn't think so.

"Then you'll meet the Pathan. Wily old devil! Steal the sheet from under you without waking you up. Better for you if you don't wake up. If you do, you won't do so again. Ha! Damn fine fighters. They enlist them in the Piffers. What're they? Oh, sort of irregular troops on the Frontier. Locally known as Khassadars. If you want to see service you ought to join them. Never sent down-country like ordinary regiments.

"Ever thought of going to Cavalry? Damn fine life they have. Not expensive like British Cavalry. Polo? Plenty of it. Pig-sticking. If you want to get on you must join the Indian Cavalry. Ever heard of a general who wasn't a Hindu Horseman? Auchinleck? Never heard of the fellow.

"Of course, you've got to be careful with Indian troops. Caste prejudice, you know. Mustn't tell a sepoy to pick anything up off the floor. Send for a sweeper and make him pick it up. Another point. Don't let your shadow fall on their food when they are eating. They'll chuck the whole lot away if you do. *Chipatti* is what they eat. The normal sepoy never smokes or drinks. The Sikhs, thank God, they're all right. Drink like fishes and smoke like chimneys. No nonsense about the old Sikh. But you'll pick up all these wrinkles when once you're out there.

"Waiter. Two chota pegs. Oh, I haven't said anything about the language. That's easy. Any fool could learn that in a month. Just get hold of a good munshi—stand no nonsense from him, mark you—and you'll be chatting away in no time. Of course you won't find it necessary to talk the lingo like the Civil Service wallahs. They're so high falutin' that the Indians just don't know what they're talking about.

"Plenty of polo out there. The whole life of the station revolves round the polo ground. You do play, don't you? No! Well, you'll soon learn. It's not expensive. I used to keep three ponies on my pay. The great thing is to get hold of some good ponies to start with. Pay your two thousand chips down and get 'em good. How much is that, eh? Oh, about £160. You can't afford that? Oh, I expect you'll be able to raise the money somewhere. But don't go to the moneylenders. Everyone's in debt in India.

"Know where you're going? Bengal, eh? Wonder why they've got troops there? Must be something to do with the war. Peshawar's the best station. Good climate, good polo, no work, plenty of memsahibs. Also if there's any trouble, you'll be in it. The frontier's the vital place. But I mustn't get drawn into a discussion on politics. But mark my words. Watch the frontier!

"The curse of India is the box-wallahs. All of 'em rich as Croesus. They expect you to live up to their style. And no one is going to say that a soldier can't stand his whack of drinks with the best of 'em. Good chaps, too. Calcutta's the place for them. You won't find them in places like Lahore. Not gay enough for them.

"Then the memsahibs, God bless 'em! Where would we be without them? Keep clear of widows, grass or pukka. Always on the chance to run off with a young subaltern. You aren't married, are you? Well, a wife's a good thing in India. Runs the house. Keeps the khidmatgar in order. Sees that the soda's



cold, and generally makes life worth living. Of course, she has to go to the hills for the hot weather, so you don't see her for six months. And you'll spend most of the cold weather in camp. Anyhow you'll get leave sometimes. Children? They're a different kettle of fish, but you don't want to bother your head about them yet awhile.

"Things are not what they used to be. Forty, fifty years ago, those were the days. But it's done me a lot of good talking about the old Shiny. Takes one back a bit. I've forgotten to mention my own branch of the service. Gunners, you know. Men? Magnificent. Nothing to touch 'em. But it's not for me to try to tell you what the Gunners are like in India. Kipling has done that for me! How does the old song go?

"Tum titty tum titty tum tum. Wheels on the edge of a pit."

"Tum titty tum titty tum tum, As far as a fellow can spit."

*Officers and others wishing to join the United Service Institution of India may do so by completing and posting the Membership Form to be found on the back page of this issue.*

## A LESSON IN ENGLISH\*

BY MAJOR L. A. POLLOCK

Dearest creature in creation,  
 Study English pronunciation.  
 I will teach you in my verse  
 Sounds like corpse, corps, horse and worse.  
 It will make you, Susy, busy,  
 Make your head with heat grow dizzy;  
 Tear in eye your dress you'll tear,  
 Pray don't swear but hear my prayer.  
 So console your loving poet,  
 Make my coat look new, dear, sew it!  
 Just compare heart, beard and heard,  
 Dies and diet, lord and word.  
 Sword and sward, retain and Britain  
 (Mind the latter how its written!),  
 Now I surely will not plague you  
 With such words as vague and ague.  
 But be careful how you speak,  
 Say break, steak, but bleak and streak,  
 Previous, precious; fuchsia, via;  
 Pipe, snipe, recipe and choir.  
 Cloven, oven; how and low;  
 Script, receipt; shoe, poem, toe.  
 Hear me say devoid of trickery:  
 Daughter, laughter and terpsichore.  
 Typhoid, measles, topsails, aisles;  
 Exiles, simile, reviles.  
 Wholly, holly; signal, signing;  
 Thames, examining, combining;  
 Scholar, vicar and cigar  
 (Do you now know where you are?),  
 Desire—desirable; admirable—admire;  
 Lumber, plumber, bier but brier.  
 Chatham, brougham; renown but own.  
 Only, done, but gone and tone.

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\* Babu's English is often a source of amusement, but it is only fair to admit that our language must present many problems, as will be seen by these couplets compiled by Major Pollock.

One, anemone; Balmoral;  
Kitchen, lichen; laundry, laurel.  
Gertrude, German; wind and mind;  
Scene, Melpomene, mankind.  
Tortoise, turquoise, chamois-leather,  
Reading, reading, heathen, heather.  
This phonetic labyrinth  
Gives moss, gross, brook, brooch, ninth, plinth.  
Billet does not end like ballet;  
Bouquet, wallet, mallet, chalet.  
Blood and flood are not like food,  
Nor is mould like should and would.  
Banquet is not nearly parquet  
Which is said to rhyme with 'darky.'  
Viscious, viscount; load and broad;  
Toward, to forward, to reward.  
Your pronunciation is O.K.  
When you say correctly croquet.  
Rounded, wounded; grieve and sieve;  
Friend and fiend; alive and live.  
Liberty, library; heave and heaven;  
Rachel, ache, moustache; eleven.  
We say hollowed, but allowed;  
People, leopard; towed but vowed.  
Mark the difference, moreover  
Between mover, cover, Dover.  
Leeches, breeches; wise, precise.  
Chalice, but police and lice  
Camel; constable, unstable;  
Principle, disciple; label;  
Petel, penal and canal;  
Wait, surmise, plait, promise; pal.  
Suit, suite, ruin; circuit, conduit  
Rhyme with 'shirk it' and 'beyond it.  
But it is not hard to tell  
Why it's pall mall, but Pall Mall.  
Muscle, muscular; irony, iron;  
Timber, climber; bullion, lion.  
Worm and storm; chaise, chaos, chair;  
Senator, spectator and mayor.  
Ivy, privy; famous, clamour

And enamour rhymes with 'hammer'.  
 Pussy, hussy and possess,  
 Desert, but dessert, address.  
 Golf, wolf; countenance; lieutenants  
 Hoist, in lieu of flags, left pennants.  
 River, rival; tomb, bomb, comb;  
 Doll and roll, and some and home.  
 Stranger does not rhyme with anger,  
 Neither does devour with clangour.  
 Soul, but foul, and gaunt but aunt;  
 Font, front, wont; want, fraud and grant.  
 Shoes, goes, does\*, now, first say finger  
 And then, ginger, singer, linger.  
 Sea, sweat; chaste, cast; leigh, eight, height;  
 Put, but; granite then unite.  
 Psalm; Maria but malaria;  
 Mosquito is quite a carrier!  
 Compare, alien with Italian.  
 Dandelion with battalion,  
 Sally with ally; yea, ye,  
 Eye, I, ay, aye, whey, key, quay!  
 Say aver, but ever fever;  
 Neither, leisure, skein, receiver.  
 Never guess—it is not safe:  
 We say calves, valves; half but Ralf!  
 Heron; granary, canary;  
 Crevice and device and eyrie;  
 Face, but preface, yet efface,  
 Phlegm, phlegmatic; ass, glass, bass;  
 Monkey, donkey; clerk and jerk;  
 Asp, grasp, wasp, and cork and work.  
 Pronunciation—think of Psyche—  
 Is a paling stout and spikey;  
 Don't you think so, reader, rather,  
 Saying lather, bather, father?  
 Finally: which rhymes with 'enough',  
 Though, through, plough, cough, hough or tough?  
 Hiccough has the sound of 'cup'....  
 My advice is—give it up!

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\* No, you are wrong. This is the plural of 'doe'.

## INDIA'S LONGEST MARCH

By "Nimis"

**T**HE FIRST quarter of 1942 was an unhappy time for India. The atmosphere bore comparison with that of England in June, 1940, at least so far as concerned the Army.

Madras was directly threatened, and it was with more pleasure than surprise that the 2nd Battalion (King Edward VII's Own) 4th Bombay Grenadiers received the order to go there by road. We were in war hutments in the desert near Karachi, nearing the end of the task of converting ourselves into motor infantry. Equipment was by no means complete; we had just received the last of our essential vehicles, of which 15 per cent. had been with us a bare week; weapons were about 50 per cent. short, but training was fairly complete.

Driving training had been going on some nine months, as witness the devastated area of wrecked culverts and broken-down signposts left behind us somewhere in the Punjab, where two of our battalions had had their baptism of M.T. None of the O.R.'s had had any longer mechanical experience; many had had a good deal less, as "milking" had gone on during the training period.

With the possibility of arriving to plunge straight into a battle in Madras, or to embark there for another place, the prospect for the future was not without its uncertainties; but we had only three days' notice. Scrupulous maintenance of weapons, stores, vehicles, clothing and men; ransacking of Karachi garages by the more cunning for private hoards of minor spares; issuing of war scales of ammunition; final checking of documents, identity discs and pay books; packing of the last relics we had kept out of our peace-time Mess and personal gear; all these ensured that no officers were left idle, while the troops were either exceedingly busy, or sat waiting for their turn at making allotments, with equal contentment. It takes a great deal to disturb the poise of a Jat really seriously, or that of his Mussalman cousin from Rajputana, the two classes that filled our ranks.

So came the 18th of April—our starting day. It has been one of our battalion's peace-time habits that orders for parade are put back a quarter of an hour by everyone from C.O. to sepoy; the latter was then generally ready to the last hair a couple of hours before time; what time he started to prepare himself must remain a matter between him and his Maker. Sure enough, four o'clock brought the noise of starting engines that morning. Sharp at 7.30 a.m. the leading column set out, companies passing the starting point at fifteen-minute intervals, and the several miles of columns cleared the camp with the Brigadier to bid us Godspeed.

This perhaps is where the services of our attached workshops section I.A.O.C. should be mentioned. It will receive no further separate mention; its cheerful participation in all our later

troubles identified it so fully with the battalion, that we came to forget its officers and men did not wear the same badges as our own.

The night's stop was at Hyderabad, 110 miles along a road varying from excellent to what we then thought poor. But it brought out many sins of the past, in filling petrol tanks without filtering the petrol (it's so much quicker); and, too, Mr. Ford's choice of a position for his petrol-pump came in for a lot of acrid criticism; most of his products had to stop every twenty miles or so to cool off that part of their make-up. Weather had heated up considerably, and loads were heavier than they had ever been before. There were also, of course, a largish number of brand-new vehicles with less than two hundred miles on their speedometers.

The net result was that mechanically-minded officers spent much of their time visible only as to their hinder parts, the rest of them deep inside bonnets. One three-tonner, injudiciously loaded with cooks and their gear, overturned in a diversion, but the sand was soft, and being righted on the spot, it finished the whole march without further incident. The tail of the column drew in, except for the unfortunate Technical Officer with a couple of lame ducks, by 1900 hours, to find a very reasonable billet for the night in disused stables.

Another bad habit was indulged in for the last time on this night—that of not leaving well alone on a vehicle. A great deal of unnecessary tinkering went on after needed maintenance was done; but the next two days sufficed to confine work on vehicles to really necessary matters, and tinkering died, to the great benefit of all.

The morning saw a start through a countryside full of military history, all too rarely visited nowadays. Having had the forethought to provide oneself with the account of Napier's activities in these parts provided a great deal of interest, marred only, as will be seen, by very limited leisure in which to read it.

We now entered on two days of what must quite literally have been among the worst going ever traversed by more than an odd motor vehicle or two. There was—or had been—a road all the way, a brick surface with no foundations, but by no means impassable; but for almost the whole of the next 165 miles the road was being rebuilt. The local idea of a diversion appeared to be to set up an arrow and spin it round to see which way it stopped. It was then left to indicate the side on which passing traffic was invited to beat itself a path through the virgin countryside. At the best there were eighteen inches of dust—the worst is best left unmentioned.

The fact that a complete armoured car regiment had gone through the previous day must have made it very near hell for our last driver. This may well be the place for some mention of the hero—the Provost-Havildar—who rode a motor cycle all the way from Karachi to Madras—probably the only man in the world who has done so! One's spirits were not raised in all this by the thought that we had our backs turned completely on our destination; actually, by the route we had to take, we were only pointing at Madras for three days on the whole run.

Camp for the night was at a pleasant rest-house at Moro, which had once been General Napier's headquarters, and the last column pulled in at 2330 hours; stragglers were still coming in throughout the night, and the Technical Officer and his merry men had not turned up by starting time in the morning. The best speed for the run had been six miles in the hour for the ninety miles.

That the manners of the officers left little to be desired was shown when a local notable called on the Mess that night, and informed us he was the civil engineer in charge of the roads for miles around. He was received with complete courtesy, and even given a drink; but roads did not form one of the subjects of conversation.

Next day's march was of about the same length, but the going descended to even worse levels. A gentle following wind kept every vehicle in a cloud of dust, and every radiator near boiling-point; while mid-Sind's temperature in the latter half of April compares with that of most places in Northern India a month later. Fortunately, the countryside was not waterless, and drinking water did not have to go into radiators. Seven miles of beautiful concrete road in the middle of the day's march raised great hopes that our troubles were over, hopes all the more severely dashed when one turned a sharpish corner, and ran at speed into a couple of feet of dust again.

However, all things come to an end, and just before Khairpur a moderately good road was reached. No road for the remaining 2,500 odd miles seemed to us other than excellent. The night's stop was at Rohri, a railway town across the river from Sukkur, which seems to have no interest in life apart from the permanent way. A day's halt had to be called here for recuperation of man and machine; the battalion closed up every vehicle in the course of the day and night, though two which, not surprisingly, had burned out clutches, had to be placed on the train for repair elsewhere. For those who could be spared, a bathe in the Indus and a tour of Sukkur made a diversion.

Next day was uneventful; roads were good, weather much pleasant, with vehicles moving fast enough to make a breeze. Khanpur was the destination—a place of pleasant memories, if the diversion may be permitted for one ex R.A.F. officer of the battalion.

In the days when aeroplanes carried 150 miles of fuel, Khanpur was a refuelling place on the journey from Karachi upcountry and the landing ground was two miles down line from the station. The station master would come out on his trolley with very much needed cold beer; and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion he held up the Karachi Mail for well over an hour while we had our beer. It is feared he had to find employment elsewhere, but surely never was a job lost in a better cause.

The road does not agree with the map in these parts, and the camping ground at Khanpur was missed, the battalion going on another forty miles to a pleasant camp at Uch, a name of some little fame in connection with Napier. Here one of the old camping grounds has been revived. The technical officer finally caught

us up at this camp, and never left us again. Next day we had only ninety miles left to Multan, and the magnificent Panjnad Barrage was one of the sights of the road; as also were greenish fields and trees after 450 miles of desert and near-desert.

Multan was not, of course, uncomfortably cold, but good going followed through Montgomery, the outskirts of Lahore, and on to Ferozepore. From Multan to Montgomery a little controlled speeding was indulged in, to give the men some fast-driving practice, and fifty-six miles were covered in two hours without incident.

Lahore marked our farthest northern point, and thereafter one did feel one was not actually going away from Madras, though we still had to describe some Mae West curves over the face of India. At Ferozepore we had completed our first thousand miles, and the drivers were showing great improvement. One would come up to a stopped vehicle and, whereas at the start one would have found a woe-begone crew sitting about in dejected attitudes, now the seat of a pair of shorts would be seen sticking out of the bonnet, and one would be waved past with a cheery "*Thik hai, Sahib.*" At this stage one was not too trusting, and it was not till another thousand miles were on the clock that one took such announcements at their face value; but they indicated growing self-confidence.

At Ferozepore men worked twenty-four hours a day rectifying every fault we could find on our vehicles. They replaced four engines, dealt with three vehicles which had been railed on to them, and put right small matters beyond count. They sent us on our way 100 per cent. serviceable—a very fine piece of work indeed.

After leaving Ferozepore, Ambala and Delhi were the next night halts. Delhi being well inside our recruiting area, there was a good attendance of greybeard fathers, sheepish brothers and coy womenfolk to meet us and exclaim upon things in general around the camp. In Delhi and Agra, it is to be noted with regret, some few *jawans* found the call of home too strong, and were not seen again for a while.

At Ferozepore, too, we were joined by our late formation's chaplain, who had sacrificed some days of leave to come with us on a part of our journey, as far as Mhow. For one at least of the battalion, his company did much to while away long stretches of the Grand Trunk Road with good talk on every conceivable subject, from theology to the prospects of beer at the next stop. The compliment was a graceful one, and it is to be hoped the Padre benefited from his experience as much as we did from his company.

On May 2 came a great and welcome change in the weather; going through Agra and Gwalior was about as hot as one could wish, and the relief when we mounted the Deccan plateau some twelve miles north of Shivpuri was great. From now on, we were in temperate weather till a day-and-a-half out of Madras.

And so the journey went on, at a steady 150 miles a day average now; at Mhow our old commanding officer was Brigadier,



and received a very warm welcome when he came to see us in. On, down the Grand Trunk Road which has seen so many marching troops, as far as Nasik, where the Hindus among us gained merit at the holy places; then over the hills to Poona, by which we completed our second thousand miles, and where we had our first meeting with public hospitality, the W.V.S. making much of the troops, to their great content. Here we stayed four days, the longest rest of the trip, and the last.

The last 700 miles were the best of the whole run; vehicles generally going well; everyone knowing what to do on the rare breakdowns; routine for camping grown automatic, pleasant weather, and fresh and attractive country. The piquancy of the unknown end to the journey added to its savour. And so, down through Kolhapur, where we were very hospitably treated; through Belgaum to Hubli for the night, where the city fire engine left its charge to give us our water; the very interesting fort of Tipoo Sahib at Chitaldroog, to Bangalore for the night of May 14.

Here we camped next to the Convent's Home for Abandoned Women (not in the Army sense), to the Reverend Mother's undisguised alarm. Had our predecessors on the road given her good reason for her qualms?—it was not the sort of question one liked to press. And, the next day, on to Chittoor, a hundred miles from Madras, for our last night's camp. On this day, we had our only serious accident, when a carrier went through a badly kept culvert and rolled down the embankment. Unfortunately it killed one man and injured another, but it finished upright, and was driven straight off. Next day's drive was a very dull one, through Madras's belt of satellite towns, and our destination was reached without event.

Battalion Headquarters were allotted an XVIIIth Century Burra Sahib's country-house and its grounds for their area, while companies were dispersed in gardens and orchards within a three-mile radius. The war was still distant.

The march had been 2,730 miles, about the longest ever done between points in India, always excepting the cavalry regiment which came down two days ahead, and was now encamped next door.

Comparisons with marching on foot are not easy to make, but the writer's view, from a good deal of both, is that for a number of heavy vehicles moving as a unit, one mile on foot is equal to not more than five on wheels. This march might therefore be compared with 550 miles or so on foot; of our elapsed 28 days, four were spent in halts not within our control, and were not needed for essential maintenance. Disregarding these, perhaps a fair comparison is with 550 miles on foot in 24 days.

Casualties to vehicles were low; actually, only one was not brought in with us owing to mechanical trouble, while tyre trouble originating in Sind delayed four more, which came in later when tyres had been sent back to them by train. Four had done parts of the journey by train, being sent ahead for repair at workshops en route.

Undoubtedly, the stretch from Hyderabad to Khairpur was such, at the time, that it should never have been traversed, had there been any possibility at all of railing vehicles over it; but it had an enormous effect in helping the battalion to find itself in its new role, and the shortened life of most of the vehicles must be set off against the very real experience we gained.

A march of this nature (with perhaps the worst of the bad going cut out) is the finest possible form of post-graduate training for drivers. The difference in the whole bearing and conduct of the men, before and after, was almost unbelievable; before, the best friend of the troops would have had to admit they were not really out of the bullock-cart stage of mentality, while, mechanically, their capacity for self-help was still mainly theoretical. After, they looked, and were real and alert drivers in the fullest sense of the word, and literally years of ordinary training had been compressed into less than a month.

A final word on Indian roads. The route was, to put it mildly, an indirect one, resembling nothing so much as a fourteen hundred mile high question mark splashed across India. From Hyderabad to Agra it followed almost exactly the circumference of a semicircle, centred at Jodhpur and with a radius of three hundred miles; then comes a zigzag of some fifteen hundred miles, such as G.K.C. might have imagined for his "reeling English drunkard" in a more spacious land. We staggered out of the middle of India, nearly ran into the sea on the Western shores, and swerved off, stopping just in time on the East coast. Speedometers read 2,730 in Madras; the distance, could one go close round the head of the Rann of Cutch, is a bare 1,200.

And there is a moral here for the legislators, whoever they may be, who control India's destinies in the time to come. Roads must always be the arteries of the land: supplementary, certainly, to the railways in times of peace, but liable at any moment to become vital in days of war or disturbance, and by no means to be neglected to the railways' benefit. It needs little imagination to picture the unmade road round the Rann, or even across the Desert, as the nail that, missing from the horse's hoof, lost the rider, the battle and the kingdom.

The importance of the reinforcements is, perhaps, exaggerated in this flight of fancy, but the point remains. . . .

## THE SPHINX AND "EGYPT"

By MAJOR N. P. DAWNEY

**I**N HIS article, "Regimental Badges and their Meanings" (Journal, Vol. LXXIII, No. 311), "T.H.B." raises the question, why, when there is a recognised species of Sphinx styled "Egyptian," should there be such a diversity of design in the Badges depicting this Beast?

The answer is, I think, Evolution. It may, therefore, be of interest to trace briefly the changes which this Badge has undergone in my own Regiment (The Lincolnshire Regiment) during the last 140 years.

The Tenth or North Lincolnshire Regiment of Foot, as The Lincolnshire Regiment was formerly styled, gained the distinction of the "Sphinx and 'EGYPT'" under unique circumstances. In Cannon's "Historical Record of the 10th Foot" (1847) it is stated:

"In this service, (the Siege of Alexandria, 1801), although the Tenth had not been brought into contact with the enemy, their conduct had been exemplary, and they had sustained a loss of thirty men from the climate, and other casualties incident to the service in which they were employed. They received, in common with the other regiments the expression of the high approbation of their Sovereign, the thanks of Parliament, and the royal authority to bear on their colours the "SPHYNX," with the word "EGYPT," to commemorate this splendid event."

This Badge was what we would nowadays call "an Ordnance Issue." It was issued in pairs, to be affixed to each face of the King's and the Regimental Colours. In its original form, it was embroidered on crimson silk and consisted of an oval Wreath of golden Laurels with scarlet Berries surrounding a silver Sphinx on a Plinth. On the Plinth, were representations of Egyptian Hieroglyphs, while above the Sphinx, in the opening of the Wreath, was the word "EGYPT," in ciphers of gold. (Fig. 1).



Fig. 1.

It is noteworthy that this badge was the first Battle Honour ever granted, Honours for earlier battles having been given at later dates.

In the Officers' Mess of the First Battalion, there is a cup which was, almost certainly, presented by the Officers to com-

memorate the award of this Distinction. It bears, in relief, a representation of the Sphinx Badge in its original form.

The Badge quickly underwent modification and on the Regimental Colour of the Stand of Colours presented to the



Fig. 2.

Regiment in 1826 (the Second Battalion, raised in 1804, was incorporated with the First in 1816), we find that the device is embroidered into the body of the Colour, immediately below the Union Wreath. The Sphinx, on a smaller Plinth, is worked in white silk, while the Wreath, in the form of an expanded "V," is worked in green silk. Above the Sphinx, is a blue Scroll edged and inscribed "EGYPT" in yellow. This Stand of Colours was carried at the Battle of Sobraon (1846) and was finally laid up in Lincoln Cathedral in about 1863. (Fig. 2)

In 1858, the Second Battalion was again constituted as a separate entity and a Stand of Colours was presented. In 1863, a new Stand was presented to the First Battalion. Both these Stands are still carried and on the Regimental Colour of each of them, the Sphinx Badge is practically the same as on the "Sobraon" Colour.

The Mess of the First Battalion also possesses a number of chalice-shaped goblets presented in the 1860's. On these we find yet another variety of Sphinx, with a very long neck and a tail to match. Instead of the close fitting head-dress worn by the animal on the Colour, it is wearing a pagri of the type usually associated with mid-Victorian female missionaries. On its back is a saddle.

Towards the end of the reign of the Shako (abolished in about 1878), the cap badge worn by the Officers had, at the bottom where the branches of the Wreath united (it was somewhat similar in appearance to the present day Naval Officers' Cap Badge), a small silver Sphinx almost exactly the same in design as that which now forms part of the Collar Badge of the Officers of The South Wales Borderers. (Fig. 3).



Fig. 3.

The Sphinx worn in The Lincolnshire Regiment to-day was introduced in about 1878 and differs considerably from the original beast. There are two forms, the one, which occurs only in the Star Badge, worn on the Patrol and Service Dress Caps by the Officers, Warrant Officers and Drum Majors, and on the Collar of the Full Dress and Mess Dress, has a headdress similar to a Judge's wig and has its tail lying across its haunches, but not passing between its legs. (Fig. 4).



Fig. 4.

The other form, worn on all the other appointments, wears a very full bottomed wig, coming right down over the torso, and has its tail between its legs and lying on its flank. (Fig. 5). Both forms of Sphinx are set upon a Plinth inscribed "EGYPT," the lettering having two forms. On the Cap Badge worn by Other Ranks, it is in Gothic script, while in all other cases, it is in Roman sanserif.



Fig. 5.

There is one interesting survival of the Sphinx worn on the Shako Badge. On the salver, which, in the First Battalion in peace-time, it was customary to present to an Officer on the occasion of his marriage, the Sphinx still has her tail in the air and is unmistakably female.

## THE GERMAN ARMY

BY CAPTAIN J. C. GONELLA.\*

**T**HE GROWTH of the present German army dates from the moment on January 30, 1933, when Field-Marshal Paul Von Hindenburg summoned Nazi party leader Adolf Hitler to the President's palace. They talked for six hours; at the end of the conversation, Hitler left the palace as Chancellor of Germany in place of General Von Schleicher who, incidentally, was the first Chancellor ever to come from the army.

Before the army, very powerful in the disturbed Germany, would agree to being controlled by ex-corporal Hitler, it made two conditions:

(1) Hitler must carry out the proposals laid out in Secret Blueprints lying in the army ministry office in Berlin for the complete reorganization of the army.

(2) He must guarantee that no foreign power would interfere politically inside Germany until this agreed reorganization was complete, and expansion an actual fact.

Hitler agreed to these conditions but, mutual trust being then—as it is now—very insecure between army and party, the army planted on Hitler a number of ministers, such as Von Neurath, Hugenberg and Franz Seldte, who were powerful men and little more than army stooges. With this political set-up in full swing, the army started on its expansion programme. Tanks began rolling off secret assembly lines, tens of thousands of recruits were trained, secret aircraft production was stepped up and, gradually, the German Army, for centuries in Europe an all-powerful war machine, began to assume its pre-1914 magnificence.

Hitler did not disturb these nation-wide preparations; be Hitler what he may, it is certain that he is a man who is eminently capable of calculating what is or will be of any value to him in furthering his aims; and he knew that his dreams for a Greater Germany would be so much wasted time without a military machine colossal in its strength. He must also have recognised that, as the forces grew stronger, so, too, would the power of the generals. But he was content to wait; he was confident that, when the time came, he could sweep away any power in Germany which dared to oppose him.

Unfortunately, many of Hitler's senior Nazi-party leaders were not so patient. Men like Ernst Roehm, leader of the S.S., wished to take over control of the army without further delay. Goering, however, supported Hitler and urged the less patient to wait, pointing out that the alliance between army and party hung on a very thin thread and that to start trouble so early would be fatal to the future.

In the army, however, suspicion as to the real reason for the Nazi Party's quiet attitude began to dawn. Lieutenant-General

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\* In a lecture.

von Hammerstein, the Field Commander of the Army, asked for his pension, and retired from active participation in this colossal game of bluff. In his place, the army chiefs managed to appoint General von Fritsch, who was, to Hitler, a bigger nuisance than any other army man. Whereas von Hammerstein had only disagreed with the Nazis, Fritsch actively plotted against them.

Hitler was under no delusions regarding Fritsch's activities, but he also knew him to be the most able strategist in Germany, so he closed his eyes to the army chief's anti-Nazi workings, and used his skill in building up the modern army, confident that, with time, Von Fritsch could be dealt with. The Nazis at this time were playing a deep and clever game, and Von Neurath and Fritsch dreamed their dreams, little knowing that they were merely being skilfully used as a means to an end.

From all these points, it will be obvious that a state of extreme tension existed between the two great forces inside Germany—the National Socialists or Nazis and the Army. You might, then, ask quite reasonably: (a) How did Hitler manage to retain power? (b) How did army expansion proceed so smoothly?

The answer to one is the answer to the other. As already mentioned Hitler has always had an eye for the main chance, and he demonstrated this clearly in the constant bickering between the followers of his own creed, whose faith was so important to him, and the army, whose power was so necessary to his territorial aims.

An excellent example of this was the Roehm—von Brauchitsch incident in East Prussia. Roehm, leader of the fanatically pro-Nazi elements in the army, the S.A. and S.S. battalions, had, for some time, been attempting to gain control of the entire army.

One day, during manoeuvres, battalions of S.S. troops from Brandenburg and Pomerania were detrained at a new manoeuvre field which had been specially prepared for the use of the regular army. The officer commanding this party, on Roehm's orders, informed the army colonel in charge of the field that his troops were going to use it whether the army liked it or not. On hearing this, General Von Brauchitsch, officer commanding East Prussia, sent a strong flying column, fully armed, with orders to prevent the Nazis from setting one foot on the training ground. When this column arrived, the Nazi-party commander, realising that they meant business, ordered his forces to entrain again, and left the area.

This incident caused an uproar in regular-army headquarters and, next day, Hitler was presented with an ultimatum that he must choose between the army and the party. Hitler, astute man that he is, chose the army, and ordered Roehm to be shot; and this man, mark you, had for years been one of Hitler's most devoted followers. With Roehm were shot no fewer than three thousand Nazis of different positions and importance. Thus, to placate the regular army, Hitler had his first "Purge"—known as the "Munich Blood Bath."

Being no fool, Hitler realised that this action might considerably dim his popularity with the organization he himself had created, and upon whose allegiance he depended so much. So to balance this action, Hitler looked around in high army circles for a victim. After much deliberation, he chose no less a personage than one of his greatest opponents—a powerful man—much respected in Germany and a very able soldier, General Kurt von Schleicher.

The method of killing him was ruthless, cold-blooded and simple. The general was having breakfast with his wife one morning when four Gestapo officers walked into his villa, asked him politely if he was Von Schleicher. They received the reply that he was, and what the hell had it to do with them? They did not reply to this—they merely drew revolvers and shot the General and his wife.

Details of this outrage, slow to seep out, when learned by the army caused a near mutiny. Never was Hitler's power so near to being challenged and broken as at that time. Army officers openly cursed the Führer and ignored all efforts of Nazi-party chiefs to mollify them. Just when civil war seemed inevitable, Hitler's ruthless cunning saved the situation. He called a meeting of German Army officers in Berlin and swore to them that Von Schleicher's death had been a terrible mistake and he would punish those responsible.

He accordingly ordered the four Gestapo officials who had shot the General, to appear before the C. in C. of the Reichswehr. They were, of course, found guilty and, seven days later, were shot at dawn in Spandau barracks. Thus, very cleverly, the head of Nazi Germany placated the wrath of the army and rid himself of an able man whom he feared while he lived.

In 1935 came the first real move by Germany backed by her now quite formidable army—the re-occupation of the Rhineland. With it came the revelation of the extent to which the German Army had increased its power in two short years. Even in this operation there was harmony between army and party only on the surface. Hitler guessed—and rightly—that France and Britain would not oppose him; the generals knew that if they did, the army would be Germany's only hope and, if intervention by the army became necessary, so would the power in the country pass to the army—and Hitler's influence would wane to almost nothing. France and Britain did not act, and once again Hitler had scored over the army and tremendously increased his hold on the government.

All this time General Von Fritsch was still at the head of affairs in the army and still a thorn in the side of the Nazis. So Hitler evolved a plan to rid himself of this powerful nuisance and, on the pretext that Von Fritsch had been heard to utter words which were more than mere criticisms of Nazi-ism—in other words, treason—the General was arrested by the Gestapo's Chief, Heydrich, and imprisoned in a villa in Potsdam. A short time after this news leaked out, army cadets from the Potsdam Military Academy rescued the General by force.



At this point, all the pent up feelings between army and party broke, and the chief of staff at Army H.Q. gave the order to units in East Prussia and Pomerania to prepare for civil war against Hitler. Trouble did actually start among cavalry units and S.S. troops, but the matter was hushed up and the outside world knew little of how near Germany had been to using her brand-new army against its own countrymen.

The sequel to this incident was that Von Fritsch was tried before a Court of Honour, presided over by Goering and, although acquitted on the treason charges, was forced to resign. With him went several high-ranking army officers and in their places were appointed men whose Nazi leanings were very strong. Thus the German Army became more and more Nazified, and this influence at the top, coupled with the influence in the rank and file, which I will later explain, gradually made the army an integral part and all-powerful arm of the National Socialists.

At this time, a minor General, Von Keitel, who had wormed his way into Hitler's confidence, became Chief of Staff and the Nazification of the army was almost complete.

All this plotting and planning, move and counter-move had not materially affected the now tremendous expansion of the German Army and, at the beginning of 1939, after his bloodless victories in Czechoslovakia and Austria, Hitler, backed not only by his people, but also by the most powerful military machine the world has ever seen, made the final plans for yet another attempt by Germany for domination of the world.

The part planned out for the army was a tremendously important one—without its unstinted support, nothing could be accomplished. But Hitler was confident—he knew, just as we now know, that the German Army of 1939 was more than the German Army of 1914. It was bigger, more powerfully armed, less independent and, most important of all, intoxicated with the doctrines of invincibility which had been pumped into every recruit every moment of every day from his first day of conscription.

This, then, was the German Army which faced us in September, 1939—an army flushed with victory and imbued with a fanatical desire to illustrate that they, above all armies of history, were capable of carrying out the age-old Prussian policy of ruthless extermination. That they have failed is now no longer a hope, but a reality. Events in Russia and North Africa have proved conclusively that the invincibility taught to the Germans and, moreover, believed by many outside Germany, is a myth. We have now assumed the rôle of destruction, they, the destroyed.

I have mentioned how Hitler ensured support of his Nazi doctrine in the high places of the army; how he achieved it in the lower ranks is a story of clever and insidious propaganda and recruiting methods which left little or no chance of opposition, even if the average German had wished to oppose methods which promised him the dream of every son of the Fatherland—power over all men.

In 1935, two years after his accession to power, Hitler introduced conscription to Germany. All able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 are made liable for military service, with a proviso that the service period could be extended in war-time. Service was considered an honour, and was not open to criminals or those who had offended the National Socialist regime. It recognised men having one Jewish parent, but they could not become officers or N.C.Os.

Normally in peace-time, terms of service are—at the age of eighteen men are registered, but they are not called up till twenty-one. Those found fit serve in the regular army for two years. On completion of the two years they may remain in the army or go on to reserve, in which they continue until reaching the age of thirty-five. From thirty-five to forty-five they form the Landwehr reserve, which is not called upon to form first-line units.

Candidates for commissions must pass through the ranks. The great majority of these youths are of good families, and are enlisted as officer-cadets. It is interesting to note that before acceptance each one is thoroughly tested in the army psychology centre. Expert psychiatrists judge whether a youth is mentally capable of bearing the responsibilities of an officer. After two years' service with the colours they become second-lieutenants.

This period is split into three phases—one year's regimental service, ten months at military college and two months' special training with the particular branch of the army for which he has been earmarked. Before being commissioned, the prospective officer must agree to serve for twenty-five years. Owing to the rapid expansion of the army, other types of officers are accepted, such as regular army reserve, ex-officers too old for the ranks, and N.C.Os. promoted during the war.

The pre-1939 German-army recruit was of a high standard. This was due to the fact that his whole life up to the age of eighteen had been a preparation for the time when he could bear arms. At the age of ten he starts off in the *Jungvolk*. This organization, equivalent to the Boy Scouts, is compulsory to all boys having no Jewish-blood. At the age of fourteen he graduates to the *Jugend*, in which he trains in close co-operation with the army; in the later stages the regular army train selected numbers of these youths actually in the army exercises.

This training which, of course, is not whole-time, but intensive, keeps the youth in constant contact with the army and, by the time he is twenty, his mind can expand in practically no other but a military direction. All this time, too, Nazi doctrine, so very similar in effect to German thought, is being steadily pumped into him; he is taught to understand and apply the rigid discipline for which the German Army is noted; he is taught that the Reich is the only true leader of the world; he is taught the invincibility of the German Army, and he is taught unswerving devotion to the Fatherland.

All this teaching, impressed on minds at their most receptive age, makes eventually a hard, well-trained, faithful soldier; it also makes an obedient automaton, with absolute confidence in his

leaders, and practically no initiative or powers of leadership. A German, well led and victorious, is a formidable enemy; poorly led and in defence, his morale and ability are surprisingly low.

When a conscript soldier goes on the reserve, an annual training of two months is carried out; this training is entirely in the hands of the Nazi Party. Both the army and the party benefit from this system. The army has a constant, fit reserve keeping in touch with current military training and the party is assured that every physically fit man must join it, whether he likes it or not.

The great weakness of the German system of training is that it deprives the ranks of potential leaders. Physical initiative is high, but mental initiative is not encouraged: only implicit and unquestioning obedience to leaders on whom the soldier entirely depends. The policy has been also to concentrate the best in a few formations—the "crack divisions" and consequently, this weakness of leadership among the poorer types of troops is evident.

This tradition of invincibility built up by concentrated propaganda and strengthened by initial success, due entirely to weight of material, is a boomerang which is now hitting the Germans hard. They, who have been taught that they cannot be beaten, are being beaten—and they are asking why. When they start asking questions is the first sign of a cracking morale—and a morale built up by propaganda and iron discipline cracks very quickly when it starts. It would be undue optimism to say that the German Army is cracking—but it is an absolute certainty that its polish is very badly scratched.

In these four years of war, we should once and for all time have learned a lesson. This lesson, unfortunately, is one too easily forgotten—one which stares us in the face through every minute of bloody war—one which beats itself into our brains with every crash and thud of every German bomb or shell—one which dominates our minds with every sight of a torn, twisted body in the rubble of Lambeth, Coventry or Clydebank—and one which fades in the sparkling bubbles of the champagne with which we intoxicate ourselves on the night of the Armistice.

For this post-war amnesia we may try to blame many things. Our puerile politicians, whose pathetic utterances and short-sighted sympathies clog the inspired machinery kept working by the ceaseless efforts of our real statesmen, Churchill and Eden who, thank God, more than balance all of their lesser impedimenta; our Press, who persistently refer to Nazis, and seldom to Germans; to influential dear old souls who are mentally incapable in their dotage; and pseudo-intellectuals whose brains and minds are too small to absorb the useless superfluity which they continually try to cram into them. Any or all of these may be responsible; that fact is unimportant. What *does* matter, and matter vitally, to the future security of our people, is that the combined effect of their impressive futility is a cancer at the heart of peace.

Let us, all of us who love Freedom and Security and to whom patriotism is a glowing virtue and not a bourgeois weak-

ness—remember the next few lines when once again regimental buglers sound off “Cease Fire.” I hope that even some, if not all, of the young men now serving their country as soldiers and after the war to be enlightened citizens, will agree with it and direct whatever efforts they can to ensuring that its implications are stamped into the minds of all free-thinking men.

“Germany, under any kind or condition of rule which has any connection whatever with German philosophy or tradition, is a menace to lasting peace, and should accordingly be suppressed by any means, forceful, or if it is possible, otherwise, which will ensure that she will never again be even potential for war.”

I am no philosopher, no historian, nor even do I claim to be possessed of a more acute sense of perception than that of my fellow officers or soldiers, but I fail to see how reputedly sensible men of any country cannot recognize how the German Army and nation in 1943 is not one whit different to their counterparts of 1870 and 1914; and how, if we do not take steps to stop it, they will be the same in 1971.

There are many political side issues which have no place in the minds of serving soldiers; many treaties and obligations and economic responsibilities which have a certain bearing on the conduct of strategy; but to us, whose job it is to actually fight this war, there must be only one aim—one object for which to strive and attain—to destroy ruthlessly and unmercifully every possible influence, human, material or ethical, which has the minutest connection with the belligerent ambitions of the German nation.

If, after the medicine of the mind has been administered and has proved effective, a building-up process of the body is considered safe to the future well-being of the doctors, then, and only very cautiously, may we allow Germany the chance of taking her place in the world as an independent and uncontrolled power.

To you, who have all suffered in some degree from this present display of German frightfulness, I make the appeal to cast aside false sentiment and post-war complacency, and strive as others will do, to make the utter subjugation of Germany an accomplished fact. Then, and then only, can we say with any real conviction, “THANK GOD, I HAVE DONE MY DUTY.”

## A NEW METHOD OF SELECTING ARMY PERSONNEL

By "GIDEON"

**S**INCE THIS WAR began, there has developed in Britain an entirely new method of allocating men within the army, and of selecting soldiers for training for special jobs. The work, which was started early in the second year of the war as an attempt to select personnel by scientific methods, is now firmly established as being one of the greatest advances that has been made towards the goal of economic use of manpower, abolition of human wastage, and making the best use of resources. India is now to have the advantage of this method of selecting its Army Personnel.

It is a truism to say that the last two wars in which Great Britain has been involved have differed from all her other wars in being truly national, and in which her army has become a peoples' army, representing the whole male population of military age. In each there has been a tremendous expansion, organised under great pressure.

In both wars, there has been much talk about "square pegs in round holes." That many soldiers have been hopelessly unsuitable for their army jobs no one has doubted, but public complaints of the existence of a situation known to all have not helped towards a solution. We all have our pet atrocity story of wastage of human talent. The writer's favourite story, referring to the last war, is of a highly intelligent man of 30 with a first-class public-school education and good athletic record, who was already directing a flourishing business concern of his own, and who during his four years' volunteer service rose from a private to a corporal in the same Mule Remount Depot in England, where he stayed during his whole army service, in spite of vigorous protests on his part.

The traditional army method of selection based on peacetime requirements is to allow recruits to find their own level. When there is no pressure of time, and the recruits are all from the same age-group and practically all with similar school and civil backgrounds, this method has proved good enough to meet requirements for many generations. Or perhaps the reason is that no one has supplied an alternative method.

In the last war, the American Army was the pioneer in providing such an alternative in the celebrated Army Alpha test, which was a test of intelligence. On this rough grading, a recruit was allocated to skilled or unskilled army employment. This test, though rude, was universally admitted to be a great success, and a handsome tribute was paid to it in the official American History of the War. Unfortunately, neither in Britain nor America was work maintained on these projects, and we started the war

of 1939 no further forward than the American army was at the end of 1918.

Fortunately, although the military development of personnel selection was allowed to lapse, psychologists (who were responsible for producing the early intelligence tests) were far from idle in civil life, with the result that the basic scientific equipment of 1939 was well in advance of that of 1918, and when the Army in its great need decided to turn to a scientific method once more, the psychologists were in a position to advance rapidly.

The standing army in Great Britain was called upon to expand itself tenfold in the shortest possible time. Only those responsible for arranging training programmes can have a really adequate conception of what this means. It is not as if every regular soldier is fit to become an instructor to his civilian comrades. This, we know to our cost, is not so. Moreover, war commitments of the army meant that only a small proportion was able to stay at home to help with the training of the others.

Thus the chief need has been to provide junior officers and N.C.Os. The shortage of these has, in the past, been most acute, and it has had to be filled up from the ranks of the Conscript Army. It was, therefore, a matter of vital urgency to select the right men for training for special jobs in the greatest possible numbers, and at the earliest possible phase of their training compatible with sound military practice.

The problem resolves itself into two main divisions:

1. The selection of suitable fully trained recruits for training to become officers.
2. The selection of suitable raw recruits for early training as N.C.Os. tradesmen, and the earmarking of potential officers.

It is with the first section that this article is mainly concerned, but a short description of methods of other rank selection will be appended.

*Modern Methods of Officer Cadet Selection.*—By tradition, the British Army Officer is born rather than made. For many generations during periods of peace, candidates for the King's Commission have come forward at their own request, their choice of profession following personal liking and family tradition. The majority have come from within narrow social limits, and have been educated at a particular type of school.

The task of selecting suitable applicants has, therefore, been relatively easy, and has depended on social and educational qualifications. The period spent under training was sufficiently long to enable an intimate study of the candidate to be made, and if he proved unsatisfactory and had to be rejected, the national need was not so urgent that any great harm resulted. In spite of all this, the Regular Army has generally been short of its full quota of officers.

On the outbreak of a national war, the situation changes. The increased demands come nowhere so heavy as for junior officers, relatively large numbers of whom must be selected, trained and commissioned, under conditions of urgency. During the peak

year of wartime expansion in Britain, approximately one hundred times as many officers have been trained as in a corresponding peacetime period, and the training has taken on the average one-third of the time.

*Early Measures to meet the Need.*—The various categories of Reserves were, of course, the first to be called, and then Emergency Commissions were thrown open to soldiers in the ranks. Machinery was set up whereby unit commanders nominated suitable candidates, who were then interviewed by the divisional commander and finally by a Board of three senior officers. At each stage the method of selection was by means of an interview lasting some ten minutes.

It is common knowledge that the first successful applicants under this new scheme conformed closely to the traditional officer type, and although this limited social group has, generally speaking, done its duty to the community nobly, yet its numbers are but small, and it could not possibly meet the need by itself. There was, moreover, a large body of opinion which held potential leadership was not a prerogative of any one social group.

Unit commanders would naturally only nominate men they thought were likely to be accepted. It also remained a rule that applications for cadetship would be entirely voluntary, with the result that large numbers of men were too diffident to apply. Tradition dies hard.

Not only were numbers falling short, but also there was great dissatisfaction at the unreliability of the selections made. The percentage of unsuitable cadets at training units varied from 5 per cent. to 70 per cent., and the all-over rejection rate of 33 per cent. was found to have a disturbing effect on the cadet morale at Training Units. Battalion Commanders complained constantly of the variable standard of the subalterns joining their battalions. The men were also critical, especially those who felt that their antecedents were socially inferior; candidates felt that with a ten-minute interview, the Board's judgment was unreliable, being at the mercy of chance and of the individual predilections of Board members.

The supply of officer-cadets was at one period of the war a matter of major concern to the War Office, who resisted (and all honour is due) the temptation to try to solve the problem by issuing a direction lowering standards.

There were two alternatives: (a) To select candidates as a result of battle experience; (b) The complete re-modelling of the selection system.

*The Test of Battle.*—The idea that soldiers who have distinguished themselves on the battlefield should be recommended for commissions is one with an immediate appeal. But quite apart from any consideration of the chanciness of this method, *i.e.*, of any responsible officer being present at the moment when Thomas Atkins distinguished himself, it was inapplicable. Up to the recent Tunisian campaign, only the B.E.F. and the 8th Army had been in action on any large scale. The former's experience was very brief and very disastrous—large numbers of

those actually in action became prisoners of war, and the vast majority of the remainder found little opportunity to display their mettle.

The 8th Army, of course, is different, but the total number of officers required up to the present is considerably in excess of the entire strength of the 8th Army. In the event of 10 per cent. of that Army (a very high proportion) proving suitable, we should still be left with a gap of some 90 per cent. of our officer requirements. However attractive the trial by ordeal be, it could not possibly supply the need.

*Entire Re-organisation of the Selection Procedure.*—The interview as a method of human selection was by now under great suspicion. It was abandoned as the result of an experiment, when twelve senior officers responsible for Selection Boards in Britain met, and held a secret ballot on 60 ordinary candidates. In not one single case was there unanimous vote for either acceptance or rejection. This result could only be described as ludicrous. Surely at least one candidate out of 60 would appeal to all as being worth a trial at an Officer Training School?

Information came to light as to current German and Russian methods. The former, particularly, had gone in for a very detailed procedure, in which prospective officers remained under observation for a period of years, with the more specific phase of selection spread over several weeks. This work was carefully examined. The principle adopted in Britain was that of a residence with a specially constituted Board, during which time tests are administered aiming at showing up qualities of personality and leadership.

*New Officer Selection Boards.*—These Boards started from humble beginnings, but from the outset were based on established scientific principles. There has been a steady development; unreliable test elements have been discarded, and new ones are being tried out all the time. The candidates stay with the Boards for three days, subsequently reduced in Britain to 48 hours, the intake at Board averaging about 40 candidates at a time.

There are three main types of tests now in use, the so-called non-verbal, verbal and reasoning. Non-verbal tests are independent of language, and the main one used in the army consists of a series of patterns cunningly drawn to show a definite logical relationship with each other. The candidate's task is to appreciate this relationship. All the education required is to be able to write single figures. Exhaustive experiments with hundreds of thousands of men has shown beyond doubt that this test is a remarkably reliable gauge of native mother-wit or "nous" or whatever you like to call it.

The ability to manipulate language successfully and quickly is also an important aspect of "teachability," and "verbal" tests have been devised in which simple problems are set and directions of varying degrees of complexity have to be followed. This test is a race against time, as also is the "Reasoning Test" which consists of a battle of wits between tester and candidate, in which, all the time, the candidate has to detect the underlying principles of a series of statements and propositions.



The above tests require answering in writing, and are given in groups of 50. As a further check, there are individual performance tests, in which candidates are given problems to solve in designs and 3-dimensional patterns which require the ability to size up a situation quickly, and a reasonable degree of manual dexterity.

The intelligence that is measured has many aspects, and the final voting is a combination of the results of all the above, due attention being paid to individual idiosyncracies, special abilities and special disabilities. An all-round estimate is desired, and since many hundreds of thousands of soldiers and over 30,000 officer-cadets and officers have sat these tests, we are able to compare each man's result with the results of thousands of his comrades similarly employed in the army. It is a cardinal principle of army intelligence-testing that the standards used are not those of abstract theory, but of the actual performances of an equivalent group of men. We therefore measure a candidate against the performance of the average British officer, or against any other military group with whom he is likely to be associated.

*Tests of Personality.*—Of these there are two types in use, respectively the province of:

(a) *The Psychiatrist.*—Possibly because of his difficult title and the unfamiliar character of his work, this officer has achieved a certain notoriety in the modern army, but he is a very useful person. The Psychiatrist is a medical man who has devoted himself to the study of the human mind, and who is experienced in discerning the various types of human beings. In applying himself to this work he uses three main methods: Written tests of a novel type where candidates' imagination is given a free run; observation of behaviour in a group; and his own special type of interview based on professional training.

He sets out to assess the essential soundness of a man's nature, and by paying attention to his past history, he finds out how the candidate stands in relation to his endowments and opportunities. He takes a long and comprehensive view, and uses his experience to indicate to the Board likely developments of character.

(b) *Group Testing Officer.*—The opinion of a junior officer of known efficiency is considered to be valuable. Accordingly, the technique was devised to give the Group Testing Officer, who is normally a 30-year-old Captain or junior Major, opportunities to observe candidates, and to see their practical capacity for living with, and influencing, their fellows. When candidates arrive at a Board, they are divided into groups of ten, each group being the responsibility of a Group Testing Officer. He lives in close contact with them, takes meals with them, observes them in the camp and in the ante-room, and also puts them through a series of tests.

There are two types of tests, group and individual. They are of the nature of commonsense problems requiring no particular military training, but most of them need some form of physical work for their effective solution. There is no set form laid down nor any apparatus, use being made of surrounding country and any material on the Board premises.

It is not possible, for reasons of space and of publicity, to do more than indicate the procedure in general terms. A typical group test is one where five men are given a heavy object, which they are told is valuable and fragile and they must get it and their party across a 20—30-foot ravine. A collection of useful material is lying about—poles and ropes—and the candidates have to devise a method of bridging the gap. It is a matter of simple common-sense, requiring sane ingenuity, persistence and a certain amount of guts. A training in engineering helps very little, as the problem is a scratch one and not at all orthodox, nor is it essentially difficult. There are several other problems set which are not dissimilar, but vary in the type of qualities required to solve them.

The individual tests place each candidate in the limelight in turn. For instance, every man in succession is given one of a series of simple problems to solve of the Boy Scout or Home Guard type, and has to act as the leader of the group during the solution. The problems set are ingenious, but so devised that military training and knowledge of infantry tactics do not give an advantage. Probably the outdoor man is better placed than the bookworm or indoor clerk during this part of the test, but a certain familiarity with outdoor life is not entirely a disadvantage in a junior officer!

The actual solution of the problem is of no great interest. Group Testing Officers are trained to give their attention to the behaviour of the individuals comprising the group. The tests are devised to vary as much as possible, and on them he forms a judgment on each individual on his initiative and resourcefulness, his capacity to command, his guts, and also whether he has the necessary agility and physique to succeed at a Cadet Training School.

*Military suitability.*—The President of the Board is a senior officer with a wide experience of the many aspects of army life. Apart from his general function as the commanding officer of a military unit, he also sees candidates about the camp, and talks to each of them individually.

The President is also in possession of information about current needs of the army, arm by arm, and is kept up to date about O.T.S.U. policy. His most valuable contribution lies in the allocation of the candidate, based on one hand on information supplied him by Board members, and on the other on the needs of the army.

*The Board Conference.*—On the last day of the Board's sitting, decisions are made about candidates by means of a Conference of Board members with the President in the chair. Each member gives his grading in turn, and if, as frequently happens, gradings agree, a man is passed or failed without further discussion.

In the event of a disagreement (and it is one of the striking features of this work that competent observers will differ in their conclusions about the same individual), each member of the Board gives an account of the evidence supporting his grading. The various aspects of a man's personality are thus shown up, and the conference becomes able to arrive at a decision which does full justice to the candidate.

*Maintenance of Standards.*—By a system of careful recording, and with the mass of evidence available, we are able to keep a careful watch on the quality of candidates. Previously any such estimate has had to be based on individual likes and dislikes and on a President's ability to carry a memory over a period of months. In this new system we have a record of the performance of each candidate in each test item. We are, therefore, in a position to publish figures on the ratio between rejections and acceptances and the respective performances of different communities, races and creeds. An elaborate follow-up of successful candidates has been organised for comparison with their grading at Training Schools and with their records as fighting soldiers. Taking the long view, the grading system becomes both self-correcting, and also an indication of social fluctuations.

*Early Results of Selective Testing.*—The first year's work on the new system in Britain has given striking results. For instance: there has been an enormous increase in the supply of candidates, the rate of volunteering having increased eight times. This is considered a measure of public confidence in the new methods. Complaints about Board results through Members of Parliament, which at one time kept a section at the War Office fully employed, have now virtually disappeared.

The failure rate at O.C.T.U's. has fallen from 25 per cent. to 2 per cent. and of Cadets commissioned there has been an increase of 50 per cent. among those considered above average standard. This very satisfactory start has moved the War Cabinet to set up a scientific Committee to enquire into possible wide applications of the technique. With suitable modifications it is claimed that the Selective System could be devised to meet any type of need.

We have in mind particularly replacement of the present scholarship system and entrance examinations to colleges and universities by a Selection procedure based on intelligence, standard of technical knowledge, of educational attainment and suitability by personality for the proposed line of work. It would be perfectly possible to devise suitable selection methods for civil service and local government service candidates, for entry into professions and trades and for big business houses.

The essential thing in each case is to enquire in a careful scientific way into the actual requirements of the intended occupation, the demands that it makes upon individuals and the specific qualities required to be successful in the type of life envisaged.

Although interest and desire to follow a certain line is the accepted reason for selecting an occupation, yet all people connected with training will be aware of the numbers of unsuitable people who put themselves up, and the amount of wastage of effort, time, money and human hopes involved. Also, of course, a rich man's son is at an advantage all the way; the whole world is open to him. By this procedure, it will be possible to sponsor vastly improved scholarship schemes of state aid for suitable candidates.

*Application to India.*—The needs of the Indian army are essentially similar to those of the British Army. After all, it is the

same war and the same enemy which is being fought by both, with the same weapons. The expansion problems in India are very similar, although the absence of conscription makes some difference. However, the need remains the same, namely, to expand existing establishment in the most rapid and most efficient manner.

- A start has already been made in the selection of officer-cadets by methods comparable to those described. It has been accepted as a principle, and will shortly be in force throughout India. The results of application of these new methods to Indian cadets are very encouraging up to now, and have met with wide approval from all who have investigated the matter. It is quite obvious that many alterations in detail will have to be made from the British procedure in respect of differences caused by varying languages, cultures and religions. Technical problems are certainly numerous, but by no means insoluble. Much progress has already been made towards their solution.

Similarly, in the wider application to the needs of society, India's need appears to be even more urgent than of Britain. Any careful student of newspaper advertisements must have been appalled at the depressed economic condition of the educated classes of India. After three years' full university training, a young man is extremely fortunate if he can command a salary of eighty rupees per month; he is more likely to be paid at about the same rate as a personal bearer, without the pickings of the latter.

This is only one aspect of a state of affairs which cannot but harm the internal social structure of a country. What could be more wasteful than to educate minds and then to find no contribution for them to make to the good of society? Could any procedure be better designed to breed discontent and destructive thinking among the best brains of the community?

The industrial system of India is growing apace and, after the war, will undoubtedly develop much more rapidly. How are the newcomers to industry to be selected? By chance, by money, by social influence, by passing an examination or by a planned method of selection? Again, it is often stated that even if a man has spent three years at a university, his education is of little practical use to him. This is surely a pity. But who selected the teachers, and who arranged the courses and why is there such an unbridgeable gap between university training and economic need?

All these questions are of tremendous and wide social significance. Modern selection methods provide both a careful scientific investigation of the needs and peculiar qualities required in various occupations, and the ability to define the endowments of individual beings. It does not require a strong imagination to see what way scientific selection could be of help in reconstruction of post-war society.

2. *Other Ranks' Selection.*—To complete the description of the application of selective testing to the modern army, brief attention must be paid to recruits, although this is more properly

a subject for an article of equal length. In Britain at the outbreak of this war, the time-honoured procedure of mass allocation of recruits, by districts and by local service needs, was followed. It has since been entirely abandoned because of its wasteful results and the unfortunate effect on morale.

It has been stated above that a conscript army is a cross-section of the "Great British Public." Each village, therefore, contributes its tall men and its short men, its fat men and its thin men, its clever men and its stupid men. Mass allocation can pay no attention to individual differences, and yet every day we pay lip service to the idea of judging intelligence and personality in our social contacts.

The introduction of the General Service Corps in Britain has been a great advance in military training methods. Under this scheme recruits go to Primary Training Centres which belong to no specific arm of the service. They remain there for the first six weeks of their training, during which time they undergo all the routine procedure of the first few weeks of military service; medical examinations, inoculations, issue of clothing and equipment and elementary instruction in army life and procedure, basic infantry training, square drill and elementary weapon training.

During their first fortnight, each recruit undergoes a standard programme consisting of various tests of intelligence and special aptitudes. He is also interviewed by the Personnel Selection Officer, whose job it is to assess a man's civil experience in relation to its value to the army. Difficult and peculiar cases are referred to the Psychiatrist for an added opinion. By means of intelligence tests, a man is graded according to his ability to be trained for a military trade. The special aptitude tests make it possible to say whether the man has a flair for engineering, clerical work or for one of the manual trades. It should be reiterated that in all these tests the standards required are those of the actual achievements of recruits and in no case is the man measured against a theoretical ideal.

At the end of the six weeks' training the record of each soldier is completed and contains a recommendation for type of employment (usually three per man) in order of priority. These recommendations are couched in general terms and refer to suitability for a trade rather than for a specific military role. By means of an automatic filing device, when the War Office require, say, 10,000 blacksmiths to be posted, only the names of those with the required qualifications are thrown up by the machines.

As a result of the Primary Training Centre's recommendation, recruits are posted to Corps Training Centres where, for the first time, they become identified with a definite military unit. This change of procedure has given widespread satisfaction, on account of the reduction of training time and of lessened wastage by unsuitable recruits, and in the higher general level of efficiency obtained at Corps Training Centres.

*India and Other Ranks' Selection.*—It is admitted that since recruitment for the Indian Army is voluntary, the above scheme presents great difficulty in introduction. Recruits usually express preference for one arm or another, and frequently refuse to accept a transfer. However, it is very little use spending time and trouble

on training recruits who will never make good and, therefore, any scheme which can undertake to pick out the unsuitables in the first few days of training will save the country time, trouble and expense.

Further, to pick out a recruit with special aptitude will allow training programmes to be devised to suit a man's ability rather than to go at the pace of the slowest which is the only possibility at present.

Technical difficulties are of the same order as found in officer selection, with a main additional one of the high illiteracy rate. Modern science, however, is far from powerless in the face of such problems, and it is claimed that a very valuable contribution can be made by selective testing to the problems of allocation and training of Indian recruits.

*Conclusion.*—The scheme outlined above shows that in Britain it is possible that out of a war-time emergency measure, a project of great future social benefit is developing. The same possibilities apply to India, in that there is being developed a scheme for the assessment of human potentialities at both a high intellectual level and at the lowest.

India, for example, is committed to an expansion of educational facilities. During such an expansion we claim that one of the main needs is to know to which children to apply which sort of education. These tests are perfectly applicable to children down to Infant-School age, and years of experience have confirmed that intelligence remains remarkably constant throughout life, and that the clever child of seven is likely to be proportionately clever at the age of fourteen. With the perfecting of methods of gauging the mental ability and personal qualities of illiterate people, we shall be laying a firm foundation to the edifice of post-war educational expansion.

There are many other possibilities, some of which have already been described above. It is of very great importance that a project of this type should be, as far as possible, an indigenous growth. As with all scientific procedure, there is a core which is international, with a world-wide application; but any method of human assessment must vary in its actual technique with differences of culture, social custom, religion and social structure.

The pioneering work has been done almost exclusively in Europe and America, and much that has been established there will apply to an Oriental country. The adaptation to India can best be carried through by Indians, and for this reason the policy is to employ Indian scientists and less highly skilled technicians as far as opportunity offers. The small initial staff sent out from Britain will not be added to and suitable Indians are being given the necessary specific training to take over the scientific side themselves. Similarly on the Boards, Indian officers are being trained to administer these tests.

The wider application to post-war reconstruction in India is clearly a task for Indians, and it is one of the duties of the military

authorities towards the community to ensure that this project is in a sufficiently healthy state of natural growth at the end of the war for opportunities to be seized and responsibilities undertaken with the greatest possible chance of a sound and productive contribution to society.

Some readers may desire to enquire further into the matters described above. If so, it should be possible to arrange for members to visit a Board and meet personnel engaged in this work. All possible facilities will be gladly given to interested parties, but there is a limit to the number of visitors a Board can deal with at any one time. Any enquiry should be addressed to the Editor of this Journal, with the envelope marked "Selective Testing." The Editor has kindly consented to pass the enquiries on to the appropriate authority.

## "THE OLD SCHOOL TIE"

BY SIR DASHWOOD STRETTELL, K.C.I.E., C.B.

*The General Sub-Committee of the L.C.C. Education Committee, this spring, suggested that the Council should express the view that "the independent public boarding schools are in the widest sense undesirable while present principles guiding their management and recruitment continue: in these conditions, therefore, the Council does not wish to be associated with any scheme of collaboration with them."*

**P**HEW! [Well, there's no doubt as to the colour of the ties of the gentleman who put forward that draft, which was written as a reply to the Fleming Committee's request for help in considering extension between public schools and the general education system.

For any body of responsible men to put forward a recommendation so lacking in any sense of co-operation it is obvious that, firstly, none of them could be public school men; secondly, they have a very jaundiced and inaccurate view of these institutions; and, thirdly, they are evidently envious of what they declare to be the opportunities only open to Public School Boys.

They are not interested as to whether the Public Schools have filled a valuable, or even useful, function in the State, but only that, as they assert, their clientele was restricted and privileged. If, in the future, the whole object of reformers is to "level-down" instead of to "level up", then there is little hope for that future.

Let us, however, study the question from a general point of view. Let us discover the good points of the Public School system, and see how we can make use of them. Let us lay bare its weaknesses, and see how we can eradicate them. To make this investigation we must study the part these institutions have played in the past, the background against which they worked, and then see how they can fit into the future which we envisage.

To get us into the atmosphere of the past, I can do no better than quote a distinguished American writer, Virginia Cowles who in her book *Looking for Trouble* wrote the following in 1941 about Public Schools:

"England is a puzzling nation. As John Gunter says, 'It is, at one and the same time, the world's strongest oligarchy and freest democracy.' This oligarchy is one of the phenomena of the civilised world. The 'Old School Tie' has been the butt of many jokes, but, in history, you will find the tradition it embodies has led England during her most enlightened periods and fortified her in months of peril.

"Drawn from the public schools the ruling class supplies the country with the bulk of its Statesmen, Civil Servants, Diplomats, Service Officers and Country Squires: in other words, the leaders



of the nation. It is by *no means* a *rigid caste*—it is constantly *refurbished by new blood*. But all those who enter its ranks, whether by way of the public schools or by outstanding merit, are bound together by the Old School Tie tradition.

"This extraordinary freemasonry which admits no symbols, tolerates no pass words and ignores the usual paraphernalia of the exclusive society is bound together by an intangible code of ethics—a code unwritten, unmentioned, but understood and accepted by all. This code is the fibre of England. Public school boys are educated to be the future leaders of the Empire and, from an early age, are taught responsibility, but, more important, they are impressed with a sense of *noblesse oblige*.

"They must set the standard for the nation: in peace time their honour must be unassailable, and in war time their courage unquestionable."

The above remarks by a member of the ultra-democratic United States are a wonderful tribute to the results, to date, of this system of education. We should be mad to throw the system away in our efforts to level, regiment and dragoon—and would be wise to build on these sure foundations an expanded and more democratic edifice.

For several years immediately before the present war, a portion of the public indulged in a series of combined attacks against the imaginary and exaggerated individual known as Colonel Blimp and against the Old School Tie. These attacks had much in common. They were wild and inaccurate, and they were made by much the same type of people suffering from inferiority complex.

Strange to say, if one looks back, one finds that the opinions attributed to the egregious Colonel, and which were so held up to scorn, have proved so often to have been right. I give one example: a cartoon published in 1934, in which the Colonel is depicted as saying:

"By Gad, Sir, Winston is right, we must have plenty of airplanes."

How little did the cartoonist realize that his sarcasm was the truth!

The attacks against these two cockshies did not end with the outbreak of war. They still continue, wild and exaggerated and often with little sense. In one of the latest against the Old School Tie, published after 12 months fighting—including the glorious deeds of the R.A.F. in the "Battle of Britain," a well-known authority concluded with what he thought was a damning charge:

"Public school boys tend to admire especially the military virtues of toughness, courage and endurance."

The four main charges which have been levelled against the Public Schools are Exclusiveness, with its corollary, privileged opportunities; Athletocracy; Lack of Christian Influence; Excessive Standardization of Output. In making these charges, that of Exclusiveness is mainly levelled against the Boarding Schools; as regards the other charges, the two types are more on level terms.

The implications of the tedious attacks against the Old School Tie were that though loyalty to your country and your Trade Union are all very well, there was something ridiculous about Loyalty to your School. Yet there must be some great virtue in them, for our great British Boarding Schools are the one British invention, in education, that has been envied and imitated all over the world. A distinguished American writes: "Few countries can boast as high a type of manhood as that produced by the public schools of England." Let us examine, therefore, on what grounds these attacks have been made and what are the supposed vices of the Public School System.

Firstly, and principally, EXCLUSIVENESS. There is some truth in this accusation, for although during the last century Public Schools have been one of the most potent and valuable instruments of social education, more valuable even than the Trades Unions, which like the Schools, have provided an admirable training for citizenship, yet like them they have tended to serve the interests of a special class. Other schools in other countries teach well, but no schools anywhere have provided so comprehensive a training of mind and character as the British Public School.

Their paramount virtue has perhaps been that they have bred CHARACTER: that boys at school learnt to take and give orders, and to admire the man who can co-operate self-sacrificingly with his fellows more than the brilliant individualist. Yet the fact remains that these institutions have been the preserve of a limited class of the comparatively prosperous. The truth is that, up to the present, at any rate the Boarding Schools, have *not* been at all "public."

In the future their facilities must be open to a much larger class, possibly to all. This will be the result, not only of pressure, and rightful pressure, but also from the fact that the loss of income of their present patrons will make it impossible for them in future to pay the present high fees.

The public schools, many of them, are not bankrupt, and will, it is hoped, be able to resist bureaucratic control, but on the other hand, it is certain they will require assistance, and in lieu the Government will insist on their accepting free, selected pupils from the State Schools; it may be that, in time, no one will be able to pay the fees, and that the percentage will rise to 100 per cent.

In making the selection of the boys from the free, "State" Schools to join the Public Schools, we must avoid stressing too much the pure examinee type. The system of selection of the Rhodes scholars has much in its favour; there scholastic brilliance is balanced with character and other prowess, with the idea of seeking for leaders. It is a fact that a very high percentage of these scholars obtain Firsts at Oxford. There is much to be said also in favour of the system of interview, which has always been the method of selecting officers in the Royal Navy and, in this war, has been adopted by the other Fighting Services.

Whatever the percentage selected may be, it will make the blending of the different classes easier. Such progressive blending will be the chief function of the new schools. As in the past

century the Public Schools were the chief agency that broke down the barriers between the old land-owning aristocracy and the new commercial and professional middle classes, so, now, they will play the leading role in the levelling of the remaining social barriers between the wage earners and the rest of the community. The day of the Huntin' and Shootin' class is over, and will only be regretted by the out-of-date "Die Hard."

Some argue that working-class parents will not be prepared to have their children taken away to be educated to a different social status, breaking up the unity of their families, when there is a perfectly good day school at their doors, which, in many cases offers a better education than that at an inferior public school. Well, we must concentrate the resources of the public schools, like Haileybury and the Imperial Service College have done lately, and ensure that there are no inferior schools. If that is done I cannot believe that, even though it be against their traditions, parents will be anything but proud that their children have been selected for this type of education.

That the boys themselves mix well has been proved beyond doubt by those excellent pre-war holiday camps initiated by His Majesty, when he was Duke of York.

The attackers add that by means of this, as they state, exclusively preserve for the rich, a belief in "Privilege" is instilled into the youth of the British Upper Classes. In truth, the main belief instilled was one of "Service." In fact the public schools, as we know them, came into existence to meet the need of a nation with expanding and world-wide interests, and that need will continue for many years to come, but the tempo of the interests has changed still more to service, the service of the undeveloped peoples in our charge.

The necessity was to train a boy for the many civil and military services upon which Government depended. We needed men who could be sent to distant parts of the world to administer, unselfishly, vast territories, and to carry heavy responsibility at an absurdly early age—men who could be relied upon to act on the "Intention" of Government, rather than on inelastic rules, in any unforeseen emergency. As time went on, these schools were found to produce the type required, the demand continually increased and as it grew, more and more public schools were opened.

As regards the accusation of Privilege, Kenneth de Courcy in the April issue of "Review of World Affairs" writes: "Most of these schools were, and still are, very rough republics. Boys are not taught the advantage of privilege but the tremendous obligations of citizenship. In most of them only a handful of the boys are very rich or very highly born. Generally this small minority have a particularly rough time of it, and soon learn what a boy's democracy really means. They are trained as if they would have to work hard all their lives for very little reward."

Another complaint made is that it is very hard for a boy to rise to fame in Britain unless he has been to one of the big public schools. This, of course, is such an exaggeration as to be almost nonsense. It is astonishing to find how many famous men of the

hundred years immediately preceding this present generation were not at any public school at all.

It is only possible to suggest the names of a few: Livingstone, Kitchener, Tennyson, Disraeli, Rhodes, Lloyd George, etc. None of these went through life with a sense of frustration because they had not been educated at one of the great public schools; in our time the examples are too vividly before us to need mention.

A second criticism of the Public School is ATHLETOCRACY, the worship of beef, brawn and eye to the detriment of intelligence. Despite disclaimers, no doubt there is truth in this accusation. The seriousness of it is, *not* that it is detrimental to the athletic hero, for if he has not the guts to stand hero worship then he is no leader, but that thereby many of the specially intelligent are excluded from early training in the use of authority. Half envious, half contemptuous of what they consider the somewhat bovine school oligarchy, they tend to grow up with an inferiority complex, an exaggerated bias to criticism and opposition, and to over-value their own quick wits and under-estimate the practical experience which they have had not the opportunity to acquire.

It is this category of what we used to call "SWOTS", which has created in England a nucleus of something resembling a British Babu class, voluble, unpractical, hypersensitive and resentful—and it is largely by this class that the criticisms have been levelled against Public School tradition and moral qualities. The cure lies in the hands of the Masters, who must hold the balance evenly in their selection of Prefects.

A third criticism is the lack of Christian influence at the Public Schools. It is a sad fact that, though we all realise that we are fighting to preserve those elements of our civilization and tradition which owe their origin mainly in the Christian faith, yet we find, on every side, profound ignorance of that faith.

I am convinced that in the higher forms of Public Schools there must be some teaching of religion at a more or less adult level. Many men become Agnostics simply because they find themselves comparing a childish knowledge of religion, learnt at their mother's knee, with their adult knowledge of science.

To get a Christian background a substantial proportion of teachers must be real Christians. Can anything be more fatuous than is related of one School, where boys are prepared for confirmation by a Tutor who is a professed Communist, who frankly regards all religious belief as antiquated and dangerous superstition! It must not be a question of rigid tests, still less of official conformity. We want the best teachers, with a proportion of them real Christians—a compromise which it should not be difficult to attain—and democracy lives by compromise.

A fourth criticism is that the tendency is to turn boys out all of one pattern with consequent loss of initiative.

In answer I would say that, in addition to fusing the upper and upper middle classes into one social stratum during the last century, the Public Schools were responsible for an almost equally striking transformation. It was during the 19th century and, as

an integral part of the ascent of the middle classes and the diffusion of the ideal of a Gentleman, that the present high standard of professional integrity was evolved.

The professions developed new and exacting codes of conduct, mainly towards ensuring that their members rendered conscientious and disinterested service. Though there may be backsliders, if that pattern has been held, and in a large majority of cases, attained as an ideal, the Public Schools have done inestimable service.

The fact is that education at a Public School has never been an essential preliminary to fame, but it has proved a very satisfactory way of training a particular type of administrator and public servant. A race of men has been produced which devoted itself to "service." Not everyone need, or should, be trained in this particular way, but we should certainly make it more and more easy for boys, however poor, to have this education if they desire to enter some walk of life for which such schooling is desirable.

To tell the masses that the public schools are a preserve of a plutocracy where mystic privileges are to be obtained is to lie, and to breed the worst form of class hatred.

## THE ROSE-PINK CITY

By H. C. D.

“WELL, why not try Jaipur, the City of palaces and peacocks?”

We had been discussing places to visit on a short leave.

“You’ll find it chock-full of interest, will learn something of India’s past, and will see an Indian city the like of which doesn’t exist anywhere else. And the climate is grand during the winter months.”

So spoke my colleague, and having had my holiday, let me pass on his advice to others. All he said was true—and more.

Leaving Delhi one night at 22-10 hours by the comfortable metre-gauge railway, I reached Jaipur seven hours later, and started my “rubber-necking” tour during the morning. I must confess to astonishment when I entered the City.

Streets laid out on modern lines, over 100 feet wide, pavements to walk on, picturesque rose-coloured shops and houses on each side, and grass-covered squares at each of the crossings were all set out in modern fashion. Yet these highways, indeed the whole city, was laid down 250 years ago, at a time when town planning was unheard of! Round the City is a masonry wall 20 feet high and 9 feet thick, while a landmark is a lofty tower which overlooks the whole city.

It is being improved under the guidance of its far-sighted Prime Minister, Sir Mirza Ismail. A uniform portico is being built in front of the shops throughout the City; decorative silver-painted lamp posts are at each corner of the lawns at road crossings, while a new ceremonial highway, a replica of the other streets, leads from the Museum outside the City gates to the City Palace.

Striking things as one strolled along the streets were the absence of beggars; the general air of contentment on the faces of the crowds thronging the streets; the tiny windows in the walls above the shops, with screens in the walls for the purdah ladies to look on the street scenes; and the colourful dresses of the women. Occasionally one came across a Hindu shrine set in the trunk of a tree in the centre of the road; or saw an elephant being led unconcernedly along; or stood to watch some of the peacocks proudly showing off their plumage.

One unusual building is the Hawa Mahal, the Palace of Winds. Nine storeys high, the overhanging balconies having latticed windows placed one above the other give the building a pyramidal appearance. These latticed screens actually make the whole building cool at all seasons.

Jaipur boasts of the best astronomical observatory in India. It is the largest of five built by H. H. Maharaja Sawai Jai Singhji, himself a famous astronomer, early in the 18th century, the other

five being at Delhi, Muttra, Benares, and Ujjain. The last of what may be called the stone age of astronomy, one could have spent hours learning of the objects of these peculiarly shaped instruments.

Nearby is H. H. the Maharaja's City Palace, to attempt an adequate description of which would fill many pages. Here, however, are the highlights of this fine building. Near the entrance is the Mubarak Mahal, a feature of which is the Jaipur marbles and other stones. Passing through a beautifully carved marble gate with heavy brass doors twenty feet high, the visitor sees in front the Darbar Hall, lighted by enormous crystal chandeliers, and on State occasions undoubtedly a dazzling sight.

Farther on are the State Palace gardens. Paths run each side of long canals; fountains add to the beauty of the scene; green lawns, date palms and a variety of other tropical trees add to the attractiveness of the gardens, all of which were designed and laid down when the City was first built. Overlooking the gardens is the Chandra Mahal Palace, seven storeys high, and the Maharaja's official residence.

Another fascinating building is the Albert Hall Museum, the foundation stone of which was laid by His late Majesty King Edward VII when he visited India in 1876 as Prince of Wales. Its exhibits could keep any visitor keenly interested; they include articles representative of the industrial art of the whole of India and other countries, and of course, hosts of examples of the fine craftsmanship of Jaipurians. In a lofty entrance hall, lighted by four cut glass chandeliers, are a number of huge carpets, one of which is 300 years old.

Friends advised me not to omit going to the deserted palace of Amber—and I must confess the visit was worth every minute of the time. This palace, actually a city on a hill, is reached through three main gateways. The almost mystic silence as one goes round grips one. Built hundreds of years ago, and once the scene of colourful Oriental ceremony, it now stands, gaunt and empty, a monument to the skill of its early architects.

\* The first sight on entering is of the forty-pillared audience hall, with a vaulted roof supported on white marble pillars. A gateway, said to be the finest in the world, stands a short way away. A palace of purely white marble stands on the left, its walls adorned with arabesqued carved panels, its roof decorated with mirrors—work done, I believe, by Italian craftsmen who came to India around the year 1500.

Bathrooms, with arrangements for supplying hot and cold water; stained glass windows; long-ramped corridors down which the royal ladies were pushed in wheeled chairs, and a darkened room the walls and roof of which are covered with hundreds of small mirrors are other remarkable features of the building. The myriads of reflections in this room as one strikes a match are fascinating to a degree.

From the roof one gazes down on the main road from Jaipur to Delhi; on the deserted buildings built centuries ago; on the

fortifications and defence works running up the side of the hill on the far side of the valley; and in the distance, the city of Jaipur.

A visit to the Purana Ghat also took one back hundreds of years. Situate in a narrow valley overlooked by high hills on either side, you come to this fascinating place of old-world gardens. On one side of the cobbled street runs an open conduit; parallel, and some 20 feet above the road, the visitor walks along a covered pathway. From it one sees luxuriously green gardens, in which orange, *papaya* and other fruit trees are growing in profusion; a typical Rajput nobleman's houses can be visited, and not far away is a first-class swimming pool, in excellent condition despite its great age.

Jaipur craftsmen have long been famous. As painters, goldsmiths, potters and metal workers their reputation stands high, and few visitors can resist the temptation of picking up a bargain of the finely executed ornamental brassware. Their enamelling on gold and silver is exquisitely executed; it is done by engraving the metal, and filling in the grooves with fused colours, and the finished article is something to treasure.

I visited the School of Arts and Crafts to watch the young students carrying on with the crafts their ancestors have handed on. H. H. the Maharaja takes a keen personal interest in this school, and visitors might well spend a short time there, watching youngsters learning to continue the work of their fathers. You see marble being chiselled into various articles; brass work being turned out; wood carving, painting and many of the other handicrafts.

These brief notes are only a fraction of what can be seen in Jaipur. I should like to have described the modern hospital, built just outside the City at a cost of 26 lakhs; it would almost be a pleasure to be ill there! And one would like to refer more extensively to the fine Maharaja's College, which has helped to give Jaipur the leading position she occupies in higher education in Rajputana.

No record of a visit to Jaipur, however, would be complete without reference to Sir Mirza Ismail, the Prime Minister, whose great work in Mysore deserves comparison with that of Kemal Ataturk in Turkey. Sir Mirza is accomplishing wonders in Jaipur, commercially, industrially and artistically. With vision and vigour, he is developing the State's resources, and raising the standard of living of the people. An already lovely city is having its many attractions added to by wise planning and the growth of a civic consciousness in its citizens.

From few places in India could the visitor derive so much pleasure, or receive so much warm-hearted hospitality. Historic associations of chivalry and romance; vivid pictures of the magnificence of an India past and gone; and a marvellous mingling of West and East are some of the memories which will remain in one's mind for many years to come.



## SOLDIERING IN THE BOER WAR

BY CAPTAIN N. R. CORRIE.\*

**G**OOD SOLDIERS always grouse, but when one compares the thought given to the soldiers' welfare in 1943 with our experiences in the South African war one gets a clearer idea of the advances that have been made not only in weapons, but in organization and efficiency.

There are not many of us now serving who have served in the three major wars of our country. Several of our military leaders, such as Field Marshal Lord Wavell, Field Marshals Dill and Smuts, and General Macnaughten, of Canada, immediately spring to mind, but there are only a handful of more humble soldiers whose memories go back to active service in South Africa in 1899-1902.

The Boer War was the first large war in modern times where the regular army had to be reinforced with volunteers. The latter class were so plentiful in those days that, for the cavalry, each man had to pass a riding and shooting test before he was accepted. We were given practically no preliminary training. My unit, the Scottish Horse, actually sailed within about a week from the time we assembled at Aldershot and were in the field within three weeks of arriving in South Africa.

The Army of to-day, equipped with the latest mechanical transport, would gasp with amazement at our transport. It was entirely animal, of course. I served with an independent mobile column of brigade strength, *i.e.*, three mounted units, one infantry unit, and the usual supply of horse artillery. This column, under Colonel Benson, specialized in night marches and surprise attacks in the early morning, in which cases the infantry were left behind to guard the transport until the mounted troops and the gunners could return from their sortie, some 24 hours later.

Our transport consisted of about 50 per cent. G.S. waggons drawn by seven spans of mules, and about 50 per cent. of heavy South African waggons, drawn by about eight yoke of oxen. The latter were half-covered, and presented a picturesque effect, similar to the smaller American covered wagon so familiar to cinemagoers. The waggons carried ammunition, rations, and forage for all the animals, for there was practically no time for grazing, and blanket rolls for the troops. We were issued with no tents, but the men made small blanket tents, known as "hivvies," for themselves.

With this transport a column could only cover about ten to twelve miles a day. As the column remained away from the Lines of Communication for months at a stretch, we had about 350 vehicles altogether.

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\*Readers may like to know that the writer of this article was a volunteer in the South African War, in the Great War, and again in the present conflict. He is now serving in India.

Vast advances in food supplies for troops have been made since 1899. Our normal daily ration consisted of five biscuits, a quarter of a pound of jam or marmalade, a mess tin of coffee in the morning, usually before daylight, and a mess tin of tea, usually at dusk or later.

Two biscuits and jam were eaten for breakfast and tea, and tiffin consisted of one dry biscuit and water, taken at any convenient halt, or while on the move. The biscuits were, if I remember rightly, about three and a half inches square and about three-eighths of an inch thick. Sugar was an issue, but little of this appeared to reach the troops via the coffee and tea. Milk, as far as I can remember, was not an issue. Most of the biscuits were made by a firm which had an "X" as a trade mark.

Variations occurred with rations. Sometimes we were given the above ration of biscuits and jam for two days instead of for one. Once every six weeks or so we had an issue, for one meal only, of either bully beef, Maconochie's ration, bacon, cheese or boiled trek-oxen. Every two or three months, when we visited the L. of C. for two days, we were issued with bread instead of biscuits. Occasionally we had a ration of rum or lime juice.

No tobacco, cigarettes, or matches were supplied, though on occasions that were few and far between a presentation issue of plug tobacco was made. It was vile stuff, commonly used for chewing, and few of us could smoke it. The common substitute for matches were two sticks of cordite, from a cartridge, ignited from another man's pipe. A very large number of cartridges must have been used up in this way; it certainly proves the advantage of issuing matches!

Men thrived on these rations. In fact, those who were not already too fat put on weight. Nevertheless, everyone was always hungry.

The 15-pounder field guns of those days were breech-loaders, but not quick firers. They had no recoil gear, and the gun had to be relaid at each shot. The only quick firers we had on the column were naval guns of about 3" or 3½" bore, mounted on makeshift carriages. We also had the famous pom-pom, which was simply a very large belt-fed Maxim gun, firing a 1-lb. contact shell. The field guns always used shrapnel. The ranging of guns on unseen targets never arose in my experience, as the enemy had lost all their guns in the early stages.

Machine guns were mostly Maxims, the forerunner of the Vickers, but we also had at least one air-cooled Colt machine gun in the column. I never saw the latter operating, but the Maxims used to jam very frequently in action. Range-finding was carried out with two optical instruments connected with a long length of cord, which formed the base for triangulation.

Our rifles were either long Lee-Metfords or long Lee-Enfields. The short cavalry carbine did not have sufficient range for the open *veldt*. These rifles were not clip-loading, but were otherwise practically as good as the more modern weapons of to-day. There were, of course, no sub-machine weapons, but some officers provided themselves with Mauser pistols.

Equipment consisted of a canvas bandolier round the waist, carrying 100 rounds of ammunition, and a bayonet; a leather bandolier, on the shoulder, carrying 50 rounds, while another 50 rounds were usually carried loose in the tunic pockets or in the haversack. A waterbottle was also carried. Nothing was carried on the saddle except the short bucket for the butt of the long rifle and the cavalry greatcoat. All fighting was done dismounted, but charges were made, after a night march, to get inside the enemy camp before he could begin to fight.

Our uniform was comfortable enough, once they had done away with the single collar on the tunic and replaced it with a double collar, which we always wore open at the neck.

The only long distance signalling device was the heliograph by day, and the lamp by night. I cannot remember ever seeing a field telegraph or telephone in use. On the high *veldt*, some 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, with its perfectly clear atmospheric conditions, the heliograph could be worked over practically any distance where an uninterrupted air line could be obtained. A message from headquarters to a mobile column would be sent from some point on the L. of C. to another column, which would then relay it *via* other columns, as opportunity offered. It was sometimes a week before a message reached its destination.

Camouflage was, of course, completely unknown. In fact, the word was unknown. The only camouflage practised was the use of khaki tunics in place of scarlet. Metal was naturally left unpolished, as polished buttons would have acted as miniature heliographs.

Enteric and dysentery were the two diseases which gave serious trouble and caused many fatal casualties. There was no compulsory inoculation for enteric, and no specific for dysentery. Everyone suffered from *veldt* sores; the unlamented puttee was undoubtedly responsible for much of this trouble. There was no dental service of any kind, except that the M.O. might be able to pull a tooth out if it was not too difficult.

The present-day soldier does not appreciate how lucky he is in regard to mail and news. We got mail every few months, when we visited the L./C. for supplies. We could send mail at the same infrequent intervals. Very, very occasionally we got news by helio; I remember the murder of a United States President, William McKinley, being received in this way.

We were paid in gold, the sovereigns and half-sovereigns bearing the head of Kruger, the last President of the Transvaal. In those days the game of "Crown and Anchor" still flourished in the Army, and I have seen several thousand sovereigns lost at this game in an hour or so. As troops in the field could not spend their money, it was only natural that they should gamble.

It is a far cry from those days of open warfare to 1943, with its aeroplanes, tommy guns, land mines, and mechanical transport. But the British soldier remains the same—full of grouches, and equally full of courage, toughness and endurance.

## A SUGGESTED REORGANIZATION OF INFANTRY

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL T. R. HURST

**I**N THE FIRST PART of this article, which appeared in the January issue of the Journal, suggestions were outlined on how battalion transport should be reorganized—15-cwt. trucks abolished, and every man in the battalion brought to the battlefield in 3-ton lorries, each towing a trailer carrying two donkeys to carry across country (inaccessible to M.T.) the essentials required by the infantry soldier. In this article the writer gives his ideas on what weapons a battalion should have; the artillery and air support required; the number of donkeys which should be provided for each battalion and the loads they would carry; the question of improvising local transport and using air supply.

The small arms weapons from which we have to choose our fire power are:

*M. M. G. (Vickers).*—The only advantage an M.M.G. has over an L.M.G. with tripod is that it produces more accurate fire at longer ranges, and can go on firing indefinitely. Ranges over 600 yards are, however, seldom required in jungle warfare, and it is not practical to bring up sufficient ammunition to keep the gun firing. Moreover, it has no useful place in our equipment, as it has the disadvantages of great weight, awkward loads, delay in coming into action and conspicuousness of team in action.

*L.M.G.'s.*—These are essential for providing bursts of accurate fire against fleeting targets at what for jungle warfare are long ranges (200—1,600 yds.). The V. B. and Bren are excellent weapons, and whichever is available should be provided on the scale of one per section. To be manhandled by Nos. 1 and 2, who must carry magazines of ammunition (they require no other weapons). Each platoon to have one L.M.G. tripod and 2,000 rounds on pack. The Support Company to have 4 L.M.G.'s with tripods.

*Carbines—machine-gun.*—The main advantages of these are that they are "quick on the draw" and handy weapons for "in fighting", particularly for use in thick jungle where firing from the hip or standing is almost essential owing to restricted vision at ground level. They produce fire in volume at the instant it is required, and are simple and reliable. Their disadvantage is inaccuracy at more than 200 yards. The types available are the Thompson (the Rolls model), and the Sten (the Ford or Woolworth model). Since the Sten is easier to produce and lighter—which enables the man to carry more ammunition and is in mass production—it is the obvious gun for the Indian Army. I suggest the scale of 2 per section and 1 per officer, N.C.O., M.T. driver, motor cyclist, signaller, runner orderly and all administrative personnel (who never require their weapons except quickly at short range). Each platoon to have one donkey load of reserve Sten gun ammunition. Each Sten to have short bayonet.

**Rifle.**—Still essential for accurate small arms fire at ranges over 200 yards, and particularly since cold steel is still most useful if not essential. Each section has, therefore, 1 L.M.G., 2 Stems, and 4 or 5 rifle men.

**Pistols.**—The only people who require pistols are members of mortar teams (other than Nos. 1 and 2, who require no weapons).

**Mortars.**—Experience has proved that mortar fire is invaluable—no amount of flat trajectory small arms fire can replace it. The 2 inch mortar, with its 2 lb. bomb, its range of 500 yards, is an excellent weapon for the Platoon Commander. Nos. 1 and 2 must manhandle the weapon and as many rounds as possible—they require no other weapons as they will be protected by the remainder of the platoon.

In extensive warfare, and particularly in thick jungle and mountainous country, when communications from forward Platoon Headquarters to Battalion Headquarters are invariably slow and normally impossible, it is considered essential to have a heavy 3 inch mortar available at Company Headquarters. Thus only one powerful fire (10 lb. shells) at ranges up to 1,600 yards be brought down accurately and quickly on the enemy holding up the forward elements. The surprise effect of fire of one heavy mortar will be great, and more likely to have decisive results than if a halt is made and four mortars are brought into action 20 minutes later.

After the fire in the hands of Company Commanders we must decide whether it is best to provide:

(a) More mortars or pack artillery (3.7 How.).

(b) Pack artillery or mechanized artillery (25 prs.), or dive bombers and fighter bombers (aerial artillery).

One mountain battery (4 guns and 120 r.p.g.) entails the provision of 4 intricate and costly weapons, their shells, their expensive carrying equipment, and the extensive training of 4 B.O.s, 3 V.C.O.s, and 100 men. Also the provision of some 160 large South American mules and ponies, and approximately 160 mule drivers and followers. On the other hand a battery of four 3-inch mortars and 120 r.p.g. only requires 1 B.O., 1 V.C.O. and some 24 men; 40 large donkeys and 20 donkey boys could carry the weapons and ammunition. The weapons and ammunition are mass produced, the donkeys are in the country, and saddlery would be simple. The training required by the teams is much easier than artillery training, and would require far less time. Looked at from every point of view, it seems it consumes less war effort to have sixteen mortars than to have one mountain battery.

Now think of the strain put on the transport services in rear to deliver at the front the necessary ammunition, and the rations for men and animals, of a mountain battery, compared with the simplicity of doing the same for a mortar battery. Add to that the advantage of the Commanding Officer having the fire power "in his own pocket" rather than having to get it from someone else and I feel most C.O.s. will agree that we ought to go for the 3-inch mortar (and ample ammunition for it) and sacrifice the admittedly greater shell power, greater accuracy, and greater range

of the 3.7 How., desirable characteristics but ones which we simply cannot afford.

A further great point against mountain batteries is that it is not a feasible proposition to transport the battery and its mules quickly in M.T. to accompany embussed infantry, and if they walk they will not arrive in time where they are badly wanted; they are, in fact, only suitable for special marching columns in restricted theatres of operations on the N.W.F. of India. It is therefore suggested that each battalion should have eight 3-inch mortars—four in Companies and four in support company plus one 2-inch mortar per platoon.

*Pack Transport.*—Based on the foregoing, the allotment of donkeys to a battalion might total 100, distributed as follows:

Support Company, four 3-inch mortars	...	...	4
" " 224 bombs or 56 r.p.m. at 14 rounds per donkey	...	...	16
" " 4,000 rounds S.A.A. per L.M.G. (4)	...	...	8
Each Company Headquarters, one 3-inch mortar	...	...	4
" " 42 mortar bombs	...	...	12
Each Platoon H.Q. (12), one load 2" mortar bombs	...	...	12
" " " " " reserve ammunition for stens	...	...	12
" " " " " S.A.A. for L.M.G. with tripod	...	...	12
Each Coy. including support company, two loads, lights and grenades	...	...	10
Sigs for rear link W/T. set (sets in coys. are man-pack)	...	...	2
Medical panniers	...	...	1
Reserve water tanks	...	...	5
Officers' reserve rations	...	...	1
Unloaded spare	...	...	1
Total	...	...	100

Small light foundation saddle of the cheap "country" variety should be provided for each donkey. All S.A.A. and mortar bombs to be packed and carried in sack rolls, with rope tabs attached to make loading and unloading quick and easy for one man to do at every halt. The present sharp-edged S.A.A. box is quite unsuitable.

*Mortar Batteries.*—It is further suggested that each Infantry Brigade should have two Batteries of three-inch mortars—each of sixteen mortars—as part of its composition. Each mortar transported on a special *tracked carrier* and with ammunition on similar carriers. The writer considers a tracked vehicle essential as although the Jeep or F.W.D. truck is a wonderful advance on the ordinary two-wheel drive vehicle, they have their limitations—e.g., not so good in soft rice fields (including *bunds* between fields) or in mangrove swamps or on insufficiently wide jungle tracks. To increase cross-country performance and keep weight of vehicle low for rafts, boats, bridges, etc., the load to be carried must be kept down. It is, therefore, suggested that the driver is the only person lifted across country and that the mortar must be fired from the

ground (heavy reinforced floor and chassis would be essential to stand the stress of firing a mortar from the vehicle). Finally, the vehicle must be low and inconspicuous and on no account wider or higher than a Jeep. For the few occasions when these small light-tracked vehicles cannot be used for carriage of these mortar batteries, the reader is referred to the paragraph below on improvised transport.

*Improvised Transport.*—In moving through any country we should make use of the resources of that country. The enemy will probably have commandeered all available M.T. or destroyed it when he withdraws, and he may destroy many if not all the bullock-carts, but he cannot denude the whole country of its bullocks and/or other beasts of burden.

Therefore, the further we advance into the country, the more transport animals we will be able to commandeer for our own use to bridge the possible gap which may be created when infantry battalions are operating far afield from roadhead. It must, however, be organized improvisation, and to be able to work it, each donkey company R.I.A.S.C., should have a reserve of, say, 8 officers and 80 men available for the duty. There must be refugees now in India from Burma and Malaya or men of Burma Army who know the language and could be found for the job.

We should have no qualms about commandeering animals for transport since we are reconquering the country for the inhabitants. To cover the possibility of the Japanese destroying all bullock-carts, the writer suggests that detachable shafts should be provided for the trailers so that they could be drawn by bullocks.

If bullocks cannot be found, then we must resort to "locals" impressed to form porter companies and allot as required. The reserve of 8 officers and 80 men in the Brigade can organize and command (or escort) these porters. Details of such organization must be left to Commanders and Staffs on the spot, but it must be planned ahead, and the reserve personnel to work it provided—otherwise it will not be possible to find the controlling personnel when they are required, and uncontrolled porters will not work or will vanish in the jungle. Again we must have no qualms about conscripting "locals;" after all, there is conscription of women in the United Kingdom.

*Mechanised Artillery.*—Even in extensive warfare, strong defensive positions will be met, and must be overcome, by infantry supported by heavy artillery. 3.7 Hows. would not be sufficient. The 25-pr. is perhaps the gun of the war, and though it is mechanised it will always be essential. As stated in the first part of this article, every main advance will be astride a motor road, and the strong defensive positions to be overcome will be astride a motor road.

The cross-country performance of the 25-prs. will be limited by the nature of the country, but with their range of 7 miles, and with W/T. to O.Ps. they will be able to support infantry in the early stages of the advance. Since infantry will be required to operate at far longer distances from "road head" or ground traversible by mechanised artillery, some further fire support will be essential. (The Order of Battle for the whole force will, of course, include armoured formations whenever the area of operations permits of the use of A.F.Vs.)

*Air Support.*—Nearly 8,000 'planes a month are now being turned out in America. Add those being produced in the United Kingdom, and it is clear that when our offensive starts we will be in a strong position to shoot the Japanese out of the sky and blast them from their aerodromes and L.Gs. one after the other. When we were fighting in Malaya, East Indies and Burma, the Japanese had practically undisputed air superiority. When we return, the boot will be on the other leg, as our successes in North Africa have shown.

In a country where forward communications are bad for bringing up artillery ammunition, the substitution of dive-bombers and fighter-bombers for artillery has many obvious advantages, and it goes without saying that our infantry will get this close air support.

But in jungle country, finding the enemy, and distinguishing between friend and foe, are matters of extreme difficulty for the pilot. We must therefore button up our means of intercomm. from battalion headquarters to the nearest L.G., our means of indicating targets and calling for support (*e.g.* by using rockets, coloured smoke, coloured light signals, etc.), and, above all, we must reduce the time lag between the moment the Commanding Officer has a good target and wants air support, and the moment the first bomb falls.

It is largely a question of distance and time of flight from airfields (our own and the enemy) to target but we must reduce the number of messages we now send in code and cut out ciphers (which are the outcome of defensive policy and in support of which the so-called security-minded give the enemy credit for intercepts and for time records in translation and retransmission to their own troops which are impossible in mobile jungle warfare).

Means of direct inter-communication, ground tentacle to pilot over target, produce difficulties of R/T. equipment in aircraft and require specially-trained pilots but, if at all possible to R.A.F., this direct quickest method of support should be adopted.

*Air Transport or Supply by Air.*—Animal Pack and Line Transport is out of the question, for any distance, for more than a Brigade. R.I.A.S.C. M.T. Coys. of Jeeps or four-wheel drive-trucks would be a great improvement on our present 2nd Line lorries and would be independent of roads to a large extent. But we would still be "track-bound" and would be dependent on an L. of C. which, throughout its whole length, would have to be guarded and kept free from obstruction by enemy guerillas, who could emerge from the jungle on either side where and when they wished. It would also require protection from the threat of being blocked by larger enemy columns. Further our Jeeps and F.W.D. vehicles would have to be protected from air attack—which includes the menace of incendiaries to their hides or harbours in dry jungle. The employment of slow, unarmoured transport aircraft is impossible in close proximity to enemy airfields unless we are in a position to build up and maintain a very favourable air situation. As pointed out in the preceding para., we, and not the Japs, will in the future be in the happy position of having air



superiority and will be able to provide the necessary fighter escort on occasions when the transport aircraft move in daylight.

To anyone who has studied modern war developments, it is clear that Supply by Air has long ago passed the stage when it was experimental and only to be tried in dire necessity—it has now been proved by enemy experience in Holland and Crete, by U.S.A. experience in S. W. Pacific, and by our own success in feeding evacuees from Burma and supporting isolated Levies and Posts as well as long distance operations far beyond our Eastern Frontier. The delivery of supplies direct by aircraft (or gliders) is the quickest and best method (as it saves 20 per cent. wasted container load, parachutes, etc.) but need not be considered here since it presupposes at the Infantry end the existence of suitable airfields. For the jungle warfare operations envisaged in this article the dropping methods only are considered—i.e., free dropping of such sacked items as *atta*, rice, grain, hay, or dropping by parachute in containers such items as cannot be free-dropped.

The advantages of Air Transport are:

(a) Independent of roads or natural obstacles such as mountains, jungle, rivers or sea.

(b) Freedom from all necessity for ground protection of L. of C. or sea escort for transport vessels.

(c) Bases can be further back—i.e., out of range of fighter-exorted enemy bombers.

(d) Extreme mobility and flexibility enabling long ranges to be covered and transport to be switched in a night from one front to another.

(e) In Combined Operations the use of air transport will reduce congestion (air targets) on the beaches.

(f) Supplies and ammunition can be dropped by day or night in the dropping zone selected by brigades or battalions.

(g) Finally, it is obvious that a commander who uses supply by air gains freedom of manœuvre from the absence of a L. of C. and enjoys the inestimable advantage of being able to bring off surprise as to direction, weight and time of his attack.

In view of the foregoing and the fact that in our offensive operations against the Japs we shall have to winkle them out and kill them in jungle country, inaccessible to M.T. of any sort, and carry out unlimited combined operations where the problem of putting ashore sufficient M.T. will be a serious problem, the writer considers that Air Transport (or supply dropping) *must* be a *normal link* in the set-up of our forces. Without this link, and direct air support, there is little use of talking of light divisions since they will be dependent on thousands of Jeeps, tied to one or two tracks fit for Jeeps, and incapable of hard hitting until the Jeeps can get to the forward elements or be put ashore. Moreover, supply by air will enable us to defeat the Pathan on his own ground and solve for ever the N.W. Frontier problem after the war, i.e., when it will no longer be possible or sound policy to "bottle up" several divisions trans-Indus and to go on paying civil armed forces and annually increasing gold "allowances" for the maintenance of so-called peace on our borders.

*Conclusion.*—Jungle warfare, more than any other type of warfare, demands a very high standard of individual training, specialist training, and training of junior leaders. It is useless to expect an Indian or a Cockney unaccustomed to the jungle to function efficiently, when he is "thrown into it," no matter how much imagination he is asked to use in his training or how many T.E.W.Ts. he attends. Training must be practical, and it can only be done in country of the same nature as Burma, Malaya, etc. The Army, the Air Forces, and the Navy must train together since all operations will be "combined ops."

Finally, the campaign will only be won if everybody from Lance Naik Boop Singh to General Thruster is imbued with initiative and the offensive spirit. These combined with strict discipline and high morale, *i.e.*, a readiness to die fighting on the part of officers and soldiers—are far more important than any details of equipment.

## BACKGROUND NEWS AND VIEWS

### "War Medal" Questions in the House

"Lieutenant-Colonel MacNamara is to ask the Prime Minister whether he will recommend the award of a Star, on the lines of the 1939-43 Star, to include all sailors, soldiers and airmen who helped to defend Britain during the critical times, among others the anti-aircraft gunners, the divisions who manned coast and other defences and who were constantly in action against low-flying attack, the Canadians who were sent to help in the defence of Britain, and the British troops and airmen who were sent to India at a time when there was every possibility of a Japanese invasion of that country had they not been there. He is also inquiring, in view of the fact that chevrons will not be worn after the war and cannot be worn in civilian clothes, what permanent star or recognition is to be given to the sailors, soldiers and airmen, including anti-aircraft gunners and those who manned the coasts of Britain, who, through no fault of their own, were kept in the British Isles and who were told during the invasion periods that the defence of Britain was the most important duty of the war; whether the Prime Minister will also recommend the issue of a medal to Territorials who were serving when war broke out and who had been serving since."—*The Times*, September 17, 1943.

(Mr. Churchill later stated in the House of Commons that he considered it desirable that these matters should be opened to debate when the House met later in the year. He added that he had given a great deal of attention to the subject, and would himself take charge of the debate.—*Ed., U.S.I. "Journal."*)

### The 1939-43 Star

"Service in Cyprus will not qualify for the Africa Star. Malta alone of the Mediterranean islands is included in the award of this Star by reason of its heavy action and long ordeal in combination with the operations in Africa. In the Navy the 1939-43 Star takes priority of award over the Africa Star, and no one eligible for the former will receive the latter. The reason for this is that from the naval point of view service in the African campaigns cannot be accepted as ranking before the world-wide services performed by the Navy in other areas of operations.

"Sea-going personnel of the Air/Sea Rescue Service and of the barrage balloons will qualify under the same rules as the Navy. Service on land on the Home Front presents many difficult borderline cases on which opinion may well mature. When the Africa and the 1939/43 Stars are manufactured after the war they will be given as mementoes to the next-of-kin of those who have suffered death as a result of service in a theatre of operations during the periods laid down. We are going to get on with giving out the ribbons. I am very anxious that those officers and men—some of them have been fighting for three years—should put up their ribbons. We must be careful not to destroy the value of the

award by making it practically universal. On the other hand, it may well be that some expansion may be permitted from the present conception. Every one will recognise the difficulty of the problem and how easily opinions may differ upon it . . . Service in West Africa will not qualify for the 1939—43 Star, with the exception that air crews engaged in operations against the enemy from West Africa would count such service towards the qualifying period. Chevrons might certainly be worn in plain clothes. Army and Air Force service in India is to be recognised by inclusion in the award of chevrons for war service and wound stripes, and service in operations would count towards the qualifying period for the 1939—43 Star.”—*The Prime Minister, speaking in the House of Commons on September 22, 1943.*

### **Where Dogs are Ignorant**

“On the North-east coast of England there is a village which looks out on the North Sea across a line of sand dunes. The other day a man ran down the main street shouting: ‘Dog on the sand dunes.’ A hundred people promptly bolted from their houses and across the fields. A hundred yards away they flopped down and lay waiting. What were they waiting for? A mad dog? No, the dog was quite sane; he was merely ignorant. He had just wandered on to a minefield, and any minute the villagers knew a mine might go up and their windows with it. . . . The villagers have made the same snap evacuation thirteen times. They all keep their own dogs on leads all the time—but there are always strays!”—*Mr. Colin Wells, in a broadcast talk.*

### **Courage**

“It was General Wavell who first set the pattern that warfare was subsequently to follow in the desert. He created a condition in which his superior armour could win the day. He had as overwhelming a superiority of armour as Marshal Graziani had of infantry, and that fact was not perhaps generally realised.

“General Auchinleck might console himself with the reflection that to him and to his decision to stand, not at Mersa Matruh but at El Alamein, was attributable the saving of the Eighth Army, the subsequent instrument of our victory. It was a great and courageous decision to make to stand at El Alamein. Had he tried to make it earlier, he might have been completely outflanked, and we should have been ousted perhaps from the whole of Africa and Asia. No general had had to face a more critical situation.”—*Mr. Hore-Belisha, M.P., in the House of Commons.*

### **A Modern Aircraft Carrier**

“The new escort-carrier BATTLER is roomy throughout, from hangar to heads. There is a most up-to-date laundry on board; steam cooking in the galley, which is run on cafeteria lines, complete with partitioned metal trays pushed along on rails in front of a counter; a soda fountain in the canteen which would make any old salt turn up his hoary and tattooed nose in derisive scorn; bunks instead of hammocks; Copeland refrigerators; West-End barbers’ shops and the neatest pedal flushing in the heads. The junior officers’ cabins are two-berthed, about 12 ft. square,

with metal fittings and a capacious wardrobe, desk and lock-up safe for each occupant. The Captain possesses the only bath in the ship, although there are plenty of showers."—*"The Aeroplane."*

### Booby Traps

"Booby traps are as old as the Trojan horse. . . . Some of the enemy devices discovered by our demolition experts and by soldiers who will never announce their discovery include a German grenade in which the delaying system was removed. When troops tried to use the captured grenades by pulling the igniter, the grenades exploded immediately. A German plane brought down behind our front lines had a radio set. When soldiers tried to remove the radio, the set exploded and five men were killed. Barrels have been left on the side of the road by retreating Germans. The barrels contained 3.150 shells and also an electric firing system. In one narrow pass, hand grenades were hung on steel wires and concealed. Another steel wire was stretched taut a few inches above the road. When troops stepped on the wire the grenades exploded. Wells and reservoirs in areas abandoned by the Germans have been known to be left in good order, with explosive loads left in the large wells. One large cistern contained a charge of 20 kilograms of TNT with a firing system, as the boys who tried to get a bucket of water by hauling up the rope found out. . . . One of the nicest little stunts of all was putting a heavy explosive charge under the body of a dead German. When you move the body. . . ."—*Sergeant Milton Lehman, in "The Infantry Journal."*

### Looking Back

"More impressive than anything else in the African campaigns is Alexander Clifford's description in the *Daily Mail* of the incredible victories General Wavell won in 1940, when, on paper, he was beaten before a shot was fired. Balbo had 250,000 men in Libya. The Duke of Aosta had 250,000 men in Ethiopia. And Wavell? Wavell had a few thousands of men and a mere handful of guns. He had no tanks worthy of the name of tanks, and old Bombay transport planes as bombers and Gladiator biplanes as fighters. The one hope was that the French in Syria and North Africa would be strong enough to create an effective diversion. Instead, news came that France was out of the war. And there could be no reinforcements from home, for the flower of the British Army had been captured in France or escaped without a tank or gun or lorry from Dunkirk. There was only one thing for Wavell to do—bluff the enemy into thinking he was far stronger than he was. He did it by attacking. He attacked on the Egyptian frontier, executed one of those flanking movements that Montgomery has since made so familiar; got to Sidi Barrani, to Bardia, to Tobruk and finally to Benghazi. All that ground was lost again, but if Wavell had been driven back to Suez in 1940, as by all the rules he should have been, there might have been no El Alamein, no capture of Libya, no capture of Tripolitania, no crowning victory in Tunis."—*"Janus," in "The Spectator."*

### In a Few Words

"One-third of the multi-engined aircraft produced in the United States are transport 'planes."—*Mr. L. Hore-Belisha, M.P.*

"I believe we shall need half as many millions of money to mobilise against the defeat of soil erosion as we need for this war."—*Lord Portsmouth.*

"The U.S.A. is the only part of the English-speaking world which has a living tradition of expression in war song."—*Colonel Walter Elliott, M.P.*

"Co-operation which is born of stern necessity and forged by experience has the best chance to survive into the years of peace."—*Mr. Anthony Eden.*

"In 1868 Japan's population was 33 millions; to-day it is more than 73 millions. And it is increasing at the rate of about a million a year."—*Professor G. W. Keeton.*

"ENSA describes as without foundation an allegation by an actor at a British Equity meeting that members of the Forces have had to be locked in at its performances."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Calcutta increased its population by 85 per cent. between 1931 and 1941. With a population of over 2,000,000, it is now the second largest city in the British Empire."—*Sir Edward Gait.*

"The Press Division of the Admiralty consists of 90 persons; the Air Ministry employs a Public Relations Staff of 285; and the War Office of 791."—*House of Commons Committee on National Expenditure.*

"It is reasonable to anticipate a post-war average of 600 passengers by air a day in each direction between America and Europe."—*Dr. Edward P. Warner, Vice-Chairman of the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board.*

"American airmen in their Flying Fortresses now wear armoured vests. They are made by the same English firm which has made the Sword of Honour for Stalingrad."—*Harold Hobson, broadcasting from London.*

"I have been told that the B.B.C. has between 20,000,000 and 35,000,000 listeners in Europe. Even in Germany it is estimated that the B.B.C. has over 1,500,000 listeners."—*Mr. Brendan Bracken, Minister of Information.*

"Of the 3,250,000 unmarried women between the ages of 18 and 40 in Great Britain, nine out of every ten are engaged in whole-time war work, in the armed forces, in civil defence or in industry."—*The Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttleton.*

"It is on the strength of our spiritual life that the right rebuilding of our national life depends. It is the creative and dynamic power of Christianity which can help us to carry the moral responsibility which history is placing on our shoulders."—*Her Majesty The Queen, in a broadcast talk.*

"The Mosquito is the fastest aircraft of any type in service in any air force. It can fly non-stop from England to Malta in an afternoon (1,300 miles); and on one occasion a pilot flew a Mosquito to Russia, had lunch in that country, and returned non-stop to England in time for tea."—*"The Times" Aeronautical Correspondent.*

"Our final blow at Tunis was a perfect example of the value of speed. It was perhaps pardonable that German officers should be discovered by our armoured cars walking in the streets of Tunis at their ease. Four days later a detachment of Derbyshire Yeomanry, roving round Beni Khalled, caught 14 German officers enjoying a champagne supper."—*"The Times" Correspondent*

"At present we extract no more than 30 per cent. of the energy from coal, which means that 70 per cent. (or 150,000,000 tons a year) remains to be fully utilized. Fertilizers, dyestuffs, and chemicals, plastics, synthetic rubber, soaps, lubricants, and liquid fuel and high octane spirit for aviation can and should be produced from coal." *Parliamentary Committee on Coal Utilization Research*

"One of our soldiers in Guadalcanal, lost from a patrol, once spent a night in a Jap bivouac. He wandered in, and rather than try to escape, pulled his hat over his eyes and sat Jap fashion a little apart. He kept his head down and held a hand grenade, with the ring pulled. The Japs did very little talking, and assumed that he was ill. About dawn, before it was light enough to distinguish his uniform, he escaped."—*Captain Gerald H. Shea, in "The Infantry Journal."*

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**RED ENSIGN:** *by Owen Rutter.*—An interesting and knowledgeable survey of convoy work from the 14th century to the present day. To those who do not fully realise the vital necessity of a first-class Mercantile Marine working with an equally dependable Navy, and who sometimes fail to accord just recognition of the heroism of those whose devotion allows us to live in comparative security, this book will be a revelation. Should certainly be read.

**THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE UNITED STATES:** *by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller.*—In this comprehensive and intelligent study, the author contrives to make interesting and instructive what might easily have been dull and difficult to assimilate. He traces the causes, courses and effects of the most important military engagements fought by the soldiers of the American Republic, and has produced a book which should appeal to those who appreciate a well-written historical record as well as to the student of battle strategy and tactics.



**THE YEARS OF ENDURANCE:** by *Arthur Bryant*.—In these troubled years, the lessons of history should not lightly be ignored, and in this book the author has illustrated in a very able manner that our progress in the present war from desperation to near-victory is not a new experience. The style in which it is written is admirable and interest is never allowed to flag.

**THE FOREIGNER IN CHINA:** by *O. M. Green*.—As in his first book on China, the author writes with a sincerity and knowledge which stamps him as a man who really understands the sometimes difficult and often misunderstood Republic. This story deals mainly with the aspect of the influence of Western culture and commerce and the records of many foreigners who have made their marks in the life of China. He is often critical and often proud of what the effort of these "intruders" has meant to Chinese progress; with a rare gift for story-telling, Mr. Green has welded many events and personalities into a very readable book.

**LOOKING FOR TROUBLE:** by *Virginia Cowles*.—Whatever conclusions the reader may draw from this book, one is certain that the writer is a lady of considerable mental and physical initiative. She traverses Europe and Scandinavia at an almost breath-taking speed, which, however, does not prevent her from seeing important people and doing out-of-the-way things. As a story, "Looking for Trouble" is excellent—the writer has the gift of making scenes live and does not make the mistake of saturating the less cheerful chapters with descriptions, the sordidness of which might lead to apparent unreality. If a criticism may be ventured, it is that here and there, personal opinion and the "women's angle" are allowed to influence judgment, but in all other respects, Miss Cowles has contributed something of definite value among the host of indifferent publications having as their motive the Europe of German fashioning.

**WAR IN THE SUN:** by *J. L. Hodson*.—In his book "Through the Dark Night," Mr. Hodson gained a reputation as a diarist which was placed so high as "none will ever replace this diary"—and this praise was not exaggerated. It is therefore surprising to find the author falling short of this original standard in his latest publication. He tells of experiences, interesting and often dangerous from Egypt to Rangoon, and has many critical observations of officialdom from Cairo to New Delhi. His first visit to India did not impress him, and he was rather hurt by the fact that a certain highly placed officer at G.H.Q. failed to welcome him immediately on his request by telephone. That the officer in question might have been engaged on something important was apparently not considered.

If the reader can bear in mind the fact that the Middle East and Burma campaigns and the military organization in India have not been carried through for the primary purpose of giving Mr. Hodson the opportunity of writing a diary on them, "War in the Sun" is worth reading. The style is rather more staccato than even a diary warrants, and the absence of even a semblance of continuity sometimes irritates, but a picture is drawn of conditions in six war theatres, and value may be obtained when they are interpreted from civilian to military viewpoints by even

those officers whose intelligence was judged by Mr. Hodson to be far below journalistic standard.

**THE ART OF LIVING:** by *Andre Maurois*.—If one were to comb the dictionaries of the world for superlatives, it would still be difficult to accord this classic its deserved value. To any who are not conversant with the previous works of M. Maurois, "The Art of Living" will certainly encourage a much wider study. To those of us who have enjoyed for years the brilliant writing of this French master, it may well be judged as the zenith of achievement. Written with admirable restraint and a full understanding of humanity and its weaknesses, the book might well serve as a perfect design for living. Though few of us can ever hope to live all the fine lessons taught in its pages, we can at least modify our short-comings from the examples portrayed. A truly great book, which must have a place in the literature of everyone who loves honest living.

**THIS IS THE ENEMY:** by *Frederick Oechsner*.—So many books have been written since the outbreak of the war which strive to depict the real conditions inside the Reich that the average reader finds it increasingly difficult to reconcile the different opinions and unequal facts which are therein contained. Personal opinions and hypothesis, always so apt to cloud true issues, are refreshingly absent in this new publication, a collaboration of five experienced American journalists, each of whom contributes matter about which he really knows. Despite the separate sources, the book has a continuity which enhances its reading value; it has, also, that quality without which any contemporary book is valueless, a ring of authenticity and genuine knowledge. To anyone desirous of obtaining a clear picture of the modern Germany, her aims, her way of life, her individuals ruling and ruled, and her national attitude, "This is the Enemy" provides a very satisfactory medium.

**A YEAR OF BATTLE:** by *Alan Moorehead*.—It appears to be inevitable that war correspondents must write books on their return from any theatre of operations and accepting the inevitability, it is refreshing to read a good one. Mr. Moorehead has presented an interesting and carefully considered record of his observations during a prolonged stay in the Middle East, and does not make the mistake, so often made by correspondents, of omitting the value of facts to make room for personal hypothesis. The author regrets that he left the scene before the march of triumph in late 1942. The fact that the book deals mainly with the less glorious phases of the Middle East campaign is largely its appeal; set-backs and trials are described fairly and impassionately; excuses are seldom sought and hard, matter-of-fact detail predominates. Too little has been written and said of the magnificence, even in adversity, of those who stopped Rommel and gave the offensive spring which smashed him its basic power; Mr. Moorehead has obviously not forgotten them.

**THE GREATEST SWINDLE IN THE WORLD:** by *G. Borsky*.—Many individuals who have themselves suffered grievous loss in one or other proved or alleged swindle, may, on seeing this title, consider its adjectival clause to be exaggerating. On perusal of the subject matter, however, only a person of the least acute per-

ception could fail to realise how very true the title is. Superlatives are always difficult to substantiate, but in this case the supporting and proving factors are solid unquestionable facts. It is an unfortunate and blameworthy certainty that to a disappointingly large majority of the British and Continental people, the word "Reparations" conveys practically nothing. The history and consequences of the first Great German War are subjects which provoke little or no interest. It is not surprising therefore that the dishonesty and financial defiance of Germany as a defeated enemy from 1920—1932 is a little known fact.

In this book the author proves conclusively that much of the suffering, economic and social, borne by the so-called victors in post-war years, and culminating in the present world catastrophe, has been a direct result of the failure of Germany to honour her obligations. The book is statistical in flavour, as befits its purpose, but not boringly so; it outlines undeniably the astuteness of German finance and propaganda and the incredible naivety of Allied trust in her, and deserves to be perpetuated as a monument of warning to those who find themselves responsible for the treatment of Germany in the economic and financial spheres immediately following her defeat in the present struggle.

**LESSONS OF MY LIFE:** by Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.Litt., LL.D.—It has been said of Lord Vansittart that he is "A British-bred Dutchman who looks at Germany through the eyes of a Frenchman"; his anti-German policy has been given the title of Vansittartism, and is regarded by his enemies as "just another 'ism';" and he is, in Germany, on the same level of popularity as Winston Churchill. It is this last fact which should convince the disbelieving and doubting individuals that what he says and writes has a great deal more fact than fantasy. One of the truer axioms among the many culled from Greek philosophy is that "most men would rather die than think"; in this record of a life of service to Britain, the author illustrates how very true those words are.

His criticisms are biting, but always constructive; his facts are undeniable; his hatred of Germany essentially honest and obviously the accumulation of bitter experience; and above all, the desire for British and international betterment is unquestionably sincere.

Lord Vansittart has been criticized as an extremist; those who hold this opinion would do well to study in detail the lessons which experience, the greatest of all teachers, has laid before a man who has not been slow to appreciate them. The chapters on "What do you Know?" and the "Future of Faith" should do much towards correcting the false sentiment and misplaced sympathy which too many who believe themselves just, feel towards the German race. Whatever else may be said of this book, it is certain that it is sincere and honest, and would be a valuable reference on the desk of every member of the post-war Peace Commission.

J. C. G.

## A BOOK ON BURMA

"A MILLION DIED": *By Alfred Wagg*.—Mr. Wagg has gone to considerable trouble to check the extraordinary stories of what happened in Burma which were current during and immediately after the campaign. He was too smart to be caught by what he describes as the stories "poured into the Press by fevered, panicky refugees", who were "obviously sharpening their own political axes... sympathy seekers" for whose purposes "truth was not a point". Mr. Wagg says "some of the tales were told so expertly that they were even believed by officialdom". He adds of the spreading of these stories: "It is one of the greatest sins we have committed against ourselves".

As a result of Mr. Wagg's efforts to discover the truth he has produced a book which might be criticised as containing a string of personal opinions, but he has at least presented the personal opinions of those best entitled to express them. Some of the opinions are novel, and some of the points raised are controversial. Thus the book does not only make interesting reading, but stimulates discussion—discussion which cannot fail to be constructive so long as it is conducted with due deference to the undoubtedly authoritative facts given by Mr. Wagg's interviewees.

Mr. Wagg has been led up the garden path by some of his informers, and one cannot but deplore his accusation against poor toddy-climbers that they were "keeping watch over lorries passing along the (Shwebo) road". If the Shwebo road was within 100 miles of the China Road, there might be some grounds for the allegation, but it is not. It also seems a pity that Burmans 600 miles behind the firing line should be accused of signalling non-existent enemy reconnaissance 'planes when they follow their normal habit of making bonfires of their stubble to procure ash manure for their fields.

It is a great pity that the true story of Rangoon's last moments has not been written for the guidance of journalists—and their informers—for it is unfair that the Last-Ditchers (who, be it noted, were civilians), should see the credit for their work going to others; the Sule Pagoda is not on Merchant Street, Rangoon; pavement shelters did not blow up into "shrapnel-like showers" (in fact they withstood blast and splinters very well and there were no direct hits); Rangoon was not without lights or telephone communications; there was no arson in Rangoon after the first bombing raid. The story of Japanese seaplanes landing on a river choc-a-bloc with British shipping to rescue Dr. Ba Maw from a Jail in which he was never incarcerated is exciting, but fiction.

But when one compares the few inaccuracies, which are not really Mr. Wagg's fault considering the vast amount of misinformation which was flying about India at the time, with the number of true facts given in a book crammed from cover to cover with factual information they are as nothing.

The book is thoroughly recommended; informative, piquant, unbiased.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

*To The Editor of the U. S. I. Journal*

DEAR SIR,

I write to draw the attention of readers of the *Journal* to the notice regarding the Royal Society of Arts, London, in the hope that some of them may be interested in its activities. It will be seen that it comprises several sections, including an Indian section, and it publishes a *Journal fortnightly*, which contains papers read before the Society on many subjects of general interest, including a considerable proportion connected with Indian problems.

If you receive any applications for election to membership, I shall be glad to forward them to the Secretary of the Society.

Yours faithfully,  
CLARENCE A. BIRD,  
*Lieutenant-General.*

*New Delhi.*

## BASIC ENGLISH

*To The Editor, U.S.I. Journal*

DEAR SIR,

As the officer who, since 1935, has been pressing for the introduction of Basic English as the medium for teaching English to Indian ranks, I am more than interested in the Prime Minister's decision to set up a committee of Ministers to study and report on Basic English.

Brigadier J. Smyth, V.C., M.C., writes in the *Sunday Times* of the experiment he carried out in Clntral in 1938, when he, personally, took a class of V.C.Os. in Basic English during the winter.

Until I suggested this method to him he, as he writes, "had never heard of Basic English, but with books sent up to me from India I began to study it." He suffered under two difficulties: he knew nothing of the subject, or method, so was handicapped in getting it over, and he had decided to teach his Indian officers, who obviously "were at an age where learning a language does not come easily."

His students varied in their attendances from some 60 lessons to 40 and, as the leave season was opening, I sent up my District Education Officer to examine the results. His report to me was, as far as I remember, "the results were surprising and the men could talk good fluent *simple English!*!"

My own Warrant Officer (Education) was transferred to the K.G.R.I.M. School, Jhelum, and took on a class of boys from the beginning, and I understand that, in one year, they were equal to those approaching three years' instruction by normal means.

Since leaving Peshawar District I have been out of touch with this subject but, as the result of my agitation, an A.E.C. officer went home in 1937 and studied the system at Cambridge. I may mention that A.E.C. officers as a whole, from my experience, are against the system from a philological point of view. In fact, however, Basic English, by cutting out long and alternative words and phrases, definitely also cuts out the flowery language Indian clerks are apt to revel in, while, in method, it is actually the system which one adopts when teaching one's own children.

I believe the A.E.C. have invented a compromise between Basic English and the direct method. I had only a few minutes to read it so cannot comment on the system properly, but to my mind the compromise cannot be good, as it does away with the simplicity of using only 850 words by expanding I believe to some 1,400. Anyone who reads books in Basic English will be surprised that, by using so few words, so excellent a result can be attained, even though a few clumsy constructions are inevitable.

Yours faithfully,  
DASHWOOD STRETTELL,  
Major-General.

*Simla.*

## OUR AMERICAN ALLIES

*To The Editor, U.S.I. Journal*

DEAR SIR,

I find your *Journal* most interesting—so much so that I am sure you will not mind my pointing out an unfortunate omission in the report of a lecture by General Money in your April issue. In a short space he touched very ably on the highlights of the past thirty years, but in his references to the Great War no mention was made of the Expeditionary Force which America sent to France in 1917. The speaker would, I am sure, be the first to admit that that fact was more than worthy of inclusion and it was doubtless a pure oversight that it was omitted.

Whilst on this subject, and in view of the presence of so many American soldiers among us, may I say with what pleasure many people must have read Mr. Churchill's words to the House of Commons recently, when referring to his recent visit to America, he said: "In the United States I was conscious of a feeling of friendliness towards Britain and the British Commonwealth such as I have never known before." Long may it continue!

Yours faithfully,  
"PRO BONO PUBLICO."

*Karachi.*

## EDUCATING OUR CHILDREN

*To The Editor, U.S.I. Journal*

DEAR SIR,

It is very rare to find families of more than two children among officers in India, and statisticians tell us that the two-child family will not keep the race alive.

Probably one of the main reasons for this limitation of families is the cost of schooling. Can anything be done to reduce the cost of boys and girls' public schools? What changes are we parents, actual and prospective, of Public School boys and girls ready to accept in order that we may be able to increase our families, and yet give them as good a schooling as we ourselves got?

Personally, I do not want to see the Public School disappear—at least, not the Boys' Public School. I have no experience of Girls' Public Schools, and so will not venture an opinion. The Boys' Public School is one of the features of English life; it has produced many good citizens and soldiers, and not even its worst enemy probably wants to destroy it. Besides, the English way is to adapt and to grade up, and not to grade down or to destroy.

As a parent (a) I want to see the Public Schools "diluted" up to 30 per cent. or 40 per cent. with selected boys from other strata of society. Both the new and the old classes of boys will profit greatly by the mixture, and it will enable the Public Schools to qualify for financial assistance from Government and Local Government bodies.

(b) I am ready to see games made less expensive and elaborate, and less time spent on them.

(c) I am ready to see my boys do all their own chores (they do most of them already at home!), bedmaking, tidying their room, cleaning boots, waiting at table, washing up, gardening and farm work to provide food, even cooking and kitchen work, (unless we can arrange with the girls' school to exchange cooking for some chore more suitable for boys) and groundsman's work on the playing fields. After seeing Colonels and Majors washing and ironing their sports shirts on a P. & O. steamer, I am ready to see my children do even their own laundry!

(d) I am ready to see clothing simplified.

(e) I am ready for any economy which will not affect the essentials of education—and an education better than that given now.

These simplifications will themselves improve the education. What more can be done that we parents will accept, and how much will it cheapen things? The cost now per child, excluding holidays, is about £200 a year. If three children instead of two could be educated for £400 it would make a great difference. I

ferverently desire that the English Public School shall continue—and be made better than it is now.

(f) I am ready to see school fees graded to suit incomes and expenses, and reductions for other children, whether they are likely to come to the school concerned or not.

Yours faithfully,  
F. L. BRAYNE,  
Colonel.

*Simla.*

### **"MODERN" JAPAN**

*To The Editor, U.S.I. Journal*

SIR,

Many members of the Institution must have read the article on Japan in your last number with a great deal of interest, and from a brief visit to Japan I entirely agree with the description of the country and its peoples given by the author.

We know we are fighting a ruthless enemy, but do not let us fall into the error of thinking he is years behind us in the ordinary amenities of life.

What impressed me most about Japan was the advanced state of its peoples and their environment. Their trains, for instance; comfortable cushioned seats, with arm and head rests; sliding doors, as in the District railway trains in London.

Everyone knows how easily colds are spread in railway carriages. In Japan they prevent it—by the simple expedient of ordering every traveller who has a cold to wear a respirator in the carriages!

Their Departmental Stores are astonishing. One, for instance, has an enormous floor space and seventeen floors! You make your purchases as at Woolworth's at home; the price of every article is clearly marked. Another curious thing that struck me was that if a saleswoman spoke to you in English it was with an American accent.

Osaka, the manufacturing centre and as big as Birmingham and Manchester put together, presents an amazing sight when the workers emerge after their day's work, for the roads are literally filled with thousands of cyclists on their homeward journeys.

I found a curious custom in the restaurants. Whatever you ordered for lunch—in our case we ordered only lobster and a sweet—they bring you soup and afterwards coffee and biscuits.

These few instances show that Japan is more "Westernised" than people think.

Yours faithfully,  
S. L.

*Lahore.*



**EDUCATION OF INDIAN SOLDIER'S CHILDREN**

*To The Editor of the U.S.I. "Journal."*

SIR,

Colonel Brayne's letter in your April, 1943 issue again draws attention to the importance of Indian girls' education. There are girls' schools and colleges in Indian cities which give a good education; but few country folk can afford to send their girls there, even if they wished to do so.

In the villages, public opinion is generally averse to sending girls to village "co-ed" schools. The teaching, too, is given, by very poorly paid male teachers in unattractive buildings. The teachers, except a few who are generally Scout Masters, reflect their poverty in their appearance, and there is little "uplift." There are few female teachers, except in Mission Schools. There is little incentive to a well-educated woman to teach in a village school for a wage adequate to her education.

Why should not a move be made at once, instead of waiting until after the war, to introduce war memorials in the shape of girls' schools, as suggested by Colonel Brayne? H. E. The Viceroy's and Provincial War Funds have great sums waiting to be expended after the war.

Why should they not start "Service" Girls Schools in towns or villages, or groups of villages, which have given 100 or more men to the fighting forces, and "Service" Girls Colleges to areas which have given 10,000 or more men to the fighting services?

Funds may not run to so many schools. If so, the numbers must be reduced—but after half a generation they would presumably become a popular part of normal Provincial Education schemes, and be supported by such.

Both schools and colleges should be good, modern buildings; bright, airy, and comfortable. The education in the village schools should be free; and in the colleges, children of men killed or incapacitated through the war should be given free education; children of all fighting service men should be given very cheap, if not free, education, according to their father's means; and children of civilians should be allowed to attend by payment of full fees.

The teachers must be well paid and carefully chosen. Education should be as outlined in Colonel Brayne's letter. It should be obligatory for students to be girl guides, and the teaching should include a tradition of the worthiness of the fighting services.

As the schools and colleges must have no clan or religious bias, religion should not be taught inside the school or college, but the principles of kindness, honesty, fitness and cleanliness should be drummed into the children until it becomes second nature.

Boys should not be entirely neglected for girls. The Punjab has already started service scholarships at existing schools but more schools on the lines of the K.G.R.I.M.-cum the Canadian "Kingston" are required. Free education must be as good if not better than any in India, and for this the masters must be the very best. It should not be a *sine qua non* that the boys will-go into the fighting services.

It should be obligatory for students to be Boy Scouts, the principles mentioned above (kindness, honesty, fitness and cleanliness) inculcated into them. Thus can public opinion be formed, and thus can the children of those who have fought for the Allied Nations have a chance of competing on equal terms with the children of big business, law and politics, and themselves capture some of the seats of the mighty in India's ruling bodies.

Yours faithfully,

Lucknow.

E. S. M. PRINCEP,

Colonel.

[Colonel Brayne, who has been shown the above letter, writes:

"It is, fortunately, not quite correct, to say that public opinion is generally averse to sending girls to village co-ed schools, even in North India. There are many co-ed schools of four classes, and some even of six classes. The objections to co-education often come from leaders and officials who should know better! When a teacher's wife or some other female relation comes in to help with the teaching, or where all the teaching staff is female, the parents gladly send their little girls to school with the little boys."]

Printed by E. G. Tilt (Manager) at  
The Civil & Military Gazette, Ltd., 48 The Mall, Lahore,  
and edited and published by Major H. C. Druett for the  
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The Secretary, United Service Institution of India, SIMLA.

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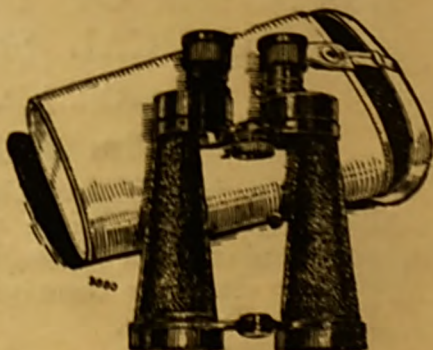


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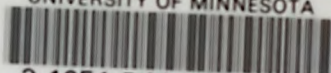


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